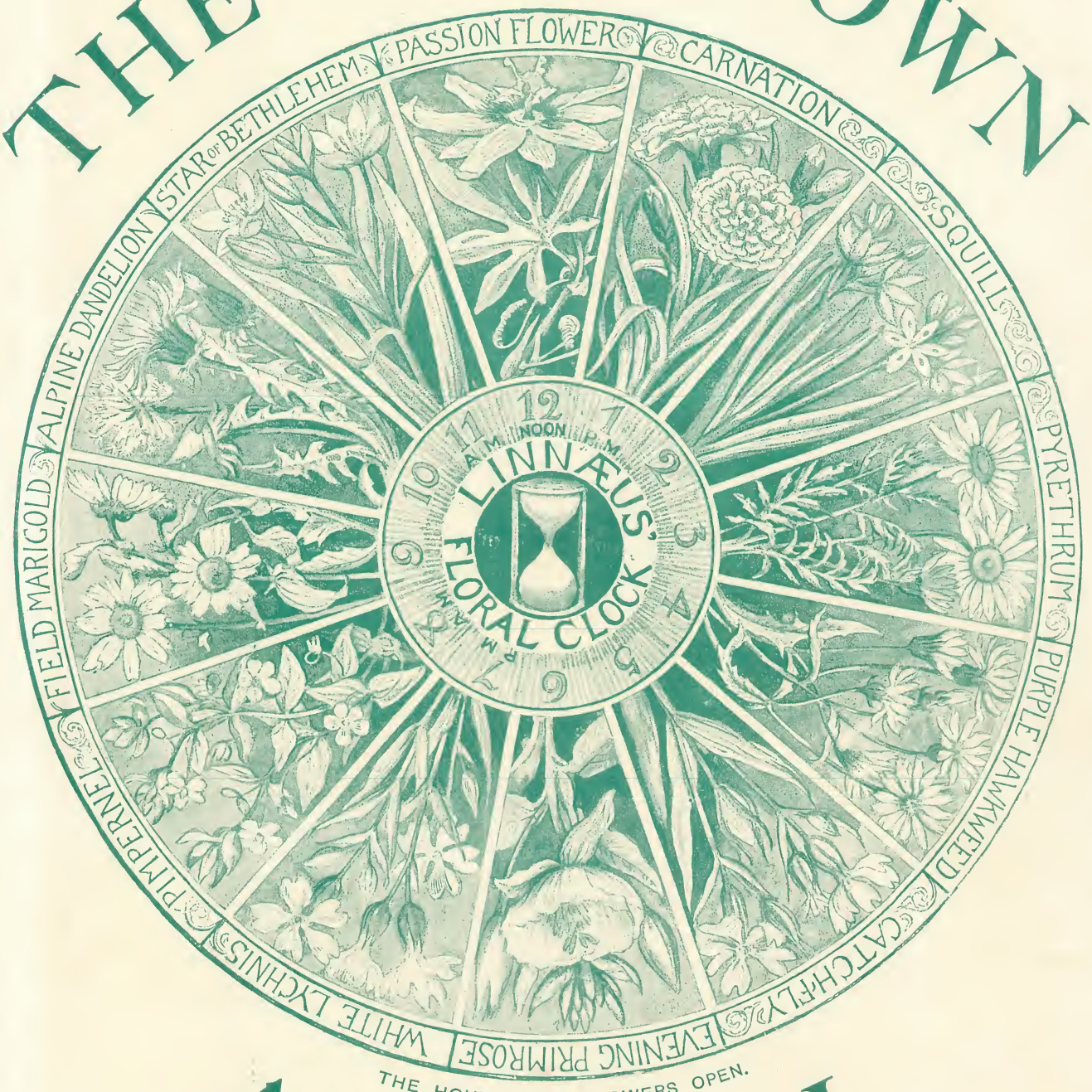
THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



THE HOURS THAT FLOWERS OPEN.

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



THE HOURS THAT FLOWERS OPEN.

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



GIRL'S OWN PAPER. GILBT. WHITEHEAD & Co. LONDON.

"SOMEBODY COMING."

Contributors to this Volume.

Writers:

Constance Helen Alexander.
John Allen.
E. H. Ashwin.
Ellen Aubert.
N. G. Bacon.
Margaret Bateson.
Anne Beale.
Dora de Blaquière.
Lady Bloomfield.
Rose Bourdillon.
Emma Brewer.
Mrs. Eliza Brightwen.
Eric Broad.
M. Hedderwick Browne.
Helen Marion Burnside.
Rosa Nouchette Carey.
C. N. Carvalho.
Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.
Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton.
Leirion Clifford.
Emily Tregelles Cook.
Mrs. Orman Cooper.
Ruth S. Cove.
S. K. Cowan, M.A.
Josepha Crane.
May Crommelin.
Sarah Doudney.
Georges de Dubor.
Mildred Emra.
Ina Garvey.
Agnes Giberne.
Somerville Gibney.
May Gladwin.
Countess Valda Gleichen.
Fanny L. Green.
F. Lockwood Green.
Richard Gurney, F.Z.S.
Mary Hampden.
Gertrude Harraden.
Priscilla Harrison.
Ingrad Harting.
Rev. Frederick Hastings.
Arthur H. Henderson.
Frank Hird.
F. E. Hynam.
Sarson C. J. Ingham.
Amy Irvine.
Mary Rowles Jarvis.
Eleonore d'Esterre Keeling.
Alice King.
Barret Knox.
Ruth Lamb.
Frederick Langbridge.
Violet Langbridge.
Ida Lemon.
Lady William Lennox.
Barrington MacGregor.
C. A. Macirone.
James and Nanette Mason.
Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
"Medicus."
G. K. Menzies.
Fred Miller.
L. G. Moberly.
Constance Morgan.
Maud Morrison.
E. Nesbit.
Edward Oxenford.
Charles Peters.
Hon. C. L. Powys.
Edith Ralph.
A. Fraser Robertson.
Eleanor C. Saltmer.
Rev. W. T. Saward.
Jessie M. E. Saxby.
Eglanton Thorne.
Clara Thwaites.
Sarah Tytler.
Mrs. L. B. Walford.
Lily Watson.
H. Mary Wilson.
T. Wilson-Wilson.
Amy S. Woods.
Arthur Wright.
Lucy H. Yates.

And others.

Composers:

H.R.H. The Princess Beatrice.
William Hayman Cummings.
Myles Birket Foster.
C. Villiers Stanford.
Ethel L. Watson.
Rev. L. Meadows White.

Artists:

John Allen.
Etienne Azambie.
A. J. Baker.
A. B. Bamford.
H. W. Brewer.
Eliza Brightwen.
Isabella G. Brittain.
Rupert C. W. Bunny.
Frank Carless.
Craig Coats.
E. G. Cohen.
Harold Copping.
Frank Cox.
Mabel Dearmer.
John Dinsdale.
M. Edward.
G. H. Edwards.
M. Ellen Edwards.
A. T. Elwes.
M. Emra.
Melton Fisher.
M. Fitzgerald.
W. Foster.
W. Biscombe Gardner.
J. Giacomelli.
T. Grust.
Paul Hardy.
M. Hickson.
Bernard Higham.
George von Hoesslin.
Arthur Hopkins.
A. J. Johnson.
Charles Jones.
Davidson Knowles.
Eveline Lance.
P. Franc Laury.
Leonard Linsdell.
G. S. Lloyd.
A. F. Lydon.
L. Marver.
W. A. Menzies.
Fred Miller.
Harrison Miller.
F. D. Millet.
W. R. F. Mückley.
H. M. Paget.
Heer Poetzelberger.
Charles L. Pott.
Henry Ryland.
Florence A. Saltmer.
Edith Scannel.
N. Seeger.
Herbert Snell.
W. S. Stacey.
Maria Stanley.
Percy Tarrant.
G. Moreau-de-Tours.
Lillie Trotman.
E. Wagner.
F. S. Walker
Marcella Walker.
Reginald C. West.

And others.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 875.] OCTOBER 3, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE CORNER HOUSE.

"Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish."—*Epictetus.*

THERE is an old adage, worn almost threadbare with continual use, "When poverty looks in at the door, love flies out at the window," and, doubtless, there is an element of truth in the saying; nevertheless, though there were lines of care on Marcus Luttrell's face, and in the strong sunlight the seams of his wife's black gown looked a little shiny, there was still peace, and the patience of a great and enduring affection in the corner house at Galvaston Terrace.

When the brass plate, glittering with newness, had been first affixed to the door, Marcus Luttrell's heart had been sanguine with hope, and he had brought his young *fiancée* to see it. The small, narrow house, with its dark, square entry, its double parlours communicating with folding-doors, and the corner room, that would do for a surgery, had



All rights reserved.] "'OH, MARCUS, HOW HAPPY WE ARE!'"

seemed to them both a most desirable abode.

Olivia, who prided herself on being unusually practical, pointed out its numerous advantages with great satisfaction. The side entrance in Harbut Street, for instance, and the front room where patients would be interviewed, and which had a window in Galvaston Terrace.

"It is so conspicuous, Marcus," she said with legitimate pride in her voice. "No one can overlook it, it is worth paying a few pounds more rent, instead of being jammed in between two terrace houses. Harbut Street is ever so much nicer than Galvaston Terrace, and the houses are larger, and it is so convenient having those shops opposite."

Olivia was disposed to see everything in *couleur de rose*, but to most people Galvaston Terrace would have appeared woefully dingy. Two or three of the houses had cards in the sitting-room windows, with "Desirable apartments for a single gentleman" affixed thereon, and at the farther end a French dressmaker eked out a slender income.

The Terrace had by no means a prosperous look, a little fresh paint and cleaner blinds would have been improvements. Nevertheless, people lived out harmless lives there, and on the whole were tolerably contented with their lot.

When Marcus Luttrell made that fatal mistake of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, things had not looked so badly with him. He had bought his partnership and had a little money in hand, and Olivia had had sufficient for her modest *trousseau*. How could either of them have suspected that the partnership was a deceit and fraud—that old Dr. Slade had let Marcus in for a rotten concern—that no paying patients would crowd the small dining-room—and that two years of professional profits would be represented in shillings? Now and then when he was tired and discouraged Dr. Luttrell would accuse himself of rashness and folly in no measured terms.

"Your Aunt Madge is right, Olive," he would say, "we have been a couple of fools; but I was the biggest. What business had I to tempt Providence in this way? I do believe when a man is in love he loses his judgment; look at the life to which my selfishness has condemned you. You will be an old woman before your time, with the effort to make a sixpence go as far as a shilling! And there is Dot——" And here the young doctor sighed and frowned, but Olivia, who had plenty of spirit, refused to be depressed.

"You took me from such a luxurious home did you not, Marcus?" she would say with a genial laugh. "A hard-working daily-governess leads such an enjoyable life, and it was so exhilarating and refreshing to sit in one's lodgings of an evening, with no one to care if one were tired and dull. Yes, dear old boy, of course I was ever so much happier without you and Dot to worry me——" And, somehow, at these cheering words the harassed frown on Marcus's brow relaxed.

Had he been so wrong after all. How could he know that old Slade would prove a rogue and a humbug; it would have been wiser to wait a little, but then human nature is liable to make mistakes, and in spite of it all, they had been so happy. Olive was such a splendid companion, she had brains as well as heart. Yes, he had been a fool, but he knew that under like circumstances many a man would have done the same.

He remembered the events that had led to their hasty marriage. Olivia had not long lost her mother, the widow's annuity had died with her, and Olivia, who had only her salary as a daily governess in a large family, had just moved into humbler lodgings.

He had gone round with some flowers and a book that he thought would interest her, and as she came forward to greet him, he could see her eyes were red and swollen.

"What is it, dear?" he had asked kindly, and then the poor girl had utterly broken down.

"Oh, Marcus, what shall I do?" she said when her sobs would allow her to speak. "I cannot bear it; it is all so dull and miserable. I am missing mother and I am so tired, and the children have been so cross all day." And Olivia, whose nerves were on edge with the strain of grief and worry, looked so pallid and woebegone that Marcus had been filled with consternation. Never had he seen his sweetheart in such distress, and then it was that the suggestion came to him.

Why should they both be lonely? Olivia could marry him and do her work as well, and there need be no more dull evenings for either of them.

"You will trust me to make you as happy as I can, dearest," he said tenderly as he pleaded for an early marriage. And as Olivia listened to him the sad burden seemed lifted from her heart.

"Are you quite sure we ought to do this, Marcus?" she had asked a little dubiously, for in spite of her youth she had plenty of good sense, and then Marcus had been very ready with his arguments.

A doctor ought to be a married man, his house was too large for a bachelor, and needed a mistress. What was the use of Olivia paying for lodgings when he wanted a wife to make him comfortable? And if she liked she could still go on with her teaching.

It was this last proviso that overcame Olivia's objections. If she could keep her situation she would be no expense to Marcus. Her salary was good, and until paying patients came she could subscribe towards the housekeeping.

It was just one of those arrangements that look so promising and plausible until fairly tried, but before many months had passed there was a hitch—something out of gear in the daily machinery.

It was a dry summer, and Brompton is not exactly a bracing place. Olivia began to flag a little, the long hours of teaching, the hurried walks to and fro, tried her vigorous young frame. The little maids who followed each other in quick succession were all equally inefficient and unreliable. Marcus began to complain that such ill-cooked, tasteless meals would in time impair their digestion. The Marthas and Annes and Sallies, who clumped heavily about the corner house, with smudges on their round faces and bare red arms, had never heard of the School of Cookery at South Kensington. Olivia, fagged and weary, looked ready to cry when she saw the blackened steak and unwholesome chips set before Marcus. Not one man in a thousand, she thought, would have borne it all so patiently.

Then one hot oppressive evening the climax came. Olivia, who had never fainted in her life, found herself to her great astonishment lying on the little couch by the open window with her face very wet, and Marcus looking at her with grave professional eyes.

That night he spoke very plainly. There must be no more teaching. Olivia was simply killing herself, and he refused to sanction such madness any longer. In future he must be the only bread-winner. Until patients were obliging enough to send for him, they must just live on their little capital. Olivia must stay at home, and see after things and take care of herself, or he would not answer for the consequences.

"You have your husband to consider," he said in a masterful tone, but how absurdly boyish he looked, as he stood on the rug, tossing back a loose wave of fair hair from his forehead. People always thought Dr. Luttrell younger than he was in reality. He was eight-and-twenty, and Olivia was six years younger. She was rather taller than her husband, and had a slim, erect figure. She had no claims to beauty; her features were too irregular, but her clear, honest eyes and sweet smile and a certain effective dimple redeemed her from plainness, and the soft brown hair waving naturally over the temples had a sunny gleam in it.

When baby Dot made her appearance—Dorothy Maud Luttrell, as she was inscribed in the register, the young parents forgot their anxieties for a time in their joy in watching their first-born.

Marcus left his books to devote himself to nursing his pale wife back to health. And as Olivia lay on the couch with her baby near her, and feasted on the delicacies that Aunt Madge's thoughtfulness had provided, or listened to Marcus as he read to her, it seemed to her as though the cup of her blessing were full.

"Oh, Marcus, how happy we are!" she would whisper, and Marcus would stifle a sigh bravely.

Alas! he knew the little capital was dwindling sadly—rent and taxes, bread and cheese, and even the modest wages of a second Martha were draining his purse too heavily. He had plenty of poor patients, but no one but the French dressmaker had yet sent for the late Dr. Slade's partner. It was then that those careworn lines came to the young doctor's brow.

It was bitterly hard, for Marcus loved his profession, and had studied hard. The poor people whom he attended were devoted to him.

"He allus tells a body the truth," said old Widow Bates. "I do hate a fellow who truckles and minces his words like that Sparks. Do you suppose Jem Arkwright would have let his leg be cut off in that lamb-like manner if it had been Benjamin Sparks to do it?

"I was down at their place, and I heard when Dr. Luttrell said, 'Now, my man, you must just make up your mind, and be quick about it. Will you be a brave chap and part with this poor useless limb, or will you leave your poor wife to bring up six fatherless children? I am telling you the truth, Jem. If you will not consent to part with your leg, there is no chance for you.' Laws' sakes, you would have thought he was a grey-headed old fellow to hear him; it kind of made one jump to see his young beardless face; but there, he was good to Jem Arkwright, that he was. Polly can't say enough for him. She fairly cries if one mentions his name."

"I should have been Jem's widow but for Dr. Luttrell," she said one day. "Why, before he came in Jem was lying there vowing 'that he had sooner die than part with his leg.' It was the thought of the little uns that broke him. My Jem always had a feeling heart."

And other folks, although they had not Widow Bates' garrulous tongue, were ready enough to sing the doctor's praises.

When Dot was a year old and able to pull herself up by the help of her mother's hand, things were no better at the corner house. Olivia had even consulted her Aunt Madge about the advisability of sending Martha away and doing the work of the house herself.

"Martha is the best girl we have had yet," she said. "Marcus owned that yesterday. She is rough, but her ways are nicer than Anne's or Sally's, and she keeps herself clean; but then, Aunt Madge, she has such a good appetite, and one cannot stint growing girls."

"I should keep her a little longer," was Aunt Madge's reply to this. "It will only take the heart out of Marcus, knowing that you have to scrub and blacklead stoves, and he is discouraged enough already. When Dot is able to run about, you may be able to dispense with Martha's services, and Olivia returned a reluctant assent to this.

But her conscience was not quite satisfied. Even Aunt Madge, she thought, hardly knew how bad things really were.

Mrs. Broderick was a chronic invalid, and never went beyond the two rooms that made her little world. Most people would have considered it a dull narrow life, and one hardly worth living; but the invalid would have contradicted this.

Madge Broderick had learned the secret of contentment; she had lived through great troubles—the loss of the husband she had idolised, and her only little child. Since then acute suffering that the doctors had been unable to relieve had wasted her strength. Nevertheless, there was a peaceful atmosphere in the sunshiny room, where she lay hour after hour reading and working with her faithful companion Zoe beside her.

Zoe was a beautiful brown-and-white spaniel, with eyes that were almost human in their soft beseechingness, and Mrs. Broderick often lamented that she could not eulogise his doggish virtues as Mrs. Browning had immortalised her Flush.

Olivia was devoted to her Aunt Madge; they had a mutual admiration for each other's character, and her sister's child was dear to Mrs. Broderick's heart, and perhaps the saddest hours she ever spent now were passed in thinking over the young couple's future.

"I was wrong," she would say to herself, with a painful contraction of the brow. "I said too little at the time to discourage their marriage; if I had been firm and reasoned with the child, she would have listened to me. Livy is always so manageable, but I was a romantic old goose! And then she was in love, poor dear! And now—oh, it breaks one's heart to see their young anxious faces! I know so well what Marcus feels; he is ready to go out into the roads and break stones if he can only keep a roof over his wife's head." And there were tears in Madge Broderick's eyes as she took up her work.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHILDREN should be given onions in any form they like best with their food; they are very wholesome, and cure many ailments from which they suffer.

LEMON-JUICE is invaluable for its medicinal qualities. For inactivity of the liver, take night and morning the juice of half a lemon in hot water. It is also good for bilious attacks, and stimulates the digestion.

STARCHED materials should be avoided in hot weather, as the starch prevents a free current of air from passing through. Porous and light woollen material is the coolest to wear.

UNCOOKED meat in the larder should never be laid on a dish, but hung by a string on a hook in a free current of air. It is also a very good plan to flour the meat well before hanging it up.

POWDERED dry charcoal, or some Condy's fluid and water in a saucer should be placed in the larder with meat and other food, and renewed every day. Meat that is a little tainted can be made quite fit for use by washing in weak Condy and water, but care must be taken not to use the Condy too strong, or it makes the meat hard.

WHOLEMEAL bread should be eaten much more than it is—white bread contains very little nourishment.

IT takes eighteen times more strength to go upstairs than is required for the same distance on a level.

CHILDREN should never be forced to eat fat. With most of them it entirely disagrees, and does not digest, so that it is a natural instinct in them to dislike it.

IF the toe-nail grows into the flesh at the side, it may be cured by making a V-shaped cut in the centre, the broad part of the V at the top of the nail.

A SHORT nap after a heavy meal is most helpful to the digestion, and in no case should the blood be attracted away from the stomach by reading or hard thinking whilst the food is digesting.

CAPITAL washing-gloves may be made out of the least worn parts of old bath towels which are discarded. They should be cut to the required shape and neatly bound at the bottom. White knitted gloves would also be most useful for washing with; the separate fingers would get into difficult corners.

AN obdurate screw may be removed by applying a red-hot iron to the head for a short time, and then apply the screwdriver while the screw is hot.

BOARDS should be scrubbed along the grain of the wood, and not against it if they are to be properly cleaned. And to make them white, soda and water only should be used, and not any soap.

A VALUABLE cure for dysentery is a cordial made of cloves, port-wine, cinnamon and logwood, of which take a teaspoonful three times a day. Any medical man or chemist can give the proportions necessary.

PEOPLE who are troubled with sticky hands should powder a little very fine oatmeal into their gloves, and it can also be applied inside one's stockings with good results in hot weather.
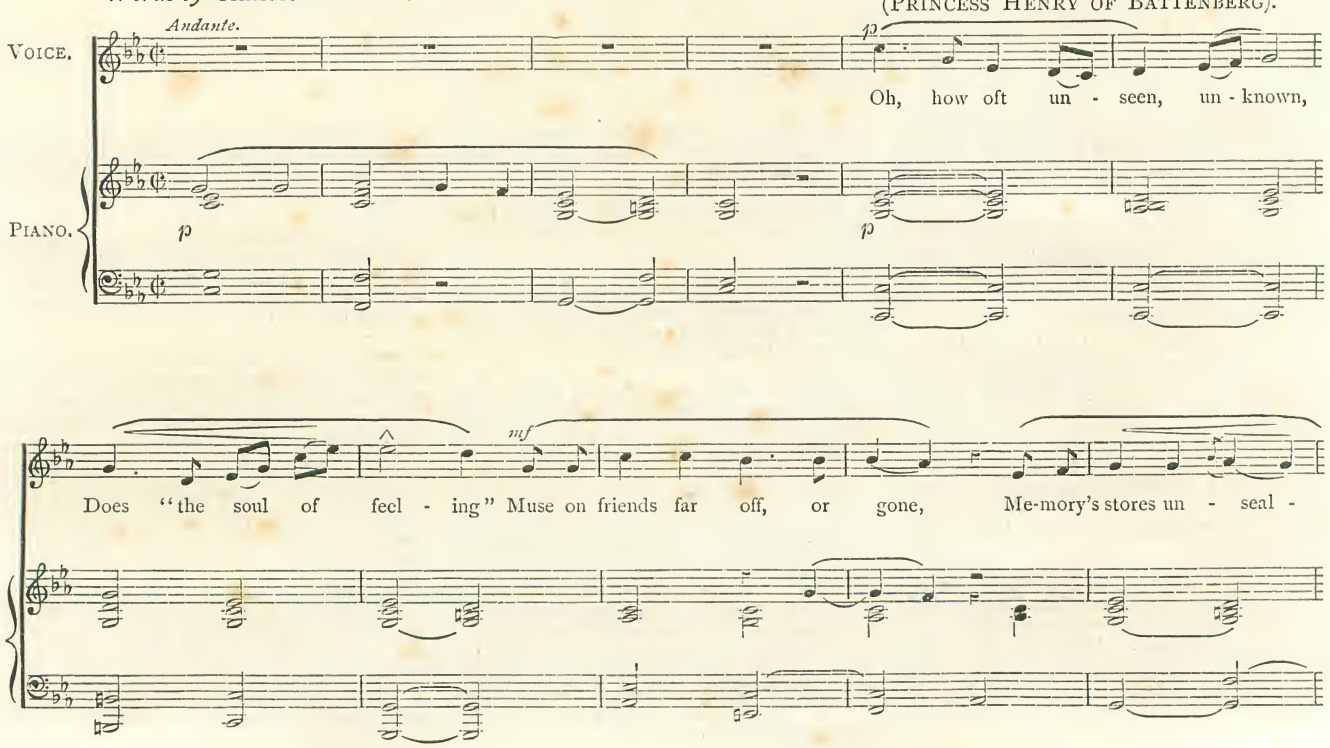
PRESSURE on any part of the body should be avoided, the pressure of a tight hat, boots, shirt, collar, garter or stays are all injurious in various ways, interfering with the free course of the blood through the veins. Tight belts or stays impede respiration and throw quite unnecessary work on the muscles of the abdomen and small of the back.

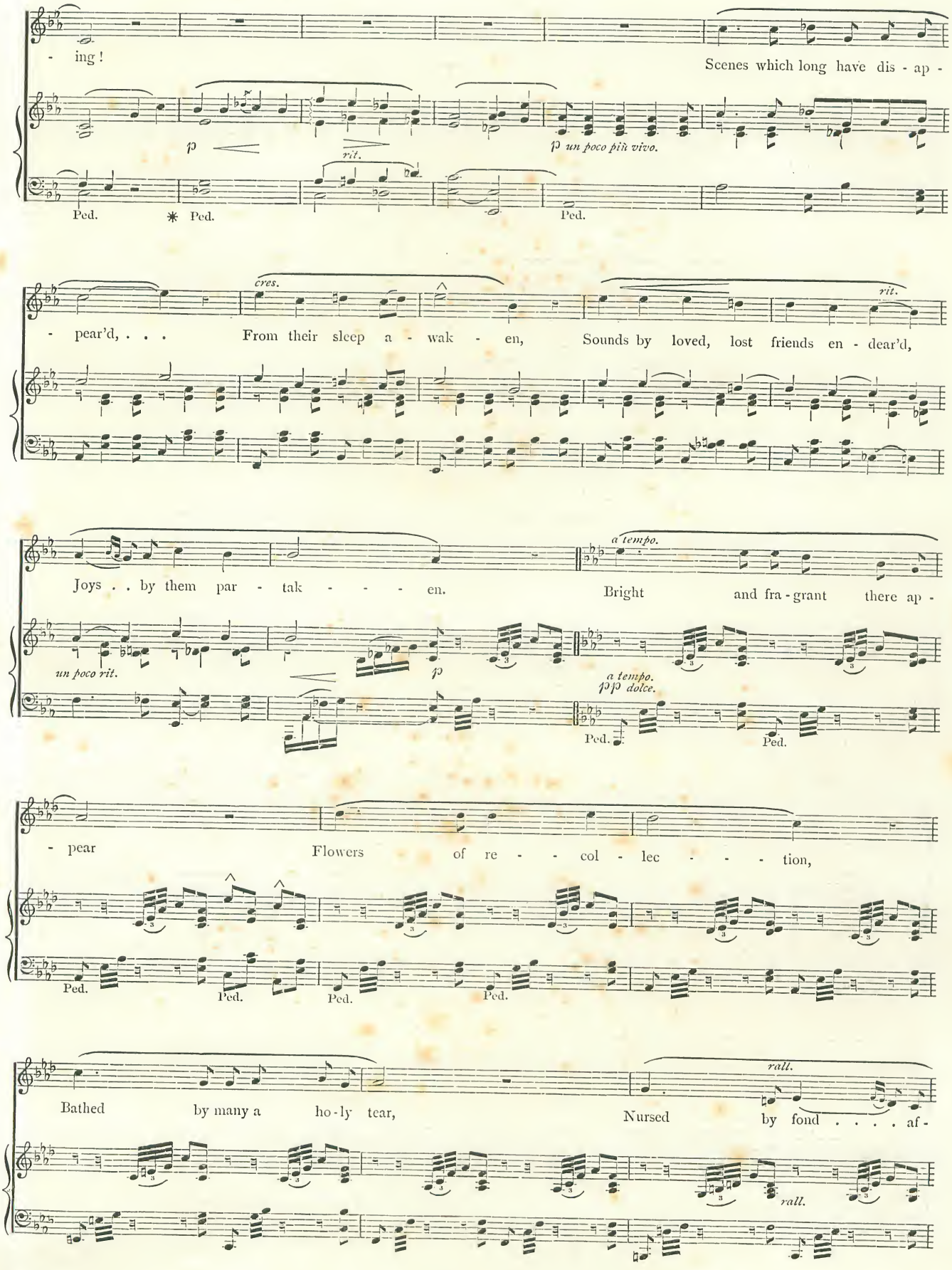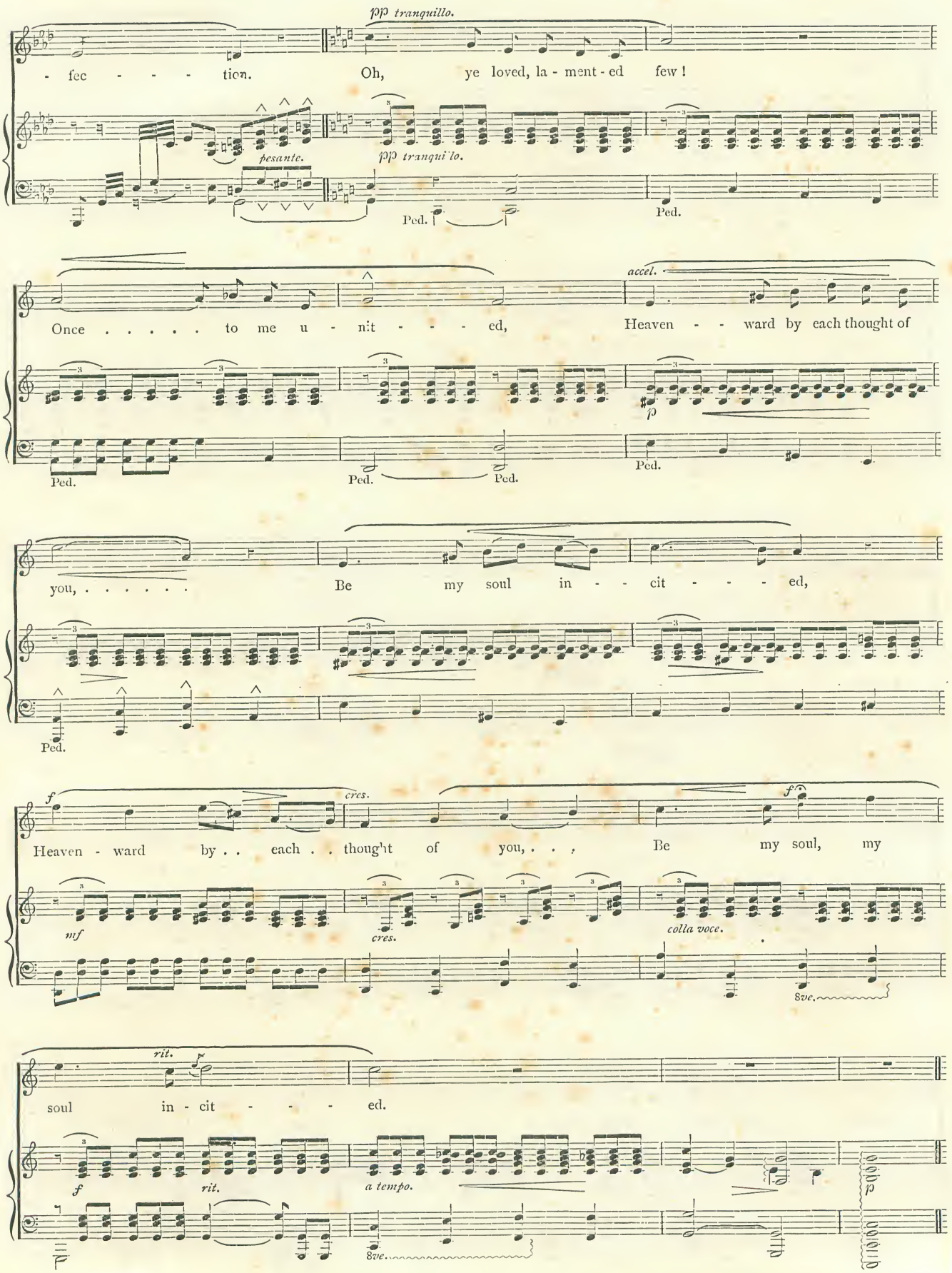


RETROSPECTION.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Music by H.R.H. the PRINCESS BEATRICE (PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG).




- ing !
Scenes which long have dis - ap -
p
rit.
p un poco più vivo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cres.
rit.
- pear'd, . . .
From their sleep a - wak - en,
Sounds by loved, lost friends en - dear'd,
a tempo.
Joys . . by them par - tak - - - - en.
Bright
and fra - grant
there ap -
un poco rit.
p
a tempo.
pp dolce.
Ped.
Ped.
- pear
Flowers
of re - - - col - lec - - - tion,
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rall.
Bathed
by many a
ho - ly tear,
Nursed
by fond . . . . af -
rall.

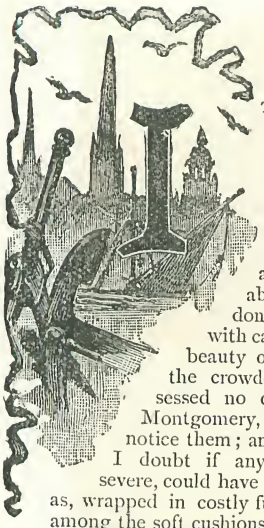

pp tranquillo.
- fec - - - - tion. Oh, ye loved, la - ment - ed few!
pesante.
pp tranqui'lo.
Ped.
Ped.
accel.
Once . . . . . to me u - nit - - - - ed, Heaven - - ward by each thought of
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
you, ... Be my soul in - - cit - - - - ed,
Ped.
f
cres.
f
Heaven - ward by . . each . . thought of you, . . . Be my soul, my
mf
cres.
colla voce.
8ve.
rit.
soul in - cit - - - - ed.
f
rit.
a tempo.
8ve.



Girl's Own Paper. ALF COOKE LEEDS. London.

Artificial Flower-Making.

From the painting by J. Melton Fisher.



LORD MONTGOMERY'S PROTÉGÉE.

It was a cold, frosty night; the moon shone forth bright and clear. The brilliantly-lighted streets of one of the wealthiest and most fashionable parts of London were thronged with carriages. But the beauty of the night and the crowded streets possessed no charm for Lady Montgomery, she did not even notice them; and as to the cold, I doubt if any cold, however severe, could have been felt by her, as, wrapped in costly furs, she reclined among the soft cushions of her carriage, on her way to the grand ball given that evening by Lord Stuart, to celebrate the coming of age of his eldest son.

Were perfect happiness attainable in this world, then Elsie Montgomery should have been perfectly happy. She was young, beautiful, and wealthy; her husband adored her, and strove to anticipate her every wish; in the highest ranks of society she was a beloved and welcome guest. Possessing all these blessings, what more could the human heart desire? And these had been attained without the slightest effort or exertion on her part. She owed her position entirely to her surpassing beauty and natural goodness of disposition. But, although in the halls of the wealthy and noble, she was so much sought after and admired, that no assembly was considered perfect unless graced by her presence, none could say whence she came.

Lord Montgomery, after a long residence abroad, had suddenly returned to London a few years previously, bringing with him a young and beautiful bride. This is all that was ever really known about her previous history. Rumours there had been without number. It had even been whispered that she belonged to the dregs of the people, and that Lord Montgomery, attracted by her extraordinary beauty, had taken her from a slum in the East End. On her first appearance in society many questions had been asked, but people soon grew tired of asking questions that were never answered, and the rumours gradually died away, and were forgotten.

But rumour was true in this instance, as is so frequently the case. Elsie's childhood had been passed in one of the poorest and most miserable of the London slums. From her earliest years she had been familiar with sights and scenes into which it is best not to inquire, their misery defies all description. A father's love and a mother's tender care were alike unknown to her, her parents having died when she was little more than a baby. Poor little Elsie, thus left without a friend in the world, had grown up somehow, receiving more blows and harsh words than kindness from the rough folk amongst whom she lived. When old enough she gained a scanty livelihood by making artificial flowers. At this she laboured early and late in a crowded work-room, surrounded by companions whose lot in life was scarcely less wretched than her own. Many and bitter were the tears the poor child shed, as, with eyes and fingers aching from weariness, she worked hour after hour in the close, dingy work-room, making, with so much toil and care, the beautiful flowers that were to adorn her more fortunate and happier sisters.

Thus she had lived until she reached the age of thirteen, when, by a happy accident, the whole course of her life was changed. Lord Montgomery, whilst taking an early morning stroll, accidentally missed his way, and his endeavours to retrace his steps only led him still further in the wrong direction. He wandered on without seeing anyone he cared to ask to direct him—the neighbourhood growing worse and worse each turn he took—and at length reached the street in which stood the miserable work-room where Elsie made her flowers. By good fortune the girl was just passing through the street on her way to work, and Lord Montgomery, delighted to find someone who did not look quite so bad as the rest of the inhabitants, stopped her to ask his way. He was as much struck by the intelligence of her answers as by her great beauty. The expression of her half-formed features also seemed to him to indicate that here a struggle would be carried on between a naturally good disposition and the evil by which it was surrounded, and which would surely triumph in the end. "What a pity," thought he, "that such a beautiful child should grow into a low, coarse woman, like those seen lounging in almost every doorway." All the way home the child's fair face haunted him, and try as he might he was unable to banish it from his mind. At length he resolved to take her from her miserable surroundings, have her educated, and thus save the poor child from the sad fate that otherwise awaited her.

Having once made up his mind what course to adopt, Lord Montgomery lost no time in putting his benevolent resolution into effect. He at once sought out the poor child, and, as she belonged to no one, had no difficulty in obtaining control of her. This done, his next care was to engage the services of a refined and well-educated lady as governess, and placing Elsie under her care, sent them away to a pretty house in the country. Here Elsie spent several very happy years, and Lord Montgomery, who frequently visited them, had the great happiness of seeing that his plan was working admirably. Each time he saw his young *protégée* he found the traces of her early life were growing fainter, and she was daily realising more and more his ideal of what women should be.

When Elsie was eighteen her kind governess died, and Lord Montgomery, who had by this time grown very fond of his young charge, resolved to send her abroad for a few years to finish her education, and when that was finished, should she be willing, to marry her.

Elsie was placed in one of the best schools in Paris, and Lord Montgomery, who could not bear to be long absent from her, took up his abode in France. As soon as she left the school they were married, and after travelling abroad for a few years they returned to London.

Since her marriage Elsie had led a life of careless gaiety. She was thoroughly contented with her lot, and, despite the difference in their years, devotedly attached to her husband, whom she strove to please in all things. Her past life was forgotten, just as we all forget the incidents of our early youth. But should anything occur to awaken thoughts of the forgotten past, what a flood of memories is at once revived. The past, long dead, lives again, even the most trivial incident stands forth clear and vivid as though it were an event of yesterday; everything returns to us as fresh, as sweet, and alas, as bitter.

And now leaning back in her carriage, Elsie drove to Lord Stuart's ball. The drive in front of the house was brilliantly lighted, and at the gates a large crowd was assembled to see the guests arrive. It was a strange sight. Here, regardless of rank, all classes mingled. The middle class citizen, the workman and the idler stood side by side with men, women and children shivering in their rags, crowding on either side of the long line of carriages. This had often been the case at other balls, but to-night Elsie noticed it for the first time. In his endeavour to gain a better view, a poor boy stumbled over the feet of a man standing next him. The string of oaths accompanied by a blow, with which the accident was repaid, was the first thing that aroused her from her reverie. As those words, so long unheard, fell on her ears she started, and a blush of shame overspread her fair features at the thought that such words had ever been familiar to her. Then as she looked on the faces around, what a flood of memories they revived! It seemed as if she knew these people, knew even what was passing in their minds.

She remembered how as a child she had stood in just such a crowd, gazing at the richly-dressed ladies passing in and out from some especially grand reception. She remembered also the tears of weariness and envy she had shed whilst making the flowers with which they were adorned. And here were the same eager eyes, the same misery, the same envy. And there were the stern, gloomy men, who gazed at the gorgeous equipages with looks in which anger and scorn were mingled. She knew these also; she knew how they hated it all; the handsome horses, the stately coachmen, the well-kept carriages, and most of all, those who sat within them.

Then, as the carriage moved slowly through the gates there arose before her eyes a picture that had attracted her notice in one of the galleries abroad. It was a scene from the French Revolution. In the centre of the picture was a carriage, and around it surged and raged an infuriated multitude, clamouring for the death of the occupants, as belonging to the hated class by whom they had been so long oppressed. At the time it had only attracted her as a work of art, now she saw it in all its true horror. But to-night the scene was changed. Instead of French peasants, the figures seemed to take the forms and features of those around, and to her excited imagination it was her carriage that was surrounded, her life that was required. Whilst clear above the tumult sounded the despairing cry—"Look on us! we belong to you; you know all our wants and our sufferings. What have you done to help us or raise us from our misery?"

Then came the thought, "What right had she with this carriage and with all the luxury that daily surrounded her? Was not her rightful place outside in that moving mass amongst the people from whom she had sprung?"

Her agitation was extreme; a wild desire seized her to leave her carriage and mingle with the throng.

But the carriage stopped, and a servant threw open the door. By a great effort Elsie overcame her emotion and stepped down calm and collected as ever. As she took her place in the ball-room not even the closest observer could have discerned the slightest trace of the terrible agitation which had so nearly overpowered her.

The Count de C——, the French Ambassador, thought that to-night she looked more lovely than usual, and as he stood with her on the balcony after one of the dances he said, "Tell me, most gracious lady, the secret you possess that gives such a fascination to your every action, and a grace to your dress. Even the flower in your hair has its own especial charm, and looks as if it had been

bathed in the fresh morning dew. Then when you dance the very earth seems to bend and tremble at the light touch of your feet."

The count paused, expecting his gentle companion to make a suitable reply. But to his astonishment she remained leaning over the rails of the balcony gazing on the crowd beneath, and the carriages which kept on arriving, as if she had not heard his words.

Suddenly she turned, and fixing her large, soft eyes on him, replied, "Monsieur le Comte, I possess no spell, but since you ask I will confide to you the secret of the flowers. The fresh morning dew, monsieur, in which they seem to you to be bathed, is the tears that envy, misery and despair have wept over them. And if, as it seems to you, the earth trembles when I dance, it is because it trembles beneath the hate of millions."

She spoke with her accustomed calm, though perhaps rather more earnestly than usual. Then with a kindly smile she disappeared into the ball-room.

The poor count, amazed at her words, looked again on the mass of people standing beneath. He had often looked on them before, and as often jested about them. But to-night it occurred to him for the first time that perhaps they were not the most desirable surroundings that could be imagined for a palace. Most uncomfortable thoughts filled his mind during a whole dance. Then he forgot all about it.

But not so Elsie Montgomery. Thoughts had been awakened that evening which could not easily be dismissed; the voice of conscience once heard could not soon be silenced. Ever above the sound of music and dancing that despairing cry sounded in her ears: "Look on us! we belong to you, and what have you done to help us, and save us from our misery?" It accompanied her home, it haunted her through the long night. And what excuse had she to offer. Others might plead ignorance, but this excuse could never be hers. She knew, and at one time had shared their sufferings, and if those who did not know were guilty, then how much the greater was her guilt.

That night was spent by her in weeping and prayer, and by the morning her resolution was formed. Her life was required; it should be given, and given cheerfully, as a thank-offering for the great mercies she had received. Her gay and selfish life should be from henceforth abandoned, and time, health and money devoted to doing good. And Elsie kept her resolution; she sought again the scenes of her childhood, thinking rightly that here her first efforts should be made. Through her many a poor girl was saved from a life of misery and sin, and many a poor home was brighter and better for her visits. Her husband willingly assisted her in her work, and the poor learned to love and respect the names of Lord and Lady Montgomery, and to bless the day when Elsie rose to wealth and fortune.

F. E. HYNAM.



OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

I.—THE VARIOUS MAKES OF BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

THE pastime of cycling is one of the most fascinating, health-giving, and educating for our girls. As our memory recalls vividly the antiquated, heavy three-wheeler, and compares it with the dainty, beautiful, and light two-wheeler of to-day's fashion, we are filled with respect and wonder concerning the grand old pioneers, who so bravely fought the way towards cycledom. The pastime in those days was very unpopular, and it required of its enthusiasts not only pluck, determination, enterprise and spirit, but great strength. To manipulate from forty to fifty pounds of clumsy metal along indifferent roads was not the most enviable task, to say nothing of the hills to be negotiated, and the force necessary to push the machine in front up steep inclines. Ball-bearings, it is true, even in those days, achieved much in the way of easy running tricycles, but we are so educated this present season, that we would treat with utter scorn the mere mention of such a terrible strain to be imposed upon our fair riders.

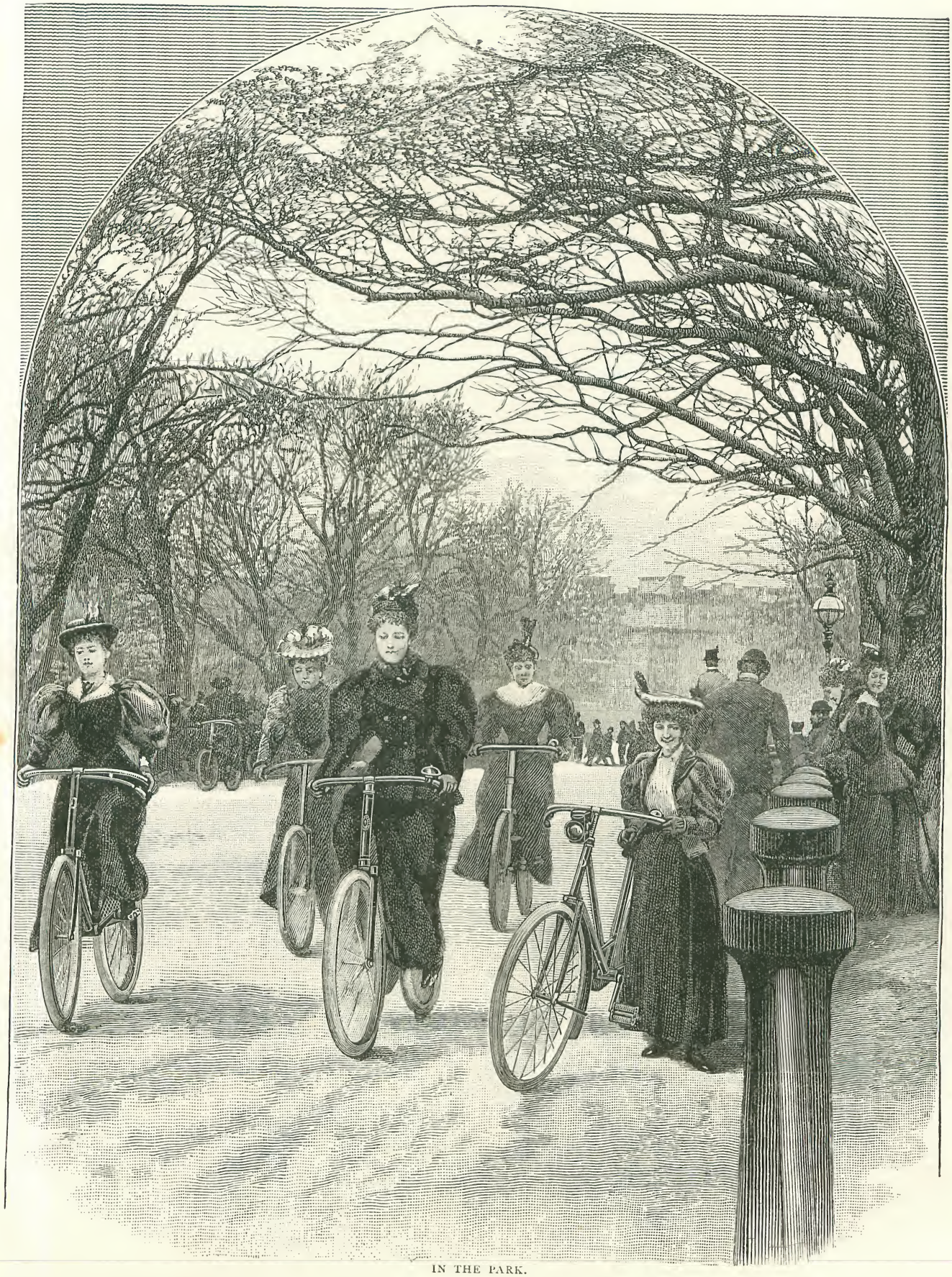
The sturdy adherents of the wheel twelve or fifteen years ago, however, not only had to combat with overweighted steeds, but were necessitated to fortify themselves with strength of mind and force of character, as well as power of limb. The pastime was most unpopular, and many anecdotes have been rehearsed at the expense of those gallant ladies who have helped to make our pleasure so easy to-day. Weary and exhausted, they often encountered the outpourings of the slums of some of our largest towns, who formed a long and medley procession up some stubborn hill which it was impossible for any lady to negotiate, mounted as she was on such a cumbersome iron horse.

But we bid these "crocks of ancient time" a gentle and tender farewell, as we complacently admire the beautiful creations of metal of our happy season. To balance oneself on two wheels, and to glide along like a graceful swan is worthy the admiration and lithsomeness of our English damsels, who are so quickly becoming fascinated with the various charms and exploits of the pastime.

This dainty mechanism of steel—to what a new world it invites us! By its aid, distances may be covered which would have amazed the heroes of the Homeric world, and such powers of speed are given to our girls as would have crowned Achilles with shame and dismay. Cycling is a pursuit so adapted to our tastes that England may be looked upon as its home. Our little island, so beautiful, so rural, and yet so awe-inspiring and grand in parts, awaits the speedy wheeler as she mounts her steed, to rejoice in her national possessions.

Ere, however, we revel in the delights of the pastime, to secure a wheel best suited to our individual requirements is our first duty. To a novice, all machines may appear to so resemble each other as to render any special description unnecessary; but an expert is enabled by one swift glance to perceive and criticise the general build of each particular style of mount. The manufacturing world of cycledom has devoted, not only years to the production of the cycle, but has utilised the genius of the designer, and the highly trained mechanical skill of the workman. Adjustment of the wheel, and all its details, apart from the most complicated question as to the material it should consist of, has exhausted and sometimes baffled the most gifted brains of the nineteenth century. When we girls become so enamoured with our wheels as to allow our enthusiasm to run riot, as it were, it behoves us to feel grateful to those who have contributed so much to our enjoyment and to our profit. The English-speaking maiden has profited by the universal adoption of the wheel in more ways than one. To-day, thousands are not only riding cycles, but are profitably engaged in their manufacture.

A most numerous choice of dainty steeds are exhibited for our inspection; of light and heavy weights; of tricycles, of bicycles, of bantams, and an assortment of tandems of two and three wheels, to say nothing of the sociable tandem, the sight of which almost



IN THE PARK.

persuades us to take the choicest of our friends for a spin, arm in arm. As the procession of all the various styles of cycles passes before our imagination, let us dwell for a moment upon the advantages and disadvantages of each and every one. Just look for a moment at this specimen of the most modern tricycle, with its balance gear, which renders it so much more satisfactory a mount than its forerunner, the clumsy and heavy velocipede, with its lever action. The only pattern of the popular tricycle of to-day is that of the direct-steerer, by which it is meant that the steering is accomplished by the direct action of the handle-bar. By the utilisation of the pneumatic tire, this tricycle is of a much lighter build than its predecessor; it is, indeed, possible to obtain a three-wheeler so light as to be a most formidable competitor to its more delicate sister-wheel, the bicycle. One of the advantages of the tricycle is that it will stand alone, like a horse does, and has, in fact, provided our friend *Punch* with what he considered rather a clever joke at the expense of the bicycle, which, unhappily for the comfort of itself and its rider, has a curious habit of falling down directly it lacks the support of some friendly kerb-stone, or other convenient prop.

The tricycle also is very handy for shopping expeditions, as it will carry many parcels with greater ease than the two-wheeler. Its disadvantages, however, are inherent and ineradicable. To store it, a good-sized stable is required, also its width renders it awkward, if not impossible, for getting through an ordinary gateway. Previous to the purchase of this style of mount, we should very carefully measure its proportions, to see to it that our accommodation is convenient and sufficient. For a tricycle, it is judicious to study the conditions of our riding. If all is plain sailing, i.e., the rider has a most refreshing wind at her back to blow her along, and the road is of such good surface as to resemble a beautifully polished drawing-room table, the tricycle is by no means a mount to be despised, but to ride a tricycle against a stiff head-wind, on a rough or indifferent road, up a hill or down a stiff decline, it requires a great outlay of strength, patience, and philosophy. Unfortunately, for the popularity of the three-wheeler, girls who ride are not necessarily endowed with a philosophic turn of mind, nor are they gifted with elephantine strength. A cycle which has three wheels must necessarily require three tracks on which to run, and for each wheel a fresh track has to be made as the tricycle bowls along. Of course, if we are riding on the highly-polished drawing-room table, we are in sublime ignorance of any question of tracks, but on the royal road of cycling, which is the public highway, our position is not so enviable.

Another point for our consideration is that it is impossible to dismount from the tricycle whilst it is moving. The rider is boxed in, as it were, between the two larger wheels and the framework, and this helpless position renders the ascending and descending of hills somewhat dangerous. The steering of the tricycle is, even to an expert, somewhat a difficult performance, for it is quite possible, by injudicious steering, to completely turn the machine upside down, and place the rider in a very uncomfortable and unpleasant situation. I well remember years ago lending my pet tricycle to a friend for a spin within my sight, little dreaming of the result. The road was slightly down hill, and unnerved by the passing of a cart, instead of putting the brake on in order to dismount, she turned the steering-wheel too suddenly. The next moment I perceived a cloud of dust and a dark object under the machine, which had, without any preliminary ceremony, turned a somersault on the top of my friend! Happily, she was practically unhurt, but my pet mount was smashed!

The remaining advantage of the three-wheeler still to be discussed is the absence of side-slip, or skidding in the mud. On a bicycle, if either of the wheels slide or skid in the mud or on the tram-line, the rider is generally compelled to dismount in a very hasty and inelegant fashion, but it is impossible for this to happen whilst mounted on a tricycle. The wheels may skid or slide, but such action would not cause the machine to go under, or fall down. It is also stated by some that to learn to manipulate the tricycle is an easier task than to balance and ride a bicycle. This may be true, but the charm of the safety lies chiefly in the art of balancing it.

Ah, here comes the bantam! We must more quickly decide upon the merits of this mount, as, like the bicycle, it cannot stand still whilst we criticise its peculiarities, and unless we extend to it a friendly hand, it must be allowed to ride slowly by. The bantamette has two wheels, but, instead of the rider sitting between the two wheels—as on a safety bicycle—she sits on the front wheel, and propels the machine by pedaling this wheel round and round, without the assistance of any chain—the mode of propulsion of all tricycles and safety bicycles. There is one lady, I believe, who prefers the bantam to any other style of mount, but my wheel affections are centred upon the safety bicycle.

Why, here are two of our friends, accompanied by their brothers, mounted on tandems! The first pair, as you see, are riding on two wheels only, and this tandem we must permit to continue its journey without waiting our inspection, and request the tricycle-tandem riders to rest whilst we discuss the merits of the bicycle. The tandem-bicycle is not a general favourite with girls, as, in consequence of side-slip, it is less safe than any other style of mount, but it has no rival for speed. Provided the riders are well matched, and work harmoniously together, very enjoyable and quick trips can be ridden. But there is no doubt that the tricycle-tandem, which now awaits our criticism, is, for all practical purposes, an admirable family wheel. I have often ridden, accompanied by a tandem-tricycle, as many as seventy miles per day, the riders of which have easily accomplished the journey alongside of my bicycle. Riding down hills, the tandem-tricycle has the advantage of its more speedy rival, the tandem-bicycle, provided the former is of light build, and has good brake-power, for it is most exhilarating to coast hills with this style of machine.

Behold the favourite! What a graceful and dainty mount! It is no wonder we are so fascinated with its charms! We will ask this lady to dismount to allow us to more closely inspect and admire her cycle. This wheel has well earned its popularity by its freedom from danger, as, in cases of emergency or accident, the chances are very much in favour of the rider alighting on her feet uninjured. Even when the machine is in rapid motion, it is possible for an expert to dismount, and, by the application of the brake upon the front wheel, the rider is enabled to instantaneously stop the machine whilst in the act of dismounting. By the aid of this mount, even the most delicate girl can ride with the greatest ease from thirty to fifty miles per day. The charm of the bicycle lies in the balance on five points; to wit, the saddle, the two pedals for the feet, and the two handles for the hands. The most delicate girl can often pedal this dainty style of wheel fast and well, and with ease can ride up hills, for skill and experience, combined with a good ankle action, are more than a match for mere muscle. The safety bicycle is now constructed with dropped frames. There are several designs, but I think it has been proved that the double-tubed straight frame is to be preferred to the single loop frame. The curved frame gives more room for mounting and dismounting, but the straight tubes are the strongest. The advantages of the safety-bicycle over the tricycle are increased grace of appearance, and superior lightness and ease of driving, especially on bad roads. On a bicycle, it is possible to ride in a cart-rut. Whilst touring from York to Newcastle, for four miles I was obliged to ride in the narrow confines of a rut made by a brick-cart for over twenty miles, and glad enough was I to get it. Had I been mounted on a tricycle I should have been compelled to walk the whole distance, for the road was practically unridable. See, our object of pleasant criticism is mounted and is away! Before we have time to finish our sentence it is out of sight, but the agreeable method of locomotion will be ever present in our mind. Sooner or later we will be as enthusiastic in our wheel wanderings as the rider of this dainty wheel.

In our exultation over the safety, we had forgotten we had arranged for the sociable tandem to join our procession of riders. This machine also has two wheels, and the riders are positioned at each side of the front wheel; it requires skilful steering, as its balance is very nicely adjusted. This machine will be more popular with our adult rather than with our girl friends, as it is more natural that we should desire to "paddle our own canoe."

Just a word in conclusion as to prices and weights. A safety bicycle should not cost more than from £14 to £23; its weight should not be more than from twenty-five to twenty-eight pounds, and not less than twenty pounds. A good make of tricycle could be purchased from £20 to £30; its weight should not exceed twenty-eight pounds. As to tandem machines, we will leave them to our elders, as it will only be a privilege for us to accompany them on their rides. But, suppose the novice definitely decides which particular style of mount she prefers; whether a tricycle, a bicycle, or a bantam, the next question is, what is the best make of any one of these mounts? So far as the tricycle or the bantamette are concerned, there is only one style of the latter, and two or more of the former, and therefore we will leave that momentous decision to our girl-rider. As to the safety-bicycle, there are from twenty to fifty good makers to choose from, all of whom place on the market the most dainty and choicest of mounts. Any of these wheels will suit the requirements of the girl of average build, but if our fair maiden be a giantess, she will do well to choose the highest cycle, *i.e.*, the machine which has the highest frame, the biggest wheels, and the longest reach. Many manufacturers keep in stock two, and sometimes three sizes of the cycle, so that even a very short girl may find a wheel on which she will appear as gracefully mounted as her taller sister. In choosing, it is wiser to secure the verdict of an expert, who can vouch for the chosen wheel having the latest improvements. The main features of a good cycle are lightness, pneumatic tires, narrow tread, corded dress-guard, reliable brake, small—and, if possible—felt pedals, best ball-bearing fittings, comfortable saddle, handle-bars and saddle-pin adjustable to the height and stretch of the rider, gear-case, mud-guards, strong and graceful frame, etc. All the reliable machines offered for sale have these points, with many others not mentioned here, and therefore the novice's supreme duty, in choosing her cycle, is to pay visits to, say, six good cycle depôts, and, by testing some as to height and build, decide which is specially suited to her individual requirements. I wish her well of her choice, and trust that the pastime of cycling may offer as many fascinations and wheel-charms as it has presented to me.

LOVE-LORE FROM ABBOTSFORD.

TWO LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.
(*From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.*)

THERE were grand doings at Abbotsford at Christmas 1824. The whole house was thrown open in a kind of royal hospitality, and Sir Walter was at his height of bliss in spirits, health and fortune; surrounded by guests, and loving faces free from cares, the favourite of the reading public, the successor of Byron in wealth of laurels, and the man whose society princes sought and who hardly knew what trouble meant. Though he was still the great unknown, the secret was almost an open one in literary circles, and especially in the literary circle about Abbotsford that Christmas.

From out of the three weeks' unclouded happiness of "our Christmas gambols" came these two letters, and we may say that the second of them is one of the best Scott ever wrote, and belongs to the best period of his life and was written in his happiest vein.

Redgauntlet was published in the happy year 1824, and the *Tales of the Crusaders* were simmering in Scott's head. Constable had already mooted the *Life of Buonaparte* (which did not appear until 1827), and *Woodstock* was not so far off from Sir Walter's imagination.

This merry Christmas party was often alluded to by the happy guests. One of them, Captain Hall, wrote long and exact accounts of it in his journal, and told how the public rooms and passages were lighted with "oil gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour"; how old ballads were sung to harp and pianoforte; how Scott read "Christabel" aloud and other poems. Then there were dancings, reels in which the lads leapt and halloed, like wild men under the splendour of the oil gas-lamps, and we see how they laughed and flirted and told ghost-stories as guests have done, and do, at Christmas parties.

Among the ladies was one, a demure and sweet damsel slim and dainty, Miss Jane Jobson, "the pretty heiress of Lochore," as Captain Hall calls her. A great favourite was Miss Jeanie with the host, and she took sweet counsel with "cross old papa" as he called himself, upon the great questions as to whether the greenhouse should be enlarged, which way the shrubbery walk should wind, and how high the stile should be set. Old Mrs. Jobson was a Highland gentlewoman, worthy and a trifle severe, who had noticed with uneasiness some flirtations between her Jeanie and young Walter, the tall hussar. But her fears were not awakened this Christmas, for the lieutenant was in Ireland, and Miss Jobson found other admirers to console her at the romping parties. Even by New Year's Day the soldier had not come. The guests had all stood up and crossed arms and drained a bumper to the new year 1825 as the clock struck. Sir Walter had mustered them for church parade at 11 o'clock next morning and read them the church service, and then they learned that the revels were not to stop for a week or more, for was not Mr. Lockhart coming, and other gentlemen, and not least "Captain Scott," as the unobservant Captain Hall calls Wattie. These came duly upon Monday, January 3rd, and Miss Jeanie blushed and was so uncommonly constrained and different in her behaviour that did not Sir Walter observe it at once? And being a man prompt in action did he not learn with alarm that Walter must go back quite shortly? And therefore straightway he rushed into his study, and there at that desk where he kept his mother's candlesticks and his father's snuff-box he sat down and wrote off this letter to Sir Herbert Taylor without saying a word to young Walter, who would have told him that he was asking the favour of the wrong man, and indeed young Walter perhaps would have told him that subalterns in the 15th Hussars had better not wed at all: but Sir Walter knew the boy's heart better than the owner knew it himself, which was quite like Sir Walter, naughty old match-maker that he was. Well, here is what Sir Walter wrote, while Jane and Walter junior were amusing themselves among the other guests, or apart from them, as is more likely.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"I am frequently doomed to trouble you with my requests about my son Walter, but you must set it down to ignorance, not intention, if I trouble you with any that is improper, and I am sure you will find him as well as me heartily and willingly acquiescing in whatever is required by the Service. He applied some days since for an extension of leave, in which he was not successful as he asked probably too long a period. We have however some very important family affairs to settle, requiring the intervention of lawyers and law papers which you are aware are not easily got rid of in a hurry, and which as they affect the arrangements to take place in case of my death are matters of great consequence to me. Two months or even a single month will be quite sufficient for this purpose, and I hope will not be considered in the circumstances as too great an intrusion on H. R. Highnesses indulgence, of which we have experienced so much and which I ought to be the last to abuse. I should be very sorry indeed to keep him a moment from his duty, when very weighty family reasons did not induce me to wish his continuing with me for a short time, it is an indulgence which I never should have selected for the mere satisfaction of my own feelings. The young man himself is anxious to join his regiment, and I hope the scientific acquirements which H. R. Highnesses goodness has enabled him to make will render him an useful and attentive officer. Excuse this trouble from one who has so much reason to subscribe himself

"My Dear Sir Herbert,
"Your obliged and humble servant,
"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh,
"3rd of January."

Then there was a party given on Friday, and that day was "one of the very proudest and happiest in Scott's brilliant existence," for it became evident even to the very stupidest guest that young Walter had not only "recently come from Sandhurst College after having passed through some military examinations with credit," but that he had passed the severer examinations of Miss Jane's eyes, also with credit. For he had good manners and moustaches, shapely long legs and military boots, a fine figure and handsome face and, as his father said of him, he retained "the simple honesty of his original character, though now travelled and acquainted with courts and camps." He was moreover twenty-three years old and every inch a soldier and no inch of him a poet; which is odd, for he had grown up at his father's side, and been his father's close friend. But poetry is not hereditary. It was Walter, who was nick-named the Lady of the Lake at school and fought, unto blood, against being likened to a lassie, "for there is no waufer (meaner) thing in the world than to be a lassie, and to sit boring at a clout," he said indignantly; for the New Woman was not there in his day. He had been an ensign in yeomanry when he was but little more than sixteen years old and then a lanky cornet in the 18th Dragoons, before he filled out and wore the uniform of the Hussars, which became him, as his picture by Allan of Edinburgh shows. Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson, Janie's kin, liked him well, and so did everyone, except Mrs. Jobson, who hated soldiering, and preferred trade as less dangerous and uncomfortable, for the Jobsons traded in Dundee and afterwards in London. But Jean was not of her mind by any means, and that party confirmed her in her love of the soldier laddie, and for three days more she lived at Abbotsford and resolved most determinedly, that as Sir Walter put it, she would sing "Mount and go—mount and make you ready, mount and go and be a soldier's leddy."

So they all went back to Edinburgh, Janie to No. 6, Shandwick Place, and Walter and his father and mother to 39, Castle Street, and there Sir Herbert's answer came. And then Sir Walter wrote again, this time under Walter's direction to Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., and he invoked the help—but it is better to read the letter itself:—

Studley grounds Herefordshire

My dear Sir Henry

I have to return you my best and kindest thanks for your letter this morning received. Believe me in addressing Sir Herbert Taylor I acted in the sincerest manner that my duty to myself must have made me appear ungrateful to you who showed such early and kind condescension I remember when you held Sir Herbert's situation you had the goodness to procure a month's leave for myself that he might be present at his sister's wedding & so thought the Commander in Chief. Sir H was the regular channel for such applications If Walter had been at home he would have put them right for I certainly would have applied to you myself for a reversal of your opinion. I would also have done this the more willingly because I could have made no mystery to you of certain circumstances with which my intimacy with Sir Herbert does not so much entitle me to trouble him though he has on all occasions been most obliging and indulgent.

[*Letter continued.*]

"The matter is still of some delicacy; but as I would not willingly be suspected of abusing the indulgence of H. R. Highness, or asking things inconsistent with Walter's military duty, I must frankly say that as my former request regarded his sister's marriage, this is concerned with the young man's own.

"There has long been an attachment betwixt him and a very amiable and good young woman; but which, interrupted by her absence abroad, and his at the academy might have passed away as a mere matter of flirtation. However, they met at my house this Christmas, and though the young lady, who is a considerable heiress, had not wanted suitors of more wealth and consequence than the young hussar, he contrived, in the course of our Christmas gambols, to find out that he was decidedly preferred. The match was in every respect agreeable to me, and notwithstanding the young lady's fortune may amount to £50,000, yet between my patrimony and that which the favour of the public has endowed me with, I am in the situation to make settlements which the young lady's friends think proper and suitable. So far we go before the wind, but unhappily the young lady's mother (her father is dead), a very good old lady, but very straight-laced in her Presbyterian principles, has taken an extraordinary whim into what she calls her head—she neither objects to family fortune, connections or any of the other stumbling-blocks over which matches are apt to break their shins. All these she professes highly to approve of. But having long lived out of the world, she has adopted a most heretical opinion that all His Majesty's forces are in full march to the devil, and that the light horses being in advance are likely to reach those warm winter quarters first of all; but especially some late circumstances have led her to entertain the firm opinion that the Schürr-bart and pelisse are decided marks of reprobation.

"On the other hand Walter is decidedly fixed to go on with his profession, in which resolution I confirm him with all my influence, and the young lady with all the horrors of the moustaches before her eyes, is gallantly determined to follow the drum, or rather the trumpet. Her hand and fortune are entirely at her own disposal, and her mother's objection is so ridiculous that, unsupported as it is by any of her other friends, the old lady must turn reason upon it.

"The daughter, however, very naturally and properly stipulates for such time as may reconcile her mother to her marriage, as notwithstanding her independence, she does not feel justified in immediately acting contrary to the opinion of so near and dear a relative; although if I can guess how the wind sets, she will not ultimately get her choice, because he wears blue and silver instead of a plain black coat, and is a soldier not a lawyer. But she probably will decline to act on her own judgment till she has exhausted every kind of mediation and intercession. Indeed, as Walter happens to be a good-humoured steady young man, and though not affecting any peculiar sanctity, yet regular in his attendance in church, and besides, he is cheerful, attentive in society, and possessed of a power which, as Sir Lucius O'Tregger says of Captain Absolute, has an air of success with all; so I have little doubt the old lady will, on further acquaintance, pass an act of grace in his favour, if she does not absolve the hussars in general from excommunication.

"May I beg, my dear Sir Henry, that you will have the kindness to communicate these particulars to His Royal Highness. I should be deeply distressed at the idea His Royal Highness might entertain that I was encouraging my son to trifle with his military duties. The matter, indeed, is little worthy to occupy his thoughts for a moment, but as Bonaparte used to interfere frequently to secure advantageous matches for his officers, I could not, even if I did not know by experience His Royal Highness's goodness, doubt for a

moment that a prince of the House of Brunswick would be as much interested in the domestic affairs of a loyal soldier of his royal brother as an usurper in that of his satellites.

"Thus the affair stands, the town having surrendered, as described, the old ruinous citadel continues to hold out, and we have six weeks from the 24th to bring it to reason, as I am sure His Royal Highness would deem it inconsistent with the honour of the British arms to raise a siege which has been so far successful.

"We have also settlements of two considerable estates to prepare and execute, and every kind of thing to get in the way of paraphernalia, as the learned call wedding clothes and ornaments. Moreover, we have to squeeze out of the said six weeks time enough for a leisurely journey to Ireland, as new-married folks cannot travel fast. Walter, who of course sees not obstacles, and thinks that lawyers are more like skirmishers, thinks all this can be managed; but I fear it may be necessary to convert the siege into a blockade, and that he must join and let the matter stand over till he can obtain a second leave which, considering the very peculiar circumstances, His Royal Highness will not perhaps be inclined to refuse.

"I add at my son's desire that he is perfectly conscious of the indulgence which he has experienced from His Royal Highness in permitting him to attend the Sandhurst Institution, and I am happy to observe from your kind postscript, it has not been thrown away. He is quite sensible that his brother-officers must have suffered inconvenience by his absence, and is anxious to make it up to them, as well as to gain the good opinion of Colonel Thackwell, and will neither ask for or expect any leave till he has, by a long discharge of duty, made evident that his thoughts are entirely in his profession. Indeed, though the present match is dictated by inclination and sanctioned by prudence, he has seen from the beginning that if his bride's acceptance had been clogged with a condition that he should quit the army, it would have made the match impossible on his part. Indeed, noticed and countenanced as he has been by H. R. Highnesses goodness, the eldest lieutenant of a crack regiment, and money consigned ready to purchase a troop whenever a vacancy takes places, his situation is so advantageous that to forsake it would be an act of mutiny, and lead him to muddle away the rest of his life as a mere fox-hunter and moor-fowl shooter. At the same time the advantages

of a match which besides making him happy in the woman he has chosen gives him prospects of an independent fortune and income is not to be neglected with prospects when the heroine excites the enthusiasm

This is the simple truth of the whole history for him His Royal Highness is acquainted with the purport of this letter I am sure he will not judge hardly of our desire to obtain a little leisure to accomplish this matter which must be so influential on the young man's future life.

I have only to beg that you will have the kindness to consider this matter as strictly confidential (excepting as concerns H. R. Highness to whom I presume to offer my most humble duty) until you have from me again your very kind letter will be of consequence as to avoid difficulties and obviate delays.

I beg my most respectful remembrances to Lady Towers and am my dear Sir Henry under a grateful sense of obligation

Most faithfully yours

Walter Scott

Edin^r. 13 January

I am writing on a crowded Clubroom table or rather furnishing a letter begun at home so pray excuse inaccuracies & difference of paper &c &c

And were they married? Yes, dear reader, all within a month; for Thursday, Feb. 3rd, was the day, and they were married in the withdrawing-room of Shandwick Place, and they honeymooned at Abbotsford; and there they might have studied Rob Roy's gun and his purse, and Flora Macdonald's pocket-book, and Montrose's sword, and Claverhouse's pistol, which inspired "Bonnie Dundee" that very year: but, I fear, they did not, although they were there over a fortnight. But dear Sir Walter, he enjoyed the wedding immensely, and he gave £500 worth of jewellery to the bride, with horses and a carriage and what not for the groom, and he settled Abbotsford upon them, which united with Lochore was a very pleasant heritage; and he was full of fun, and made jests about disciplinary-Colonel Thwackwell, as he would call Colonel Thackwell; and he made the most delicious love to Janie, the very prettiest sort of love, and he captured her heart for ever, so that she loved him deeply, and her love became the sweetest drop in his cup of life, which after this contained but few sweet drops, for the sad days soon began for that great and gallant gentleman.

Yes, they were married (and in time even the citadel capitulated), although they did not quite live happily ever after. Still "old papa" bought Walter a captaincy, which brought in £400 a-year, and he introduced them to Maria Edgeworth, who had set him off novel-writing. But what was better still, he wrote Janie the sweetest and tenderest letters, lest "she should feel less happy than I could wish her to be," and told her how much he liked her, and her little way of saying eh! "Not quite eh! either, but just a little quiet interjection, which shows you are attending." Then he came in the summer and stayed at their roomy, old-fashioned house in St. Stephen's Green, and told her news of her pony, and so on.

After which life became very grim, in fact too grim even for his brave heart, for he was involved in the great debts of the publishers, and the very next year the crash came, and there were no more joyful Christmas gambols, but only a fierce struggle for seven years, until that sunless, sombre, autumnal day, when Janie was with him and he died, no longer the breezy, joyful chief of these letters, but a broken-hearted and worsted soldier in the vain struggle of "time and I." Then young Walter became Sir Walter and a lieutenant-colonel, and then he too died, as people who should not always do; but there were no little Walters or Janies, and Lady Scott lived on in London for many long years after that. And though the story ends sadly, yet it is not all sadness, for it was much to have known and loved dear old Sir Walter and delighted him even in his sorrows; for Sir Walter's chief delight was in his family life, which made poor Byron once say to him, "I would to God I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott," and it was a happy thing to have ministered to that peace, was it not?



A POUND A WEEK; WHY GIRLS SHOULD EARN IT.

CURIOUS, some may think it, curious and perhaps a little ludicrous as well, that the propriety of a young woman earning a certain wage should call for any serious defence. The payment of wages in exchange for services rendered (whether we distinguish those wages by the term Civil List, salary, rent, honorarium, fee or price) is so unquestionably a part of the constitution of a sound social system, that it may well seem ridiculous to speak of it at this time of day. But humanity, with its inveterate love of change, has lately tried to oust the principle that those who render services should receive a wage, and to substitute for it the illogical practice of paying wages to those who render no service, and of demanding services from those who receive no wage. Humanity cannot of course convert these practices into a principle under penalty of starvation: but it introduces them here and there among certain sections of the population. I need not observe that among those sections women are largely comprised.

But indifferent success can, in the nature of things, attend the effort to make women work without wage. An appeal to this effect meets, I admit, with noble response from women of the highest type who engage in public work. Women of a type less than the highest take out their wage in distinction, popularity and advertisement; or they give such poor work that nobody but themselves would call it work at all. But since asking even women to do work without wage is much like inviting water to climb up-hill, I need not long tarry over this part of my subject.

For it is to the converse side of our modern heresy that I think it more needful to draw attention: the theory that women should take a wage and do no work. The expression which I have just given to the heresy will not perhaps be recognisable to the ears of some of its upholders; but I think it discloses the truth of the matter. For what many women are being asked to do is to accept board, lodging, and a dress allowance on condition either of remaining absolutely still, or of only making believe to be busy. And this request is put to women by persons of the most diverse views in all other matters.

There are the old-fashioned parents who say, "You should remember that you are a young lady, my dear. If you struggle to earn your living, vulgar people will forget that you are the daughter of gentlefolk." There are the sentimental people who say, "A girl should always be sweet, and beautiful, and passive. Follow this prescription, and you will certainly find a man—father, brother, or the eventual husband to support you." If the girl should murmur a distaste for the "supported" condition, she is "unwomanly," and with that all disapproval is uttered. Laughter, however, is driving both the old-fashioned people and the sentimentalists out of existence; therefore we need scarcely trouble to send ridicule after the retreating figures. But younger heretics are coming into the field to take their place; heretics who assure us that they are ultra-modern and advanced. These come dressed, moreover, in a panoply of pseudo-science, and don the air of sage political economists; so that a simple girl with no arguments, save youth's instinctive craving for activity, can scarcely defend herself against their sophistries.

Everyone must be familiar with the usual line of attack. It takes the form of an appeal to a girl's generosity and to her fellow-feeling for other girls. The individual girl is reminded that if she remains living at home tranquilly and quietly (for movement is of itself expensive), she can just manage to subsist. Then why should she insist upon doing work for pay? It is sordid of her to wish it. Moreover—and it is at this point that our tender-hearted girl succumbs—she must infallibly deprive other girls of a wage who need it more. Some persons I have known to be so possessed by the force of this reasoning that they will gravely argue that a responsible post should be filled by the poorest candidate, regardless of all qualifications of efficiency; and I have also heard the argument pushed yet a point further in the assertion that a housewife should not hang up her own pictures or make her own jam, because, by so doing, she must be keeping some person out of employment.

The upholders of these preposterous views would have yet to go a few steps further to be absolutely consistent. They should choose for Premier a claimant for Poor-House relief; they should buy only the books of indigent writers, and should decline to take tickets to see the performance of a prosperous actress. They have not, however, to the best of my knowledge, yet gone so far, nor have I yet heard them express disapprobation at the conduct of any woman who earns an income that is exceptionally large, or who obtains fancy prices for her pictures or books. The argument, in short, is almost entirely reserved for the deterring of young women from entering the field of professional and industrial life. And since I believe that girls are far more often withheld by such an argument than by any indisposition of their own to wholesome, well-paid labour, I think space may not be thrown away in considering upon what foundation the argumental structure rests.

It rests, does it not, upon the assumption that the amount of work which can be done in the world is limited? As the population of the world increases, the amount of employment, we would be led to suppose, does not increase, but tends to diminish to a smaller and smaller allowance per head, like drinking-water in time of drought. Consequently the less each person can contrive to do the kinder he (and particularly she) will be to his neighbours. Yet each person who is born requires to be fed, clothed, educated, amused, and the rest; thereby adding to the stock of work that wants doing. The whole train of ideas sounds too absurd for human acceptance. We do it an injustice, however, if we do not bethink ourselves of the circumstance that has given it strength. The introduction of machinery has altered the conditions of some kinds of work, and has shifted employment from one set of persons to another.

But there is no proof that the general stock of work is growing less. It needs little imagination to foresee that manufactures may increase greatly, that trade can be indefinitely extended, and that a demand for many services is only waiting to be formulated when the services are supplied. Indeed what we term the "Woman's Movement" means, if we regard it from one point of view, the creation of many demands. Who is it, for instance, who employs the expert woman shorthand-writer? It is in many cases, the woman-lecturer, the woman of business, or the woman-doctor. Who requires the woman-accountant? The society

for promoting some reform in which women are interested, or the governing body of a public girls' school. The employment of girls in the Civil Service leads to the engagement of a woman-doctor to attend them, and the factory girls whose labour machinery so largely utilises, need women-inspectors to safeguard their conditions of work. And though in London and our large towns we are slowly waking up to the fact that the capacities of women of the educated middle and upper class are not wisely allowed to atrophy, the country at large still wastes much useful labour. In how many of our rural districts is there a trained nurse, much less a cottage hospital, with a nursing staff of women? In how many country places are educated women trying by their own practical exertions to unravel the farmers' and the labourers' problems; in how many are they idling through their days, or at best bicycling over the country to kill time—and simply because they believe paid labour to be wrong.

You will ask, seeing that I am so near the end of my exhortation, why I am especially appealing to girls to earn a pound a week? My chief reason is that I regard a pound a week as the average beginning salary of the middle-class girl. To the girl who in the factory or the workshop is earning less, and by very hard labour, I have no need to appeal. My only word to her is one of inducement, to try by superior training, by combination, by whatever fair means lie in her power, to win more adequate pay.

But the middle-class girl should begin with a pound a week; if possible, of course, with more; certainly not with less. And here I may say that the stories which I hear of girls who destroy each other's chances of salary, by offering to do work for board and lodging only, or for a salary less than that offered, I regard much as I should some exhibition of cannibalism. If the women who practice this industrial cannibalism are really well off, their conduct is wholly inexcusable. Generally inquiry reveals that these women are not really well off. They appear to be in comfortable circumstances, but actually they are at their last gasp to obtain a livelihood. And the last gasp assumes the shape of this monstrous and cut-throat underselling.

Introduce into the labour market women with some capital of means and ability; you will not observe that underselling is the policy of such of these. On the contrary, the market, in trade parlance, will acquire tone; better salaries will be offered, better work be discovered that wants doing. It is only so long as women are withheld from earning a living until the moment when they are absolutely penniless, that the iniquities of underselling and under-paying can characterise women's employment. That is why I would beg girls not to wait to earn a living till the day of misfortune, poverty and helplessness comes, but now, while youth, energy, and independence are theirs, to take the Queen's shilling of the worker's world—a pound a week.

In my next article, the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and I may take counsel together in what way that pound shall be earned.

MARGARET BATESON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

AN ORPHAN (*Clerkship*).—(1). Yes, you are right in believing that your age would make you ineligible for a London post-office clerkship. In the provinces, however, you might obtain a sorting clerkship or telegraph learnership any time between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. The subjects for examination are the same as for the London appointments, namely: writing from dictation, handwriting and easy sums in the first four rules of arithmetic. For such an appointment you should apply to the Postmaster-General, but you ought to be known to the postmaster of some country town, as it is with these postmasters that a selection of candidates mainly rests. On the whole we should advise you in preference to qualify yourself for a clerkship in some private business firm. For this purpose you would find the course of training given at the best typewriting offices (especially we think at Miss Gradwell and Miss Richardson's School of Business Training, Westminster Chambers, 5, Victoria Street, S.W.), very helpful.—2. March 19, 1874, was a Thursday.

ALICE (*Cookery*).—Please read our reply to "A would-be worker," and consider seriously before you decide to enter a school of cookery, whether you cannot make some other use of the knowledge you acquire than to become a teacher. You could learn cookery at the Sparkhill Institute, Birmingham, as you probably know. The National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., is the largest cookery school in London; the fees are £13 13s. for the plain course and £21 for high class cookery. The Training School of Cookery, Colquitt Street, Liverpool, is another excellent institution, and so is the Yorkshire Training School, Carlton Court, 90, Albion Street, Leeds. For the terms of the two last-named, you should apply in each instance to the Hon. Secretary.

R. E. F. (*Situation Abroad*).—You give no pseudonym so we hope you will see your initials. You say that you can only speak your own language, and under these circumstances we cannot advise you to go abroad, as you would probably feel very lonely if, even, you did not get into difficulties. If you persevere in your intention, you would do well to consult the Young Women's Christian Association, 316, Regent Street, who might be able to advise you what steps to take to obtain a good situation. But do not leave England unless you have found a place that is properly recommended.

AUGUSTA.—Is it not setting us rather a difficult question to ask whether you should become a stewardess when you say that you do not know whether you are a good sailor? Would it not be well to ascertain this fact first? The truth is that posts as stewardess are rather hard to obtain for persons who have no previous connection with the shipping companies. Several of the largest companies give such appointments almost entirely to the widows and daughters of their own officials, or at all events, give such relatives the preference if they are already qualified in other respects. We do not imagine that the work would be very congenial to you. Would it not be better to obtain some knowledge of nursing that would enable you to become a district nurse? Such nurses are much wanted in many country neighbourhoods.

A WOULD-BE WORKER (*Cookery Teaching*).—Yours is a hard, but, unfortunately, not at all an isolated case. You tell us that you have completed a course of training in cookery and laundry-work, and have taken a first-class diploma in each subject at the Sheffield School of Cookery. And now you not unnaturally expect to find a post; but vacancy for a teacher there is none. The number of cookery teachers is undoubtedly too large at present. But for this the schools of cookery are not to blame. They teach cookery on the supposition that women wish to be able to cook rather than to teach other people how to cook. Now would it not be wise to make use of your knowledge in some practical way? For instance, why not become head cook in some place of business where there are a large number of shop assistants, or in a restaurant or club? Or, if you do not favour this idea, then how would it be to advertise yourself as a superior visiting cook, willing to turn out a dinner for a party at a charge, say, of 10s. and your expenses? We know of several young women, situated as you are, who are constantly employed in London in this way, and they have told us that their relations with the cooks and other servants in private houses were uniformly agreeable. But if cookery fails you altogether, then try the other string to your bow, laundry-work. Advertise for a post as superintendent at a steam laundry or as laundry matron in a Home. You can hardly fail if you make yourself known in the right quarters, as the demand for lady superintendents is constant. It might be well to advertise in one or two of the trade papers, according to whether you decide on making cookery or laundry your speciality.

KATHLEEN (*Hospital Nursing*).—1. Twenty-five is the earliest age to be admitted to several of the most important London Hospitals, but in some institutions girls are accepted as probationers at twenty-one. Paid probationers usually receive £10 or £12 salary the first year with board, lodging, and uniform; but many girls nowadays are glad to pay £13 13s. for their training, as the competition among would-be nurses is severe.—2. Ought you in order "to do what is right to refuse to do something which other people do not consider to be wrong?" This is a puzzling question, Kathleen. A good deal depends upon what the "something" is. A young girl may sometimes draw a hard-and-fast rule of what is right and wrong, which the experience of age would modify. At the same time it is usually best to follow your own sense of right, because you are in the best position to know the circumstances of your case. The wise plan is to obey your conscience simply and quietly, then people will hardly trouble to "make everything disagreeable to you."

CHIP (*Wood-Carving*).—The demand for chip-carving is unfortunately small, and women who carve only appear to succeed when they establish a private connection among customers. Perhaps you might obtain some orders by advertising, and you could advisably call at some of the depôts for rural industries and shops with a view to supplying them with your work. If you sell the carving at all you should do so at a fair price. You suggest selling it at little more than the cost of materials. If you consider that many men have to depend on their work for a living, you will see that you may be doing the trade an injury by selling at less than a remunerative price.

WOULD-BE MISSIONARY.—The best preparation you could obtain for missionary work would be to work among the poor in a London Settlement. We recommend you to apply for admission to the College of Women Workers in South London, under the guidance of the Bishop of Rochester, Lady Head, Miss Yeatman, "Grey ladies," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath Hill, S.E. This settlement we mention because it is not only well suited for your purpose, but is tolerably near your home. Other societies working on Church of England lines, are the North London Ladies' Settlement, 527, Holloway Road, N, and St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green (Principal, Miss Harrington). But if you desire some place more closely connected with missionary work, you should write for particulars to the Deaconess' Training Institution, 41, Ferntower Road, Mildmay Park, N.

E. M.—You desire that we should specify the duties of women secretaries. This is extremely difficult, as the duties are elastic, and vary according to the individual needs and wishes of the employer. A secretary is usually expected to know shorthand and to be a typist, as most employers like to dictate their answers to letters, and some (in the case of business or professional people) desire that such answers should be type-written. Beyond this it is impossible to make any statement which will cover all cases. A secretary is in some instances a kind of clerk, in others almost a companion, in others he or she may enjoy facilities for learning a business; and yet a fourth class of secretary is an important official to a society or a hospital.

L. E. G. (*Women as Railway Clerks*).—Women are not employed as clerks in the Railway Clearing House. The Great Eastern Railway Company, does so in its hotels, and possibly other companies do the same. Probably this is the information on which your inquiry is based. In Germany women frequently act as railway booking clerks, and the work which appears to be in every way suitable for them, is, so far as our experience goes, well performed. At the same time we do not urge that women should be employed in England instead of men, as this would only too probably mean a reduction of wages. The best course for you to pursue is to obtain a thorough clerkly training, and then take the first good post that you can find.

MEDICAL.

ONE IN HER TEENS.—1. Swollen eyelids are usually due to anæmia or overwork. Try bathing your eyes in warm solution of borax, and attend to your general health.—2. Yes, or some equivalent phrase.

DISTRESSED.—We do not quite understand what you mean by "neuralgia in the feet." If it is true neuralgia try iodide of potassium and a blister just above the knee. If this does not give you relief you had better consult a physician.

SPIDER.—Flushing is usually due to anæmia or disordered digestion. Try bismuth and soda if your digestion is weak, if not take some preparation of iron three times a day after food. If this does not cure you try the fashionable drug, ichthiol in a pill (3 grs.) every night.

MAVOLINA.—You do not give us sufficient details. For getting rid of a dark mark round the lower lip try the application of peroxide of hydrogen, if this does not succeed you must consult a physician.

LAURIE.—We do not give private addresses of physicians in this column. Any medical man can tell you whom to go to for the ear.

ROSE.—If you take it in moderation, sherbet does no harm to the system, but if taken in excess it may produce sickness and indigestion.

CHERRY.—1. Take a hundred green walnuts, salt, mace, a quart of vinegar, nutmeg, cloves and black pepper in small quantities. Bruise the walnuts and mix the ingredients, leave for eight days then boil for half an hour and strain. Bottle and seal the corks.—2. Placing the feet in cold water for a few minutes before getting into bed and attention to your digestion will relieve cramp at night.

WARRIOR.—1. It is impossible to permanently remove hairs on the face and hands. They may be bleached by peroxide of hydrogen. If you pull them out they will return.—2. Moles can only be removed by operation.—3. The little black specks you mention are comedones, they are not due to dirt. Squeeze them out and use carbolic or sulphur soap to wash your face.

RED ROSE.—It is impossible to say for certain what is the matter with your chest from the very slight information with which you furnish us. It is probably bronchial asthma, but we would strongly recommend you to have your chest examined by a physician as soon as possible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. A.—Inquires "What makes the sea salt?" This is a question to which very erroneous answers have been given; but "it is one (according to Dr. M. F. Maury) which perhaps will never be settled satisfactorily." Some have said that the rivers brought down supplies of salt from the land; but if so, why are not the rivers and lakes even more salt than the sea?

TINY.—1. The best plan for preserving moss for so many months is to plant it. If you have no garden, get some long boxes filled with a layer of earth and plant the moss in that, standing them outside some window.—2. H.M. the Queen has no surname; but she is of the Guelph family.

MALVOLIA.—Yes: there is an opportunity of getting your sketches from nature criticised. We learn that Mr. Berry, of the Berry Art Schools, Fellows Road, London, N.W., has made arrangements and terms for receiving and criticising sketches of any kind that may be sent to him from a distance; the idea being, thus to get into communication with students and amateurs who may not be in touch with professional advice. We imagine that some of our readers may be glad to avail themselves of this means of improvement.

L. F. R.—Thank you for the kind present. It is a pretty subject, excellently photographed.

"O MISTRESS MINE."—Yes: Fresh haddock is often sold by dishonest fishmongers as whiting. But the way to detect the fraud is to notice the size of the mouth; that of the whiting is much larger and when open shows a very large cavity; so when that enemy of man, the dishonest tradesman, wishes to "take us in," he increases the size of the haddock's mouth with his big knife, but fortunately for us it can seldom be accomplished without a jagged mouth being the result.

TO AN INVALID.

I THOUGHT of you
When sunshine gladdened all the longing land,
And Earth rejoicing wore her emerald hue;
When sea and sky were bright and very blue,
And Hope and Summer clasped each other's hand.
I thought upon your dim secluded room,
Your hours of pain;
Your eager spirit bound us with a chain,
Your soul beset by Solitude's strange gloom;
I know that suffering is not sent in vain,
To one so true,
So strong to meet whatever God may doom,
So ready to obey His least command;
I know that you are patient, and will gain
Some blessing new
From even this sore sickness. Yet I stand
In tears to think of you, in grief that's pain
To pray for you.
Ah, friend! what more can human friendship do?

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.





VOL. XVIII.—No. 876.] OCTOBER 10, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER I.

LLEWELLEN PARK, or, as it was called, Plâs Llewellen, was a fine, ancestral place. The entrance was by a massive iron gateway, flanked by huge stone pillars, upon each of which a grim lion had reposed for centuries, and the lodge was a grey, ivy-covered house, that looked as aged as the fierce guardians that watched over it. A drive of a couple of miles led to the house. This



All rights reserved.] "THE CHILD SANG THE SIMPLE OLD BALLAD VERY SWEETLY."

wound through as lovely a country as the eye could desire to look at. Mountain and valley, wood and water, diversified the scene. Here oaks, under which the Druids probably performed their mysterious ceremonies, formed gloomy avenues, there mountains bared their giant bodies to the sun. Through the richest of park-land, flowed a river, that sometimes kept a peaceful course, at others, rushed brawling over rough stones; while farther on, through almost impenetrable trees and brushwood, trickled a little streamlet, making its pleasant music, and leading the same quiet life, "for ever and for ever." Again the character of the scene changed, and the road wound through rocks, surrounded by woods of pine, larch, and mountain ash, and covered with the moss and ivy that had clung to them for ages; then emerging from the rocks, about a quarter of a mile from the house, the landscape became softer; and bright, green, undulating plains and slopes, diversified by groups of trees, surrounded the mansion.

The entrance to Plâs Llewellen was a large court round which the house was built, forming three sides of a square. The arched doorway was ornamented with armorial bearings; and various architectural decorations surrounded the long lines of windows, and smaller entrances that flanked it.

The entrance-hall was an immense, old-fashioned room, filled with armour and spoils taken in war and the chase, with floor of polished oak, and fireplace, or hearth, large enough to give warmth to the whole parish. The dining, or more probably, banqueting-room, occupied nearly the length of one side of the house, and was filled from floor to ceiling with family portraits. Its furniture consisted of oak tables, side-boards and chairs, black with age and use. From the windows, a long line of blue mountains was visible, forming a magnificent background to the wooded park-land that stretched towards them. The saloon and library filled another side of this fine old place. The former was hung with tapestry, which none of the successive owners of the mansion had chosen to remove, and which was in excellent preservation. Here ancient and modern taste competed, and carved oak and rosewood, old china and new ornaments, dwelt in juxta-position. The library was full of books of all kinds, collected, rather because it was necessary that a library should contain books, than because the Llewellens had been men of literature. These apartments looked upon a garden, laid out with perfect taste, at the bottom of which ran the river, where stately swans and wild ducks passed a happy existence. Beyond was the deer park, and on a hill to the left an old ruined castle, surrounded by trees.

The third side of the mansion was occupied chiefly by the domestics, and was sheltered from the east wind by a dense wood, that stretched far and wide, and covered several miles of ground.

The second floor was variously apportioned. The west wing contained a suite of state apartments in which royalty had often reposed, and in the south wing were the rooms occupied by the family and such guests as came and went when they liked; more properly called friends. Wandering through this domain, a stranger would ask, "What can be wanting here to make life perfect?" The answer would be "money."

Yet nobody would have supposed this who saw the profuse hospitality of its owner, and the number of domestics supported at his cost; and if Sir Howel Llewellen knew it, he scarcely gave it a thought; but, with mistaken good-nature, continued to entertain half the county at his table—to support scores of idle dependents—to keep a pack of hounds and half a dozen hunters—and to live at the rate of twenty thousand a year, when his mortgaged property, and heavy debts left him comparatively nothing.

Still he was one of the most warm-hearted and generous men in the world. Everybody liked him, and unfortunately, he liked everybody.

He had been in the army, and as an agreeable and handsome guardsman, an only son, and heir to a large property, he had been a mark for the arrows of most of the manœuvring mothers and anxious daughters he met with. But he disappointed them all by marrying the orphan daughter of a clegyman—a friendless, portionless girl; poor in what the world calls wealth, but rich in everything that makes a woman's most precious dowry—virtue, good sense, talents, and beauty.

His father, an easy man and thoughtless as himself, readily forgave him this juvenile indiscretion; took the young wife to his home and heart, and loved her as a daughter. But his only sister, a proud and haughty lady, never overlooked this grafting, as she called it, of a plebeian sprig into their old patrician stock, and cordially hated her beautiful sister-in-law.

The old Sir Howel died when his son was about three-and-twenty, leaving him in full possession of Plâs Llewellen, its fine park, and extensive manor. No one but the steward knew to what an extent it had been mortgaged by its successive inheritors; and he, having his own game to play, did not tax his feelings too heavily by the painful duty of opening the eyes of his employer to his actual condition.

At the period when this tale commences, Sir Howel Llewellen had been married eight years, and they were years of uninterrupted happiness. He continued to love his wife with devoted affection, and to look upon her fine qualities with respect and admiration. They had had four children, three girls and a boy, the latter of whom had died in infancy. The second girl, Clare, had been adopted by her aunt, Lady Somerville, who was a widow with a large fortune. It was Sir Howel Llewellen's wish to conciliate his sister, and when, as godmother to his little girl, she expressed a wish to educate and provide for her, he considered the offer as too advantageous to be refused; and overruling his wife's arguments, consigned Clare to her aunt's protection at the age of three years. It was not without a hard struggle and many tears that Lady Llewellen parted from her child, but her husband was resolute, and for the first time opposed her wishes.

The new year was about to dawn, and Plâs Llewellen echoed with the sounds of joy and merriment. Not a heart that was not warmed by the munificence of its master and mistress; not a servant or peasant who did not share in their bounty.

All was life and enjoyment. There was a large party in the house, amongst whom were Lady Somerville and the little Clare. To these were added several of the neighbours. Amongst them were some five or six country gentlemen, who had never been far from their horses and hounds, and who certainly exerted themselves to make merry, or rather who made merry without any exertion. Lady Somerville was seen to press her hand upon her temples, and to elevate her eyebrows at the sounds.

As to David, the harper, he might as well have relinquished the strings he was touching, for the ears their sounds were intended to reach were deaf to them. He sat in the entrance hall, as was the custom in ancient times—a custom Sir Howel still liked to keep up—and played Welsh melodies with animation and feeling.

He was so engaged when he was aroused from his musical aberrations by a slight touch on his shoulder. He turned round, and his countenance brightened into a smile as his eye rested on a fairy figure standing on tip-toe behind him. A lovely child crept to his side, and resting her hand upon his knee, whispered to him to play her "Nos Galan." He played the air she desired, and she beat time with her little foot, whilst the variation of her expressive face told how dearly she loved music.

"I think I could play that tune now," she said, when the harper ceased.

"Try it, dear," was the reply, and David lifted her on his knee.

"I am afraid they will hear me," she said, but a shout of laughter from the dining-room proved that her fear was uncalled for.

She leaned her head against the harp and encircled it with her arms. With a soft, clear touch, she ran her fingers across the instrument, and then began the air she had just heard. The harper listened with delight, and when she ceased, asked her to play him one more tune, which, she did, with simplicity and feeling. Her music was, however, interrupted by the entrance of a boy of about twelve years old, who came triumphantly sliding down the polished oak floor, and almost overturning the harp in his progress.

"Oh, oh! here you are," he cried. "This is how you steal away from us. We have been looking for you everywhere, and here comes Miriam with a scolding.

A prim nurse appeared, carrying the youngest child in her arms, and followed by Clare and a troop of other children.

"There now," began the abigail,

"what's the use of putting you on nice, clean frocks, if you go to crumple them directly. Really, David, you ought to know better. There she was, a minute ago, as neat as a new pin; and now, I declare, her frock and her hair ain't fit to be seen."

Gwenllean slipped off the harper's knee, and running to her nurse begged her not to be angry, for she could smooth herself quite neat again directly.

It would have been impossible to be angry with the gentle creature, whose appealing look instantly reached Miriam's heart. Her ire turned however upon David, whom she requested, for the future, "not to take the young ladies upon his knee to play, and such nonsense, when they were dressed for company."

"The dessert's on the table! the dessert's on the table," exclaimed Clare, clapping her hands. "Come, Gwen dear, never mind your frock," and the laughing, black-eyed darling, threw her arms about her sister's neck. Then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she stood erect, smoothed her hair, worked frock and satin petticoat, and asked Miriam whether she was "quite tidy now."

The boy, who had first broken in upon Gwenllean and David, advanced, and with mock gravity offered Gwenllean his arm; but the timid child shrank behind her nurse. He then turned to Clare, who with a curtsey that might have done honour to a duchess, accepted the proffered arm, and with the prettiest beauty airs imaginable, strutted off to the dining-room, followed by the rest of the juveniles.

The children were soon overwhelmed with flattery and fruit; and Clare ran from guest to guest, swallowing both with great nonchalance, as a food to which she was well accustomed; whilst Gwenllean seated herself quietly by her mother's side, hoping to escape observation. This was not so easy, since several of the company soon asked her to sing. Her voice had long been the pride of her father, and the admiration of his friends. She had sung as soon as she spoke, and knew correctly many melodies before she could pronounce the words. It was the poor child's greatest punishment to be asked to sing; but she always did her best when asked, and now, called to her father, and seated on his knee, inquired, timidly, what she should sing.

"Let us have 'Home sweet home," dear," said her father, "nothing could be more appropriate."

The child sang the simple old ballad very sweetly. The guests were charmed and asked for other songs, but as soon as she was allowed a short respite, she slipped off her father's knee, and again crept timidly to her mother.

When the gentlemen left the dinner-table after settling a grand hunt for the morrow, the whole party, children included, adjourned to the servant's hall.

What a scraping of fiddles and tuning of harps when they appeared!

At twelve o'clock supper was proclaimed. The gentry retired and the tenants adjourned to the banqueting-hall. Here a grand feast was laid, and when Sir Howel and Lady Llewellen reappeared they were enthusiastically hailed, and thus ended a New Year's Eve never forgotten by any one who was there.

(To be continued.)

FIVE LITTLE DINNERS FROM A LEG OF MUTTON.

"A LEG of mutton is such a treat to me!" said a friend who was on a visit, "we can so seldom venture on one with our very small party." If properly managed a leg of mutton is by no means impossible with a small family, and therefore I am going to give directions for making a set of nice little dinners from one. A small leg of mountain mutton when it can be obtained is always the best to choose for a small party, and indeed I think for a large one too, as the flavour of the mutton from those pretty little black-faced mountain sheep is always particularly tempting. We shall suppose the leg to weigh about seven pounds.

Get the butcher to cut it into three portions for you in this way. Have a steak cut out of the centre of about an inch in thickness; this will leave you a piece of about three pounds in the upper part of the leg and rather less than that in the shank end. For the first dinner the steak may be used. Flour the other portions and put them in a cool place, as the longer they hang the more tender they become.

Steak of Mutton.—Slightly beat and level the piece of mutton, see that your fire is very clear and place a gridiron over it. Rub the bars with some fat and lay the steak upon it. Turn it frequently, and in eight or ten minutes it will be done. Season it with pepper and salt and rub a piece of butter upon it. Serve it as quickly as possible upon a very hot dish accompanied with tomato sauce and nicely mashed potatoes.

Stuffed Mutton.—Remove the bone from the shank end of the mutton, taking care not to disfigure it or cut the skin. Stuff the hole where the bone was with a forcemeat made as follows—one ounce of ham, two ounces of suet, a little grated lemon peel, a saltspoonful of minced herbs, salt, cayenne and ground mace to taste, three ounces of bread crumbs, a small shalot chopped very finely, mince all these ingredients, and mix them thoroughly; beat an egg to a froth, strain it and add it to the other things. Fill the hole with this forcemeat and sew it up to keep it in. Roast the mutton for about an hour and a quarter and serve with good gravy.

Boiled Mutton with Caper Sauce.—The upper portion of the mutton may be boiled or more properly simmered because it should not in reality boil at all except for a few seconds at the beginning to form an impervious crust to keep in the juice of the meat; after this few seconds of boiling it should be drawn to the side of the fire and only allowed to simmer very gently or the mutton will be tough. After it begins to simmer it should cook for an hour, or longer if you like it very well done. Serve it with carrots and turnips round the dish, a little of the caper sauce may be poured over the mutton, and the remainder sent to table in a tureen.

There will be some meat left from both the boiled mutton and the roast which can be dressed in many appetising ways. Perhaps the dish which most frequently suffers from bad cookery is that much maligned, but really savoury one, Irish stew. To make a good stew is a very simple matter, and yet many cooks send to table a dish containing a huge pile of tasteless dry potatoes, sometimes burnt, with a few pieces of exceedingly tough mutton hidden here and there in it. Some receipts direct you to put down the mutton, potatoes and onions all together in water, but a vastly superior method is as follows: Take some of the liquid in which you boiled the upper piece of the leg, also the shank bone which you cut out, and any other bones and scraps that may be convenient, put these all on to stew until all the goodness is in the stock. Strain it and skim it nicely. About an hour before dinner-time put on a saucepan containing about a pound and a half of peeled potatoes, two small or one large onion cut up into moderate sized pieces; almost cover these with the stock and let them stew until the potatoes are done. Have ready about a pound of mutton cut up into nice pieces, put these into the stew and let it simmer gently until it is thoroughly hot. Season well with pepper and salt and serve quickly. Pile the potatoes and meat in the centre of the dish and pour plenty of the gravy round them. When preparing the potatoes for an Irish stew it is necessary to be specially careful to discard any that are at all bad, or that have any strong smell, as one ill-tasting potato will flavour the whole stew. The potatoes being cooked from the very beginning in strong stock gives them a delicious flavour which they never have when put into water. Care should of course be taken not to let the stew burn.

Haricot Mutton.—This is another dish which is delicious when nicely prepared. Cut the mutton into nicely-shaped pieces free from fat, have ready a breakfastcupful of nice gravy with all the grease skimmed off it. Cut up some carrots and turnips into dice and boil them till tender. Slice a moderate sized onion, put two ounces of butter in a stewpan and fry the onion and mutton in it till they are brown. Stir in a dessertspoonful of flour, then add the gravy and let it simmer gently for half-an-hour, add the carrots and turnips and let all simmer together for fifteen minutes more. Just before serving add seasoning of pepper and salt and a dessertspoonful of good mushroom ketchup, bring it quickly to a simmer again and serve on a very hot dish.

We have now arranged our five little dinners, but before laying down my pen I must mention a delicious way of making a mutton hash which might be used instead of the stew or haricot already described.

Mutton in Béchamel Sauce.—With some of the liquid in which the mutton was boiled and any trimmings or bones you have at hand make a pint of stock. Strain it and leave it to get quite cold, so that you can skim every particle of fat from it. Put the stock into a saucepan with some parsley, herbs, mace, whole pepper and salt, a mushroom if obtainable is an improvement. When it has boiled sufficiently long to become thoroughly flavoured, strain it off and boil it up quickly till reduced to half-a-pint; have ready half-a-pint of milk in which a dessertspoonful of flour has been very smoothly mixed, pour this into the stock stirring it until the flour has become cooked. Now add the mutton cut up into nice little pieces and let it simmer gently at the side of the fire until heated through. If you wish to make this hash particularly tasty use cream instead of milk.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.

HATS OF TO-DAY.



1.—RUSH HAT WITH ROSES.
2.—BOW ON RUSH HAT.

HATS! Is there a woman worthy of the name who does not take the keenest interest in all hats, her own first, and afterwards those of her friends, from the dainty and fascinating model which comes straight from the Paris show-room, to last year's summer-hat, which she does up at home?

Now why is it that there is such a wide difference between the hat we buy, and the hat we trim ourselves? Is it not chiefly due to the fact that we do not sufficiently study what is becoming to each individual face, but madly follow the fashion of each passing hour, in our endeavours to be quite correct and up-to-date?

A little advice on the subject may not, perhaps, be out of place, and a few hints on home-millinery will we hope help some of our girl-readers to arrive at a greater proficiency in the art of "doing-up."

First of all we must find out what is becoming to us personally as to colour and shape. We all know that a dark hat is, as a rule, more becoming than a light one; but, perhaps, we do not all know that we can greatly improve the latter by lining the under-brim with a *rouleau* of black velvet, or an edging of jet; and whilst we are on this subject, I must tell you that one of the most important features of the autumn season will be the many different ways in which under-brims are lined, shaped-velvet linings being the most popular. For instance, a large straw or felt hat becomes doubly attractive when the brim is lined with shaped-velvet, finished off about three or four inches from the edge with very narrow jet trimming; then the hat-brim itself is shown for a couple of inches, and a flat velvet bind to the edge is again finished each side with the jet. Special care and attention must be given to the varied styles of lining large-brimmed hats, for, now that so many are worn with the left side tilted up, and the pretty side-*bandeaux* have taken the place of the up-turned back-brims, the lining is far more important and conspicuous than formerly.

Then again, as to colour, fair-haired girls look better in paler tints than their dark sisters. Soft, artistic shades of blue, reseda, heliotrope, and rose, all as a rule suit a girl with a fair complexion and light hair; while stronger tones, such as poppy-red, some vivid shades of green, orange, and yellow show off a clear, dark skin and brown hair. Cornflower-blue is becoming to most people, and the girl who has red shades in her hair, and the very fair complexion that generally accompanies that colour, will find most green tints, *eau-de-nil*, lettuce-leaf, even grass-green, eminently becoming; also all shades of brown.

Next we must consider the shape and style that suits each one of us best, and in this difficulty tall girls are better off than short ones; the latter should always avoid exaggerated fashions of shape and size. High crowns look top-heavy, and very wide brims clumsy on a small slight girl, and she should remember that a medium-brimmed hat will look quite as picturesque and be equally becoming to her, as the large Duchess of Devonshire one she so much admires is to the girl-friend, who is a few inches taller than herself.

Plain hats, such as sailor and boat-shaped, are so useful and popular that everyone must at some time wear them, and very pretty they are with ruches round the crowns, shot-ribbon bows, wings, etc., though for sea and country-wear nothing is smarter or better style than a plain ribbon or Petersham band on the former, and for the latter, a velvet twist round the crown, with a prettily-tied bow and a few quills at the left side. Girls with round faces will find a boat-shaped hat more becoming than the straight-brimmed sailor. Before I leave the subject of what is becoming, do let me impress on you what a great art there is in putting on a hat well. No matter how pretty a girl is, or how charming her hat may be, if it is carelessly put on the effect is spoilt. How often the pins are awkwardly stuck through the brim, instead of the crown, thereby giving it quite a wrong curve, and making the whole hat unbecoming to the wearer and almost grotesque to the beholder. Do not be afraid of sticking pins through your hat, you will not hurt it, and if it is a big one you will certainly want four large pins to fix it firmly on your head. A hat that is meant to



3.—BLACK CHIP HAT WITH FEATHERS.
4.—UNTRIMMED BLACK HAT.



5.—ORANGE HAT WITH NUTS.
6.—BOW ON CHERRY HAT.

be straight looks ugly when it has slipped to one side.

And now let me give you a few illustrations of some pretty hats sketched for you at the Misses Cynthia, 6, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, and if you feel inclined to copy any or all for yourselves, the accompanying descriptions and hints will we are sure be of use to you.

No. 1 is a high-crowned rush hat, the under-brim is lined with pleated lisse, which is very soft and becoming to the face. A wide shot ribbon in several shades of pink is twisted round the crown and tied in a large bow of four loops at the left side; this bow has been sketched for you in illustration No. 2. A bunch of lovely roses shaded from pink to deepest red adorns the right side, and under the brim at the back roses nestle against the hair. In No. 3 we see quite a different style. It has a medium crown, and a brim between four and five inches in width which is raised at the left side; and is equally pretty in felt or straw. No. 4 shows us the same hat trimmed, the one the sketch is taken from is in straw, and has a narrow quilling of gauze ribbon all round the edge of the brim. At the right side a dainty fan-like arrangement of fine black lace is kept in place by a band of black velvet fastened with a turquoise and paste clasp. A charming bow of white ribbon rests on the crown towards the back, and five or six white ostrich feathers some tipt with black, stand well up on the left side; white poppies with their cool grey-green leaves resting against the hair all along the left side make a perfect finish to a very pretty hat. Our fifth illustration is one which will I am sure attract many of you from its originality and style; the shape is similar in many respects to No. 1, but the brim of this is wider, and has been raised a little at the left side, which gives a pretty curve instead of a straight line. Round the crown at the top and at the base are twists of ribbon velvet; and you will notice that the three ostrich feathers which are placed on the right-hand side are kept well in position by the lower twist of velvet. At the left side there are a number of prettily arranged loops of the same ribbon velvet and a bunch of nuts. Hazel nuts they must be with their red-brown leaves, and they look as fresh and natural as if someone had just gathered them and stuck them in. Now that artificial flowers are made so beautifully, and in such marvellous varieties that sometimes it is a difficult matter to distinguish between those in our gardens and those in our hats, there is no reason why we should not always wear on our heads the flowers that happen to be in season, and this year it has been particularly noticeable that all well-dressed women have done so. Spring flowers in April lose half their charm if they have been continuously worn all through the winter; and if you put roses in your hats in January you will have got tired of them by the time that June comes round again. What beautiful berries and leaves the autumn hedges show us, and could anything be more charming and appropriate in an autumn hat than a bunch of red rowans, blackberries, or a branch of hazel nuts. Well, to return to our sketches, look at the pretty bow which No. 6 gives us, it is made in a stiff ivory-white satin ribbon, and has a beige-coloured lace *appliqué* on the two ends and on one of the loops. It has been said that only a Frenchwoman can really tie a bow, but I do not agree with such a statement, and feel perfectly convinced that any girl can tie a pretty bow and a smart one into the bargain, if she will only give her whole mind to it and set about it in the right way. Settle in your own mind quite distinctly the kind of bow you require, and then tie it. If you want to copy a bow you have seen and admired, and do not feel perfectly sure of your own powers, get some tissue-paper. Cut it in strips the same width as your ribbon, and tie your bow in paper first of all. If you spoil half-a-dozen sheets of paper before you are satisfied with your bow, you will probably succeed beyond your own expectations with the seventh, and if you can tie a pretty bow in paper, you will be able to reproduce it exactly in ribbon. Whereas if you start by creasing and folding your ribbon before you are sure how you are going to finish off the bow, and then have to undo it again, the first freshness of your ribbon will be lost, and the beauty of your bow will have diminished sadly. "Practice makes perfect," and you will find that the art of tying a bow is no exception to this rule. And one other remark I must make on this important subject of bows, and that is, never cut your ribbon if you can possibly avoid doing so. No Frenchwoman I believe is ever guilty of such an action, and if you twist your bow into shape, and fasten it by the means of fine wire or a needle and coarse cotton, you will find each loop growing under your hand and coming into position much more easily if your ribbon is all in the one piece. And another great advantage of having lengths of ribbon is, that the same piece can be used several times. Perhaps you say: "But it is so creased where the bows were tied before." No doubt it is, but I can tell you a very simple way to renovate ribbon that is creased and crumpled by previous tying. Sponge it on the wrong side with a little water, then iron it rather quickly between two sheets of tissue-paper, and you will be surprised to find how fresh and new it looks.

Illustration No. 7 is a more simple hat, and very suitable for country wear. It is stylish as well as quiet



7.—SAILOR HAT WITH QUILLS.

and would look extremely smart for bicycling. This hat is in coarse brown straw; the crown you will see is higher at the left side, and slopes in to the centre at the top; the brim is almost straight, just the slightest curve which is so becoming to the face under it. Black ribbon velvet two or three inches wide is loosely laid round the crown, and several loops of the same, some high, and others resting on the brim, give a great deal of style to the hat. Three eagle quills stand up among the velvet bows, the soft light shade of brown being very effective among the black loops. Most girls would find this very becoming as well as useful, and it would be always popular.

And now, just a few words on the subject of feathers. Through the autumn and winter season ostrich feathers will be largely used; and this is pleasant to know, for what can be prettier than large felt or velvet hats with these soft plumes. If you have any therefore put away, you must get them out, and if necessary have them dipped and recurled; this does not cost much, and with some nice feathers you want scarcely anything else to trim your hat, except a little velvet or a bow of shot ribbon. A small velvet bow or rosette each side of the hair under the brim at the back gives a pretty finish to a hat, and has a softening effect which is very becoming. Wings will also be worn a great deal, plain and fancy; and quills are still very popular, they give height to a hat, are not expensive to buy, and wear well, for they do not get spoilt in a shower. We cannot leave the subject of feathers without an appeal to you all not to encourage the sale of aigrettes, ospreys, and bird-of-paradise plumes, by wearing them in your own hats and bonnets. We know this is a subject continually discussed, and there is a great deal said on both sides; but if it were not in any way cruel, no question would ever have been raised, and we should have gone on wearing our feathers as unconcernedly as we wear our flowers and ribbons. At any rate until it has been conclusively proved that there is no cruelty connected with these dainty trimmings, let us at least refrain from wearing them, and if afterwards we find the outcry to have been unnecessary, at all events we shall have erred on the right side.

I was told by a milliner at the West End the other day that she had used no ospreys or aigrettes, etc., through the season, as she disapproved of them herself, and found so many ladies shared her views, high *poufs* of tulle, bows, flowers and ornaments being worn in their place.

Although this paper is primarily intended to help girls who find home millinery difficult, I think many of my readers may be glad of a few suggestions on the important subject of veils. Never wear one that is torn or shabby under the impression that it will not be noticed. I assure you an untidy veil gives a common look to any hat. With large hats veils are generally rather difficult to arrange well, but if you gather the top edge loosely for five or six inches, you will find it sets much better on the brim in front. Wide veils should be worn with these hats, the fulness drawn becomingly up under the chin, the ends tied at the back. White veils look cool and pretty in the hot weather, but they are quite out of place through the autumn and winter months, and are decidedly more trying than dark ones, except to a fair girl.

And now one more piece of advice in conclusion. If you want your hat to keep a fresh and new-looking appearance, always put it carefully away when you take it off; brush the crown and brim with a soft, firm brush, lightly dust the bows, and if there be velvet on it be particularly careful to brush that well. Flowers and feathers should be straightened if bent by the wind, and the bows pulled out a little before it is put away in its box or drawer. A sheet of tissue paper put over it lightly will protect it, and if it is kept in a box more tissue paper should be tucked round it.

If you will take the trouble to do this and not consider it too much bother, I can assure you the result will reward you, and you will find your hats look pretty and fresh to the end.

MODERN METHODS OF TREATING THE SICK.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

A.—Medical.



In late years so many new methods of treating the sick have been introduced, that those who can remember the old order of things are bewildered, and mothers who some years back nursed their first children through an attack of measles or whooping-cough, are hopelessly embarrassed by the orders of "The New Doctor," when they are told to nurse their later offsprings through the same disease, in the most modern manner, which is so contrary to their received and time-honoured notions. The result of this is only too frequently that the treatment is not carried out, "The New Doctor" is pronounced a quack and a man of the old school is sent for. But if such people would consider a little, they would see that what they call the latest new-fangled ideas, are really directed to the comfort of the patient and the more rapid and complete cure of the disease.

To take a comparison between the old and the new methods of treatment: A child has measles. A few years ago the unfortunate sufferer was at once taken to a "snug little room," where ventilation was impossible; the windows were at once hermetically sealed; through the heat of the fever he was half smothered in blankets "to keep him warm"; though constantly thirsty, drinks were denied him; he was fed on slops of all kinds, whether he liked them or not, and if the temperature was very high he was given enormous doses of quinine, till he fell into a profuse perspiration which completely exhausted him. He got well, it is true, but with what suffering, and was not uncommonly attacked shortly afterwards by consumption or some other fatal complication.

But all this is changed. Now he is placed in a large, perfectly ventilated room. He is kept cool when in the heat of fever; he is allowed to quench his thirst whenever he will, and is fed on palatable and wholesome food. If his temperature is very high he is given a cold bath, and immediately experiences relief without exhaustion.

The following is a brief sketch of the most modern and approved method of attending the sick:

The sick-room should be as large and airy as possible with a large window, preferably with a south or west aspect, so as to let in plenty of light. The furniture should be the simplest that can be obtained; all useless articles being removed. If the complaint is infectious the curtains and other hangings should also be removed and the carpet taken up. It is better to have the room at the top of the house, especially if isolation is to be carried out. To have a perfect supply of fresh air is of the greatest importance; the best way to obtain this is to leave the window open slightly at the top all day long and also during the night if the weather is not too cold or damp, and the room is not draughty. When from bad weather or other causes this is impracticable a good way to ventilate the sick chamber is to open the window for a few minutes every hour or two, keeping the patient well covered up meanwhile.

A bell should always be placed near the patient, to save him the trouble of calling out. The attendant, or nurse, should devote her entire attention to the wants of her patient, and always attend when rung for.

Where the patient is confined to bed, a large bed with a straw palliasse and a woollen or horsehair mattress is the best. A feather bed is undesirable, especially in long-continued diseases. In certain nervous affections a water mattress is useful.

It would not appear that the use of the hot-water bottle involved any difficulty, yet it is surprising how much harm may result from carelessness in its use. I knew an old lady of ninety who had been paralysed for twenty years. A physician was attending her for some complaint, and ordered a hot bottle to be placed at her feet. The nurse filled the bottle with boiling water and applied it to the patient's feet. She, being paralysed, could not feel that the bottle was far too hot, but next morning her feet were covered with blisters, of which she eventually died.

In preparing a hot bottle, attend to the following points: Let the bottle be stone-ware, not metal; fill it with water at 150° F., or, what comes to the same thing, with three parts of boiling to two parts of cold water, wipe the bottle well, and cover it with flannel. In hospitals they have little flannel jackets made to fit the bottles. Never use a cracked bottle, or one in which the stopper does not fit tightly.

When told to prepare a hot bath for a patient, do not try its temperature with your hand, but dip the tip of your elbow into the water, as this is more sensitive to heat than the hand.

Nowadays ice baths are often ordered in fevers, when the temperature is above 105° F. A great deal of the efficiency of this treatment depends upon how it is done. Before letting the patient get into the bath, take the temperature, and let the thermometer remain in her mouth. At first the water of the bath is to be about 70° F., and large lumps of ice gradually added. When the patient's temperature has come down to 103° F. she should leave the bath. Subsequently her temperature will fall another two or three degrees, when she will be greatly relieved.

With regard to clothing an invalid, always remember that the patient herself is the best judge of the amount of clothes that is necessary; if she be cold, she should be more warmly covered; if too hot, some of the clothing should be removed. The old-

fashioned idea that when a patient is feverish and hot she should have blanket after blanket piled upon her, is now acknowledged to be wrong, since it adds to the discomforts of the sufferer, and keeps up the fever. Remember that more clothes are required in the early hours of the morning, and see that the patient is warmly covered at such times, as very often invalids get hot and restless in the evening and remove the clothes.

In convalescents and chronic invalids the clothing should always be warm, and it is advisable for them to wear flannel next to the skin especially in winter and spring.

There has been a great change of late years in the feeding of the sick. The saying that you should "feed a cold and starve a fever," is no longer applicable to modern medicine, for people with fever require more food than healthy individuals.

The chief difficulty in feeding invalids is that they almost always have poor appetites and still poorer digestions. When the patient does not take her food properly it should be administered in small quantity at frequent and regular intervals. The food given should be easy of digestion, nutritious and palatable. Milk should be the staple food for invalids, as it is easily digested and contains all the necessary elements of food. If it disagrees dilute it with equal parts of lime-water or barley-water. Three pints a day is the amount that should be given. In fever cases, where food is tolerated with difficulty, give four tablespoonfuls of milk diluted with an equal quantity of soda-water every hour. Milk given to invalids should always be boiled first.

Sick people, especially women, often have longing for some extraordinary form of food, which they should be allowed to have if it is not contra-indicated by reason of its indigestibility or by the advice of the physician.

Remember that a patient who is filled with disgust at a great mass of food badly cooked and roughly served, will eat, with a fair appetite a smaller quantity daintily cooked and cleanly served.

Always let sick people have as much to drink as they wish; it is cruel and harmful to withhold it from them, as was the old-fashioned idea. The best drinks for the purpose are iced water, lemonade, made from fresh lemons, not aerated, soda water and weak tea. Fever patients should have their drinks cold, preferably iced.

Toast and water, the favourite drink in bygone days, is a nasty, evil-looking fluid which has no special value, and is not to be recommended.

It is important to know that beef-tea and meat essences are stimulating drinks, that they are not foods, and invalids fed on them alone will starve, for they contain little or no nutriment.

When patients are confined to bed no alcohol in any form should be given to them except, of course, by the order of the physician.

The feeding of chronic invalids is a most difficult affair, for the appetite is often as bad as it can be, and any form of food produces nausea. For these cases the food should be what the patient least objects to, and great care taken in the cooking.

In convalescents there is usually no difficulty with regard to feeding; always let them have what they fancy and as much as they can eat, as they have got to make up for the loss of tissue caused by their illness.

The medicinal treatment of disease has been so changed by the discovery of germs, that books written immediately before their discovery, about fifteen years ago, are nearly as out of date as are the writings of the early Greek physicians.

New remedies and new methods of treatment have been introduced in such enormous numbers, that the mere mention of their names would occupy a large volume. The chief really important methods of curing diseases introduced during the last few years are the following: the treatment of skin eruptions, pimples, boils, eczema and other more serious diseases by local means, instead of by internal medication; the treatment of rheumatism and rheumatic affections by salicylate of soda instead of by the alkalies; the ousting of the linseed meal poultice in favour of the antiseptic fomentation; the introduction of ice baths, ice bags and cold sponging, to reduce high temperature, instead of quinine; the re-introduction of venæsection and leeches for embarrassment of the heart; the use of massage and electricity for nervous disease, and the treatment of grave internal affections by surgery.

Before finishing this account of the modern treatment of the sick I wish to tell you something about two of the most common ills which are generally treated at home. First let us take—

Headache.—This tiresome complaint is very common amongst girls. It is met with in three parts: across the temples, on the top of the head and at the back of the head. The first is the most common and is due to the sun, noise, etc. It is to be treated by cold to the head and a dose of citrate of caffeine (5 grains) or phenacetin (5 grains). The second class of cases is due to anæmia and must be treated with iron and a brain stimulant. The following is a very good preparation:—℞ Spiriti Ammonii Aromat, ♏ xx; Ferri et Ammon Citrat, Gr. x; Aq Chloroformi ad ℥ j three times a day after food.

The third form is due to biliousness, and will be cured by calomel (gr. ii) or a pill containing euonymin or podophyllin.

Sore Throat.—This complaint may be due to a large number of causes of which the following are the most important—"relaxed throat," inflammation of the tonsils: inflammation of the larynx: common "head colds" and inflammation of the pharynx. The first is to be treated by resting the voice and taking rhatany or black currant lozenges. The second, which is most common in children, often requires removal of the tonsils. It may be treated by painting the throat with the following paint:—℞ Menthol, ʒ j; Paroline ℥ j.

The third form, which is commonly called "clergyman's throat," should be treated by complete rest of the voice and by steam inhalations. The other two are to be treated like "relaxed throats."

In my next article I will describe the treatment of wounds, etc., by the new antiseptic methods.

VARIETIES.

Don't Give Up.

We never know what effect a single word may produce. A story is told of a gentleman who happened to be in a schoolroom as the spelling class was being examined.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the schoolmaster. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to the scholars, and then placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood there he said—

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up but try, my boy, try."

The boy's spirit was aroused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible, a great and good man, beloved and honoured. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

Perfection is no Trifle.

"You call these things trifles," said Michael Angelo to a friend, who derided his attention to small details; "remember that trifles make up perfection, and that is no trifle."

Perhaps the great artist remembered the hint given him by his first patron, Lorenzo d' Medici, who, when the young sculptor exhibited the head of an aged fawn, reminded him that in real life the teeth would be failing at that age, while the lad had carved them entire as in youth. The artist broke away some of the teeth, and it is said that this promptitude in accepting a suggestion put him in favour with Lorenzo, and laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune.

No Poetess like Sappho.—The greatest poetess the world has ever known was Sappho, who was a native of Lesbos, and lived about the end of the seventh and beginning of the sixth centuries B.C. In antiquity her fame rivalled that of Homer. She was called "the poetess," as he was called "the poet." Different writers style her "the tenth muse," "the flower of the Graces," "a miracle," "the beautiful," the last epithet referring to her writings, not to her person, which is said to have been small and dark.

Her References.

Mrs. Hiram Daly: "And have you any references?"

Applicant: "No, mum! Oi tored 'em up."

Mrs. Hiram Daly: "Tore them up? How foolish!"

Applicant: "Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em!"

Comfort.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows thou wouldst fain forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

Longfellow.

Feasting on Whales.—In the fifteenth century whales were constantly found on the royal table as well as on that of the Lord Mayor of London. These monsters, or parts of them, were either roasted and served up on the spit, or boiled and sent in with peas. The tongue and tail were considered especially choice.



JAPONICA; OR, CLEVER GIRLS AND A CHARMING WOMAN.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER I.

"But who is Japonica, Aunt Elizabeth? And why have we never seen her? And why has she got a ridiculous fancy name?"

Dorothy and Charlotte spoke together, but Aunt Elizabeth was accustomed to the duet, and understood how to fit one continuous answer to a plurality of questions. She was a sweet-tempered, gentle-mannered lady who responded rather deprecatingly, with the air of one accustomed to be, if not actually bullied, at least too much dominated by her clever nieces.

"She is another niece—your Uncle George's daughter—a cousin of yours, but she is a good deal older than you; her father held very good appointments in the Diplomatic Service, so she has lived abroad a great deal—in Athens, Stockholm, Rome; she was born in Japan, that's why she is called Japonica; now her father is dead she lives in London. Three years ago she stayed with me for a week, but you were spending your holidays in Scotland, so you missed her. But it will be a great pleasure to me to see her again; I'm very fond of Japonica."

"What's she like, Aunt Elizabeth?"

It was on the tip of Aunt Elizabeth's tongue to reply, out of the fulness of her own appreciation for what she was about to say: "She is simply charming!" But Aunt Elizabeth understood her public, so to speak, and checked herself betimes. Anxious to predispose Dorothy and Charlotte in favour of Japonica, to qualify her as "charming" would be to miss the mark with these young women, one of whom still attended a High School, and the other of whom was shortly going in for a Cambridge Examination. So said Aunt Elizabeth—

"She is extremely clever."

GARDEN CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The glow and the glory of summer has faded,
The walks where the roses stood, stately and tall,
Are strewn with sere leaves from the limes that o'er-shaded
My quiet retreat 'neath the high garden wall.

The birds to their warm winter coverts are homing,
That warbled so blithely 'midst dews of the dawn,
For chill is the mist that since yesterday's gloaming
Has hung like a curtain o'er garden and lawn.

But under the wall, in the place of the roses,
The gorgeous chrysanthemums, golden and red,
One after another a brave heart uncloses,
While bitter-sweet fragrance around it is shed.

Oh, dear is each blossom, my garden that graces,
From springtide's first nurseling, till winter's rough blast
Has paled the fair hues of the pansies' bright faces,
And low laid the heads of the dahlias at last!

But dearest of all, in the late autumn weather,
I hold my chrysanthemums, golden and red,
Because of the mem'ries that with them I gather,
As bitter, or sweet, as the perfumes they shed!

Ah, me! with what mem'ries my garden is haunted—
What friends, and what lovers have parted or met;
What fears have appalled, or what hopes have enchanted—
'Tis here I remember, 'tis here I forget!



JAPONICA.

"In what way?"

"Oh, in all sorts of ways," Aunt Elizabeth replied vaguely, for she was always smitten with feebleness when confronted with Dorothy's precision. "Speaks French, German, and Italian, I believe, equally well——"

"Naturally, since she has lived abroad," said Dorothy, sceptical as to the value of tongues as a test of education; "probably she knows all languages better than she knows English!"

"It's a little difficult to explain," said Aunt Elizabeth, "but I'm sure you will think her clever."

"What will Richard say!" exclaimed Charlotte with a laugh. "He says he has had enough of clever girls."

From which remark it will be inferred that Charlotte and Dorothy accounted themselves to be clever girls. And so they were. The pity was that they posed as such, and valued the fact too highly, to the detriment of every other consideration. Dorothy was really a handsome girl, of the broad-browed, fresh-complexioned, large-eyed type; but she usually dressed her abundant hair as if she were going to bathe in the sea, and allowed the sun and wind to make what havoc they pleased of her delicate skin. Charlotte was not pretty, she was five feet ten, and a mere weed; but she had good eyes, needlessly disfigured by a *pince-nez* (assumed for its fancied effect rather than required by extreme short-sight, and which she had the ugly trick of displacing by a sudden twitch of her nose), while elements of gracefulness were not wanting in her supple figure, had she been content to renounce the attitudes and the gait of a boy!

Richard was the half-brother of Dorothy and Charlotte, and some fifteen years older than they. He did not make his home with Aunt Elizabeth, as they did, but he was just now on a visit to her for a few days, on his way into Wales to fish for salmon. When we have said of Richard that he was a sportsman and an athlete, a good fellow and a gentleman, we have perhaps said of him all that it is needful to say. He criticised that wherein his sisters prided themselves, and they, in return, despised him for his indifference to books. But he was a man who knew very clearly what he liked and what he did not like, in individuals, in manners, in dress, and behaviour—above all in a woman! He had decided that he did not like clever women, because he thought they let the details of a true femininity go to the wall before the obtrusive, blatant claims of intellectual power.

So when Richard was asked what he would say to the appearance of Japonica, whom Aunt Elizabeth had qualified as "clever," he replied that it would not make much difference to him, as he would be going into Wales on the morrow of her arrival.

Aunt Elizabeth reflected that she had told Dorothy and Charlotte all about her other niece before now; but these young people belonged to that type of character which is not much interested in events, and not at all interested in individuals, unless these be brought into immediate connection with their own lives. What Aunt Elizabeth had told them before of Japonica had conveyed nothing to them; what she told them now, impressed them only because Japonica was shortly to be with them.

Dorothy and Charlotte were the children of Aunt Elizabeth's only sister, long since dead. Their father had married again, and had lived and died in India, so Aunt Elizabeth's pretty home in the smiling heart of Worcestershire, at eventide under the shadow of the Malvern Hills, and within sight of the Severn and the cathedral city, was the only home that Dorothy and Charlotte had ever known. And Aunt Elizabeth loved these girls with a whole-hearted devotion that was not blind to their shortcomings, yet was too essentially humble and subservient to unmask these shortcomings, and set them in their true light.

It would have been becoming, thought Aunt Elizabeth, had one, at least, remained at home to receive Japonica on her arrival. But small courtesies, together with any attention to personal appearance, any care for a comely pose, any appreciation of refinement as against ruggedness, had long ago been relegated by them to the lumber-room of that unclassified miscellany which they dubbed "humbug." To base one's neglect of certain feminine attributes upon an "abhorrence of humbug" and a contempt for that which is "unworthy a rational being," sounds so praiseworthy, that it is a most difficult thing for the elder to deal with it in the younger. And Aunt Elizabeth had failed to deal with it altogether. Charlotte would be engaged at the High School, and Dorothy had a Shakespeare reading-class at the house of a friend, from which she never returned till seven o'clock. "Aunt Elizabeth can't expect us to upset all our arrangements, simply because Japonica is coming!" That was their view of the question, and they acted upon it pitilessly, with the inevitable result that they rushed down to dinner late, breathless and untidy. On this particular day they were always late, breathless and untidy. Aunt Elizabeth knew it. She would have liked Japonica to have been greeted with orderliness and calm.

Directly one brings anything into the presence of its contrast, one accentuates its innate merit or defect. The untidiness and hurry of the two girls was accentuated by contrast with the daintiness and repose of the woman who was assuredly several years older than they. From her small, well-shaped head, to her neatly-shod foot, everything about Japonica breathed just that daintiness and repose. Her dress was simple and suitable, but it was extremely pretty; everything fitted, everything was becoming, everything was in its right place. It suggested, no doubt, that the wearer was in the habit of bestowing a little time and attention on those matters of taste which appertain to the art of pleasing. And certainly, two out of the four for whom she had dressed, were grateful to her for the compliment of a little preparation. They had even no objection to a delicious and delicate scent that lurked in the folds of her handkerchief! Japonica passed for a pretty woman; yet she would probably have long ago deteriorated into a plain one had she, from the outset, treated her complexion, her hair, her figure, her hands and feet as unworthy the thought or care of "a rational being."

But this daintiness and repose pervaded her behaviour and conversation, no less than her person. That she was a woman of the world, in the best sense of the term, was obvious to anyone whose experience had been less restricted than that of Dorothy and Charlotte. There was about her an ever-present consciousness of the need for good taste and tactfulness. Needless contradictions, equally needless assertions, blunt opinions blurted out, all these jarred upon Japonica like ill-assorted colours or a line of metre that will not scan. And had she chosen (which she never ostentatiously did) to argue from the lesser to the greater, she might have met the crude theories which profess to abhor "humbug," with the counter-plea that courtesy is but one of the minor manifestations of the doing to others as we would they should do unto us. Therefore it was that she neither interrupted Aunt Elizabeth nor snubbed Richard, and bore patiently with what, in her heart of hearts, she deemed the priggishness of two girls, undoubtedly clever, and equally undoubtedly, at a great disadvantage by reason of a mistaken conception of cleverness!

As for Dorothy and Charlotte they decided at once that Aunt Elizabeth was wrong as usual. Japonica was certainly not a clever woman. Why, she spent one-half of dinner-time in telling Aunt Elizabeth little bits of social gossip from the far-off world (which that dear, innocent lady honestly loved to hear), and the other half in listening to Richard discourse about tiresome salmon and grouse and other animals (of which by the way he knew a great deal, being something of a naturalist as well as a sportsman). When they had tried to turn the conversation to the new books, to the latest scientific discovery, to the career of a great freethinker, just dead, she had contributed nothing to these topics save the smile of the listener. Had she been really a clever woman she would have seized eagerly on a congenial intellectual theme; she would have been grateful to them for offering her deliverance from the deadly talk about people and animals. She might be anything else, but she was not clever!

They were confirmed in this their judgment by the feeble attitude of Japonica's mind with reference to the latest novelist of their predilection. Said Japonica after dinner, taking up a volume from the table—

"You have Kate Bonham's last book, I see."

"We are nothing if not up-to-date," said Dorothy with a laugh. "Have you read it?"

"Yes, I have read it?"

"It's immensely clever! don't you think so?"

Japonica smiled.

"I don't know that I should go quite so far as that," she replied; "but I like it."

"I can't understand anyone merely liking Kate Bonham's books!" exclaimed Charlotte with the crude partisanship of her age.

"Everything she has written stamps her as immensely clever!" added Dorothy with a patronising conclusiveness that was intended to enlighten Japonica's feeble estimate.

"Do you know anything about Kate Bonham?" she asked meekly.

Now Dorothy and Charlotte had their affectations like less clever people. One was, to have something to say concerning the private histories of authors of any notoriety.

"She is an American," replied Dorothy. Japonica glanced at her interrogatively.

"Are you quite sure?" she said.

"Quite. There was a notice of her the other day in the *New Broom*."

"That vulgar magazine!" exclaimed Japonica suppressing a stronger epithet; "what an honour!"

"I don't know about it's being vulgar, but it's immensely clever!" said Dorothy, "you surely won't deny that."

"Perhaps not," replied Japonica, noting with some amusement that the appreciation of the *New Broom Magazine* and of Kate Bonham's novels was conveyed in identical language. "But I don't know that makes it any better. Clever vulgarity is more offensive, I think, than mere vulgar stupidity!"

That was all the conversation they had upon literature that evening.

"She isn't one of your clever women, anyhow!" was Richard's comment to Aunt Elizabeth, intending a compliment.

"No—not clever—certainly," said Dorothy and Charlotte together.

"She is very charming," replied Aunt Elizabeth quietly; adding with an unusual persistence—"But she is very clever, dears—very!"

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "A BAD SERVANT."

SOLUTION.

A BAD SERVANT.

She cleans ormolu like brass,
Takes hot water for the glass,
Fries chops and steaks, and serves up tepid,
Attends the sick with step intrepid,
Dusts round a vase she ne'er will lift,
Wastes cinders she will never sift,
Wipes toilet basins with bath sponges,
And ever into messes plunges;
She trims the lamp at dark,
Goes out without remark,
And when with patient kindness
You alleviate her blindness
And fit her for her task,
She throws aside her mask—
Takes another situation,
And leaves with indignation!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Five Shillings Each.

Clara Arnold, Heathcourt, Clarendon Road, Bournemouth.
Annie A. Arnott, 1, Roseneath Place, Edinburgh.
Ernest N. Atkins, The Common, Dinas Powis, near Cardiff.
Clara Bamforth, Rochester House, London Road, St. Albans.
May Brown, 12, Hawes Street, Rider Road, Leeds.
Rev. W. M. Butcher, 79, Ryland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Betsy Coates, 38, Pitt Street, Oldham.
Dysynni, Nottingham.
Annie K. Edwards, 59, King's Road, Southsea.
Gertrude Elliman, 48, High Street, Tring, Herts.
Mary A. Jack, Fir Vale House, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
M. A. Knapman, 21, Chrisp Street, Poplar.
Ethel McGowan, Glemham House, Southport.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields.
Beatrice and Ida Rafford, 25, Spenser Road, Bedford.
Jenny Smedley, New Road, Belper, Derby.
Ellen C. Tarrant, 2, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.
Constance Taylor, Conelayne, Crowland, Peterboro'.
Alice Woodhead, Tickhill, Rotherham.
W. Josephine Woodrow, 24, Unthanks Road, Norwich.
Helen B. Younger, 3, Coniston Gardens, Edinburgh.

Very Highly Commended.

E. Adamson, Annie E. Ash, Beatrice R. Baker, Mrs. S. Ballard, Margaret C. Battye, Sylvia Bawtree, A. W. Beadle, Jessie Blackburn, Blair, E. M. Blunt, Cicely P. Burrows, Anne E. Chichester, Emily Christian, Gertrude E. Clarke, May Cobb, M. Cook, Francis W. Cotsell, J. J. Coulthard, Wm. R. Foster, E. A. Fox, Henrietta French, Raymond Gosling, Mrs. Gotch, Winifred Gotch, Ada J. Graves, Florence M. Graves, Mrs. A. Greenlaw, Louisa Grundy, Maud A. Gutsell, Eleanor Harris, J. Hunt, Emma Kennedy, Dorothy B. Kesteven, Mrs. Knott, Amelia M. Leach, C. V. M. Leggett, Caroline Lee-Warner, Mildred Luckett, Ethel C. McMaster, F. Miller, Chas. A. Murton, M. U. Paterson, A. J. Pearson, Beatrice K. Rattey, Mildred Richardson, Annie Roberson, Laura Rose, Gertrude Saffery, Jessie M. Soga, Jessie G. Sones, Mona Taylor, Violet C. Todd, Ethel Wade, Gertrude Walker, Laura M. Woodward, M. Cerise Wynne, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, E. D. Aitchison, Mary M. Harding, F. A. Baker, Florence A. Barker, Mrs. M. J. Barrett, Lydia Belling, Willie A. Bennett, Ethelwyn Berry, I. F. C. Borrow, Mrs. James Brand, Amy Briand, Ellen L. Brigham, Nellie Brindle, Lina B. Bullock, Bessie Butterfill, Mildred A. Carr, May Carrick, Alice Chater, J. S. Clemens, G. Cottrill, Helen M. Coulthard, Ethel Darbyshire, Rebecca Clarke, F. Cottrill, E. Danell, Louie Drury, L. Gertrude Eglen, M. R. Farrant, J. J. Farrell, Emily FitzSimmons, Emma Fox, John Francis, junr., Herbert V. French, Lillie Galloway, Jane E. Gates, Edith E. Grundy, Bertha Holehouse, Anna J. Hood, Mrs. Hopewell, Mary Jolliffe, Gertrude Kelland, Isabel Klitz, Ella J. Lockhart, G. W. McDonald, J. S. and M. S. McKerron, Mrs. Martin, May Mason, E. Mastin, R. E. Mather, Mrs. E. May, Rachel Miles, John L. Moore, L. Moore, M. M. Moore, Katie Morgan, Nellie J. Murray, Emma Newbery, Edith M. Nixon, Annie Normanton, Ethel Normanton, Rev. V. Odom, E. Osborne, Alice M. Overington, Marguerite E. M. Pagny, J. G. Pascon, Emily Patient, Phyllis Pearson, Helen M. L. Pearce, A. Phillips, Thomas W. Pocock, Emily L. Reid, F. M. Richardson, Ada Rickards, Frances A. Roberts, A. J. Rogers, Ellen Sanger, A. C. Sharp, Fanny Shepard, Laura Sidwell, Mrs. A. Skitter, Mildred M. Skrine, Edith M. Slade, Ruby Smiley, Ellen R. Smith, Gertrude Smith, Isabel Surll, Ethel Spencer, Gertrude A. Spink, Annie E. Stevenson, Grace Stevenson, Annie G. Taylor, Eleanor Taylor, Marie Thornton Varley, Mrs. F. A. Vaux, K. A. C. Wadsworth, Annie Wakh, Emma L. Waters-Leavins, Ethel Wells, Rachel A. Wells, C. M. Wetmore, Emily Wilkinson, Florrie Wilkinson, Mrs. L. Withy, Elizabeth W. Wood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

An uncommonly large proportion of first-rate solutions has brought the amount of each prize down to the lowest point yet reached. Indeed, almost perfection has been required for mention of any sort, and anything like a good honest mistake excludes the perpetrator altogether. More than 800 solutions were sent in, and as the number has only once been exceeded it is not surprising that we had to deal with an almost unmanageable number of good ones. As a matter of fact, the solutions very highly commended are equal in merit with those of the prize winners, the only difference being the substitution of "wash-hand" for *toilet* in line 7. But we could not have 126 prize-winners, so the wash-hand solutions had to come out, with the exception of two which were of superior merit in regard to minor details. If such a standard of excellence is maintained, adjudication will become well-nigh impossible, and the puzzles will die a natural death—killed by universal solution. By-the-way, would that be a natural death for a puzzle!

During our examination we came across some strange attributes of a "bad servant." We were informed over and over again that she "dusts under a vase she ne'er will lift," a proceeding certainly more remarkable for its cleverness than for its wickedness. Again, that she should dust "round a safe she ne'er will lift" (s a v e safe!) need not be charged to the account of negligence. It would take a small army of bad servants to lift our "saves." But more remarkable still was a reading of the 10th line adopted by many.

"Goes out without repast."

Now if there is one thing a bad servant never does, it is *that*.

A few competitors cheerfully entered into the spirit of the lines regardless of the details of their construction, as in the following beautiful instance:—

"Fries chops and steaks and serves up warm,
Attends the sick with grave alarm."

We were indulgently inclined towards those solvers who tried to introduce another "foot" into the last line. But the measure of the couplets is not uniform throughout, and this particular line, the accent falling properly, needs no addition. "And leaves with great indignation" could not be justified by the hieroglyphics, and the rhythm is hopelessly wrong. Of all the efforts to add a syllable to the line

"And stalks away with indignation"

was by far the best, the way in which the condition of the leaves was brought in being most ingenious.

For the sake of many competitors here is a little lesson on orthography, we throw in the grammar.

I f r y, Thou f r i e s t, He *f r i e s*.

So often did "frys" occur that we began to wonder whether our own orthography was out of date.

And further, in this connection, we may remark that we never heard of a servant, however bad, frying a *stake*. But we are getting used to these little eccentricities on the part of our solvers, and really they do not appear as often as they did.

To Correspondents:—

J. J. C.—Many thanks for your very kind letter. We shall quite miss your admirable solutions. Very heartily do we wish you much blessing in your missionary work.

J. E. H.—We only allow an alternative where it is equally good with the original both as an interpretation of the puzzle and as a rendering of the author's meaning.

"Lena."—Are you not including the awards on puzzles in extra numbers or the award on "To puzzle our Puzzle Editor"? They are not subject to the rule, which refers only to the *Puzzle Poems* appearing in the ordinary numbers of the magazine.

"Waratah."—Your case is unanswerable, and in the next volume we will give more time for distant countries. Many thanks for so effectually calling our attention to the matter.

A GIRL PROFESSIONAL.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize Winner (*Eight Shillings*).

Katherine J. Knop, Bergheim, Ootacamund, Madras Pres., India.

Very Highly Commended.

Bessie Alexander (Jamaica), H. Clay (Buenos Aires), Nora Crawford (Bengal), Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy, and Edith Hardy (Australia), Helen L. M. Miller (India), Maggie Murray (Cape Colony).

Highly Commended.

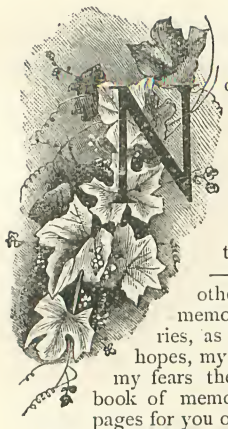
Mrs. N. Browne (Bengal), C. W. McHardy (Jamaica), Lily Lindenberg (Cape Town), D. H. Lyall (Cape Town), Ida Seifert (Barbados), Florence Stephenson (Cape Colony).

Honourable Mention.

Katy Donaldson (Rouen), Mrs. E. J. Jones (Bombay), Ethel Ledsham (Natal), May Schenk (Magdeburg).

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



NOT because my childhood was different from that of others, not because I have anything strange to relate, anything new to tell, are these words written. For the other reason rather—that I was a child as other children, that my memories are their memories, as my hopes were their hopes, my dreams their dreams, my fears their fears—I open the book of memory to tear out some pages for you others.

There is nothing here that is not in my most clear and vivid recollection.

When I was a little child I used to pray fervently, tearfully, that when I should be grown up I might never forget what I thought and felt and suffered then.

Let these pages speak for me, and bear witness that I have not forgotten.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

PART I.

STUART PLAID.

WHEN I was small and teachable my mother was compelled to much travel and change of scene by the illness of my elder sister; and as she liked to have me more or less within reach, I changed schools as a place-hunter changes his politics.

The first school I went to was a Mrs. Arthur's—at Brighton. I remember very little about the lessons, because I was only seven years old, but I remember—to my inmost fibre I remember the play. There was a yard behind the house—no garden, and there I used to play with another small child whose name I have forgotten. But I know that she wore a Stuart plaid frock, and that I detested her.

On the first day of my arrival we were sent into the "playground" with our toys. Stuart plaid, as I must call her, having no other name, had a battered doll and three scallop-shells. I had a very complete little set of pewter tea-things in a cardboard box.

"Let's change for a bit," said Stuart plaid.

Mingled politeness and shyness compelled my acquiescence. She took my new tea-things, and I disconsolately nursed the battered torso of her doll. But this grew very wearisome, and I, feeling satisfied that the claims of courtesy had been fully met, protested mildly.

"Now then," said Stuart plaid, looking up from the tea-things, "don't be so selfish; besides, they're horrid little stupid tin things. I wouldn't give twopence for them."

"But I don't want you to give twopence for them; I want them back."

"Oh, no you don't!"

"Yes I do," said I, roused by her depreciation of my property, "and I'll have them too, so there!"

I advanced towards her—I am afraid with some half-formed determination of pulling her hair.

"All right," she said, "you stand there and I'll put them in the box and give them to you."

"Promise!"

"Yes, if you don't move."

She turned her back on me. It took her a very long time to put them in the box. I stood tingling with indignation, and a growing desire to slap her face. Presently she turned.

"You would have them back," she said, grinning unpleasantly, "and here they are."

She put them into my hands. She had bitten every single cup, saucer, and plate into a formless lump!

While I stood speechless with anger and misery, she came close to me and said tauntingly—

"There, now! aren't you sorry you didn't let me have them?"

"I'll go home," I said, struggling between pride and tears.

"Oh, no you won't," said Stuart plaid, thrusting her mocking face close to mine; "and if you say a word about it I'll say you did it and pinched me as well. And Mrs. Arthur'll believe me, because I'm not a new girl, and you are!"

I turned away without a word, and I never did tell—till now. But I never said another word to Stuart plaid out of school. She tortured me unremittingly. When I had been at school a week or two my paint-box suffered at her hands, but I bore it meekly and in silence, only seeking to replace my Vandyke brown by mud from the garden. Chinese white I sought to manufacture by a mixture of chalk picked up on the sea-shore, and milk from my mug at tea-time. It was never a successful industry. I remember the hot white streets, and the flies, and Brill's baths, and the Western Road, and the bitter pang of passing, at the end of a long procession, our own house, where always some one might be at the window, and never any one was. I used to go home on Saturdays, and then all bitterness was so swallowed up in the bliss of the home-returning, that I actually forgot the miseries of my school-life; but I was very unhappy there. Mrs. Arthur and the big girls were kind enough to me, but Stuart plaid was enough to blight any lot. She blighted mine, and I suppose no prisoner ever hailed the falling of his fetters with the joy I felt when at last, after three or four days of headache and tears, I was wrapped in a blanket and taken home with the measles.

* * * *

When I got better we went for the mid-summer holidays to a lovely cottage among the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire. I shall never forget the sense of rest and delight that filled my small heart when I slipped out under the rustic porch at five o'clock the first morning, and felt the cool velvet turf under my feet. Brighton pavement had been so hard and hot. Then, instead of the long rows of dazzling houses with their bow windows and green-painted balconies, there were lovely trees, acacias and elms, and a big copper beech. In the school walks we never had found any flowers but little pink bind-weed, by the dusty roadside. Here there were royal red roses, and jasmine, and tall white lilies, and in the hedge by the gate, sweet-brier and deep-cupped white convolvulus. I think I saw then for the first time how lovely God's good world is, and ever since then, thank God, I have been seeing it more and more. That was a happy morning.

The boys—whom I had not seen for ever so long, because of the measles—were up already. Alfred had a rabbit for me—a white rabbit with pink eyes—in a hutch he had made himself. And Harry led me to a nook among the roots of the copper beech, where he showed me two dormice in an old tea-caddy.

"You shall go shares in them if you like," he said.

There was honey in the comb for breakfast, and new-laid eggs, and my mother was there in a cool cotton gown pouring out tea, and purring with pleasure at having all her kittens together again. There were cool raspberries on the table too, trimmed with fresh green leaves, and through the window we saw the fruit garden and its promise. That was summer indeed.

After breakfast my mother called me to her—she had some patterns in her hand.

"You must be measured for some new frocks, Daisy," she said.

"Oh, how nice. What colour?"

"Well, some nice white ones, and this pretty plaid."

She held up a pattern as she spoke. It was a Stuart plaid.

"Oh, not that!" I cried.

"Not this pretty plaid, darling? Why not?"

If you'll believe me, I could not say why not. And the frock was made, and I wore it, loathing it, till the day when I fell out of the apple-tree, and it broke my fall by catching on a branch. But it saved my life at the expense of its own; and I gave a feast to all the dolls to celebrate its interment in the rag-bag.

I have often wondered what it is that keeps children from telling their mothers these things—and even now I don't know. I only know I might have been saved many of these little-big troubles if I had only been able to explain. But I wasn't; and to this day my mother does not know how and why I hated that Stuart plaid frock.

(To be continued.)

AMMONIA

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.

THERE are a great many advertised wonders nowadays. Soaps that can whiten the negro (to judge by illustrations), lozenges to take the place of meat and drink, cosmetics that profess to make beautiful for ever.

Yet in a certain commonplace fluid called ammonia, every housewife may possess a purifier, a restorer, and a beautifier. It is wonderful what all this "volatile spirit of a pungent odour" (*vide* Webster) can do.

I will in this paper give twelve of its uses, leaving my readers to add others to the list.

It will take out Stains.—Any grease spot on silk or satin can be removed by dropping thereon an infinitesimal amount of the pure spirit. When evaporated, iron on the wrong side, over a piece of blotting-paper, and the stain will disappear.

It cleans Paint.—To every gallon of warm water add one tablespoonful of this liquid. Do not scrub your door, frames, and window-shutters till pallid. Just wipe gently with flannel wrung out of this mixture, and the enamel-like surface is preserved. All smudges and dust are equally removed.

It brightens Glass.—Windows and mirrors often show a fringe of fly-blows, and a veil of dulness. Drop a few drops of the fluid ammonia on to some newspaper and apply to the surface. Polish off with another piece of dry paper. You will be charmed with the results.

It will wash Clothes.—a tablespoonful to every gallon of suds will keep Jaegars and flannels and woollies as good as new.

It alleviates Indigestion.—Ten drops of this ammonia will take the place of a spoonful of sal-volatile in a wineglass of water. Take after meals, and no need to call on Mother Siegel.

It softens Water.—Who does not know the ill-effects of hard water on a delicate skin? We can always have our jugs full of stuff as soft as rain if we keep ammonia on our wash-stands. A drop to each basinful, and our digits and brows and wrists will be like satin.

It stimulates Flowers.—A few drops of our friend, twice a week, added to the pot of rain-water, will make fuschias, or geraniums, or begonias, in greenhouse, or garden, the admiration of all. Only be moderate in its use here, or your plants will overbloom themselves.

It can cure Toothache.—A few drops on a piece of cotton wool pressed into the hollow tooth will stop pain at once.

It cleans Jewellery.—One teaspoonful in a cup of warm water applied with a new, soft tooth-brush will clean the most delicate Indian filigree, and brighten the most fragile gold ornament. This is a wrinkle worth knowing.

It will clean Silver.—No need for the diurnal use of plate powder if you possess ammonia. A few drops in the water, used for washing the spoons, will keep them bright and shining.

It washes Hair-Brushes.—We all know how tiresome it is to see the bristles in our ivory-backed brushes grow yellow and soft. A few drops of ammonia in the water we use for cleansing them will prevent this.

It cures Midge and Wasp-stings.—A drop—pure—put on a bitten spot will relieve the pain at once, and prevent any swelling of the parts. More handy this than a laundry blue-bag, and not so disfiguring.

In recommending every housewife to lay in a store of this volatile spirit, I feel I am doing a kind thing! Doubtless the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will arise and express gratitude if once they practically prove the virtues of ammonia.

A CHILD'S PINAFORE.

THIS little garment may be made of odd pieces—twenty-nine inches of print, a scrap of deep lace or embroidered muslin for yoke, one yard and a half of lace or embroidery for trimming sleeves and yoke, and a short piece of narrow edging for neck.

Cut out the pinafore according to Fig. 1. B is the sleeve, C neck band, and D for the wrists. The front, E, is gathered to the size of the yoke, Fig. 2, which, it must be noticed, is really only a front, and not an entire yoke; while the back of the pinafore, F, Fig. 1, is set in three pleats on each side to the size of the collar-band.

The little sleeves are gathered half-way round, and drawn up to the size of the arm-hole, and the wrist is gathered and set into the band. The entire length given allows of either an inch and a half hem, or a narrow hem and two small tucks; it will be seen from Fig. 3 how the embroidery is used in trimming the yoke and sleeves. A row of feather-stitching may be added to the collar and wristbands.

COUSIN LIL.

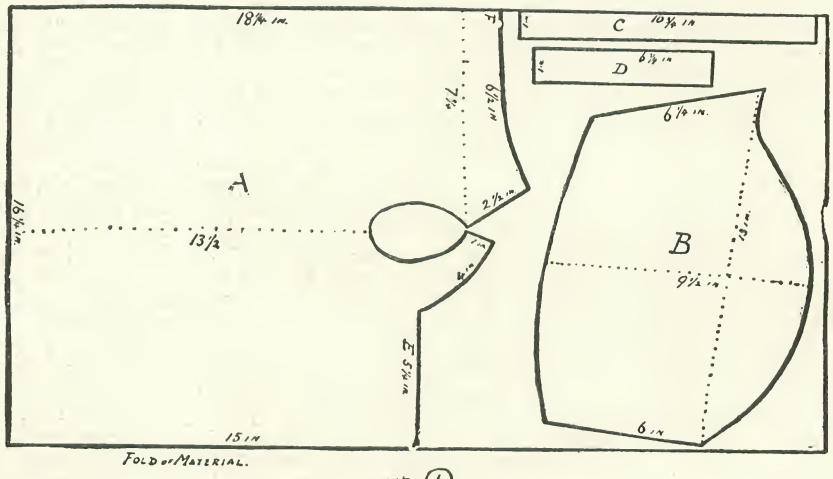


FIG (1)

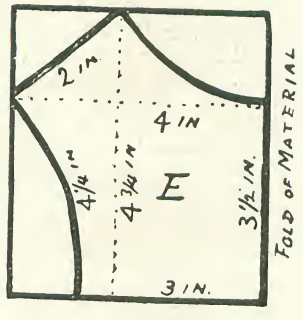
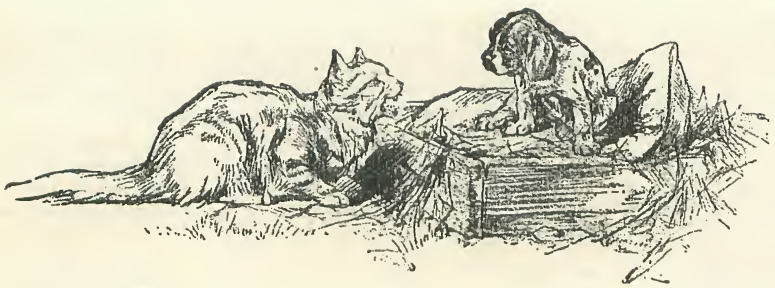


FIG (2)



FIG (3)



DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

"I at least will do my duty."—*Cæsar.*

YOUNG Mrs. Luttrell stood at the window one November afternoon, buttoning her gloves in an absent and perfunctory manner, as she looked out at the slushy road and greasy pavement. There was a crinkle on her smooth broad forehead, and an uneasy expression in her eyes—as though some troublesome thought had obtruded itself—presently the crinkle deepened and widened into a frown, and she walked impatiently to the fireplace, where a black uninviting fire smouldered in a cheerless sort of way, and took up the poker in rather an aggressive manner, then shook her head, as she glanced at the half empty coal-scuttle.

She was cold, and the clinging damp peculiar to November made her shiver; but a cheery blaze would be too great a self-indulgence; left to itself the fire would last until tea-time—she would be back in plenty of time for Marcus' late tea—he should have a warm clear fire to welcome him and a plate of smoking French toast, because it was so economical and only took half the amount of butter. It had been a favourite delicacy in her nursery days, and the revival had given her great solace.

Yes, he should have his tea first, and then she would bring in the vexed subject for argument; in spite of Aunt Madge's well-meant advice, it was a foregone conclusion in Olivia's mind that Martha must go. Of course it was a pity. She liked the girl, she was so willing and good-tempered; and her round childish face was always well washed and free from smudges, and she was so good to Dot, caring for her as if she were a baby sister of her own. Nevertheless, stern in her youthful integrity, Olivia had already decided that Martha's hours at the corner house were numbered.

And then there was the stuff for Dot's new winter pelisse. Marcus would give her the few shillings without a murmur, she was sure of that, but he would sigh furtively as he counted out the coins. Whatever deprivations they might be called upon to endure their little one must be warmly clad.

She must do without her new pair of gloves, that was all, and here Olivia looked disconsolately at her worn finger-tips; she could ink the seams and use her old muff, and no one would notice; what was the use of buying new gloves, when her hands would soon be as red and rough as Martha's. Olivia was just a little vain of her hands; they were not small, but the long slender fingers with almond-shaped nails were full of character, and Marcus had often praised them.

For his sake she would try to take care of them, but black-leading stoves and washing Dot's little garments would not help to beautify them. Of course, it was nonsense to care about such trifles, she must be strong-minded and live above such sublunary things. Marcus would only honour her the more for her self-forgetfulness and labours of love," here the pucker vanished from Olivia's brow, and a sweet earnest look came to her face.

The next moment her attention was distracted; a tall old man in a great coat with a fur-lined collar passed the window; he was a little bent and walked feebly, leaning on a gold-headed stick.

Olivia watched him until he was out of sight; for some occult reason, not comprehensible even to her, she felt interested in the old man, although she had never spoken to him; but he looked old and ill and lonely; three decided claims on Olivia's bountiful and sympathetic nature.

She knew his name—Mr. Gaythorne—he was a neighbour of theirs, and he lived at Galvaston House, the dull-looking red brick house, with two stone lions on the gate-posts.

Olivia had amused her husband more than once with imaginary stories about their neighbour. "He was a miser—a recluse—a misanthrope—he had a wife in a lunatic asylum—he had known some great trouble that had embittered his life; he had made a vow never to let a human being cross his threshold; he was a Roman Catholic priest in disguise, an Agnostic, a Nihilist," there was no end to Olivia's quaint surmises, but she could only be certain of two facts—that the mysterious Mr. Gaythorne was methodical by nature, and whatever might be the weather always took his exercise at the same hour, and also that only tradespeople entered the lion-guarded portals of Galvaston House.

Olivia had only once come face to face with him. She was hurrying along one afternoon, when in turning a corner she almost ran against him, and pulled herself up with a confused word of apology.

A suppressed grunt answered her, a singular old face with bright, deeply-sunken eyes, and a white peaked beard and moustache seemed to rise stiffly from the fur-lined collar; then the old man's hand touched his slouched hat mechanically, and he walked on. It was that night that Olivia was convinced that Mr. Gaythorne was a Nihilist, and an Agnostic, and hinted darkly at the storage of dynamite and infernal machines in the cellars of Galvaston House.

"My dear child, you might write a novel," had been her husband's remark on this. "Your imagination is really immense," but in spite of sarcasm and gibes on Marcus' part, Olivia chose to indulge in these harmless fancies. She had always enjoyed making up stories about her neighbours, and it did no one any harm.

When Mr. Gaythorne was out of sight she went to the kitchen to take a last look at Dot, who was slumbering peacefully in her cot; the kitchen was the warmest place, and Martha could clean her knives and wash her plates and keep an eye on her.

Martha gave her usual broad grin when her mistress entered, the little handmaid adored her master and mistress and Dot. During her rare holiday she always entertained her mother and brothers and sisters with wonderful descriptions of her mistress's cleverness and Miss Baby's ways.

Martha had eleven brothers and sisters, and the house in Somers Row was not a luxurious abode. Her mother took in washing, and eleven brothers and sisters of all ages, and of every variety of snub-nose, made any sort of privacy impossible. Nevertheless, on her previous holiday as Martha or Patty as they called her at home sat in her best blue merino frock, with her youngest sister on her lap and a paper bag of sugar-sticks for distribution to the family, there were few happier girls to be found anywhere.

"And I have brought you half-a-pound of really good tea, mother," observed Martha proudly. "I knew what a treat that would be to you and father."

"You are a good girl, Patty," returned her mother, winking away the moisture in her eyes, as she went on with her ironing. "Amabel, don't you be trampling on Patty's best dress, there's a good little lass. Well, as I was saying, Patty, only the children do interrupt so. There, Joe and Ben, just take your sugar-sticks and be off to

play. I think I have found a nice little place for Susan. She is to sleep at home, but will have all her meals and half-a-crown a week, and the lady will teach her everything; that is pretty fair for a beginning, and as father says, the money will just find her in shoe-leather and aprons. Father's looking out for a place for Joe now."

"I wish Susan could have a place like mine, mother," returned Martha proudly. "They are real gentlefolks, that is what they are. 'Will you be so good as to clean my boots, Martha?' or 'thank you, Martha,' when I dry the paper of a morning. Oh, it is like play living at the corner house, and as for that darling Miss Baby——" but here words failed Martha.

It could not be denied that Olivia was unusually depressed that afternoon, fog and damp always had this effect on her. Her nature needed sunshine and crisp, bracing air.

There was no buoyancy and elasticity in her tread. When people looked at her, as they often did, for her pliant, slim figure rather attracted notice, she thought they were only commenting on her old black hat and jacket. Only one article of her dress satisfied her; her boots were neat and strong. Marcus had found her one wet day warming her feet at the fire and had gone off to examine her boots without a word. Olivia had flushed up and looked uncomfortable when he came back with the boots in his hand.

"Do you want to be laid up with bronchitis or congestion of the lungs?" he asked rather sadly, as he showed her the thin, worn soles; "do you think that will make things easier for me, Livy?" The next day he had taken her himself to the bootmaker's and had had her fitted with a serviceable stout pair.

Somehow in spite of her pleasure in the boots and Marcus' thoughtfulness she had felt rather like a scolded child.

Her unusual pessimism had a moment's distraction, for as she passed the print shop, at the corner of Harbut Street, she saw her mysterious old gentleman standing still on the pavement fixedly regarding a small oil-painting.

Olivia had a good view of the lean, cadaverous face and peaked white beard, the heavy grey eyebrows seemed to beetle over the dark sunken eyes.

"After all he looks more like a Spaniard than a Russian," she thought, and again her theory of the Roman Catholic priest came into her mind. "If I could only see him without his hat, I should know if he had a tonsure," and then with youthful curiosity she looked to see what picture had interested him.

It was a small painting of the Prodigal Son, but was evidently by no amateur, the face of both father and son were admirably portrayed. The strong Syrian faces were mellowed by the ruddy gleams of sunset. A tame kid was gambolling behind them, and two women were grinding corn, with the millstone between them. On the flat white roof of the house, another woman had just laid aside her distaff in a hurry. The father's arms with their gold bracelets were clasping the gaunt, sharp shoulders of the starving youth.

Olivia knew the picture well. Marcus had been very much struck with it, it was good work he said; the Syrian faces were perfect types, and he had made Olivia notice the strong resemblance between father and son.

"That is the mother, I suppose?" had been her comment; "she has just caught sight of them, there is a puzzled look in her eyes as she lays aside her distaff, as though she is not quite sure that that wild-looking figure in sheepskin is her own long-lost son."

"It must be a grand thing to be an artist," was Marcus's reply to this. "Goddard, I do not know the name; the picture is cheap too, only £25, but I would wager any money that it was painted in Syria."

Olivia stole a second glance at the old man, but he never moved; then she shivered, and walked faster. It was bitterly cold, a miserable afternoon for Marcus, who was visiting his poor patients in the squalid back streets and slums that fringed Brompton.

Mayfield Villas were about ten minutes' walk from Galvaston Terrace; the villas had verandahs and long narrow gardens, but most of them had lodgings to let.

Mrs. Broderick and her maid occupied the first floor at number six, the drawing-room and back bedroom belonged to the invalid, and Deborah had a tiny room close by her mistress, the other room had been converted into a kitchen; none of the rooms were large, but they were well-furnished, and thoroughly comfortable. During her husband's lifetime Mrs. Broderick had been comfortably off, and had had a good house—the carved bookcases, Turkey-carpet, and deep easy-chairs, and a few proof-engravings handsomely framed, all spoke of better days.

When Olivia's foot sounded on the stairs, a tall, hard-featured woman came out of the kitchen.

"I knew it was you," she said. "Come in. My mistress is just wearying for you. She never sleeps in daylight, and it is ill-reading and working in the fading light. I will soon have the tea ready—I have been baking some scones."

Olivia sniffed the warm perfume delightedly. She was hungry, oh, so hungry! although two hours had not elapsed since dinner-time, and Deb's scones, with sweet, fresh country butter, was ambrosial food.

"Don't let Deb keep you with her chatter, come ben, my woman, as my poor Fergus would have said."

The voice was peculiarly youthful and melodious, the timbre exquisite in modulation and volume, but the face belonged to a woman aged more by pain and trouble than years.

Madge Broderick had never been a handsome woman, her nose was too long, and her skin too sallow for beauty, but her bright eyes and a certain gracefulness of figure, and her beautiful voice had been her charms. Fergus Broderick, a rough Scotchman with a tongue as uncouth as his native dales, had fallen in love with her at their first meeting; he had been invited to dine at the house of the senior partner, in whose employ he was, and as the awkward, bashful young Scotchman entered the firelit-room, a clear laugh from amongst a group of girls gathered round the hearth penetrated like music to his ear.

"Parting is *such sweet sorrow*," said the voice with much pathos, "that I could say good-bye until the morrow, those are your sentiments, Katie, are they not?"

"Hush, Madge! here is Mr. Broderick waiting for us to speak to him," and the daughter of the house rose with a laugh to greet him.

When the lamps were lighted Fergus Broderick had scanned all the girlish faces with furtive eagerness. He had felt a shock of disappointment when the owner of the exquisite voice had revealed her identity. Madge's long nose and sallow skin were no beauties certainly, nevertheless, before the evening was over Fergus Broderick knew he had found his mate; and for eight blissful years Madge dwelt in her woman's kingdom, and gathered more roses than thorns.

Her first trouble had been the loss of her boy; he had succumbed to some childish ailment; her husband's death—the result of an accident—had followed a few months later.

The strain of the long nursing and excessive grief had broken down Madge Broderick's strength. The seeds of an unsuspected disease latent in her system now showed itself, and for some two or three years her sufferings, both mental and physical, would have killed most women.

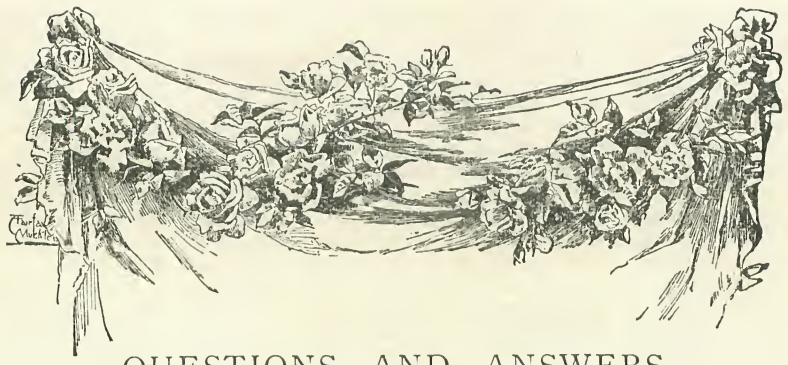
Then came alleviation and the lull that resembles peace; the pain was no longer so acute; the disease had reached a stage when there would be days and even weeks of tolerable comfort; then Madge courageously set herself to make the most of her life.

With a courage that was almost heroic, she divided and subdivided the hours of each day—so many duties, so many hours of recreation. She had her charity work, her fancy work, her heavy and light reading; books and flowers were her luxuries; the newest books, the sweetest flowers were always to be found on the table beside her couch.

Madge often said laughingly that she lived in a world of her own. "But I have very good society," she would add; "the best and wisest of all ages give me their company. This morning I was listening to Plato's Dialogues, and this afternoon Sir Edwin Arnold was entertaining me at the Maple Club in Tokio. This evening—well, please do not think me frivolous, but affairs at Rome and a certain Prince Saracenesca claim my attention.

"A good novel puts me in a better humour and disposes me to sleep, you know," she would finish brightly, "that I always read aloud to Fergus in the evening; we were going through a course of Thackeray—we were in the middle of 'Philip on his way through the world' when the accident happened. After that he could only bear a few verses or a psalm."

(To be continued.)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

How is it that when one remains awake during the night one is troubled with ideas of impending misfortune?—J. M.

This question has troubled psychologists since the beginning of history, and it has been answered in many different ways more or less possible or impossible. The view which is now most generally held is the following—

The cells of the nervous system possess two functions—one the production of energy, the other the control of the energy produced. The latter is the higher function. When the body and mind are awake and in health both these factors work in unison. When the mind is asleep both these functions are quiescent; but when the mind is partly asleep or the body is out of health, the higher function remains latent, and the lower factor, the production of energy, continues unrestrained by the higher controlling force. Thus when we are ill we suffer from depression which we are unable to control, and when we remain awake at night the controlling power of the mind is held in abeyance, and ideas arise in rapid succession, suggesting to the judgment all possible developments of the thoughts which last occupied the mind of the distressed person. It is very common at such times for people to think that they are falling out of window or down precipices, etc., and are unable to stop themselves; the cause of these sensations of falling is probably due to slacking of the energy of the heart and circulation through the brain that precedes sleep. The theory that the control of energy is the highest function of the nervous system is proved by clinical observation in cases of brain disease. If part of the brain becomes diseased, all its functions are abolished. As it returns to the healthy condition its functions gradually come back again, the controlling power invariably returning last.

JEMIMA *asks:—Is it cruel to catch butterflies, etc., for a collection?*

No; it is not cruel because insects cannot feel pain in our sense of the word. There are various experimental and logical proofs of this statement, of which the following are the two most conclusive. 1. The other day we caught a dragon-fly, and in doing so knocked his head off. When we took the insect out of the net, we imagined it to be dead, but after a little time it flew about headless as though it had received no serious injury. We then placed a fly near the mouth of the separated head, and this was devoured eagerly. 2. The sensation of pain is dependent on the brain or central nervous organ, and it is this organ that alone can feel *pain*. Now in many insects there is no brain nor central nervous system, so that they cannot feel pain in the sense that we understand the term.

Is it right or wise for a girl humbly striving to live the Christian life to entertain proposals from a man who has no sympathy with any form of Christian faith? Some of his actions in life, especially where the poor and outcast are concerned, seem to partake of the fullest Christian ideal, and this has made me love him intensely; but he declares on all occasions a disbelief in revealed religion. Dear Mr. Editor, might I trust my life with this man?—A. J. B.

One text from God's word will give an answer to your question. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" A man may do charitable acts from natural kindness of heart, but without Christian principle you would have no guarantee for married happiness, for your aims and tastes would be entirely opposed. A Christian should only marry "In the Lord," as St. Paul so clearly shows. The idea of leading an ungodly husband into true faith after marriage is, I believe may say, always a total failure, therefore be warned in time.

Is meekness in men and women, boys and girls, dead? Is there a chance of a really meek person being liked or respected?—MAUD.

Those who have been truly united to Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, and are thus brought out of darkness into light, will show in their daily life and walk the meek spirit of their Lord and Master, for He said, "I am meek and lowly in heart;" but such meekness should be united with a noble firmness, which will show plainly that the meekness is the result not of a craven spirit, but of calm reliance on an unseen power. The worldly may not like Christians, but in times of trouble they turn to them for help and comfort, which is a sign that, though often scoffed at, true and vital Christianity will always win respect.

I often wonder if, had I lived in the days of our Lord, I should have become one of His followers, with all the sufferings and perhaps martyrdom such following would have entailed. How is it possible for me now, in these days, to come to any conclusion in this matter that would satisfy my mind?—C. A. P.

Why should you speculate about the past? The great thing is to be sure that you are Christ's follower now; if you are, you will have plenty of difficulties to overcome quite as real as they were in the days of our Lord's life on earth; and His strength and blessing will be given to you quite as freely as though you were one of the martyrs of old.

GARDENING.—*Information wanted regarding the employment of women as gardeners. I understand they have been employed at Kew and other large places. I should like to see some article on this subject in* THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *of which I am a constant and appreciative reader.*—M. E. M.

We are glad to help you in this or any other matter connected with girls' employment. Two women gardeners are now studying horticulture at Kew by permission of the Director of the Gardens, Mr. Thiselton Dyer. They are engaged upon the same footing as youths; that is to say, they receive a salary of ten shillings a week, and are being taught the business. Later we may hope that they may share the same chances of promotion as men. These two young ladies are not beginners, however, for they had previously undergone the careful course of training which Swanley Horticultural College offers both women and men. There is at Swanley a special women's department where the girls live, and the household is under the direction of Mrs. Watson. In the college both sexes are taught together. The terms for a woman pupil are from £70 to £86 a year for board, lodging, and tuition. Several Swanley students have, on leaving, obtained posts either as gardeners to private ladies or as teachers of gardening and botany in girls' schools.

ARCHITECTS.—*Would you advise me to become an architect, and, if so, how should I set about it? I am just twenty.*—ALICE.

If you can draw and have taste in planning household arrangements, you might certainly do worse than article yourself to an architect. But not every firm of architects might be willing to take a girl as pupil, unless, indeed, she showed marked capacity. We do, however, know of three young women who have adopted this profession, and have served, or are serving their time with architects of first-rate repute. We shall watch their future career with interest. But we are hopeful that women here, as in other departments, may find work to do, if they apply themselves to the satisfaction of other women's requirements. There are at the present time, we believe, a good many professional women with small means who would gladly take homes of a more tasteful character than those which are common in suburban and country districts.

COMPANION.—*My father has died, and our comfortable home must be broken up. I am told that I may have £30 a year, but this is not enough to live upon. Could I become a companion.*—DESPONDENT.

Situations as companion are much harder to find than girls seem to imagine. They depend largely on private influence. Ladies take as companions girls of whose qualities they already know something. We cannot blame them for this. If there are any friends of your family who might avail themselves of your services, by all means make your wish known to them. But failing this, we earnestly recommend you to spend some portion of your money in learning a business; what this business should be we cannot suggest until we know your tastes and abilities. But think over matters, and then please give us some idea of your preferences, when we will with pleasure advise you more fully.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 877.] OCTOBER 17, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALL ABOUT CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY JOHN ALLEN.

PART I.

THE story of the chrysanthemum, the "Golden Flower," reaches back well into the hoariest centuries of the world. A recent writer ventured to call Toulouse "the cradle of the chrysanthemum," which may be a true-enough characterisation of its European cultivation, but utterly misrepresents the antiquity of its adoption as a garden-flower. It was in 1790 only that the first chrysanthemums were introduced by a merchant named Blanchard into European notice, and not till thirty-six years later that a M. Bernet, forming the nucleus of the famous Toulouse colony of growers of this flower, raised there some new seedling forms from plants previously introduced as stated by Blanchard. China or the Korea should receive this title of the cradle of the race of chrysanthemums, for legends dating back nearly three thousand years tell of the Chinese love



FIG. 3.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
(*Colour, pale yellow.*)



FIG. 4.—"CHARLES H. CURTIS." A TRUE INCURVED.
(*Colour, rich deep yellow.*)

All rights reserved.]

of the flower. Four hundred years B.C. Confucius speaks of it as the "yellow glory," and as early as A.D. 365 there was a Chinese "chrysanthemum" city.

But if China and the Korea were the original homes of the cultivated chrysanthemum, Japan, owing to the artistic genius and gardening devotion of its people, has taken the lead in the development of this ductile flower. China being more open to the western nations yielded the plant to us at an earlier date, but its cultivation in Japan had reached a much higher degree of perfection than was attained in China, or has since been attained in Europe or America. The policy of exclusiveness adopted by the Japanese, locked up these treasures of horticultural art, and it was only when the ports were opened by treaty to the Western Powers that they became known, and accessible to foreigners. One of the earliest collections came to hand in the following manner:—

A certain young Japanese, named Neeseina, being desirous of learning the Christian religion, escaped to America, and having at Boston received this education whilst resident at the house of Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, returned to Japan, where he founded a college for the service of his countrymen. As an expression of his gratitude he sent to that lady what was probably the finest collection of chrysanthemums ever sent out of Japan. Amongst them was a plant named after the lady, which in 1888, when it was introduced to the public, created the greatest excitement and interest ever made in the chrysanthemum world. It was the first of the hairy or hirsute section, and was acquired



FIG. 1.—HAIRY WONDER.
(*Colour, rich cinnamon-buff.*)



FIG. 2.—LILIAN L. BIRD. A QUILLED JAPANESE.
(*Colour, shrimp-pink.*)

by an American chrysanthemum firm from Mrs. A. Hardy for £300, said to be the largest sum ever paid for a chrysanthemum. Every joint was rooted, and the plants forced at the greatest rate, and soon a stock of thirty-five thousand cuttings were ready for sale, a very handsome return for the enterprise of the firm. But this express growing was at the expense of the variety itself, for now it is almost extinct, owing to the delicate habit of the plant induced by its forced propagation. The Fig. No. 1 of a similar sort, Hairy Wonder, introduced by Mr. H. J. Jones, of Lewisham, will give an idea of this remarkable kind of Japanese chrysanthemum. We give also a drawing of a quilled variety, Fig. 2, which was also found in this famous Hardy collection, "Lilian L. Bird." "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy" is a pure white, "Lilian L. Bird," a shrimp-pink, an unusual colour in these flowers.

But the tale of the chrysanthemum would lack its most striking feature if we failed to give an idea of the absorption of the Japanese in its culture. Mr. Cowley, an American grower, secured no fewer than four hundred varieties previously unknown to him. The Japanese claim to grow it in two hundred and thirty distinct shades of colour. The best sorts to be seen in Japan are at Kioto, one of the capitals of the kingdom. At Sacco, our American friend came upon a grand collection arranged in about thirty bamboo-covered booths, and found upon going over some contiguous ground one hundred and ninety-five varieties new to him.

The science of hybridising as practised in France, America, England, and Japan, has reached such exactitude that the product of the experiment can be foretold from the characters of the parents. Its time of flowering, its habit, the height to which it shall grow, the colour of the florets, and even the order of the colouring of the new plants and its flower are

within the control of the hybridiser. Owing to this chrysanthemums may be obtained for six months of the year, from dwarf plants two or three feet high, to giants of ten or more feet, in almost all colours, except blue and its tones. Whites, yellows, pinks of all tones, oranges, dull and bright, bronzes, purples, and bright reds, and even green chrysanthemums are obtainable, and every year fresh, bright, and striking forms are brought before the public. Should the reader desire to raise new varieties of chrysanthemums, all that is necessary is to remove the yellow pollen dust from one plant to the other plant from which it is desired to raise seed, when the stigmas show their pale greenish-white threads in the outer florets of the disk, taking care that none of the pollen of the latter plant interferes with the experiment. On a warm, sunshiny day, take a short, thick, camel hair brush, and gather on the tips of the hairs the pollen dust from the plant it is desired to cross with another. Then by a direct thrust among the little florets of the seed-bearing flower transfer the pollen from the brush to the stigmas. As insects are not abundant during the chrysanthemum season, the hybridiser can work with some security against accidental interference. Many thousands of seedlings are grown every year in England, and the results are submitted to the Floral Committees of the Royal Horticultural and National Chrysanthemum Societies to receive the verdict and possibly the imprimatur of these august bodies. The seed used is increasingly British grown, though not infrequently their seed is purchased from American or Japanese sources. Fig. 3, the Duchess of York, for instance is a Scotch raised variety which has taken the chrysanthemum world by storm. It was grown by a Mr. J. Carruthers of Corstorphine from seed sent him



FIG. 5.

"MR. P. PARNELL.

INCURVED JAPANESE.

(*Colour, violet-rose with reverse silvery-white.*)



FIG. 6.

MONS. CHENON DE LECHÉ.

TYPE OF REFLEXED JAPANESE.

(*Colour, yellow, tinted salmon-bronze, outer florets, rosy-bronze.*)

from Japan by a missionary friend, and the stock sold by him to Mr. H. J. Jones of Lewisham, who distributes it.

Chrysanthemums are divided into "single" and "double" kinds, a usage not at all founded upon a scientific basis, if any analogy is assumed with such truly double flowers as cultivated roses, poppies, etc. We fear that the use of the words "single" and "double," recognised as they are by the R. H. S. and the N. C. S., who are the authorities in this matter, and besides universally used in the trade, is not to be altered.

Chrysanthemums are single when the disk flowers are readily seen, and are an appreciable part of the flower. There may be several rows of interlapping ray flowers, but the kind is a single if these do not so overlap, twist, imbricate, as to obliterate the small central flowers. Figs. 4 and 5 will illustrate this popular form. There are so many intermediate forms that it is difficult to draw the line exactly between the two kinds, but the structural difference will be at once understood, when we say that in a double chrysanthemum, the flowers of the ray are increased at the expense of the flowers of the disk, and this change may go on till there is a practical disappearance of the disk florets. Incurved Fig. 4 and reflexed Fig. 6 flowers are examples of this; so too are the ordinary Japanese varieties. But such are the vagaries of this most mobile of all flowers, that as often exactly the opposite of this change takes place, and the florets of the disk are developed excessively, see Figs. 7 and 2. When the chrysanthemum was first introduced from China, the taste of growers was founded upon the incurved and reflexed varieties; their compact, regular, imbricated heads became the ideal of the judges at the shows, and it was only after a lengthened struggle that the more beautiful, strange, and looser flowers beloved of the Japanese (see Figs. 3 and 5) were admitted into the sacred arcana. Now, vastly to the artistic improvement of these florist's flowers, the position is reversed. Japanese varieties are the leading kinds, their grace, delicacy of form and colouring, the wild entanglement of the florets in some, in others a gusty tornado seems to have

broken out among the florets and sent them whirling, flying after each other in a mad scamper; see Fig. 8. Others again appear to have taken their locks out of curl papers, the wavy tresses daintily released from the hands of the coiffeur, Fig. 5. Another one of sculpturesque aspect appears to have been operated on by the brush of right-handed man, so regularly do the massy florets lie from side to side.

(To be concluded.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HOUSEHOLD animal pets should be fed at stated times, and not given food at odd times. Meat should not be given to dogs that do not have out-door exercise, and it is of great importance that all animals should have clean fresh water given to them every day. Cats will not touch stale milk or food, and no animal should be given more food than is necessary at meals.

IF flowers are to be sent by post, they should be cut the first thing in the morning or in the evening and put in water some hours beforehand if possible. Maidenhair fern should be totally immersed in water some time before it is packed, and only the old fronds of a plant picked. To revive flowers that may be faded on arrival, put the stalks at once into quite warm water.

IF fish is to be kept a few days, mix a pint of vinegar in three quarts of water, and when quite boiling put in the fish for two minutes just to scald it. If then hung in a cool place, it will keep well.



FIG. 7.—"RALPH BROCKLEBANK." A DECORATIVE CHRYSANTHEMUM OF AMERICAN DERIVATION.



FIG. 8.

"R. LEADBETTER.

A WHIRLED JAPANESE.

(Colour, light-yellow.)

IF soot falls on a carpet or rug, do not attempt to sweep it up till it has been sprinkled well with dry salt. It will then sweep off quite easily, and leave no mark.

KEEP a box of earth or dry sand at hand where lamps are used, in case the oil catches fire; water will not extinguish it, but earth or sand thrown on it will do so; if neither are at hand, throw a thick woollen rug or mat over it.

HAIR should be cut every month and the ends singed. It is said that if cut when the moon is young, it grows in length; but if cut when the moon is on the wane, it increases in thickness.

VARIETY in food is of great importance to old and young. A little forethought and attention to this in ordering meals is amply repaid, and one of the greatest aids to digestion is not to know beforehand what is coming and to have everything served well and with taste. A tea-cup full of good and very hot soup at the beginning of dinner or supper often stimulates a jaded appetite, and ripe fruit may end the meal with great advantage. Bananas are specially digestible and sustaining, but all fruit is good in its season and is always preferable to an ill-made pudding.

COLD fish or cold meat should be served in an appetising and attractive manner. A very nice way is to serve them after they have been minced and broken up, in scallop-shells. For cold fish, break it up lightly, fill the shell about three parts full, put in a dessertspoonful of some made sauce prepared beforehand, either with vinegar and oil, or Worcester or anchovy sauce and a few cut-up capers or finely-shredded lemon peel. Cover the top with some bread-crumbs that have been browned in the oven, dot a few bits of butter on the top and bake till quite hot. Serve very hot in the shells.

MEAL-TIMES should be merry times.

JAPONICA; OR, CLEVER GIRLS AND A CHARMING WOMAN.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER II.

On the morrow Richard went away. He might have found Japonica come nearer to his ideal of what a woman should be, than did the usual run of his sisters' friends whom he met at Aunt Elizabeth's, but he was not the man impulsively to upset his sporting arrangements for the society of any woman. Nevertheless, on the banks of a Welsh salmon stream one may meditate on many things. As for Dorothy and Charlotte they soon made two discoveries concerning Japonica. One was that she laid no exacting claim to their company and attention, she did not in fact interfere in the least with their daily lives. For this discovery they were patronisingly thankful. If she were content to talk what they called "twaddle" to Aunt Elizabeth, to stroll about the pretty garden in the beauty of luxurious bloom, to write letters and to read the newspaper, so much the better for them. When she spoke of the restfulness of the country, Charlotte shrugged up her shoulders, and Dorothy lifted her brows.

"It is generally the people who are not busy who want the most rest," said Dorothy. It was not a civil remark to a guest, but Dorothy's blunt creed as to the enunciating of the uppermost thought, left no room for anything concerning the fitness of things.

"Ah, my dear child, when you've lived long enough to feel you've done a little work in the world, you'll understand the pleasure of doing nothing sometimes," replied Japonica pleasantly. That was her way of commenting on a remark that struck her as rather awkward than deliberately rude; and it had the effect of making Dorothy feel, for the moment, much younger than her nineteen years.

The other discovery which the two girls made concerning their cousin, was, that she produced a different impression upon other people from that which they did themselves. They found it difficult to define what the impression precisely was, but it seemed to lead others into enthusiastic encomium, that to Dorothy and Charlotte appeared unreasonable. The indefiniteness of the process and the unreasonableness of the result, were equally sources of irritation to these would-be defined and reasonable young women. In spite of Japonica's unobtrusive contentment, in spite of her pleasant, quiet, tactful ways, they came to the conclusion that they did not like her. But we dislike quite as unreasonably as we like; and the ground of a depreciation may be as undefinable as that of an encomium. Dorothy and Charlotte did not realise that Japonica was to them an experience and an education, and that this, their first feeling of antagonism, was the outcome of a consciousness less of what she was, than of what they were not.

The expression of their critical attitude concentrated itself into their one favourite word—humbug. They thought they caught Japonica in this coarse and clumsy web at every turn. Her ready smile—humbug. Her observance of small amenities—humbug. Her polite attention to those who bored her—humbug. Her reticence of opinion, her courteous acquiescence, the light touch with which she could show that all subjects do not bear an equal weight—humbug. As for her social stories, her thought for dress, her care of her personal appearance, these were, of course, humbug under its pettiest aspects. Yet they had to maintain their critical attitude against the world, as it were. Aunt Elizabeth, a sociable woman herself, encouraged her nieces to see their friends, and many people passed in and out of her hospitable door. But they all went with the same word on their lips for Japonica—charming. Charlotte's schoolfellows pushed and prattled, and the curate stuck three fingers into his waistcoat, and let his eyes speak more eloquently than his lips; the large family over the way overflowed with enthusiasm and appreciative epithets; the Dean bade her to an important luncheon at the deanery; the Bishop invited her to dine and sleep at the palace; the colonel of the yoemanry insisted that she must fix a day on which to visit the camp. Not one who made Japonica's acquaintance, man, woman, or child, were content to let the first meeting remain the last. If they did not say charming, they implied it. But most of them said it.

But the very essence of that which we feel to be charm is that it is subtle, undefinable, that it operates upon others in spite of themselves. Dorothy and Charlotte, under an avowed antagonism to what they chose to consider as an obvious display of humbug, and for all the prestige that attaches to blooming youth, were yet conscious of a certain disadvantage at which they stood in the presence of Japonica, who might certainly be ten years their senior, and who had given them no proofs that she set any store by their cleverness.

Of course Japonica was aware of this. She knew also that one day these intelligent, crude, inexperienced and bewildered young personalities would sound the personal note with her. It was only a question of time. And so it happened. They had once more tried to rouse her enthusiasm for Kate Bonham's novels. Japonica admitted that she always read them and that she liked them; but beyond that she would not go.

"But can't you feel how immensely clever they are?" said Dorothy.

Japonica smiled.

"I am not sure that I am a judge," she replied doubtfully.

"Do you know I don't think you really can be," said Charlotte, surveying Japonica through her *pince-nez*.

"Come! that requires some explanation too!" exclaimed Japonica with a laugh.

"I know myself that I may not be the best judge of Kate Bonham's books, but I should like to know why you think so?"

Charlotte twitched her *pince-nez* off her nose with the trick that always gave Japonica an almost irresistible longing to tell her how unsightly it was.

"Well, I don't think you seem to care much about what is clever," she replied, making a slight effort to put it as little boldly as she knew how.

"I should say you don't care in the least whether people are clever or not," added Dorothy, by way of a corollary to Charlotte's explanation. Japonica assumed an expression as if she were trying dispassionately to realise an unsuspected truth concerning herself.

"Don't I?" she said doubtfully, "and yet I've known a great many clever people too!"

"But did you like them?" demanded Charlotte, with the sharpness of a cross-examining Q.C.

"Some of them very much indeed. I've known some delightful clever people."

"Women?" interrogated Dorothy. "It's cleverness in women we specially mean, you know."

"Yes—I've liked some clever women very much; but I must frankly admit," continued Japonica, after a slight pause, "that I don't appreciate mere intellectual development by itself as the first place in a woman."

"That is exactly what I said just now," rejoined Dorothy. "You don't care in the least whether women are clever or not."

"It doesn't amount to anything quite so narrow as that," said Japonica, with her unruffled manner; "but I do not care for that sort of cleverness which makes itself an excuse for ruggedness, unmannerly habits, vulgarity, or slovenly ways—for want of womanliness, in fact, in any form."

"Yes, I know," said Dorothy, nothing daunted. "You think prettiness, in any form, is the first duty of woman."

Dorothy was sufficiently good-looking to be able to afford this gibe at prettiness, which would not have come so well from Charlotte. Japonica was amused by the persistence with which these two girls fought for their own hand. She wondered whether she had been too hard upon them, for the drift of her meaning could hardly be mistaken; but when she found them ready with a counter-criticism that was intentionally comtemptuous, she thought not. After all, it was they, not she, who had begun the argument, and their method of dealing with the question differed from hers in just this, that she treated it from the general point of view, while they reiteratingly struck the personal note.

"I think," said Japonica, "that I prefer the word 'beauty' to 'prettiness.' I do hold, most assuredly, that to help forward everything that tends towards the beautiful is essentially woman's part in the world, her first and foremost part. I mean the beautiful in its widest signification: all that is harmonious, refined, peaceful, self-sacrificing, courteous; all that undefinable pleasure-giving to others which is only achieved by attention to the small details, that I'm sorry to say some intellectual women seem to despise.

'O world, as God has made it, all is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty;
What further may be sought for or declared?'"

"Then I wonder you don't admire Kate Bonham's books," said Charlotte; "she's always harping on that string, more or less. I think those very lines are the motto to one of her books."

"I think they are," said Japonica, "and perhaps I admire her books more than I seem to. At any rate, I'm quite ready to admit that it's very good taste on your part to admire them."

Japonica was conscious that in this little passage at arms the victory lay with her. It was the quotation which had done it, she thought.

"They think the better of my brains for that," she said to herself. "What funny creatures girls are!"

At that moment the servant announced Mr. Atherton, and an alert, intelligent-looking young man came briskly into the room. Japonica noted, with the practised eye of the experienced observer, that Charlotte gave him the more cordial greeting, but that Dorothy's cheek flushed slightly. She was also aware that in three minutes his keen eyes had taken in with some satisfaction every detail about herself, and that he was showing an inclination to address his conversation to her.

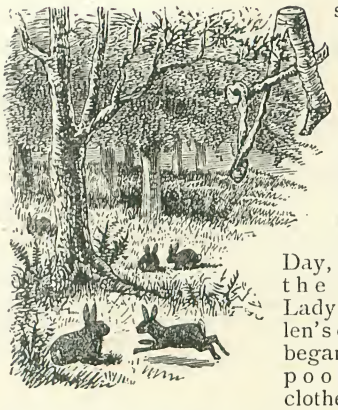
But after a short while she went quietly out of the room, and left him with the friends whom he had presumably come to see.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER II.



As soon as Sir Howel and his friends had set off from the house, on New Year's Day, to join the hunt, Lady Llewellen's charities began. The poor were clothed and fed, and to Gwenllean and Clare's great satisfaction, the school children were examined, and rewards distributed to the most deserving; after which, they were regaled with roast beef and plum pudding.

Whilst these charities were enacting at home, the hunt had been a grand one abroad. Evening was beginning to appear, and still the sport was as keen as ever. Sir Howel Llewellen had been, as usual, the foremost rider, surmounting every obstacle that fell in his way.

At last the hounds had chased the fox into a kind of arena, or open green space, surrounded by trees and brushwood. Sir Howel was resolved to be in at the death. He spurred his horse over a ploughed field; vaulted a hedge; rode down a rough lane; cleared a five-barred gate; and finally found himself close upon the spot which the fox and hounds had just reached. He gave a loud cheer to his more distant companions, and dashed forwards.

A small stream ran through the dell, across which, at its entrance, lay a huge branch of oak that had been riven from a neighbouring tree in a late storm. Sir Howel saw nothing but the fox surrounded by the hounds. He measured an instant, with his keen eye, the fallen tree that lay extended on his path, and concealed the water beneath. Then he urged his horse forwards, who readily took and cleared the trunk, but whose leap was impeded by the branches that projected on the opposite side, and caused him to stumble and fall. In falling, he threw Sir Howel with frightful force against the stone-like trunk of the prostrate oak.

Stunned, if not killed, by the blow received on his head, Sir Howel lay at once insensible. The horse, also, lay prostrate, but was struggling to rise. As yet none of the rest of the party had appeared, and but one faithful friend was near to mourn over Sir Howel's calamitous accident. This was his favourite hound, who instinctively turned from the prey when he saw him stretched apparently lifeless upon the earth. Poor Fleet looked at his master, and whined pitifully. He licked his cold, pale face, over which the blood from a wound on the forehead or temples was trickling, and howled a strange, unnatural howl; but Sir Howel did not wake from his swoon,

At last the huntsman appeared, saw the fallen steed, and, alighting quickly from his horse, crossed the oak, and discovered his master. Terrified, he blew blast after blast upon his horn, and was soon joined by many an eager huntsman, each anxiously anticipating the consummation of his day's sport. The feelings of consternation, occasioned by the distressing sight, may easily be conceived. They raised the head of their friend and companion; staunched the blood that was flowing from his temples; chafed his cold hands; but all their efforts were unavailing. Even the brandy from the huntsman's flask, which they applied to his lips, had little or no effect on a constitution so used to its potency when in perfect health and strength; and thus they failed to restore life. Two or three rode off in search of medical men, whilst others galloped to Plâs Llewellen, in order to break the news of the accident to Lady Llewellen.

The short winter day was waning fast, and they were upwards of ten miles from Plâs Llewellen. A farm-house was near, and they determined to bear Sir Howel thither, until a surgeon arrived. Sad and anxious were the faces, and few and short the words, as the melancholy procession retraced the ground the too reckless Sir Howel had so lately traversed. All feared the worst, but they scarcely ventured to express their fears to one another. The sport that had been entered upon with such glee in the morning, was forgotten, and the unconscious hounds were left to riot over the fox they had killed, whilst the sportsmen spoke with bitterness, and inwardly vowed never to cross horse in a hunt again if their comrade did not recover.

A few fields brought them to the farm-house, where Sir Howel was laid upon a bed, and every available remedy was applied to restore life, but in vain. When the doctor arrived, however, he said that life was not extinct, though he feared the wound on the temples would prove mortal. There was a slow return of the pulse; a half-suppressed sigh; a scarcely audible breathing; but there was no appearance of consciousness. Still the life-blood gradually flowed back to the heart, and the hue of death left the cheek; but little hope could be read upon the countenance of the doctor.

The gay, the careless, but kind-hearted Sir Howel Llewellen, who had arisen in the morning full of vigour and animal spirits, his whole soul bent upon the pleasures of the chase, and his heart warmed with the love of a husband, a father, and a friend, lay, before night, insensible to joy or sorrow, on the verge of that shore upon which, alas, so few of his desires had been spent. Like a young oak of the forest, shivered by the winter blast, but clinging still to earth by one little root, he was stricken down in his strength, his summer glory destroyed, and held by one feeble root alone to the world in which he had so lately flourished.

Scarcely had two hours elapsed from the period of the accident, when Lady Llewellen arrived. When she saw her husband's ghastly face, bandaged forehead, and compressed and colourless lips, and discovered that he even then was unconscious of her presence, she sank upon her knees by his bed-side, clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, God, have mercy on him—have mercy on him!"

At the sound of her voice, Sir Howel unclosed his eyes, looked at her, recognised her, and murmured her name; but soon sank into a state of dreamy insensibility.

He still lived, however, and it was enough. Lady Llewellen rose from her knees, and having pressed her lips upon his cheek, calmly prepared to attend upon him. Stoic firmness, self-possession, energy, decision, and, above all, fervent prayer, would be necessary, and her bursting heart was forced into subjection. Her agonised countenance relaxed; her tearful eyes were wiped, and her manner became composed. She sat by her beloved husband's side, and watched his every movement, seeking to appease the fever that was creeping upon him by bathing his burning temples, or wetting his parched lips. It was long before his eyes again opened; but when they did, he drew her towards him, kissed her, and murmured, "take me home—I must go home."

At the sound of his voice, the faithful hound who had followed his master to the house, and crept, unnoticed, into the room, leapt upon the bed with every demonstration of joy.

"Poor Fleet!—poor, poor Fleet!" said Sir Howel, looking about him with a bewildered air, "where's the fox, eh? What are you doing there? Jack! Jerry! Forrester!" And then glancing at his wife, he repeated his entreaties to be taken home, so earnestly, that the doctors thought it advisable to comply with his wish.

The carriage was immediately ordered; and after a tedious drive, they reached Plâs Llewellen, where all was confusion. Servants were running to and fro; visitors were anxiously walking from room to room; and lights were dimly visible here and there through the morning twilight.

Lady Somerville appeared in the hall, and started many hysterical demonstrations of grief. But the appearance of her brother called forth all the natural feeling she possessed. She darted towards him, and would have clasped him in her arms, but he repulsed her, for he did not recognise her.

When he was laid upon his bed, he was for a time tolerably composed. But the brain had been injured, and delirium succeeded the momentary calm. The day passed in fearful uncertainty. A celebrated physician arrived; but his melancholy face belied the few words of consolation he sought to bestow. Lady Llewellen read the fatal truth; yet a ray of hope sustained her, through weary days and nights of watching and unspeakable grief.

She shuddered as she stood by her husband's bed-side and listened to his words. He said so much, that, if true, should be sacred from the world, that she was obliged to forbid all but his sister, the harper, and her children's nurse, from approaching him. Sometimes he burst forth into bitter self-reproaches, and said that his extravagance and carelessness had ruined his wife and children; at others, he deprecated the wrath of the Almighty, and seemed plunged in a gulf of the blackest despair. In his calmer moments, when he recognised his wife, he would implore her forgiveness, and entreat her to pray for him; or he would try to explain to her the state of his affairs, and tell her of the ruin he feared.

One day, when he was tolerably collected, he summoned his steward, and begged all but him and Lady Llewellen to leave the room. The steward had been from home when the accident happened, and was but just returned. He was taken by surprise; but he tried to approach Sir Howel with a steady countenance. He was greatly moved, however, when he saw the change that suffering had made; but his expressions of condolence were cut short by Sir Howel's requesting a distinct account to be drawn up of the state of his affairs, previously to his making his will. The steward turned pale, and stammered forth a kind of acquiescence.

"Lewis," said Sir Howel, "I am very weak—you must do the best you can—I fear my carelessness in draining and mortgaging my estates will sadly impoverish my poor children. God only knows how this will end. If it should please Him to restore me, I will do my utmost to be a better man. Lewis, do you think it can all be set right?"

Sir Howel looked at the steward with an eager expression of face. He tried to raise himself in his bed, and laid his hand on his arm. Lady Llewellen rose to support her husband; but the steward shrunk back as if a serpent had stung him. He was a man of a smooth countenance; his head was bald, and his whole appearance was above the common; but there was a something in the changing expression of his light grey eye difficult to fathom. It did not honestly meet the gaze; but turned with an uneasy twinkle from side to side, or else was cast towards the ground, apparently in thought, but really to avoid encountering the glance of another.

When Sir Howel spoke to him he became visibly agitated, and looked about him as if meditating an escape; but recovering himself partially, he turned towards the sick man with a pale and rigid face. His frame shook with some internal emotion, to conceal which he grasped the bed-post with one hand, whilst he pressed the other upon his starting eyes.

"And have you no hope to give me?" again began Sir Howel; "are they ruined? no: it cannot be so bad as that: there is enough to support them, even if——" here the voice faltered: "even if we must sell Plâs Llewellen. Thank God, my poor father never lived to see that day! Lewis, you have served us long and faithfully, if it should please God to take me—but no—I am not ready to die—He will spare me to repent; we must all repent; but, oh, for my sake; for my wife and children; for the sake of our ancient family; let no dishonour fall upon our name!"

Sir Howel was agitated, and his wife feared a return of delirium. She signed to the steward to leave the room, but he was fixed to the bedside, apparently motionless as a statue. She then said that she feared further exertion would be too much for her husband, and begged him to come again to-morrow.

"To-morrow!" muttered the steward, in a sepulchral voice, and starting as if from a dream; "where shall we all be to-morrow?" Then, regaining his self-possession, he added, "I will try, madam, I will try; but there is much to be done."

Lady Llewellen looked at him, and for once caught his eye. There was an expression of extraordinary meaning in its glance, so desperate and yet so fearful, that she knew not what to think. Sir Howel, however, held out his hand to him; and with a faint, but kind smile, repeated that he had ever been a faithful friend, and would, he felt assured, continue so. At this, the steward was wholly overcome. He grasped the offered hand, and exclaimed—

"God spare you, sir—God bless you." Then, bending over the bed, rushed out of the room.

The remainder of that day, and the following night, were passed in much suffering, and continual mental aberrations. Gradually the lucid intervals became fewer and shorter as his fever increased. In one of these he requested to see his children, and would not be refused. They were accordingly brought to him.

The unconscious infant came smiling in her nurse's arms to her father's dying bed.

Sir Howel, supported by pillows, stretched out his arms towards her, but the poor child did not recognise him, and turned to her mother with a feeble cry. The sound of her father's voice, however, was familiar to her, and she went to him with a joyous crow of delight. It was a melancholy sight to see the sweet creature looking into that ghastly face, and stroking it with her little hand; and the tears rolled fast down Lady Llewellen's cheeks as she looked at her.

"Do not weep, love," said Sir Howel, "all may yet be well. Kiss papa, darling, one more kiss," and he strained the baby to his breast.

The nurse removed the child, and he begged her to take care of his sweet Lizzie, as she had done of his others. The poor woman sobbed out a promise that she would never leave her.

The other children were in the room. Their young faces were grave and sorrowful, for although they did not understand the extent of their father's danger, they knew he was very ill. There was a bright tear in Gwenllean's blue eye, as she was lifted upon the bed, and when she clasped her father round the neck, she wept as if her little heart would break. Lady Llewellen, scarcely more self-possessed than her child, approached and would have removed her from the bed, but Sir Howel, taking her hands, prevented her.

"She will be a blessing to you, dearest, when I am gone. Look up Gwenllean; be a woman and do not cry. You will support and comfort your mother, will you not, love?"

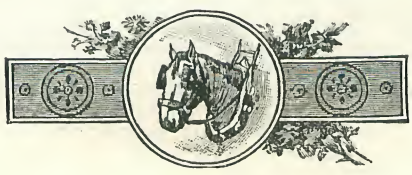
The little girl raised her head from his shoulder, but could not speak. She tried to wipe away her tears and look brave, but they flowed faster and faster. The usually merry little Clare crept to her side, and put her arms round her neck. Sir Howel, nearly exhausted, looked at Clare, and then at his sister.

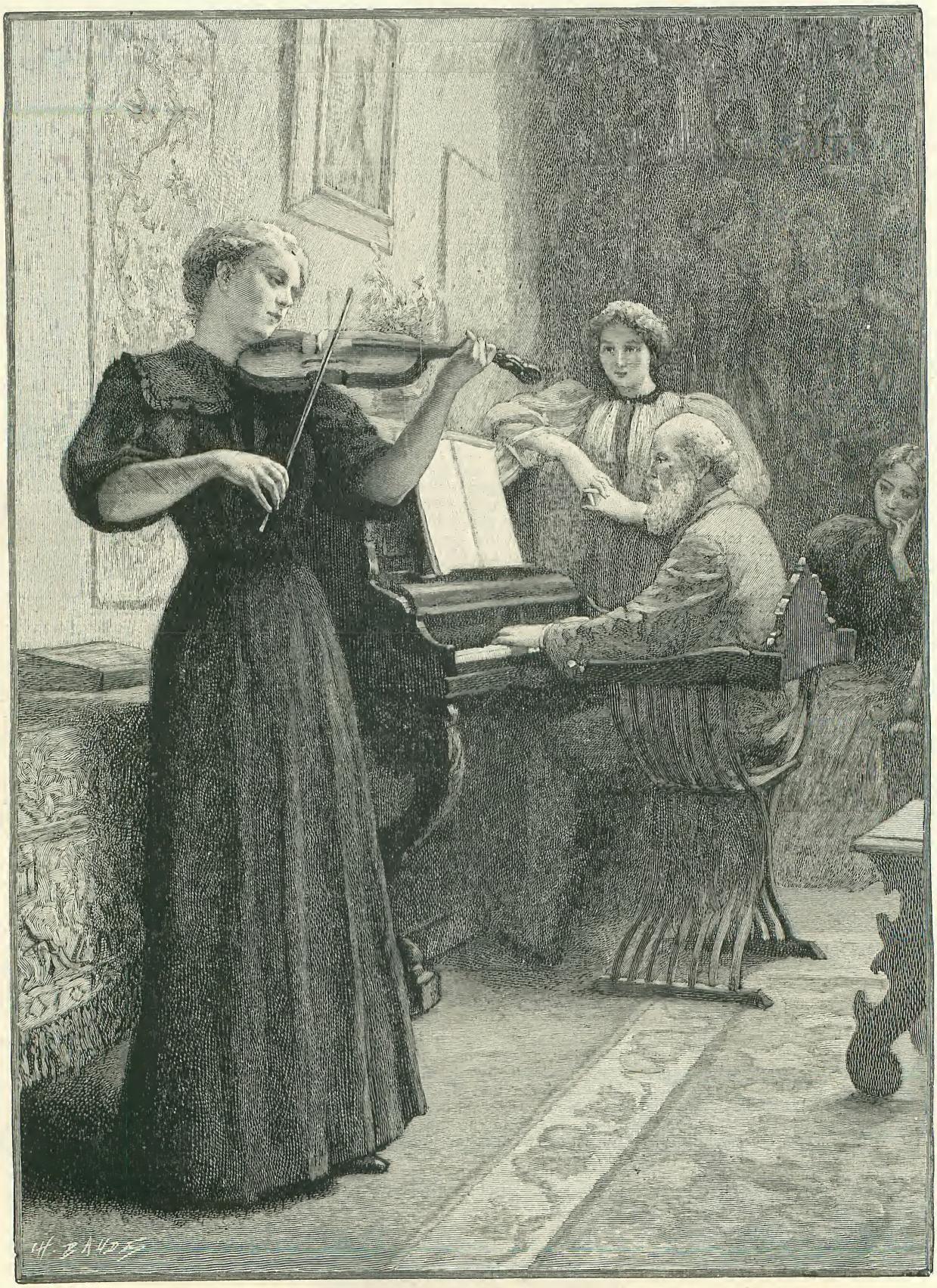
"Yes, oh yes!" sobbed Lady Somerville, "I will be a mother to her, and she shall live always with me."

Sir Howel appeared satisfied, and bending his head over his wife and children, prayed audibly to God to bless and keep them.

Much suffering succeeded. Through the long night, Lady Llewellen watched in agony by her husband's dying bed. Fervently and uninterruptedly, she prayed to her God and Saviour for his eternal happiness; and sometimes his petitions mingled with her own. She received his last breath and last blessing. Those few days of sickness carried the unfortunate Sir Howel Llewellen from a life of careless self-indulgence, though not wholly a useless one, to an early grave.

(*To be continued.*)





"ANDANTE!" (*From the painting by Etienne Azambie.*)

(*Salon des Champs Elysées*, 1896.)

MUSIC-COPYING AS A FINE ART.

MANUSCRIPT music is often a sad eye-sore, and, like all other slovenly manuscript, a weariness of the flesh to those who have to deal with it. It should not be more difficult for a person of ordinary acquirements to make a neat and legible copy of music than to write an easily decipherable letter; but with some

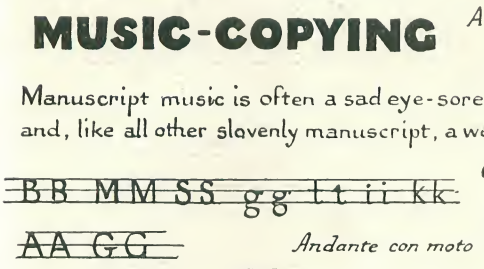


FIG. 1.

artistic taste, a correct eye, and a fair amount of patience, the manuscript may be made a delightful task to the copyist, and a "joy for ever" to the reader. Few articles of amateur work would be more acceptable as presents, or as saleable contributions to bazaars, than skilfully copied music.

But here I must interpose a caution—beware of infringing copyrights. This is only too often done unwittingly by well-meaning people who "see no harm" in, for instance, providing their church choir or their glee club with "parts" of some hymn-tune, anthem, or song, by the work of their own ready pen, and perhaps some "graph" or "style" that multiplies the same. Even to make for your own use a copy of a "copyright" piece of music, is, strictly speaking, illegal; though doubtless quite excusable where a printed copy cannot be had. At the same time, I do not think that many composers or publishers would be churlish enough to object to a single copy of their work being made by the process I am about to describe, especially as, if well done, it should serve as a good advertisement for the original.

To have a steady hand and a correct eye is, of course, of the first necessity. The aspirant should then apply herself to a diligent study of ornamental writing and lettering, and gain some experience in illuminating. But if one or two good, solid styles of lettering are mastered, a great deal can be done with these. I give a specimen of what is quite sufficient for really artistic work, though it may be, of course, far excelled by that of the professional sign-writer or lithographer. The example A, Fig. 1, is of a block-type which is useful for headings. B is a good, practical style of hand-writing for the words of songs. In C, I have tried to point out some of the commonest mistakes made by beginners in lettering; in capitals—making the lower half of B or S larger than the upper; making the dip of the M too short; crossing A too high up; and making the distinctive line of G horizontal instead of perpendicular; in small letters—enlarging the upper part of g at the expense of the lower; carrying the upright of t too high, and neglecting to fill the left-hand upper angle formed by the cross-stroke; dotting i too low down; and making the lower part of k too large. In this example I have indicated the lines that should always be ruled with a good F drawing-pencil to guide the lettering. D is italic lettering, such as should be used for indications of speed and expression.

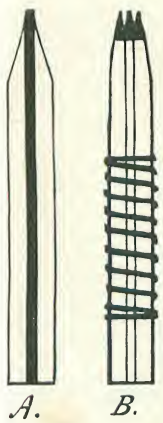


FIG. 2.

A triple-pointed pencil will be found invaluable for ruling the guiding-lines for lettering. It is easily made by cutting a hard pencil (in this case a double-H is best) into three equal lengths, shaving down two of these till the lead is evenly exposed on one side, and both sides of the third piece, as in A, Fig. 2, and lashing the three together, as in B. For ruling lines with any pencil, a wedge-shaped "point" is better than a round one; and the knife should be used on the wood only, the pointing of the lead (or leads) being done with a fine file.

Of equal importance with the lettering is the writing of the musical signs themselves. Any kind of dot-and-dash work will not do; each note must be neatly and carefully formed, and some time should be given to practising the formation of round black spots, as at C, Fig. 3, on ordinary paper, keeping them always of uniform size. Some copyists make their crochets, quavers, etc., with oval heads, as at B, but the round-headed crochet, as at A, looks better. The brace and clef-marks (D, Fig. 3) should
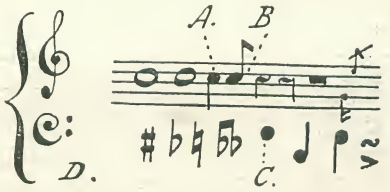


FIG. 3.

be practised on ordinary music-paper until they can be drawn with perfect ease; and the same should be done with all the other signs of musical notation. Perhaps the most necessary precaution before drawing a brace, is to see that you have ink enough in your pen; as no blunder is more unsightly, or more difficult to remedy, than a broken brace, though the same may be said of the curves used to mark ties and slurs. These last require careful practice. They must be drawn with a bold, free sweep, and should be perfect in their tapering from each end towards the centre; though, indeed, this tapering may be dispensed with, and the line drawn with a compass pen.

One most necessary habit to acquire in music-copying is that of drawing perpendicular lines for the tails of your notes and the marking off of bars; though in the more elaborate work the tails and bars should be put in with a parallel-ruler after the note-heads are dry. And no good work can be done unless you are able to write the notes composing chords, and the simultaneous notes of right and left hand in instrumental music, directly below each other

For artistic work, you must rule your own paper, and this will also require persevering and diligent practice, as it is by no means easy to make and keep the five strokes of the musical line at even distances from each other. Five-pointed pens are sold for the purpose; but though I constantly use one for rough work, I have never found it answer for ornamental writing, as the points are always liable to become clogged, or one or more of them to fail in its ink supply at an awkward time. In Fig. 4, A shows the sort of ruling to be avoided, namely, strokes of varying intensity and at uneven distances; while B is what is to be aimed at. Beginners will find it a great help to use a straight-edge of hard wood, with five little notches, as in Fig. 5, by whose guidance pencil-dots may be made to mark the distance of the lines; but in a short time

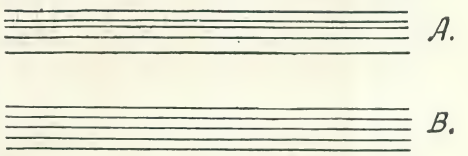


FIG. 4.

the eye will become so accustomed as to need no aid of the sort.

Use the very best drawing-paper for your work, as few other papers will bear the erasures, that are sure to occur in the best regulated manuscripts, so well, and with so little disfigurement. When an erasure is unfortunately necessary, make it slowly and lightly; do not dig into or tear at the paper; make it, not with a penknife, but with an extremely sharp eraser set in a light handle; and don't do all the scraping in the same direction, but across and across.

You can have no better pen for your work than the "Owl," which I have no interest in advertising, save the good service they have done me these twenty-five years. Indian or Chinese ink is preferable to any ordinary writing fluid.

When you are about to copy a piece of music, the first thing to do is to take your page and lightly rule with pencil two lines, parallel to each other (A—B, A′—B′, Fig. 6), to mark the margins, and a third line across these, at right angles (C—C′), to guide your parallel ruler in ruling the staves. Then you must carefully calculate how many lines of music you can write on the page, without crowding or cramping your work; and, if it is a song, how many of these lines will consist of prelude only. I fear I can give you no rule for doing this; your only aids must be taste, judgment, and experience. When you have decided whereabouts your first line is to come, rule another perpendicular pencil stroke (A″—B″) for its beginning; and then rule pencil-lines as at D—E, D′—E′, and F—G, to regulate the signatures and time indication. You may then proceed to rule your first pair of staves; and having done so, see what number of ledger lines will be required above and below each, and add these in pencil, as at G—H, G′—H″. Then draw your first brace and signature, and indicate the time in carefully made figures. After this, and before begin-

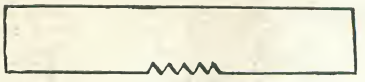


FIG. 5.

ning each subsequent line of the notation, calculate how many bars your space will comfortably hold, and mark each off with a pencil tick, as at K, K′. You may now commence the actual music; write in the notes and rests of a bar, without their tails, rule off the bar, and go on thus to the end of the line; then rule the next group of staves; and by the time this is done, the notes of the first will probably be dry enough to have their tails added: which you should do by the guidance of your
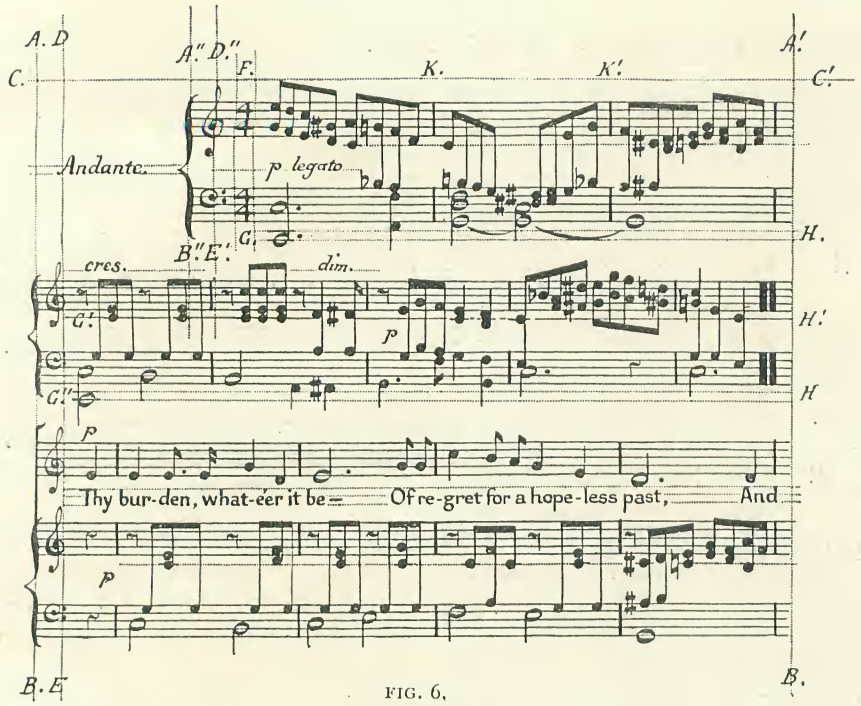


FIG. 6.

parallel ruler, taking great care not to make them too long; then you may draw the lines connecting the groups of quavers, etc., and the little distinguishing pennants of single quavers and shorter notes, rule in ink the parts of the ledger lines passing actually through notes, and add ties and expression marks. When you come to a voice part, you must calculate the space for, and write the words, before you begin to mark the notes. Fig. 7 shows the first bar of Fig. 6 in its primary and complete stages.

In copying vocal music with more than one part, it often requires considerable thought and ingenious contrivance to bring the words into their proper places, especially when the voices follow or echo each other; and when you can copy a part-song, or chorus containing fugue or imitation, and put all the words and notes in their proper relative places, bringing your work always neatly to the end of the lines, without making your bars look either cramped or sprawling, then you may consider yourself to have reached the acme of achievement in this direction. Fig. 8 (a portion of a fugue) will give you an idea of the sort of pencil ruling most useful for such work.

When you have become expert in plain pen-and-ink copying, you may go on to more ambitious and ornamental work, in which your own artistic ideas and powers may find their development.

I shall not discourse here on the subject of ornamentation, as that would require me to take up the subject of illuminating, which is not within the scope of this paper. Suffice it to say that whatever decoration you introduce must be confined as far as possible to the title and borders of your pages, so as to leave the
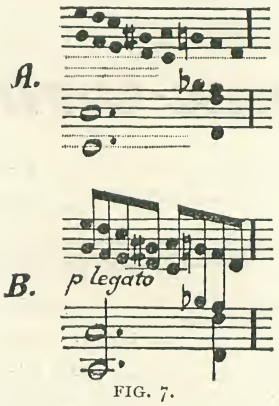


FIG. 7.

music itself perfectly free from anything that might hinder its legibility. In the Plate I have given some suggestion of what may be done in a simple way; but of course there is no limitation to what may be accomplished in lettering and borders. The little song has been specially written for this article, and though "copyright" for ordinary purposes, may be used for those indicated in my first paragraph.

BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.
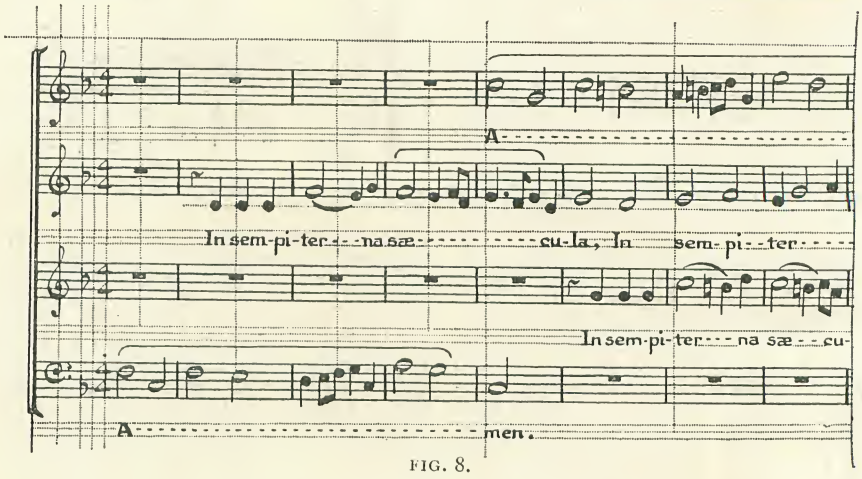


FIG. 8.

THE LEGITIMATE USES OF FICTION.

BY far the most important service rendered by fiction consists in its value as a means of increasing our insight into phases of life not our own. And the importance of this service, if faithfully rendered, can indeed hardly be over-estimated. The most omnivorous and indiscriminating of seaside novel-readers—even of the kind which conscientiously "skips" all descriptive paragraphs — can scarcely fail to slightly extend her knowledge of the many human types and circumstances which lie beyond her own ken. Fiction displays, as it were, in a moving panorama before our eyes, visions of human life in ages, perhaps, long past, in countries we may never see, in circumstances we cannot personally experience. And precisely as it reveals to us the unknown, does it most powerfully attract our imaginations. We see this tendency caricatured to absurdity in the taste of the illiterate for stories dealing with "titled society," and conversely in the attraction which the fashionable trifler finds in photographically realistic pictures of life in the "nether world." The craving to study other aspects of "our manifold nature" can of course be perverted and debased, but in itself it is a sufficiently natural instinct, and, if gratified in a reasonable manner, a wholesome one. Increased insight into the lives of others means for the normal man and woman an extension of the power of human sympathy. To actually realise a point of view not our own—to learn to understand suffering we cannot experience—this is to exchange the tepid sentiment of mere uncomprehending pity for the genuine warmth of fellow-feeling. The writer of fiction, according to the degree in which he possesses that most indispensable endowment of the novelist—the gift of sympathetic observation and insight—can reveal to our obtuser perception something of what the poet has called "the abysmal depths of personality." He can make plain to us the intricacy of human motive, the play of conflicting passions, all that never-

ceasing vibration of every faculty betwixt good and evil which goes to make up the sum of man's spiritual being. He can show us that which youth especially is so prone to ignore—the inevitable faults and imperfections which deface—nay, sometimes even conceal—the loftiest spirituality, and also that soul of goodness in things evil which the dullard and the Pharisee alike pass by. In truth, from the fiction of a genuine and unperverted realism, we may learn at second hand, as it were, that lesson which it takes some of us the discipline of a whole life's experience to acquire, the wisdom which leads us to view the errors and the falls of others with that loving toleration which springs only from an understanding of their weakness and their temptations. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*

But in order to profit by this highest ministry of fiction we must, of course, exercise due caution in selecting our teachers and guides. In thus seeking to extend our knowledge of life and of humanity, we must study from the models of those writers who paint life with the most scrupulous accuracy and many-sidedness of view. The student of English fiction need be at no loss for such artists, and it is almost a truism to remark that among them all and over them all our Shakspere stands out pre-eminent for just this quality—that he unites the keenest insight into character with the broadest and most genial human sympathy. He can rise to the sublimest heights of moral beauty, yet calls nothing common or unclean. Even the dramatic method which he employs is of value as a mental discipline in compelling us to constantly alter our point of view and to sympathise with equal comprehension in the joys and sorrows of widely differing types of character.

"No one," writes Professor Dowden, "can submit to Shakspere's discipline without gradually gaining an enlargement and refinement of the power of imaginative vision, and thus he cannot fail to obtain in some measure the power of seeing many kinds of things, and of seeing each thing on many sides."

Shakspere's realism is of that truest and broadest which paints humanity in all its aspects, suppressing neither the good nor the evil, not exaggerating the former in a kind of mystical idealisation, nor accentuating the latter till it seems to fill the whole field of our vision. He not only paints with accuracy every light and shade of human character, but with scrupulous faithfulness he preserves the relative value of the details which make up the whole. And it is just this sobriety of truthful insight which imparts to his pictures that perfect proportion and balance which has won for them for all time a world-wide acceptance as faithful studies of Humanity. No other writer can compete with him in this highest function of creative imagination.

But in a lesser degree English fiction affords us many other studies of a genuine and wholesome realism. I need only refer to a few of the more prominent.

Thackeray will occur to everyone as a master in the realism of character—Dickens as an artist in the realism of circumstance. The one enlarges our knowledge of mankind by his penetrating insight into human motive, and his merciless analysis of human weakness. The other by his wonderful power of observation and graphic reproduction enables us to vividly realise the "environment" of countless lives previously, though passed just outside our doors, as practically unknown to us as the existence of a South Sea islander. The supposed psychological insight of the present generation may tempt us to despise his character-drawing as the merest crude caricature, but it may well be questioned whether the subtlest moral analyst among our *fin de siècle* novelists has contributed so much to the extension at once of our acquaintance and our sympathy with the great mass of our fellow-countrymen. When we have gained a sympathetic insight into the nature of a man's daily surroundings, into the details which make up his standard of home comfort, and beauty, into his manners as he works, and eats, and jests, and amuses himself, we have at least come far on the way to the understanding of the man himself. And this service of describing with minute fidelity the circumstance of humblest lives, Dickens was, among Englishmen, the first to render. He is the pioneer of a school to which nearly every month adds another adherent.

In the novels, especially the earlier ones, of George Eliot are united both the above-mentioned qualities. She is no less remarkable for her spiritual insight and her powerful delineation of character than for her vivid word-pictures of homely "interiors," and the faithfulness with which she reproduces the little commonplace details which make up the trivial round of her rural characters. In the *Mill on the Floss*, for instance, we find the keenest appreciation of Maggie Tulliver's spiritual struggles and sufferings, and side by side with this character-study of the highest delicacy we find also most sympathetically described the little carking worries and ignoble aspirations of a circle of prosaic matrons. Who can refuse to sympathise with the woes of Mrs. Tulliver over her china-closet? And if sympathising, one can hardly fail to be awakened in some measure to a better understanding of the Mrs. Tullivers of real life, whose sorrows we are often prone to contemptuously overlook.

The same remark may be applied to our study of Trollope's novels. Many of them appear to celebrate the very apotheosis of dull mediocrity. One lays down the book with the admission that the characters are vividly true to life, but also with the reflection that they are precisely the people that one would feel inclined to avoid on pain of boredom. And even so, has that fiction no use which teaches us of the human joys and sorrows of those types with whom one fancies one has least in common?

Balzac, Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen may be cited as further very widely differing examples of that realism in the description of human character from which few of us are so wise as not to be able to learn.

But this, though the highest and most profitable use of fiction, is far from being its sole function. Only second to it ranks that exquisite refreshment of mind and soul which we derive from the fiction of idealism. Here the painting of picturesque scenes or the suggestion of beautiful ideas is made the primary aim. The reader is translated, as it were, into a brighter and clearer atmosphere than that of the present and the actual. He loses sight, for the time being, of the prosaic details of his own existence in the exhilaration of stirring scenes, of beautiful images, of noble deeds from a time perhaps long past and therefore invested with the enchantment which distance lends. To this class of novelist belong all the writers of the romantic school, of which Scott is of course our greatest English representative. To wander with him through scenes of wild adventure, to mingle with the revels of brilliant Courts, to thrill with the excitement of valiant achievement, or to lose one's own identity in the primitive life of remote Highland solitudes—all this is to enjoy a mental rest and refreshment akin only to the delight of him who leaves a crowded town for some breezy upland or sea-washed shore. We do not here insist on realistic studies of men and women as they actually are. We are only too thankful to meet characters idealised into something nobler, more chivalrous, more heroic than the rank and file of humanity as we know it. And the enjoyment of romance lies less perhaps in character than in incident and picturesque setting. "Drama," writes Stevenson, "is the poetry of conduct, romance is the poetry of circumstance." It is this poetry of circumstance which lends its chief charm to novels like *Westward Ho!*, in which as we read we seem to breathe the very air of those far-off Elizabethan days—tingling to our fancy with the spirit of adventure, and fresh with a kind of breezy youthfulness which the world of to-day seems to have outgrown. The fiction which offers to wearied and harassed minds, and especially to lives of dull and toilsome monotony, at least a temporary escape into a world full of brightness, of beauty, and of stirring action, renders us surely a service of no small importance. And no one needs to be reminded that to historical romances we owe in great measure our power of vividly realising the past of our race, and of re-peopling at will our ancient ruins and historic sites with phantoms of ages long past.

Taken as a whole, the fiction of idealism does less perhaps to enlarge the understanding of life than to please the aesthetic sensibilities and gratify the imagination. But it should not be overlooked that some of it serves also in an eminent degree to stimulate and quicken our religious aspirations. It may be objected that this is more properly the function of the preacher or the priest; but a verse, we know, "will reach him whom a sermon flies," and there can be no doubt that thousands who never lend an ear to priest or preacher, have been moved to higher thoughts by the noble suggestiveness of a good novel—not necessarily, nor even usually, the same thing, be it remarked, as the "religious novel," pure and simple. One can hardly indicate the kind of fiction which has this tendency, since the choice would vary with the idiosyncrasies of each man's mental and moral temperament. But perhaps one living writer stands out pre-eminently as possessing this gift. The novels of John Shorthouse, though neither didactic nor controversial, are assuredly instinct with the deepest religious feeling. A man can hardly read them without feeling conscious that for the time being he breathes a more rarefied spiritual atmosphere. To turn from the sullied pages of our most "modern" novels, and pass for a time into the tranquil, harmonious lives of his high-bred and high-souled characters, is to experience the sensation of one who passes from the glare, the noise, and the polluted air of a gas-lit assembly into the pure bright calm of a cloudless summer dawn. As an agency for good, such fiction may rank with the noblest efforts of sacred painter or poet.

Finally, a not unimportant use of fiction lies in the fact that it constitutes a never-failing means of amusement and recreation. Who among us cannot remember an occasion on which one has forgotten one's troubles, worries, or small ailments in the excitement of an interesting novel or the humour of an amusing one? And this is almost the only pleasure from which poverty, lowly position, age, and sickness, are alike powerless to debar us. We cannot all share in the enjoyment of society, travel, theatres, concerts, etc.; but few of us are so poor, so lowly, or so suffering, as to be out of reach of the pleasures of literature—accessible at any place, at any time, and at the smallest expense. Fiction as a mere amusement is an incalculable boon to the sick, the weary, and the lonely. It is one of the most universal blessings of our everyday mental existence, but like all good things it is a blessing which may be terribly abused. In my next paper I propose to point out a few of the chief ways in which its pleasures are open to misuse.

INGRAD HARTING.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT MADGE.

"It is more delightful and more honourable to give than receive."—*Epicurus.*

MOST people thought it a strange thing that Mrs. Broderick spoke so constantly of her husband. Mrs. Tolman, the Vicar's wife, who was a frequent visitor, had been scandalised more than once, and had expressed herself rather strongly on the subject to her husband.

"I know you think very highly of poor Mrs. Broderick, Stephen, and so do I," she remarked one day. "Very few women would bear things in that quiet uncomplaining way, and the amount of work she gets through is astonishing; but that perpetual dragging in of her husband's name seems to me such bad taste."

"Upon my word, Isabella, I cannot say that I agree with you." And the Vicar straightened himself on the rug in his favourite attitude. He was a heavy, ponderous man, with an expression of shrewd good sense on his face that won people's confidence. "I wish other women were as faithful to their husband's memory, that flighty little Mrs. Martin for example."

"My dear Stephen, what an absurd idea! Fancy talking of Lydia Martin, every one knows she is making a dead set at Mr. Germaine, although poor Jack Martin has hardly been dead a year. She is Mrs. Broderick's exact opposite. Please do not misunderstand me in this tiresome way," and here Mrs. Tolman frowned slightly. "It is the manner in which Mrs. Broderick speaks of her husband that offends my tastes, in my opinion"—compressing her lips as she spoke. "Our departed dear ones are sacred, and should not be mentioned in a secular manner."

At the word "secular" there was a twinkle in the Vicar's eyes, though he held his peace. And to tell the truth Mrs. Tolman had been unable to find the expression she needed.

"But with Mrs. Broderick it is 'Fergus here' and 'Fergus there' just as though he were alive, and in the next room, and she was expecting him in every moment. Sometimes in the twilight it makes me quite creepy to hear her speaking in that sprightly voice, just as though she were making believe that he heard her."

"Poor soul," was the Vicar's answer to this; but he was used to keeping his thoughts to himself—he and Mrs. Broderick understood each other perfectly. She had not a firmer friend in the world, unless it was her kind physician, Dr. Randolph. "Poor soul!" he repeated when his wife in silent dudgeon had retired from the room.

"It is not likely that Isabella would understand her; Mrs. Broderick is the bravest and the brightest woman I know, and yet the furnace was heated sevenfold for her. Make believe that he is alive. Why, he has never been dead to her! It is her vivid faith and her vivid imagination that has helped her to live all these years instead of lying there a crushed wreck for people to patronise and pity."

And here again there was a wicked little twinkle in the Vicar's eyes. Did he not know his Isabella, and how good she was to those who would allow her to advise and lecture them.

"Mrs. Broderick has just laughed and put her foot down, that is why Isabella is always complaining of her. They have not exactly hit it off." And here the Vicar laughed softly as he sat down to consider his sermon.

"Aunt Madge, how cosy you look!" exclaimed Olivia, as she stood on the threshold of the warm firelit room; and then a swift transition of thought carried her back to the dismal little dining-room at Galvaston Terrace, with its black smouldering fire, and the damp clinging to the window-panes, and an involuntary shiver crossed her as she knelt down beside her aunt's couch.

"My dear Livy, you are a perfect iceberg!" exclaimed Mrs. Broderick. "No, you shall not kiss me again until you are warmer. Sit down in that easy-chair close to the fire where I can see you, and take that handscreen for the good of your complexion. Now, Deb, bring the tea-things like a good soul, for Mrs. Luttrell has made a poor dinner."

"How could you guess that, Aunt Madge? Are you a witch or a magician?" asked Olivia in her astonished voice. It was pure guesswork on Mrs. Broderick's part, but as usual her keen wits had grazed the truth.

Olivia, who had a healthy girlish appetite, had risen from the midday meal almost as hungry as when she had sat down. The dish of hashed mutton had been small, and if Olivia had eaten her share Martha would have fared badly. A convenient flower-pot, a gift from Aunt Madge, had prevented Marcus from seeing his wife's plate. Olivia, who had dined off potatoes and gravy, was already faint from exhaustion. As usual she confessed the truth.

"It was my fault, Aunt Madge," she said, basking like a blissful salamander in the warm glow. "I ought to have known the meat would not go round properly; but happily Marcus did not notice, or else there would have been a fuss. He and Martha dined properly, and I mean to enjoy my tea."

But Mrs. Broderick's only answer was to ring her handbell.

"Deb, boil two of those nice new-laid eggs that Mrs. Broughton sent me. Mrs. Luttrell has had no dinner; if the scones are ready we will have tea at once." And as Deborah nodded and vanished, she shook her head a little sadly. "Olive, dear, it won't pay; you are not the sort of person who can safely starve. I thought there was something wrong about you when you came in, you had a peaky, underfed look. Oh, I thought so!"—as the tears rose to Olivia's eyes. "Now I am not going to say another word until you have had your tea. Look at Zoe, she thinks you are in trouble about something, and wants to lick your face. Is not the sympathy of a dumb creature touching? They don't understand what is wrong, but they see plainly that their human friend is unhappy. Come to me, Zoe, and I will explain matters. It is not much of a trouble. Olive is not really miserable; she is only cold and hungry and weak, and wants petting and cossetting."

"I think I am rather unhappy, Aunt Madge," returned Olivia in a sad voice. "Things are getting worse, and Marcus looks so careworn; he was talking in his sleep last night. We have so little money left—only just enough for six months' rent and the coals, and ever so little for housekeeping, and no patients come, and now I have made up my mind to tell him to-night that Martha must go."

"My dear Olivia, we talked that over a few weeks ago, and we decided then that you had better keep her."

"Yes, Aunt Madge, I know; but indeed, indeed we cannot afford her food—these growing girls must be properly fed, and the amount of bread and butter she eats would astonish Deb——" and here Olivia heaved a harassed sigh.

"Well, well, we will talk it over again"—and then Deb brought in the tea-things, and the scones, and the new-laid eggs, and as Mrs. Broderick sipped her tea it did her kind heart good to see how her niece enjoyed the good things before her.

"There now, you feel ever so much better," she said when the meal was finished. "Now we can talk comfortably. I have been thinking over what you have said, and I suppose you are right from your point of view, and that if you cannot afford Martha's food she must go, but I have been thinking of Marcus. He is at the turning-point of his career. Everything depends on his making a practice. When patients send for him, and they will send for him by-and-by, do you think it will look well for his wife to open the door to them."

"But, Aunt Madge——"

"Olive, you were always a good, honest little girl, and you have grown up an honest woman; you want to do your duty and slave for Marcus and Dot, and you have begun nobly by starving yourself until you are on the verge of an hysterical attack, but we must think of Marcus. Martha must not go, at least, not until the winter is over. I have been saving a few pounds for your Christmas present. I meant you to have had a new dress and jacket, and a few other little

things you needed; but if you like to pay Martha's wages with it until Easter you can please yourself—only take it and say no more—what, crying again! What nonsense, as though I may not give my own niece a little present."

"It is the goodness and the kindness," returned Olivia, with a low sob. "Aunt Madge, why are you so good to me? You have saved all this, and you have so little to spare—as though I do not know what a small income you really have.

"It is a very respectable income, and my dear Fergus worked hard to make it. I never professed to be a rich woman, but I have everything I want. If people would only cut their coat by their cloth, as Fergus used to say there would be less distress in the world; well, my wants are few; I have no milliner's bills," here there was a gleam of fun in the invalid's eyes. "No smart bonnets or fashionable mantles needed at this establishment; only just a cosy tea-gown now and then when the old one is too shabby. Come, Olive, are you not going to count your money?" and then Olivia emptied the contents of the little purse on her lap.

"Well?" as the slim fingers sorted the gold and silver, "will there be enough for Martha's wages until Easter?"

"Yes indeed, Aunt Madge, and there will be some over. I can buy the stuff for baby's winter pelisse without troubling Marcus, and do you know," knitting her brows in careful calculation, "I do believe that with a little contrivance and management I can get some new trimming for my Sunday hat, and a pair of chevrette gloves; good chevrette gloves are dear, but they wear splendidly, and a pair would last me most of the winter—yes," her eyes brightening—"I am sure I could do it, it does fret Marcus so to see me shabby."

Mrs. Broderick nodded in a sympathising way—she knew the joy of these small economies and contrivances; the little purse of savings had not been gathered together without some self-denial; but as she saw the lovely rainbow smile on Olive's face, she felt that she had her reward.

"This is my red-letter day," she said quaintly; "it is always a red-letter day when I can really help someone. I have my black-letter days when I can do nothing special, when it is all noughts and crosses in my diary. I have had my Christmas treat beforehand, and I shall be quite happy till bed-time thinking about Dot's pelisse and the new hat trimming; by-the-bye, what colour is the pelisse to be?"

"Blue, baby is so fair, and blue suits her best, I think I shall get some cotton-backed velvet just to trim it—I must not dream of fur."

"How would miniver look round the cape and neck. I have two or three yards in very good condition. Deb picked it off my wadded satin mantle years ago. I was keeping it for some special occasion. If you buy a really good cashmere, and trim it with my old miniver Dot will have a grand pelisse," and then Mrs. Broderick hunted in her key-basket for a certain key, and instructed her niece to unlock a drawer in her wardrobe.

It was growing late by this time, and Olivia was obliged to take her leave. Marcus had promised to be back by seven, and it was six o'clock now; but as she walked briskly through the quiet streets she felt as light-hearted as a child.

What a happy evening she and Marcus would spend. There would be no need now to tell him about Martha, or to beg him to give her the few shillings for Dot's pelisse, he should have a nice tea. Aunt Madge had made her take a couple of the new-laid eggs and a pot of Deb's delicious marmalade home with her, and she knew how Marcus would enjoy the little treat.

"Dear Aunt Madge, how I love her. I think she is the very best woman in the world," but here Olivia gave a surprised start. She had reached the print shop at the corner of Harbut Street, and in the strong glare of the gas-lamp she distinctly saw the tall, bent form of her mysterious neighbour.

He was coming out of the shop, and walking stiffly and with difficulty in the direction of his house. She had never known him out so late before. His afternoon walk was always timed for him to be back by four. She glanced at the shop window, but there was no picture of "The Prodigal Son" to be seen.

Had he bought it? Was this the reason why he was out so late? Olivia felt a little anxious as she noticed how feebly he walked; the greasy pavements were rather slippery, and Galvaston Terrace was not a well-lighted thoroughfare. Perhaps it was nonsense, but she would not enter her house until she had seen him safely across the road, and within the lion-guarded portals.

It was just kindly womanly instinct, but all her life long Olivia was glad that she had yielded to that impulse. She was still standing upon the step, and the old man was nearly across the road, when she saw him slip. A piece of orange peel on the curb had escaped him in the darkness, and he had put his foot on the slippery substance. Olivia gave a quick exclamation as she saw him try to recover his balance, and then fall forward rather heavily. No one was passing just then, and happily the road was clear of vehicles. Olivia ran across and picked up his stick, then she took him by the arm and helped him to rise.

"I trust you have not hurt yourself," she said anxiously. "Please do not be afraid of leaning on me, I am very strong. Ah," as the old man uttered a groan, "you have injured yourself in some way. The curb is rather steep just here."

"It is my ankle, but I must get home somehow. You are very good, madam; if you will allow me to take your arm, I think I can manage those few yards. I live there," pointing to the grim doorway.

"Yes, I know. Mr. Gaythorne of Galvaston House, we are neighbours of yours, and I have seen you come out of the house frequently. Shall I ring the bell for you, and perhaps," hesitating a little, as though she were taking a liberty, "you will allow me to go as far as the hall-door with you."

But to her alarm the old man suddenly stood still. It was pitchy dark under the overhanging trees, and only a faint gleam from a large bow window showed her the length of the garden path that they would have to traverse.

"I can do no more," he said faintly, "I believe I have broken my ankle. Mrs. Crampton and the maids must find some way of getting me in. Perhaps, madam, you will be so good as to explain the matter to them. I see the door is open," and Olivia at once left him and went up to the house.

"Your master has met with a slight accident," she said to the astonished maid. "He has fallen and hurt his foot, and it is quite impossible for him to walk up to the house. He mentioned Mrs. Crampton, perhaps you will ask her what is to be done," and the girl, a good-natured, buxom, country lass, at once ran off.

Olivia stood patiently for a few minutes. The hall with its handsome rugs and blazing fire looked delightfully inviting. A lean, old hound, stretched on a tiger skin, turned its head and then rose stiffly and came towards her. As its slender nose touched her dress, she saw the poor thing was blind. The next moment a cheerful-looking, grey-haired woman hurried towards her followed by two maids.

"What is it that Phœbe tells me, ma'am; Mr. Gaythorne has met with an accident? Times out of number I have begged and prayed him not to go out alone; but he was not to be persuaded."

"He is down there by the gate, the trees hide him," returned Olivia hastily. "I think it would be best to take an armchair, if you think we could carry him in. He is in dreadful pain and cannot walk a step farther.

"Phœbe, tell cook to light the lantern, and then you two girls bring one of the study chairs—the lantern first, mind."

"Now, ma'am, perhaps we had better find my master, and the lasses will follow us. There are four of us, and Mr. Gaythorne is not so very heavy, and we will have him on the library couch in no time."

(To be continued.)

RECIPES FOR THE MONTH.

Gravy for Wild-fowl.—To one wine-glassful of port wine add a tablespoonful each of walnut ketchup, mushroom ketchup and lemon-juice, one shalot sliced (or a little of the essence), a small piece of lemon peel and a blade of mace. These should all be scalded, strained, and added to the gravy that comes from the fowl in roasting. The breast of the fowl should be scored in three or four places and the gravy poured boiling hot over it before it is sent to the table.

***

Patti Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal, cover it with water, and boil it two hours; take out the meat, and chop it coarsely; strain the liquor, and season it with salt, pepper, and sage; pour it over the meat, and let it cool in a jelly.

***

Soles with Cream Sauce.—Skin, wash, and fillet two soles, and divide each fillet into two pieces; lay them in cold salt-and-water, which bring gradually to a boil. When the water boils, take out the fish, lay it in a delicately-clean stewpan, and cover it with cream. Add the seasoning, simmer very gently for ten minutes, and, just before serving, put in the juice of half a lemon, flavour with salt, cayenne, and pounded mace.

***

Pigeon Pie.—Take six young pigeons; after they are drawn, trussed, and singed, stuff them with the chopped livers, mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with rather small pieces of beef; on the beef lay a thin layer of chopped parsley and mushrooms; season with pepper and salt. Over this place the pigeons, between each put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Add some brown sauce or gravy. Cover with puff-paste, and bake the pie for an hour and a half.

***

Browning for Gravy.—Put four ounces of sugar in a small frying- or saucepan, set it over a clear fire, add a little butter, mix it well with sugar, when it begins to get frothy hold it higher over the fire. When of a deep brown colour pour in a pint of red wine by degrees, stir it well and add some pepper, cloves, eschalots, mace, catsup, a little salt, the rind of a lemon. Boil slowly for ten minutes, then pour it into a basin, when cold skim and bottle for use.

***

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Pound a stick of vanilla (or sufficient to flavour it to palate) in a mortar with half-a-pound of sugar; strain through a sieve upon the yolks of two eggs, put it into a stewpan with half-a-pint of milk, simmer over a slow fire, stirring all the time, the same as custard; when cool, add one pint of cream and the juice of one lemon, freeze.

***

Iceland Moss Jelly.—One handful of moss, well washed; one quart of boiling water, the juice of two lemons, one glass of wine, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; stir the moss (after soaking it an hour in a little cold water) into the boiling water, and simmer until it is dissolved; sweeten, flavour, and strain into moulds. Good for colds, and very nourishing.

Fricassee of Parsnips.—Boil in milk till they are soft, then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonfuls of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

***

Veal Cheese.—Take a shoulder of veal, take out the bone, cut it into small pieces, with just water enough to cover it; stew until tender, take out all the pieces of gristle, mince it fine and return to the liquor it was boiled in. Then add one pound of cold boiled pork, chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of pepper, some sweet herbs, and two well-beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish with a plate on the top, and bake one hour. To be eaten cold.

***

Salad Sauce.—Pound in a mortar the hard-boiled yolk of an egg, mix with it a saltspoonful of mustard, a mashed mealy potato, two dessertspoonfuls each of cream and olive-oil, and a teaspoonful of good vinegar.

***

Potato Chips.—Wash and pare off the skins of two or three or more large potatoes, and when you have done this go on paring them, cutting them as thin and as evenly as possible in ribbons nearly an inch wide; throw these into boiling fat, let them take a nice colour, drain them well before the fire, and serve immediately (or they lose their crispness), piled high on a napkin.

***

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, pepper, and cayenne, a little powdered mace, and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms; then make balls of forcemeat and the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it; cover with puff-paste, and bake.

***

Celery Sauce.—Cut up a large bunch of celery into small pieces, use also that which is blanched. Put it into a pint of water and boil until it is tender, then add a teaspoonful of flour and a lump of butter the size of an egg; mix well together, season with salt and pepper, and stir constantly until taken from the fire. It is very nice with boiled poultry.

***

Salmon Croquettes.—Carefully pick out the flesh of some remnants of boiled salmon, and mince it finely. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add the smallest quantity of flour and some hot milk. Stir on the fire a minute or so, then add pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg, some minced parsley, and lastly the fish; shake it well, and as soon as the fish is hot take the saucepan off the fire, and stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon. Now spread out the mixture on a plate to get cold, when cold divide it in tablespoonfuls, and fashion them with bread-crumbs into the shape of balls; roll these in beaten-up egg, bread-crumb them well, and after the lapse of about an hour, fry in very hot lard, serving with fried parsley.

Piquante Sauce for Salads.—Two hard-boiled yolks and two raw ditto, mashed smooth, together with a tablespoonful each of cream and salad oil. Add sufficient vinegar to make it pretty sharp.

***

Rice Cakes.—Half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, half a pound of soft sugar, eight eggs, a little grated lemon or nutmeg, half a pound of butter melted, and when cool pour into the above; two ounces of candied peel, bake in a flat tin, and cut into squares when wanted for use.

***

Rock Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of sweet almonds, four eggs, the butter to be rubbed into the flour; then add the sugar and wet with the eggs. Bake twenty minutes in small tins.

***

Plain Lunch Cake.—One pound and a half of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, some citron; beat the butter to a cream, half a cup of sour cream and half of butter-milk. Bake an hour and a half in a quick oven.

***

Sweet Soda Cake.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of currants, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little buttermilk (and spice if you wish). Mix it lightly, and bake in a moderate oven until done.

***

Spice Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, one ounce and a half of ground ginger, quarter of an ounce of ground cloves, a little grated nutmeg, two drachms of soda, the same of tartaric acid, some citron; all these to be well mixed with the flour, then wet with one pound and a half of treacle, in which put some browning and a glass of lemon-whiskey.

If not wet enough, add a little milk or an egg or two well-beaten. Bake in a moderate oven two hours, or less if required.

***

Baking Powder.—Rub two ounces of carbonate of soda, two ounces of tartaric acid, two ounces of flour of rice through a hair sieve. Put in a bottle and cork well.

***

A subscriber sends the following recipe for a sort of cake-biscuit, which she has only met with in the West of England, and which is always spoken of as Easter cakes, and are met with in pastry-cooks' shops before and after Easter:—

Recipe for Easter Cakes.—Half a pound of flour; six ounces of butter; two ounces of sugar; two ounces of currants; a small quantity of carbonate of soda, and half of a beaten egg.

Rub in the butter and work all the ingredients together; roll out very thin, cut into shapes with a cutter, place on a greased tin and bake in a brisk oven.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEWIFE.—Perhaps these few recipes may help you. For removing finger-marks from varnished furniture, rub them with a soft cloth moistened with sweet oil. For your spoons that are discoloured by eggs, try rubbing them with a little dry salt on a soft cloth. Glass water-bottles and jugs that have become cloudy inside can be cleaned with vinegar and salt, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of vinegar to a teaspoonful of salt. Put the mixture into the jug, and shake it well round the stained parts, let it stand a little while, then rinse the bottle or jug many times till all smell of the vinegar be removed.

JOAN.—The smell of cabbage-water at dinner-time is certainly very unpleasant, but it may be made much less so, by the simple means of boiling a piece of bread tied in muslin with any green vegetable. When the cabbage is cooked take the bread out and burn it directly. It will have absorbed much of the smell, and then pour the water off into a basin and throw it away on the earth in the garden, but not down the kitchen sink. You will find this plan will remove the annoyance of which you complain.

TEA-KETTLE.—Keeping a stone in a kettle prevents the fur from adhering to the sides, and it can be removed by rinsing. Another way of which we have heard is to boil a piece of carbonate of ammonia, the size of a walnut, in the kettle for an hour, empty, and dry on the stove; but do not let it burn. Then, with the hand, remove all the rock from the inside.

MUSIC.

VIOLA.—The ordinary compass of the human voice is about twelve tones. Some singers have reached three octaves; but this is exceptional, though many voices comprise two. Composers write vocal music for four octaves; but their music is adapted by singers to the limits of their respective compasses. Do not strain your voice beyond its natural limits, for not only will you injure it, but the notes artificially produced will give no pleasure to your audience. A thin squeak in a treble note is painful to hear; and a hoarse, toneless growl, cannot be mistaken for the full, mellow tone of a contralto. It always provokes a smile, as it has in it an element of the grotesque.

NERVOUS ONE.—We sympathise with you in the agitation and distress you feel at having to commence the musical entertainment at your own home by playing a solo yourself. One little piece of advice from us is, that you select a short piece in which no great execution is required. One which depends on the taste and expression with which it is played—one which has a simple and pretty air running through it, which all can understand and appreciate. Do not attempt to perform gymnastics.

COOKERY.

SAVOURY.—An excellent pudding to eat with a hot leg of mutton is "pepper-pudding," a Kentish dish. This is simply an ordinary or a rolled suet-pudding, with the addition of pepper, a teaspoonful to half a pound of flour, to be well-mixed with the flour and suet, dry. A little more salt should be put in than the usual pinch, but both pepper and salt must be regulated by taste, some people liking more, some less, pepper. This pudding when cold may be cut in slices and broiled or fried, and served with gravy. It is very good in this way.

DAISY.—Tea-cakes might be glazed by brushing them over with milk in which a little sugar has been dissolved, or beat up the yolk of an egg with a gill of milk and a spoonful of sugar, and brush over the cakes with it.

SIXTEEN.—We repeat a recipe for shortbread, given already in our correspondence column. Take 1¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of sugar, ½ lb. of butter, 3 eggs, 1 oz. of volatile salts, and a little essence of lemon. Make four cakes out of 5 oz. of dough, and mould into a round form, then roll into an oval shape, pinch them to look like a frill round the edges, and put a piece of candied lemon peel, and, if you like, some very small white comfits at the top, and bake slowly and lightly. As to the best method of jugging hare, we must refer you to any cookery-book; but we may give you a hint that you will not find in any of them. Cut the trunk straight across, dividing it from the wings, or shoulders and forelegs of the animal; then make a second cut, dividing the hind legs likewise from the trunk, which latter will make a neat oblong little roll, and all the painful characteristics of the dish, with the ghastly head will be completely removed. Stuff and roast the trunk, it will suffice for three or four people. You will then have the four legs and the remains—omitting the head—to supply fresh undressed meat for a dish of jugged hare for the next day.

YOUNG HOME NURSE.—It is well to avoid giving a weakly person second-dressed meat or poultry; but this can be avoided by cutting a fowl in two and dressing one half at a time. This may also be managed by dividing a joint, such as a leg of lamb or mutton.

MAGGIE.—The great secret of making jam to keep is to boil it long enough, and the great secret of keeping it when made is to have a dry place for storing it, but not one that is hot or close, such as a kitchen-cupboard. A wire safe in a passage is an excellent arrangement for the purpose, if you do not possess a store-closet. To make strawberry jam, have the fruit picked as dry as possible, weigh it, and to every pound of fruit add half a pound of sugar. Boil it for one hour after the first appearance of boiling. Keep the fruit well-stirred all the time, not lightly just at the top, but passing the spoon well round the sides and across the bottom of the preserving-pan, to prevent burning. Skim the jam well, for this is most necessary. Put it into pots, and leave till the next day, when put the usual tissue-paper, dipped in brandy or gin, on the preserve, and tie down with parchment covers. If the strawberries be very sweet, and the jam likely to be eaten soon, less than half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit will be enough. For red-currant jelly, stir the fruit gently over the fire till the juice flows freely; turn it on to a hair-sieve to drain, but do not press it. Strain the juice through a folded muslin or jelly-bag, weigh it, and then boil it fast for a quarter of an hour; for each pound of fruit add half a pound of powdered sugar, stir this to it off the fire until it be dissolved, then boil the jelly quickly for eight minutes more, and pour it into pots. Never put water with the fruit when making jam. Orange-marmalade has a certain amount of water in it, but jam will never keep if it be added.

GOURMAND.—We can confidently recommend the following salad-dressing:—The yolks of three eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter ditto of pepper, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, half a cup of vinegar and rather less of oil. Boil the eggs ten minutes, when cold remove the whites, and with the back of a large spoon work the yolks as smoothly as possible together with the salt and pepper. Then add very gradually the oil, working it in well with the spoon. Lastly, add the vinegar, mixing thoroughly. It takes some time to work in all the ingredients quite smoothly. This mixture will keep for almost an indefinite time, and is a very pleasant addition—without the salad—to cold salmon and meat. More vinegar may be used if the mixture be considered too thick.

MOUNTAIN MAID.—For making chocolate it is necessary to have the proper appliances, viz., an iron pestle and mortar, and a stone of very close grain and texture; also a rolling-pin of the same stone, or of iron. Some arrangement must be made for heating the stone from below, and the pestle and mortar must be made so hot that you can hardly touch them. The nuts must be prepared by roasting, then put a convenient quantity into the mortar and pound them to an oily paste. Add one-half or two-thirds of its weight in powdered loaf sugar, pound and mix well again, put it into a pan and keep it warm in the oven. The next proceeding is to grind it well on the stone with the rolling-pin (both must be hot) till reduced to a perfectly smooth paste. This must be done twice. The second time the stone must be a little cooler; divide it into bars and put into moulds. Turn out when cold. Your writing is fairly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIAN ANNIE.—1. Taking tea, or indeed any description of stains, out of light-coloured woollen dresses always presents great difficulties. It is best to cover them with trimming if possible, or if otherwise soiled, and worth the expenditure, have them dyed or cleaned.—2. The 24th of Oct., 1871, was a Tuesday.

BASHFUL FIFTEEN should take up housekeeping and cookery when she leaves school. If she have no accomplishments, it is well to acquire something useful. Dairy-work and gardening are also in demand. The profession of nursing is much overstocked, and the training difficult to obtain, except in the provinces. The London hospitals sometimes decline hundreds of applicants in the year.

D. E. A. R.—The Elaine of *The Idylls of the King*, was not identical with the personage described as the Lady of Shalott. This Elaine was the Lily Maid of Astolat, who had a father and two brothers, and was under no spell.

J. S. must not give way to depression and to fear. Palpitation is often the result of indigestion, and no doubt a doctor would prescribe a suitable dietary. Endeavour to be cheerful, and keep your thoughts from dwelling on your ailment.

ODKIN'S TROST (Budapest).—The International Union of the Friends of Young Women has an English office at 316, Regent Street, W. (London), to which you might write, as they have an American Branch and a Foreign Employment Agency. They would give you advice. We are very glad to help our foreign readers at all times.

HILDA.—The author is still living, but we do not know whether the writings be founded on fact or not. Very probably a good deal of fiction is intermingled with them.

A. W.—It is quite true that to keep bees is to benefit your orchard and fruit crops, for in their expeditions on their own special business, they carry the pollen from one flower to another and so advance the process of fertilization. The wind may do much, but the busy bee does more; and are valuable, "feeble folk" as they may seem. Every one so fortunate as to have a garden, or orchard, should keep hives and learn the care of them. Ladybirds, and the ichneumon, are likewise useful in a different way, as we have before said, for they prey on the plant and fruit destroyers, and do no injury to flower, fruit, or vegetable.

ANNIE inquires why maidservants are nicknamed abigails. The name has been attributed to the incident in old Scripture history, that Abigail so many times styled herself the handmaid of David, see 1 Sam. xxv. 24. We have adopted names in the same way for descriptive purposes, such as a Goliath, a Job, or a Samson. In *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, the waiting-gentlewoman was called "Abigail," as a significant name, denoting her special position.

JANE CROSSE had better show her work to some shop where ready-made articles are sold, and obtain trade orders. If you crochet, or knit fast and well, you might make something on them. Perhaps you could invest in a stocking-knitting machine.

MOLLY MAGUIRE.—To be a shop-assistant your qualifications should be a good address and pleasant manner, not too pressing, nor too watchful, over a possible customer. People hate to be teased to buy what they did not come to purchase. You should be a good arithmetician, good speller, and write a round legible hand. The term haberdasher is said to be derived from the old French word *hapertas*, the name of a kind of cloth, of which the width was fixed by Magna Charta. A hapertaser was a seller of *hapertas*. Again, there are others who say that the word was derived from the German *habt ihr das* "have you that?" *haab*, goods, and *tansher*, a dealer. Our term haberdasher dates, with the signification of a trade, to as far back as the reign of Edward III., though to what special trade it primarily referred is not absolutely known.

JEANIE.—1. Never answer back when cross and rude remarks are made to you. It is undignified to bandy words with vulgar people, and unchristian to "give railing for railing." Sharp replies to persons who have said more than they meant, in the heat of temper, render them in many cases estranged for life. Hard words are rarely forgotten.—2. The meaning of the saying "not worth a rap," refers to a counterfeit coin in common use in Ireland in 1721, 22, when the lack of small coin was so hard on the poor. It was intrinsically worth about half-a-farthing. Its designation as a rap, was probably derived from that of a small Swiss coin, the *rappe*, of the value of the seventh part of a penny.

REBECCA.—The raising of silkworms may be an amusement to amateurs, but certainly not a means of making money. The cocoons are sold by weight, and you would have to rear about 2800 worms to obtain 12 lbs. of cocoons (fed on 156 lbs. of mulberry leaves) so as to yield 1 lb. of reeled silk. Of course the health of the worms is a great factor in the value of the silk; and you should obtain the eggs of the very best breed—so many are diseased.

A. R. LEWIS.—Naturally, the constant use of the telephone is injurious, creating what M. Gellé calls "aural over-pressure." The working of the telegraph apparatus, and constant attendance amidst the jar and noise of machinery, likewise tend to overstrain the ear and to induce nervous excitability, giddiness, and neuralgic pains. But how long the delicate nerves may be exposed to this over-pressure without inducing any of these evil results we are unable to tell you. Only it is well, when choosing a vocation in life, to look beyond the present into such possible eventualities; and if of a nervous temperament, and at all subject to headache and neuralgic pains, it would be well to choose some other calling.

GOLDIE.—Without any ungraciousness on your part, you may say, that while you fully appreciate his kindness, it is not etiquette for you to receive presents from gentlemen friends. Of course your acceptance of such gifts and attentions can only be regarded as an encouragement to him to make you an offer of marriage.

IVY.—It is not the custom at present to put cream or sugar into either tea or coffee for a guest. The tea should be sent round, and the other ingredients, separately. At home, where you know the tastes of each member of your family, you can add either sugar or cream for them. Tea is nicer, we think, when these two ingredients are put first into the cup and the tea added to them.

BLUSHING EIGHTEEN.—Do not give so much thought to your face, and you will not blush so much. If the man to whom you are engaged is made "so cross" by it, we give you warning of what he will be when he is your husband, and no longer needing to win you by gentleness and affection. "Cross" lovers are very objectionable folk, at least we should think them so. Your handwriting is good, and better than the majority which we have to read.

Odds and Ends.

THE first woman in England to have a statue erected to her, besides the Queen and other female sovereigns, was "Sister Dora," as Miss Patteson was called at Walsall where she was a district nurse. For many years she worked with the most unselfish zeal amongst the poorest of the poor, and at her premature death her grateful townspeople erected a portrait statue to her memory. In the United States the first statue to a woman was raised to Margaret Haughery who began life as a milk-seller in New Orleans. Ultimately she became a baker and, amassing a considerable fortune devoted it almost entirely to the alleviation of the miseries of the poor, and was known amongst them as "The Orphan's Friend." Margaret Haughery could neither read nor write.

WOMEN are actively turning their energies to many new occupations in the Colonies. In Australia some ladies have taken farm lands and are working them themselves, others are market-gardening very successfully; whilst others again are instituting silk-worm raising and silk-growing. So popular has the last occupation become, that a year or two ago a deputation of ladies waited on the New South Wales Minister of Mines and Agriculture in order to bring the importance of the subject to his notice, and to ask that a well-known silk-grower should be appointed to the management of a farm in order that he might train young women in all the essentials of the silk industry. Further steps in this direction have lately been taken by the formation of a company in Sydney to promote the co-operative settlement of women for silk culture. In addition to the raising of silk-worms, flower-growing, scent-making and bee-farming are also promoted by the company. The Victorian government encourages the growth of scent-plants, possessing a scent farm of its own where training may be had. It is said that three or four acres of ground are quite sufficient to start upon, and that the returns come in quickly.

THE young Queen of Holland leads a life of clockwork regularity. At seven o'clock she rises, breakfasts at eight, her lessons beginning at nine o'clock. At half-past eleven she goes out for a drive, and no matter what the season of the year may be or the state of the weather, it is always in an open carriage. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion, and from then until dinner-time, Her Majesty is allowed to amuse herself as she pleases, usually wandering about the Palace gardens, riding her ponies or playing with her dolls. At half-past six she dines, and at ten o'clock is in bed, this and the hour for rising never changing unless she is unwell.

WHEN William Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster and showed his manner of printing to Edward the Fourth, he little thought that his first edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* would one day be sold for twenty times its weight in gold. There are now only two perfect copies of this work, which was originally published in 1478, in existence, and at a recent sale one of them was sold for £1880.

"A WOMAN'S glory is herself. If she is wise, she is wise for herself. It is just as great for her to do a great thing herself as it is to have her husband or son do it, and husband and son are all the more likely to be great for her grandeur."—*Grail Hamilton.*

SUPERSTITION still lingers in places quite close to the centres of civilisation. The inhabitants of Long Island, and of the places on the American Atlantic sea-board still believe that a dying life goes out with each tide, and think it brings bad luck if a shovel is carried into a house or an umbrella is opened within doors. And within less than one hundred miles of New York, an American newspaper declares, that there are many farmers who will not kill their pigs during a waning moon for fear the pork will shrink during the process of cooking, and that many of these same farmers refuse to plant potatoes during certain phases of the moon.

"THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."—*Bonar.*

THE ladies of the English royal family wear wedding-rings of medium breadth and thickness, and following the sensible German custom, their husbands also wear wedding-rings.

AMONGST the plate belonging to the Crown of England is a peacock made of precious stones which came from India; it is valued at £35,000. There is also a tiger's head, with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue, and with crystal teeth, as well as a gold shield, valued at £10,000, which was made from a large number of snuff-boxes by order of George IV.

THE mistakes that occur in newspapers are frequently amusing. Here are several to be added to those which were recently quoted in this page. A celebrated singer was thrown out of his carriage whilst driving, and a morning paper, after describing the accident, added, "We are happy to say that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces." This advertisement from a North London paper is a delightful misprint. Wanted a respectable girl, age eighty-five, to take care of one baby." And this mixture of a report of the presentation to a minister, and of the chase of a mad dog, caused much amusement at the time of its appearance—"So the congregation presented their beloved pastor with a well-filled purse, who, after thanking them, made a turn down South Main Street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Benefit Street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pan to his tail. Again he went up Benefit Street and down College, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

MANY curious remedies have been recommended for the cure of rheumatism, but none more curious than a vest made of snake's skin. Not long ago a tramp was arrested in one of the streets of Paris, and was found to be wearing a closely-fitting jersey made of the skins of snakes, cleverly woven together, and he claimed that this odd garment was a splendid cure for rheumatism and other diseases that attack the bones. He said that he had been in the army, and whilst serving in Tonkin, had contracted rheumatism by sleeping upon the bare ground. A native made him the snake's skin jersey, and ever since that time he had slept upon the dampest ground with impunity!

THE manuscript of the gospels recently found at Cæsarea will, it is said, probably be the finest specimen of illuminated MSS. in existence. A Russian expert together with Dr. A. Long has made an elaborate examination of this precious document and declares that without a doubt it is the long-lost manuscript known as Code X N, from which the leaves now at Patmos, Vienna, in the British Museum, and at the Vatican, were abstracted many centuries ago. The dark reddish purple of the leaves is identically the same, the silver lettering throughout—except the sacred names which are written in gold—are of the same period, between A.D. 550 and 600. One convincing proof is that the Patmos and the other pages mentioned above are missing from the manuscript found at Cæsarea, and not only does the first of the Patmos pages begin with the latter half of a word with which one of the pages of the MSS. ends, but the last of the Patmos pages finishes with half a word, which is completed on the next page of the remarkable treasure-trove.

THE golden rose which the Pope gives every year to a royal lady, distinguished for loyalty both to the Pope and to the Church of Rome, is made of pure gold, and is valued at £2000. There is a golden rose in the centre into which the Pope pours balsam, this being surrounded with smaller rosebuds and leaves all of the purest gold, and chiselled with exquisite workmanship. The whole stands in a golden pot, on the side of which are the Pope's arms and an inscription. The rose is blessed each year on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and is immediately afterwards sent to the royal lady who has been chosen as its recipient for the ecclesiastical year. Two members of the Court of the Vatican, a prelate, and a noble guard, take the rose to its destination, the lady so honoured paying their travelling expenses. The prince who has best deserved of the Church of Rome during the year has the Blessed Sword and Cap presented to him, and if there is no one to merit the gift, it is laid in the Vatican. The golden rose has been presented to the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, and to the ex-Empress Eugénie of France, the last recipient being the Princess of Bulgaria.

"THE heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart."
Benjamin Franklin.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 878.] OCTOBER 24, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

JAPONICA; OR, CLEVER GIRLS AND A CHARMING WOMAN.

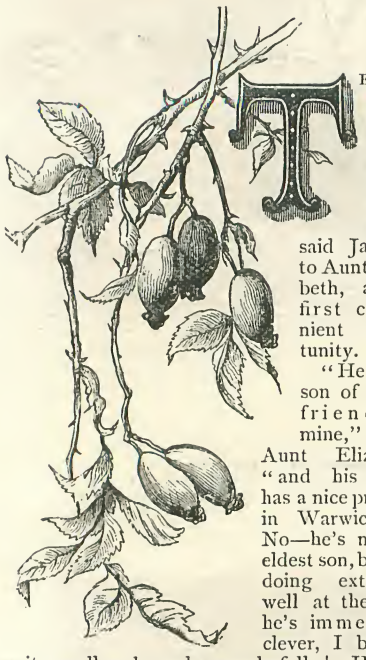
BY HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.



"THAT PHILIP ATHERTON WAS A PLEASANT COMPANION SHE COULD NOT DENY."

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER III.



"TELL me something about this Mr. Atherton," said Japonica to Aunt Elizabeth, at the first convenient opportunity.

"He is the son of an old friend of mine," replied Aunt Elizabeth, "and his father has a nice property in Warwickshire. No—he's not the eldest son, but he's doing extremely well at the bar; he's immensely clever, I believe, writes well and speaks wonderfully! He may rise to anything, they tell me. He very often stays with friends in this neighbourhood, and then he always comes to see us."

"I see," said Japonica. "And Dorothy and Charlotte find him clever enough to suit them?"

"Oh, they're always glad to see Philip Atherton—Dorothy particularly," said Aunt Elizabeth, "she says he's so companionable!"

"Ah—I thought it was Dorothy particularly," observed Japonica. And her eyes met those of her aunt, and they both smiled. "And what do you think about it yourself, Aunt Elizabeth?" she asked after a pause.

Aunt Elizabeth laid her hand confidentially on Japonica's arm.

"My dear, I don't mind telling you," she said. "I'm sure Dorothy likes Philip Atherton very much—a really clever man is so far stronger than any merely clever woman, that she can't help feeling it. As for him—he admires Dorothy, or I'm very much mistaken; and I understand a little more of these matters than my nieces suppose—but—he doesn't admire her in the way that she thinks he does; not in fact for that which she fancies she wants to be admired. You see what I mean, Japonica dear?"

"Yes, I see," said Japonica, "he admires—Dorothy; just Dorothy; not Dorothy's knowledge; not Dorothy's capacity for passing a stiff examination."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Aunt Elizabeth.

"In fact," continued Japonica, "not to put too fine a point upon it he doesn't care two pins for all the cleverness; he cares for the handsome face and for something brave and honest that looks out of the fine eyes, and he thinks that what he cares for (which is of course all-important in his eyes) is handicapped and placed at a disadvantage by that which he doesn't care for."

"Exactly!" said Aunt Elizabeth again. "Now can't you do something?"

Japonica was silent. There was an element of difficulty, not to say danger, in this kind of interference, of which Aunt Elizabeth (seeing but one thing at a time as all simple natures do), was taking no account, but of which Japonica herself was aware.

"If I see my way to doing anything—that would be of use," she replied evasively, "I will try."

"If Dorothy would only do her hair tidily and have her clothes to fit her!" exclaimed Aunt Elizabeth.

"If she only would!" echoed Japonica sympathetically. She recalled the look of satisfaction which had shone undisguisedly on Philip Atherton's face as he had sat for those few minutes in her presence. She was too well accustomed to appreciation to dwell upon it with any feeling of mere vanity; yet she knew that if she saw Philip Atherton again and if she chose, she might give Dorothy a practical object-lesson on the value which he set upon the mere femininity the clever girl was prone to despise. If she chose. Yet she made up her mind she would not choose. It was a matter liable to misconstruction, however honestly pursued; it was, moreover, a method tending to the deterioration of her own nature, however disinterestedly indulged in. For this woman who apparently charmed by her fulfilment of women's mission as the exponent of that which is fair, did not stop short at the lesser and more trifling expression; she practised these because all that is lesser is, by law, essentially contained in that which is greater. The quotation she had made to Dorothy and Charlotte was one very often on her lips:

"All is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

When a great poet dignifies the beautiful by linking it to duty, and glorifies duty by associating it with the beautiful, we begin dimly to perceive that the two are one. But it takes a poet and only a poet, to make us see it at all. And that is what a great poet is for.

So when Charlotte came to Japonica and said that she and Dorothy had made up a party to spend the day on the Malvern Hills, Japonica's first impulse was to let them go their expedition without her.

"Who is coming?" she asked.

"Oh—Rose and Charley from over the way, and the man we call the scarlet-runner—because he's always red in the face and always in a hurry, you know; and Philip Atherton—and the professor's daughter who's a tremendous friend of mine—and perhaps some others; but they're uncertain."

"I think I'll stay and keep Aunt Elizabeth company," said Japonica, "I'm more or less of a stranger to them all, you see."

"You know Rose and Charley," said Dorothy. "And Charley will be so cross if you don't come. He's devoted to you—and he's a dreadful nuisance when he's cross!"

Charley was fourteen and openly avowed that he was in love with Japonica, who had painted him some slides for his magic-lantern.

"I believe you're afraid the wind will make you look untidy!" laughed Charlotte. "You'll have to wear your old clothes, you know—if you've got any!"

Japonica would hardly have been a woman and not have felt a wish to disprove the justice of this taunt. Besides, she knew how exacting a boy of fourteen may be, and she thought that in making Charley happy for the afternoon, she would probably place an effectual barrier between herself and anyone else who might be disposed to seek her society. So she decided to join the party.

She came suitably dressed for the occasion, but spruce and dainty as always. That was one of the secrets of the pleasing effect she produced; she was always suitably attired. The neat tailor-made dress fitted her, and the dapper veil well secured over her face and ears defied the wind to ruffle her hair or displace her hat.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"

With the best will in the world to efface herself Japonica ended by finding herself in a false position! From the very outset she saw that Philip Atherton wanted to talk to her rather than to Dorothy. He began by trying to walk with both together, addressing his conversation to her, until Charley deliberately thrust himself between them, and with the off-hand determination of the schoolboy, took possession of Japonica by linking his arm through hers. But Philip Atherton, not too well pleased to find himself baulked by a boy, did not turn cheerfully to Dorothy. He sulked, biding his time, while Dorothy kept up a jerky conversation with the "Scarlet-runner," that had no heart in it, Charlotte and her friend striding ahead, unaware that the rest of the party were "at sixes and sevens." The situation savoured of comedy; no new comedy to Japonica; she had seen it played over and over again, and she knew that however much it may raise a smile, there is always one point at which it touches tragedy and draws tears. She glanced at Dorothy, and she saw that the element of tragedy lay in the heart of the handsome girl with her clever brows drawn together into a frown, with strands of bright brown hair flapping untidily about her ears, with her hat awry, her waistband ill-concealing the joining of the skirt and blouse, and a button off her boot! And the tragedy was heightened by Dorothy's ineffectual attempts to draw Philip Atherton into intellectual conversation!

Japonica made Charley quite unduly happy by the amount of notice she bestowed upon him. She clung to him as her only chance of carrying out what she honestly intended. Once she tried to detach herself with him from the rest of the party by lingering behind, alleging something to be wrong with her boot. But when she stopped Philip Atherton stopped too. It was in vain she told him to go on. Philip Atherton would not go on, but Dorothy did; and when a few minutes later they rejoined her, Japonica noticed that her eyes were angry and her cheeks flushed.

The situation went from bad to worse when Charley presently falling in with a friend succumbed to the temptation to run a race from point to point along the hills, and abandoned the lady of his heart. Philip Atherton saw his opportunity and seized it. He took up his place by Japonica's side, walking with her along the narrow pathway, talking fluently, agreeably, cleverly, as if for the first time that afternoon he found pleasure in taking the trouble to talk. And as he walked and talked he turned from time to time and looked at her. Anyone with eyes and ears could not fail to note the difference in his demeanour. Japonica's instinct of courtesy prompted her to answer him easily and unaffectedly in his own strain. There was no attempt whatever on her part to exhibit how much knowledge she possessed; and yet it was assuredly no dull woman to whom Philip Atherton was talking. Dorothy and Charlotte were conscious of this, and the consciousness served only to influence their resentment against their cousin.

As for Japonica herself, she was annoyed at the whole affair. That Philip Atherton was a pleasant companion she could not deny; yet she did not like him, either for what he was doing or for the way in which he had done it. Yet she saw no way of extricating herself from the position. Charley, her only refuge, remained away on the hillside for a long time. When at last he returned, Philip Atherton knew better than let him thrust himself a second time between him and Japonica.

By-and-by she let the conversation flag on her side. But that answered no end. Atherton talked for two. Even when, at last, he also grew silent, it made no real difference. He continued to walk by her side and to look at her. One thing only could she do, and that she did. She persistently kept pace with the rest of the party. There should be

nothing in their conversation which could be construed into a *tête-à-tête*. The others might say, as of course they would, that she had monopolised Philip Atherton for the whole afternoon; but they should not be able to say that she had detached herself from the rest of the party on purpose to flirt with him.

It did not need any keen eye to detect Dorothy's pain or Charlotte's indignation. Japonica felt that she had been, against her will, drawn into doing the very thing she had made up her mind to avoid. The object-lesson might have its uses, but it was bought too dear. If only they would believe that she was as honestly distressed by the whole situation as anyone! But of course they would not; and she knew she could not reasonably expect they should. Her only resource at last was a curtness of speech which Philip Atherton might take as a hint that she was tired of him.

When they reached home Aunt Elizabeth met them in the garden.

"Richard has returned," she said. "He says the river is so low, and it's no use fishing for salmon this beautiful dry weather."

(*To be continued.*)

AN APRON-BAG.

THIS most useful pattern is intended chiefly for those who sit at work a good deal, and like to have all their things together.

A non-creasing material is best for the purpose; soft silk, nun's veiling, serge, etc., are suitable. Three-quarters of a yard, forty inches wide, is required (see Fig. 1). Make a half-inch hem down each side, A to B, and an inch-and-a-half hem at the bottom from B to B, on the right side. Turn up the lower edge, B, Fig. 2, nine inches, sew up the sides C to B, and make a line of stitching D to E, thus converting this portion into two pockets; be careful not to stitch through the hem or the ribbons will not draw; secure the top of the hem at F; for this reason the ends of the hem, B B, must be left open.



FIG (1)

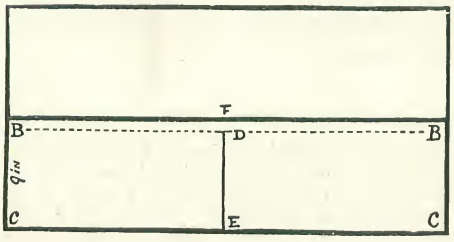


FIG (2)

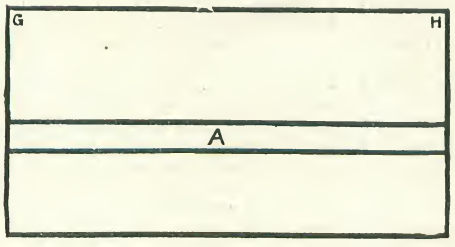


FIG (3)

Fig 3 shows the back of the apron; the strip A is an inch and a half wide, and should be neatly run on both sides, the ends being turned in and left open; this also is for ribbon.

Gather the top from G to H to thirteen inches, set it into a band an inch wide.

Now proceed to the ornamentation of your apron-bag by feather-stitching it in silk down each side, along the hem of pockets, and down the centre division, add two rows to the band.

For the ribbon you require one yard and a half, an inch and a quarter wide, for the waist; and three yards and a half for drawing up the pockets; this is done by dividing the ribbon into two lengths, and running it in the front and back of apron, leaving a loop at each side as shown in Fig. 4.



FIG (4)

When work is finished, everything is put in the pockets, including the waist-ribbons, the strings are drawn up, tied in a bow, and behold Fig. 5, a bag!



FIG (5)

COUSIN LIL.

ALL ABOUT CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By JOHN ALLEN.



FIG. 9.

POMPONE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.



FIG. 10.

TYPE OF ANEMONE-FLOWERED POMPONE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

PART II.

SINCE 1830, the sorts of chrysanthemums have been recruited from China and Japan by other kinds to a very vast extent. The *C. indicum* type came from China in 1835. The large class of pompon chrysanthemum sprung from an importation in 1846 of the Chusan daisy by the late Mr. R. Fortune, which was seized upon by Continental florists, who with their climatal advantages were able to improve it into the present series of charming flowers, see Fig. 9. But the most important accession of new forms was when Japan was thrown open in the sixties to western enterprise, which tapped its exhaustless stores of varieties. Then the Americans have been raising and trying seedlings to the tune of 100,000 a year, a portion of which come to England, which itself raises and tries at least 10,000 new seedlings every year. These figures, uninteresting as they look, give some idea of the extent to which the "mum" culture is carried in England, a development doubtless in large part due to the flowers appearing at the end of the floral year, and lasting till the first spring flowers announce a new season.

A note or two may not be out of place giving the culture of ordinary home flowers.

The best plan is to obtain from some chrysanthemum specialist, a selection of fit varieties in March or later, either as rooted cuttings or pot specimens. As the small pots, probably three-inch, become filled with roots, the plants must be repotted into five inch pots, using as compost one part leaf soil and three parts loam, with one part well rotted manure, say, from an exhausted mushroom bed, mixed thoroughly with a small quantity of charcoal, and enough silver sand to keep the whole sweet and open. When these pots are filled with roots, the plants must receive their final shift into nine-inch pots, using as compost, four parts of fibrous loam, one part of leaf soil, half a part of manure which has passed through the fermentation stage, a good sprinkling of charcoal, and a five-inch potful of dissolved bones and fine bone meal (to the bushel of soil). Pot firmly, placing the crocks for drainage carefully, and these latter covered with a layer of some half inch bones. Until about the middle of April the plants should be kept in a cool, well-ventilated greenhouse, as near the glass as possible. If bushy plants are required, then the shoots must be stopped by pinching out the extreme growing point. Side growth will then appear, which in turn must be stopped to get the plant still more bushy, until the end of June, or well into July. Then let the plants produce their buds. They should grow on unchecked. When placed out of doors secure them from strong winds, separating the plants as they grow larger, so that a due circulation of air and sunlight may play around them. They must not be permitted to dry, and if stood on ashes, to encourage good drainage, and keep out the worms, so much the better. Before the end of July they will probably require feeding. Soot water twice and eventually thrice a week is a good treatment. Other and stronger manures will presently be required, but never make the manuring too strong. Little and often is a good maxim. House again by the end of September, or as soon as the buds begin to show colour. Ventilate freely and keep the house dry.

There is very little to add as to the divisions into which cultivated chrysanthemums have been arranged. The old sections of incurved and reflexed are still maintained, though the latter have been largely crowded out of popularity by the Japanese varieties. The Japanese are an exceedingly varied class, and owing to the extent to which they have been bred into the older varieties derived from China, the lines which separate the classes are very narrow indeed.

Anemone pompons (Fig. 10) some time back were a well-defined class, but here again the Japanese strain has been infused into them, enlarging and loosening the ray, or guard florets, and making irregular the semi-circular bed of disk florets, see Fig. 11, giving another class of Japanese anemone flowered.

The hirsute division is an extremely interesting one, see Fig. 1; but this again merges into other classes, see Fig. 8. Then there are



FIG. 11.

"RIDER HAGGARD." JAPANESE ANEMONE-FLOWERED.

(*Colour, ray-florets deep pink, centre rose shaded yellow.*

the pompon varieties, Figs. 9 and 10, founded upon the Chusan daisy, these again being incurved and reflexed. Singles are an important class, particularly for decorative purposes, see Figs. 12 and 13.

Hitherto this article has treated of plants presumably derived through China, and then later, Japan, from one ancient stock, the original of the chrysanthemum sinense (or *indicum*). But there is that well-known class of chrysanthemums which comes from other species entirely, known as Marguerites. In Fig. 14 we give one of the best and most recent varieties of *Ch. carinatum* (syn. tricolor), which are in two varieties, white and yellow, and come from the North of Africa. *C. coronarium* is another species wild in the South of Europe, known as the crown daisy, a hardy yellow annual, and our own English *C. leucanthemum*, the ox-eye daisy. These in their many varieties, with other kinds are useful for border and bedding, and very much so for window gardening. There are other species grown in green-houses, but the already overgrown limits of this article forbid any further notice.

VARIETIES.

Drinking the Sea Dry.

Mrs. Hanna, daughter of the famous Dr. Chalmers, used to tell a story, for the truth of which she vouched, of a Scotch farmer, one of her father's parishioners. This man took his wife and children, by doctor's orders, to St. Andrews for sea-bathing, and it was part of their cure that they should drink sea-water.

When the farmer arrived with his charge, the great estuary of the Eden, four miles long, was full, and when he returned, after a fortnight's absence, it was quite empty. The idea of low-tide did not occur to the good man, and he was sore amazed. Looking over the miles of bare sand, he exclaimed, "Gracious! but they maun hae drunk weel!"

The Way of the World.—When the same action admits of two interpretations, the less innocent is sure to be the most popular.

She Could Use It.

Pedlar (opening his pack): "I have here, madam, an improved rat-trap, which——"

Mistress of the House: "We are never troubled with rats."

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts——"

"We never use nuts of any kind."

"Or as a coffee-roaster. Adjusted in this manner in——"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flap thus, we have a device for holding eggs when cooking——"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by folding these wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a mirror——"

"Haven't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite, and to note what is going on inside; and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is three shillings and fourpence, which is only about one-half——"

"I'll take it."

How to Double Our Pleasures.

"I double all pleasures that come in my way," says a lady, "by a method similar to that which a young seamstress of my acquaintance has. If anybody gives her a winter-rose she sets the flower in front of her looking-glass, where its clear, still reflection gives her a second rose, in every respect as satisfying to the eye as the first and tangible rose."

Our pleasures may be doubled by sharing them with others. A girl enjoying the pleasures of good health may have her pleasures doubled by visiting her class-mate who is sick, and carrying to her the sunshine and cheer of her own buoyant spirit and life.



FIG. 12.

"MARY ANDERSON." SINGLE.

(*Colour, white suffused with rose.*)



FIG. 13.
SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUM,
"DISTINCTION."
(*Colour, full deep yellow.*)



FIG. 14.
"YELLOW CHIEFTAIN."
(*Colour, yellow with brown centre.*)

PROFITABLE DUCK-KEEPING.

By T. WILSON-WILSON.

PART I.

THERE has never been a time when so much attention has been given by thinking people to questions affecting *petit* culture, and I may safely say that the pursuit of duck-keeping and duckling-rearing is one of the most important of this class of enterprise.

It is, perhaps, hardly within the range of these columns to discuss how the British farmer is to make both ends meet, but it is certainly not out of place for us to discuss the possibilities of the farmer's daughter, or the home-girl with a very small allowance, being able to wrest a small sum for her own benefit from the public, without either hurting herself or some other poor competitor for daily bread.

The purely intellectual and scholastic markets are alas! quite overstocked with eager applicants, and it behoves us to seek out those employments in which, to a large extent, we supply a demand which we ourselves create.

One cannot take up any poultry journal or book without being more or less struck with the marvellous fortunes which await the enterprising poultry-keeper.

Now there is not the least doubt that, with time, care, experience, and especially plenty of room, money can be made out of poultry and chicken-rearing, but what I should like particularly to say is, that whereas chicken-rearing on a large scale requires a very generous amount of space, and a considerable degree of almost professional attention, ducklings may be reared on much smaller spaces, and are much easier to manage. Therefore, under certain circumstances, beginners are likely to make more money quickly out of duck-rearing than out of chicken-rearing, though of course, in the country it is well to have both forms of stock.

At once the difficulty will be raised that ducks cannot be kept unless there is a large pond or river near at hand.

Stock ducks are supposed to produce more fertile eggs when they have free access to a pond, but we have found that if ducks are properly fed, and have a field to range about in and plenty of water to wash themselves in, they will lay just as well, and will produce good healthy stock.

In fact, when ducks are kept on rivers, or on large ponds, there is a constant risk of the loss of the eggs, as, unless they are most carefully looked after and shut up at night, they will lay the eggs in the water or on some stolen nest, or even just haphazard on the ground, as these birds are particularly casual in the way in which they leave their eggs about.

The perfection of circumstances for stock ducks seems to me to be a good field, with a small stream running through it. Running water is the best, as the ducks are liable to foul water which is left for cattle, and then those interested in the cattle more than in the ducks are inclined to remonstrate.

When, however, the stream cannot be had, the water must be supplied by some sort of improvised pond. A large tub sunk in the ground is often quite sufficient; or galvanised duck-ponds may be bought ready made, with an outlet for the water below, and I like these even better than concrete ponds, as they are so easily cleaned.

It will be seen, therefore, that though we do not think a large pond is necessary, it is well in considering the undertaking to be in the neighbourhood of water, so as to spare carrying, as, practically, water-carrying is far from pleasant.

Sometimes the pond may be placed in such a position that the drainage from the field fills it, or it may be put close to some out-house, where it gets all the roof-droppings, but of course the better the water-supply the less labour, and it will be found that it is not time wasted at the beginning of any undertaking to consult seriously the labour question. When ducks are kept in confinement, near a house,

the water-supply is simple, and it can generally be laid on, even if a small additional rate has to be paid.

Let us, however, first of all consider the question of stock ducks in a good-sized field. The first thing to provide them with after the water, is a good warm house. If ducks are allowed their own way, they will invariably try to sleep out in the open air; they infinitely prefer it; they must however on no account be allowed to do this if profit be an object. Let me give my reasons first. In the laying season, the ducks will lay astray early in the morning, and although ducks never eat their own eggs, human beings are not so considerate, and eggs lying about in a field are to say the least of it a little unsafe. Then besides human beings there are rats, crows, etc., which are very partial to duck eggs, and they will go for them long before our most energetic readers are awake.

Ducks finish laying before nine o'clock in the morning, and generally all are laid before six, but it is not safe to let them out until the later hour.

This habit of laying astray is rather tiresome from the duck-keeper's point of view, as the early morning is just the time when the ducks would be so happy, roaming about and fattening themselves on the unfortunate early worm.

However, we cannot have everything, and certainly at all costs the eggs must be secured, for I could tell painful stories of eggs eaten by crows and eggs found in the bottom of ponds, quite sufficient to make my readers decide on keeping a strong guard over their birds.

Again, it is quite as essential that the ducks should have a good house when they are not laying, though at this time they may be let out earlier. In the autumn specially, the ducks are moulting, that is losing their feathers, and resting after the season's labours. Just at this time the whole object of the successful duck-breeder is to get the birds well through the moult as quickly as possible, so that they may come on to lay very early the next season. Many ducks are left to do anything and any way they like at this time. They are not bringing in any eggs, and so the owners do not think them worth much trouble. This is the reason that ducks' eggs are so very valuable early in the season because there are comparatively so few of them. Let it therefore be an essential point to provide warm, well-ventilated accommodation for the birds.

There need be nothing elaborate about a duck-house. A small stone or brick building answers the best, especially if it has a good concrete floor, kept fresh and clean with straw or peat moss-litter. Ducks are as we know rather messy creatures, and the house-floor must be hard, so that it can be constantly cleaned. If a concrete or brick floor be out of the question, then the earth must be trodden hard, and a layer of peat moss four inches to six inches deep must be put down, and the peat moss be turned over constantly, and removed altogether when damp and foul. Wooden floors must on no account be used. A few nests must be put in the corner, large and shallow, I prefer all nests, both for hens and ducks made of galvanised iron, and then there is perfect cleanliness.

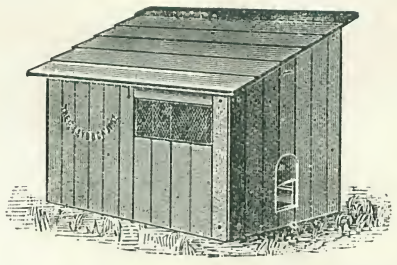
Small wooden duck-houses may be made four feet by two feet eight inches, according to the accompanying drawing; the window is merely wire-netting, and the roof is on hinges, so that it can be raised like a lid for cleaning purposes.

This sized house would take three or four ducks and a drake, that is one breeding pen; but if such a small house were provided, it would be best to place the same under a wall, and run out a small shed alongside, well wired in, into which the ducks could go early in the morning.

Duck-houses can be made on this same design in larger sizes, but then it is best to have a door at the side, in place of the opening roof. Where ducks have a field to range about in, this house is all that they need, but where the ducks are to be kept in a small yard, the run must be attended to.

How often we see the most miserable-looking objects straying about with draggled wings and muddy feet, slopping about on a piece of ground which is neither fit for them, nor for the unfortunate attendant to walk on. Ducks have the capability of fouling a small piece of ground as quickly or quicker than any other form of stock, when kept confined.

When there is only a small space it is quite impossible to keep up the grass run idea. A grass run in a field is all very well, but a grass run in confinement is worse than a disease trap, as the grass gets so foul, and the birds still continue to eat it. The best way of managing, therefore, is to lay the run down in concrete from the very first, the run sloping in such a manner that the water can get away. It is not a very expensive matter, and when done at first saves a great deal of trouble later. Ducks are not like hens, that must have loose material to dust in. All they want is



water and grit and other food essentials which we will presently discuss.

The advantage of a concrete floor will be seen at once. There is nothing to go sour and disagreeable, and the floor can be swilled down daily and kept in such a manner that the ducks may be quite close to the neighbours without their being anything in the way of a nuisance at all. People with such small back gardens that they could not even keep hens can in this way manage a few ducks.

If it be quite impossible to have concrete, then the earth run should be well drained. This is best accomplished by digging deep down, under the run, and forming a trench into which large stones, cinders, etc., are put, so as to draw away the water from the surface of the run.

Then the earth must be beaten down hard, and whenever the top gets sour it must be removed and fresh earth put down; but this is a good deal more labour than the concrete floor.

Having provided the ducks with a house and run, I will go on to the question of food. Here I shall have to combat some well-worn notions. First, let us take the case of the ducks in the large field. I am now speaking entirely of adult ducks, as I shall discuss ducklings in another article. In August, or earlier, the ducks stop laying, and begin to shed their feathers. They therefore need special attention, but this does not mean that they are to be overfed. If the ducks are too fat they will not lay well at all. Overfeeding is a great vice amongst hen-keepers, and duck-keepers are inclined to the same failure.

First thing in the morning the ducks need a good hot meal, consisting of some sort of soft food. This meal must be mixed crumbly moist, not floury, as that is wasteful, but on the other hand not sticky.

The most economic thing to do is to get all the house-scraps the day before, and have them well boiled, and then mix them dry with a mixture of barley-meal and sharps, or barley-meal and whole ground oats and sharps. All house-scraps are valuable—potato-peelings, bread, pudding, vegetables, etc., and if there be any meat all the better. For quantity, the ducks should have as much as they eat eagerly with some fresh clean drinking-water.

To this ordinary meal, about twice a week, a little bonemeal should be added, and a very little flowers of sulphur to strengthen the egg organs, and help forward the feathering. The ducks need nothing more for the day, but at night they should be called in, and have a handful of corn each, before they are shut in for the night.

Wheat is the best as a general rule, but a change may be rung by giving barley, oats, buckwheat, and a very little maize. The latter we hardly dare mention, as it is such a favourite cheap food, and is as a regular diet far too fattening.

The ducks in confinement need an addition to what we have mentioned, plenty of fresh cut grass, or failing that, fresh green food of some sort, and a very little meat in the middle of the day to make up for the worms which their more fortunate brothers and sisters are finding out in the open.

No ducks, whether in close confinement or in the open, should ever be left without a good dish of sharp grit and oyster shell, as the digestion is terribly impaired unless a regular supply be provided. Ducks cannot live in health without grinding material, and this is a thing which is very much neglected, and then people wonder that their ducks look sickly and mope, and decline to lay.

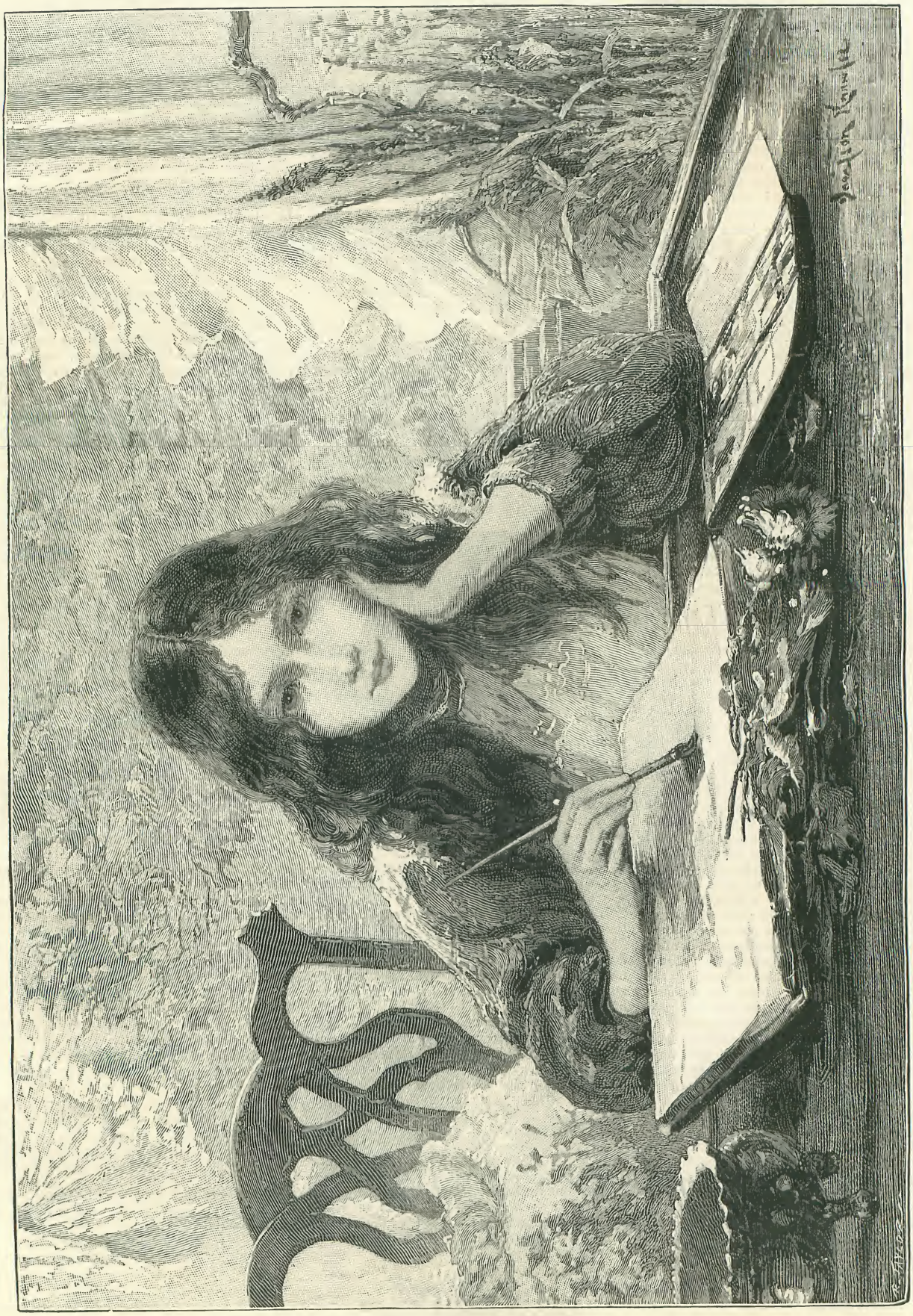
From August to October the ducks must just have plain unstimulating food, and must not on any account be allowed to get fat, as if they get fat internally the eggs are stopped, and the whole winter may pass before there is an egg. And the worst of it is, that the fewer eggs there are, the more people will go on feeding and feeding the ducks, hoping that by this generous treatment they will get what they want.

In October and November, however, though the quantity of food should remain about the same, there should be a good deal more meat given, and plenty of oyster-shell. Meat is a great help to the ducks, and it pays well to provide it, when duck eggs for setting are selling at 5s. to 7s. 6d. per setting. In the duckling countries very high prices are paid for duck eggs, and I may say from my own experience, that nothing is more aggravating than to have to return nice little cheques and postal orders for eggs which are not forthcoming.

I remember last winter that a working-man wrote for some duck eggs in November, and to discourage him I asked 7s. 6d. per dozen, having only a very few eggs on hand. What was my dismay to receive the money for seven dozen by return of post.

You see, if that price can be got for early duck eggs, it pays to give the ducks a few extra luxuries.

(To be continued.)



A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST.

A COMPETITION FOR PROFESSIONAL GIRLS.

THERE are so many girls in London, in our big cities, and even in country districts, who are earning their livelihood in professional work, that it has occurred to us to open our pages especially for their benefit. We therefore announce a competition on similar lines to that for "Girls who work with their hands," but under the title of

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

Under this title all girls who earn money and are not connected with what is known as the industrial class, are eligible to compete. Such, for instance, as governesses, teachers, journalists, artists, type-writers, government inspectors and lecturers, clerks, shorthand-writers, companions, high-class dressmakers and milliners, women-doctors, nurses and dispensers, hospital sisters, deaconesses, musicians, and many others, whose name is legion, and whose paid labour places them in a professional capacity. Each girl is invited to tell us all about her occupation, the nature of it, how she obtained it, hours, salaries, etc., together with any critical remark as to how her labours or position could be improved, or, in fact, anything that occurs to her that would be of interest for other girls to know about. The private names of employers are not to be given in any case. Four *pages* of foolscap are to be written upon, so that only two sheets will be required. Each paper must be fastened at the left-hand top-corner, and sent by post to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, and must bear the words "Professional Girl Competition" upon the envelope or wrapper.

The writer of the essay that is adjudged to be the best will receive a cheque for two guineas, and the four that follow in order of merit will each receive a cheque for one guinea. There will also be an *honours* list.

These papers need not be certified by another, but each competitor must write these lines at the end of the paper:—I declare the statements in this paper to be true. Here follow name in full

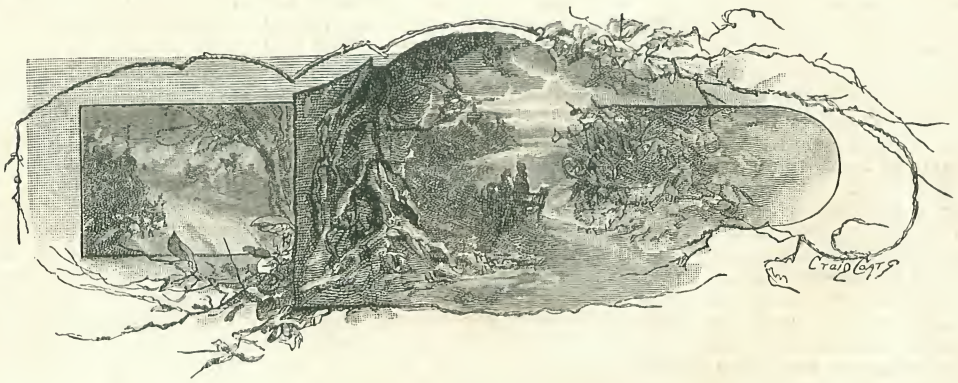
Name.....

Address.....

Date .....

Should the writer wish her name withheld in case of publication, or if printed in list of Honourable Mention, she may follow her signature with the name of her favourite flower, which alone would be printed in connection with her article or in the honours list.

This competition is open to English girls all the world over. The last day for receiving the essays is Wednesday, January 6th, 1897. As no essay will be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not, each writer is advised to keep a copy of her MS.



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT a change had one short week made in Plâs Llewellen. Joy and festivity had given place to gloom and sorrow; the new year, that had dawned so brightly, was already overclouded; the doors, so lately open to rich and poor, were closed; the huntsman's horn echoed no more in the woods; the voices of sportsmen were no longer heard, and all was quiet as the grave.

The children were sitting in the nursery with sorrowful faces, when the solemn funeral bell sounded. Gwenllean's eyes were red with weeping, but she tried to comfort her sister. The sound of wheels drew them to the window, and they saw the hearse that was to bear their father's body to the tomb. Clare asked what it meant, and gazed with childish wonder at the mourning coaches and carriages she saw before her; but Gwenllean, whose glance fell upon the velvet pall which covered the coffin, put her hand before her eyes, turned away, and left the room. She crept into a small apartment that had been appropriated to her use, and bursting into tears, fell down upon her knees, clasped her little hands together, and began her infant petitions. When she came to the words, "God bless my papa and mamma," she paused, whilst the tears rolled faster down her cheek. "Oh God, take my papa to heaven," she said, in her innocence, "and bless my dear mamma."

She rose from her knees, and stood a few moments buried in thought, a lovely but melancholy picture of early sorrow. She had not seen her mother since her father's death, for Lady Llewellen had been lost to everything but her affliction; so she returned to the nursery, and taking Clare by the hand, and bidding the nurse follow with the baby, she went to her mother's apartment. She tapped softly at the door, but received no answer; she tapped louder, but no gentle voice bade her enter. A stifled sob was audible within. She unclosed the door with a trembling hand, and entered the darkened room.

Seated in a large chair, her face covered with her hands, and her bosom convulsed with emotion, was Lady Llewellen. The little sisters walked quietly towards her, and stood by her side unnoticed. Gwenllean looked upon her mother's haggard face until her heart trembled with fear; for she had never seen such grief before.

"Mamma, dear mamma, look at us, speak to us, my own dear mamma," she said, casting her arms around her neck.

Lady Llewellen removed her hands from before her face, and looked wildly at her children. At last the pent up current of her feelings gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Alas! alas! my children!" she cried, whilst she pressed them to her heart; "you are fatherless now, and your mother is a widow and desolate. Dead! and so soon—so suddenly! Oh! that I had died with him!"

Gwenllean looked thoughtfully into her mother's face.

"Mamma," she said, "will not the good God be our Father now? You told me once that he always took care of the fatherless, and even fed the little sparrows. Shall we not ask Him to take care of us, now papa is gone to heaven."

"Oh, my God!" said Lady Llewellen,

clasping her hands; "what a sinful creature I am. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.'"

The bereaved wife fell upon her knees, and her children, hand in hand, knelt by her side, and joined their innocent prayers to hers. The bell of the neighbouring church again swung forth its solemn voice. All was now, indeed, over.

The nurse placed her babe in her arms, and once more recalled her to her children, who, in their black frocks, were all round her, pressing their little faces to hers, and sobbing in their first grief. The bell continued its melancholy, booming toll, and she raised her eyes to heaven. Anguish and resignation mingled in their glance, and she told Gwenllean to read to her. The child took her mother's Bible, and opening it where the mark lay, read some verses of the comforting chapter of St. John, which begins—"Let not your heart be troubled," seated, as she did so, on a low stool at her feet. The baby fell asleep on its mother's bosom, and Clare leant upon her shoulder; whilst the faithful nurse stood in the shadow of a window, and gazed with clasped hands and tearful eyes on the touching group.

The funeral was one worthy of the last of the Llewellens. The poor clay was returned to its parent earth amid the tears and sobs of attached dependents, who attended as a last testimony of love and respect. The old man shook his head of snow, and groaned; the young man stood grave and breathless; women wept both for the dead and living, or wept in sympathy. All felt that the friend of the poor, the kind master and generous landlord, was gone from them.

What is so trying as to be aroused from a bitter, but cherished, sorrow, by the harsh call of imperative business? To have your grief broken in upon by guardians, executors, lawyers, and above all, creditors. To wear a mask of composure before people who would consider the expression of feeling out of place; and to be called upon to act when you can scarcely think?

Lady Llewellen found this a hard task, but one that she was compelled, for months, to go through. Her worst fears were verified; for Sir Howel, when he died, was a ruined man—ruined partly by his own extravagance, but more by the villany of his steward, who, since his last interview with his employer, had been nowhere to be found. The whole affairs were a labyrinth of confusion, from which there appeared no loop-hole of escape. Mortgage upon mortgage had been made; money borrowed at immense interest, and apparently without Sir Howel's knowledge; debts left unpaid that he must have supposed settled; capital disbursed, of which no account was given; rents from different tenants, who retained the steward's receipt, not mentioned in his books; in short, everything as bad as bad could be, or villany could make it.

It was found necessary to sell Plâs Llewellen and all belonging to it; and it was feared that Lady Llewellen and her children would be left wholly unprovided for. The only personal property she possessed was a small farm, worth about fifty pounds per annum, that her father-in-law had settled upon her at his death. She proposed relinquishing this also, if necessary, to shield her husband's name from dishonour; for she felt that she could struggle through poverty, disgrace, or forgetfulness, without a murmur, if his memory were untainted. Her sorrows were heavy, but her mind rose with the occasion.

The most painful of her trials was parting from her second child, her darling little Clare. Lady Somerville, selfish in thought, word, and deed, scarcely allowed a week to elapse after her brother's funeral, before she prepared for her departure. The news of the family misfortunes had unmasked her, and she did not hesitate to say that they were occasioned, in a great measure, by Lady Llewellen. She declared that if her brother had not married a low-bred, vulgar person, all would have been well; and she requested a personal interview with her sister-in law, with the intention of telling her that she considered her the primary cause of their misfortunes. They had not met before since the melancholy catastrophe, and their meeting now was short and unsatisfactory.

Lady Llewellen felt that she could have fallen on Lady Somerville's neck and wept; but the cold salutation of the heartless woman of the world chilled her very blood. The irrepressible tears swelled in her eyes; but she dashed them away, and waited for Lady Somerville to begin the conversation. This was not so easy: for although that lady had prepared herself with numberless reproaches, and would have, at once, poured them forth, had she been met by lamentations, the calm dignity and self-possession of her widowed rival checked them, and she, in her turn, was silent.

At last she spoke of her intention of leaving Plâs Llewellen, and of taking Clare with her, according to her brother's dying wish. Lady Llewellen could only bow her head in acquiescence, for her heart was too full to speak. The thought of parting with her child so soon, and confiding her to the care of one so worldly-minded, was most painful. Then Lady Somerville proceeded to touch upon the state of the affairs, and her own extreme nervous excitement; but she did not seem to suppose that Lady Llewellen had suffered at all, or that any sympathy with her greater miseries was called for. Lady Llewellen could only say, that since it had pleased God to try them by misfortunes, she trusted they should receive strength from Him to support them. A supercilious sneer, and a suppressed murmured comment on "people's extravagances," were Lady Somerville's next attempts at consolation.

Lady Llewellen only said that she hoped she should hear frequently from Lady Somerville, and see her child as often as possible. The answer was as cold as the speaker. Lady Somerville feared that opportunities of intercourse would be few, and hated letter-writing. When requested to remain at Plâs Llewellen, that she might see justice done to her brother's memory, and to his children, she burst into a hysterical flood of tears, and declared that it would kill her to stay longer. As she threw herself back in her chair, and covered her face with a perfumed handkerchief, the wretched widow clasped her hands, and cast a glance of agony towards heaven. Above, she was sure of support and comfort—below, even from her who ought to have afforded them, they came not. Self-restraint, and perhaps a shade of pride intermingled, prevented her from giving way to her feelings. Conscious of having fulfilled the duties of a wife and mother, and of having done her best to restrain the extravagance of her husband, it was very hard to be viewed with cold suspicion by that husband's only sister. She was resolved, however, that no amount of unkindness should make her forget the tie that bound them to one another, and she silently prayed for patience and self-command. At last, Lady Somerville rose, still holding the perfumed cambric and lace to her eyes with her left hand, whilst she extended three fingers of the right to her sister-in-law, and murmured a cold "Good-morning." No kiss of love and sympathy accompanied the movement, and when she left the room, Lady Llewellen sank into the chair she had vacated, and in her turn gave vent to her feelings in tears.

The separation of the following morning was like a second death. It was almost worse than death to yield her child to the care of one who had scarcely a feeling in common with her; and Lady Llewellen would never have done so, but for the express wish of her husband. Little Clare, too, was so unhappy, and clung to her mother and sister with such painful fondness, and such touching entreaties to be allowed to remain with them, that it was heart-rending to send her away. She went from one to the other, asking why she might not remain, and saying that she loved them better than all the world besides; whilst the tears filled her bright, black eyes, and even the servants wept in sympathy. But Lady Somerville frowned, and rang the bell violently to order the carriage. The wheels were soon heard, and the mother's heart sank with grief. Another, and another kiss, and the little girl was placed weeping by the side of her aunt, whose cold farewell had been previously made. Lady Llewellen, with Gwenllean by her side, stood in the doorway, and watched the carriage till it vanished amongst the dark trees of the avenue; then she turned away to think bitterly of the future of her high-spirited child. Wealth and distinction would be hers, she doubted not; but who would sow in her young heart the seeds of early piety—who teach her to restrain the passions and emotions of a spirit already difficult to tame? These were the mother's fears; but again Gwenllean, with her simple thoughtfulness, asked whether the Almighty would not watch over her dear sister, even though she was far away; and recalled to Lady Llewellen's mind the Father of the

fatherless, to whose care she humbly committed her beloved child.

Gwenllean was truly a blessing to her bereaved parent. Even in her infancy people had looked upon her with wonder. Deep thoughts seemed to come with speech; and as years increased, a reflectiveness and calmness, almost unnatural in one so young, increased with them. Her nurse said she was too good to live; and even her mother watched with doubtful anxiety her slight shape and the early development of her mind. But her precocity was given in mercy, and had it not been for her patient endurance and deep, though childish reasoning, Lady Llewellen would have been desolate indeed.

It has not yet been mentioned, that shortly before the death of Sir Howel's father, he and his son agreed to cut off the entail of the property. There was no near heir to it, and Sir Howel's children were all girls, therefore, they thought it advisable to do away with the entail both on the children's account, and their own, as they well knew that accumulation of debts and mortgages must be paid off some day, although the evil day had not yet arrived. In the course of three months a purchaser was found for Plâs Llewellen, and all belonging to it, and the debts were duly paid. The creditors refused to accept Lady Llewellen's little farm, which was sold advantageously for her; and the money, together with a small surplus from the property, was invested by the trustees in the way they thought most profitable, so that she found herself possessed of something more than a hundred a year. This was but a small sum when compared with the thousands that had been at her command since her marriage; but she felt that it was her own, and that she had injured no man in securing it. She had, moreover, been accustomed in her girlhood to practise economy, and she hoped to be able to bring up her children respectably, in some remote corner of Wales, until they were able to do something to assist her.

She had many painful duties to go through, besides those immediately connected with her affairs. It was necessary to dismiss all the servants, many of whom had been in the family for years, and the scene was a trying one. She had managed to secure them a quarter's wages in advance, which was all she was able to do for them, and as many of them had been at Plâs Llewellen ever since the birth of its last master, she was grieved to send them away when old age was coming on. The butler and housekeeper had saved a little competency, and preferred living upon it to entering another family, whilst she recommended others of the domestics to the new master of the mansion.

Miriam, the children's nurse, would not be dismissed. Her master, she said, had committed the little Lizzie to her care, and, please God, she would never leave her. Lady Llewellen represented to her the reduced state of her income, and the necessity of her only keeping one servant; she answered that she would be that servant. Miriam was a tall, stiff woman, whose prim figure and demure face indicated but little fine feeling; yet she wept like a child, and told her mistress that unless she wished to break her heart, she would not send her away. Lady Llewellen wept with her, and holding out her hand to her, and thanking her for her fidelity and generosity, told her that it should be as she wished. Before the parting day arrived, David, the harper, had vanished, none knew whither, without taking leave of anybody. He had carried his harp away with him, and it was supposed that he intended earning his livelihood as a wandering harper. Lady Llewellen had no doubt of his attachment, and took it for granted that he had left her secretly to avoid the pain of parting from her and her children. Gwenllean could not understand such a reason, and shed many a tear over what she thought was the defection of one of her best friends.

Lady Llewellen began next to turn her thoughts to her new abode. What this was to be she scarcely knew herself. She had one old and dear friend, living in a distant county, to whom she had resorted for advice and assistance. He was a clergyman, and she had resolved to reside in his parish, which was a remote and perfectly secluded place by the sea, where the parishioner of highest rank was a wealthy miller. Her friend's name was Lloyd, and in him she found a kind counsellor and guide when she resorted to him in the time of her affliction. He had been at college with her father, and his only daughter and herself had been bosom friends from childhood. She had not seen Mr. Lloyd since her marriage, but they had kept up an intercourse by letter, and it was to him that she had recourse in her troubles. He told her that there was a small house in his parish that had once been pretty, but had fallen into a somewhat ruinous condition from having been long tenantless. Lady Llewellen at once begged him to secure it for her, and thither she sent such articles of furniture from Plâs Llewellen as she thought necessary; a proceeding to which she had been urged by the creditors.

The day before her departure for this unknown resting-place, she set out with her children and Miriam to visit their humble friends, and to take a last farewell of many a familiar scene. It was a painful task, for everywhere she met tearful glances, and heard words of regret. The old blind man to whom she had often read passages of the holy Bible, sat in his doorway, and, upturning his sightless eyes, devoutly blessed her and her children, and prayed for their return. The poor widow and her orphans, who, but a few months before, had been relieved and comforted by the mistress of the mansion, now wept bitter tears at the prospect of losing their friend and benefactress. The young married couple, who had been helped into their pretty cottage by Sir Howel and his lady, looked grave, and passed their hands before their eyes as they bade her good-bye. The fathers and mothers of families glanced forebodingly upon their children, and asked themselves who would teach and clothe them when Lady Llewellen was gone. All was gloom and sorrow; and when poor little Gwenllean had distributed her remaining playthings amongst the children of the last cottage, she was so wholly overcome, that her mother was thankful when the final visit was paid, and they again turned their steps homewards.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A KITCHEN POKER. — When Frederick Locker-Lampson was eight years old, he was put under the charge of a Miss Griffin, of whom he remarks, in his recently-published autobiography, that she "had all the qualities of a kitchen poker except its occasional warmth."

WOMEN PHILANTHROPISTS OF TO-DAY.— Personal knowledge of the poor was part of a great lady's life in the Middle Ages. Work for "a cause" is part of a great lady's life in the present day. Stone-layings, bazaar-openings, drawing-room meetings, are all part of the daily life of our Princes and Princesses, and lesser folk follow in their train. To be secretary of "a cause" may, but often may not, imply a love of the cause worked for. Superabundant energy must be got rid of, and home-life is apt to be irksome without some outer interest. Anyhow, much of the philanthropic work of the day brings little more to its workers than the glow of self-righteousness that follows upon useful, and still more upon paying, work accomplished. To keep on the move is necessary for some temperaments. Where the movement leads to is quite another thing. But it is the stuff woven that counts, not the machine, however complicated and ingenious that may be. Still, so long as human life with its difficulties and problems has to be lived, all useful and innocent openings for activity are to be welcomed. If in following these openings some turn out to be blind alleys it will not be wholly loss for those who come after. A juster appreciation of all that makes up human existence, a truer judgment of good and evil, which can only be attained by experience, even if it is a sad one, these are some of the gains that the twentieth century may hope to inherit. Let women set no bounds to their education, and let man be careful not to close any openings from selfishness or tyranny. But, at the same time, let women remember that Christianity has committed to them specially the higher gifts of civilisation, and if they allow these to slip from their grasp, their children in ages to come will ruthlessly demand at their hands the price of the degradation of the race.—From *The Spectator*.

SINGERS AND SINGING.

By THE COUNTESS VALDA GLEICHEN.

PART I.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a man, woman or child who has not at some moment or another been tempted to break into song. The experiment may not have been attended with success, but we may be quite sure that it has been made, for the natural outcome of certain feelings is undoubtedly the desire to make a noise!

From our babyhood upwards we have all experienced this desire, and given vent to it in forms more or less agreeable, whether in howls of rage or in shouts of delight. As time goes on we learn to suppress the howls of rage by dint of repeated admonitions from stern disciplinarians around us, but we must express our feelings of happiness in some way, and those amongst us are the lucky ones who find that song comes to them unconsciously. They can't help it; they must sing for the sheer delight of being alive; it need not of necessity be a tune, but sound pure and simple—perhaps only a humming-competition with the insects, but when it comes, it will be spontaneous and natural.

All over the world it is the same thing; civilised and savage nations alike are connected by this instinct of sound, though it is to be feared that they are not always mutually appreciative of each other's musical efforts! Orientals say frankly that they consider our music hideous, while we listen to theirs with amused tolerance, and do not pretend for a moment that it is pleasing to our Western ears, although it may be interesting as a curious study. All savage music is in a minor key, so to us it conveys an impression of sadness, and we miss the feeling of bubbling, irresistible joyousness which we find in so much of our Western music.

The barbaric idea of joy, on the contrary, is generally expressed by piercing yells; the keener the pleasure, the louder the yell! the "singers" not being satisfied until they are rendered speechless by the violence of their own efforts. In Borneo for instance, after a native concert, the performers lose their voices for several days, but are quite content as they are then convinced that they have pleased their audience! Our ideas of beauty may perhaps differ somewhat from these, but the singing impulse is at any rate the same, and it is interesting to note the different forms that it takes in different parts of the world. It seems literally a far cry from the grunt of a bushman in South Africa to the perfect "method" of a Jean de Reszke, but the human voice is capable of many strange things!

Carlyle says: "All deep things are song! It seems the very essence of us, song; . . . see deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it."

The human voice is of course the most purely natural of all instruments; it is God's gift, and though we may train it and improve it, we cannot alter the quality, or better still the individuality, of the original gift. Other instruments have been made of which the sound can be in the same way sustained, swelled, and diminished at will, such as the violin, flute or hautbois, but the human voice stands supreme. Which touches you the most? a perfect singer, or a perfect violinist? for the tone of a violin approaches very near to the human "timbre." It is the character in the voice that moves us; behind the perfect training and dramatic power we look for the sympathetic ring, and having found that we are satisfied.

Of course poetry plays an important part in the effect produced by good singing, as the hearer ought to be moved in two ways—by the beauty of the words as well as by the pure singing of them. The perfect blending of the two arts is what we should look for. It is as great an artistic fault to set music to words that are too great in themselves to require such assistance, as it is to fit trivial words to fine music. The want of balance destroys the effect, and leaves you wholly unsatisfied.

The ancients had a deeply-rooted belief in the civilising power of music, for Polybius, an old Greek historian, asserts positively that the Cynœtheans, an Arcadian people, thoroughly deserved all the misfortunes that came upon them, as they had cast off "the discipline and exercise of that genuine and perfect music, which is useful indeed in every state, but absolutely necessary to the people of Arcadia." He then goes on to say that though the Arcadians "may without shame or censure, disown all knowledge of every other science, they dare not on the one hand dissemble or deny that they are skilled in music, since the laws require that every one should be instructed in it; nor can they on the other hand, refuse to give some proofs of their skill when asked because such refusal would be esteemed dishonourable!"

A classic version of our proverb:

"Little birds who can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing."

Although at that time music was in such a very elementary condition, yet there are stories innumerable of the extraordinary effect that it had in calming or exciting the minds of men. We find these stories now perhaps a little difficult to believe, particularly on hearing specimens of the old Greek music, for to our ears it does not seem enlivening. The impossibility of dividing it into bars of equal length makes it all the more difficult to follow—the rhythm depending entirely on the length of the syllables instead of the syllables being arranged to fall on the right beat, as with our modern music.

Poetry and music were looked upon as almost the same art, for all the great poets were of necessity musicians, and they used to wander from place to place singing their own poems, much in the same way as did later the Skalds of Norway and the troubadours of France. One of the earliest of these poet-musicians was Olympus, who died about 700 years before Christ. He was a celebrated performer on the flute, and Aristotle says of him that his music swelled the soul with enthusiasm. His compositions, according to Dr. Burney, were of a particularly plaintive character, but he seems to have been capable of stirring up martial ardour as well, for his "Curule song" excited Alexander to such a pitch that he started up and seized his arms on hearing it.

Another musician, Terpander, is supposed to have put an end to a rebellion in Sparta by his persuasive songs. He however was a great poet as well, and the words he sang were probably more effective than the music, accompanied only as he was by his four-stringed lyre which did not allow much scope for improvisation. The Spartans were a very conservative people, for although they cared for music they could not bear any novelty to be introduced, and fined Terpander heavily when at a later date he added three more strings to the lyre, making it thereby seven-stringed. Another performer was also punished for playing with his fingers instead of with the old-fashioned "plectrum," so on the whole musicians in Sparta do not seem to have had a bed of roses.

There are many different opinions as to whether harmony was known to the Greeks or not, but as no example of their part-writing is extant, it is a question that will probably never be settled definitely. They do not at any rate appear to have had any idea of playing an accompaniment, as we know that the lyre merely played the tune in unison with the voice.

As to the mythological legends relating to the soothing power of music, their number is legion, from the well-known story of Orpheus to that of Arion. This poet was taken prisoner by pirates and ordered to commit suicide by jumping overboard. He thereupon asked leave to sing one song before he died, and taking his harp he stood in the bows of the ship, where he sang so divinely that the dolphins collected in shoals to listen to him. His song over, he kept his word and sprang into the sea, where the dolphins received him and bore him safely on their backs to dry land.

The Greeks having led the way in music as in all other matters of art, other civilised nations gradually followed their example. The Etruscans in particular seem to have been devoted to music, as intruments of various kinds are found represented on many of the old Etruscan vases, but the Romans evidently did not cultivate it much until the last days of the Republic. Burney says that they were in the habit of dancing and singing at the same time, so the consequences to the singing must have been somewhat disastrous!

As a matter of fact, although music is mentioned constantly by all ancient historians, we do not know anything of the art of solo-singing till a very much later date. Among the Hebrews, for instance, choruses were nearly always introduced into the great religious ceremonials, and we hear a good deal about those who played on the "harp, psaltery, and divers kind of instruments." But until the time of David, who was evidently himself a good musician, we do not hear much of their solo-singing. Mention is then made of "singing-men and singing-women," who on various great occasions were employed day and night; at their funerals also, women were generally hired to "weep and make a noise," a custom, by the way, that is religiously kept up to this day in the little island of Corsica, under the name of the "vocero," or impromptu lament. The singer, a professional howler, heaps bitter reproaches on the dead person for having deserted his mourning family, and then proceeds to work herself into a storm of passionate sorrow, tearing her hair out with shrieks of excitement. The Irish "wake" has, of course, the same origin.

Enough however has been said of the time when music was in such a primitive state. From the singer's point of view, history grows more interesting after it becomes possible to distinguish various performers of a more modern type, and for these we must turn to the Troubadours and Trouvères of France, and the Minnesänger of Germany.

The troubadours of the eleventh and twelfth centuries exercised very much the same profession as the old Greek Bards, as they were themselves the authors of the songs they sang, but with this difference, that they sang always in praise of love and chivalry only. A good many of their compositions are still in existence, for instance those of Taillefer, a celebrated Norman knight; of Blondel, the friend of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of Chatelain de Coucy, Thibaut, king of Navarre, Guillaume de Machau, and others besides. It sometimes happened that the troubadours took "Jongleurs" with them on their expeditions to sing their songs for them if their own voices were

not good enough. These Jongleurs, or minstrels, were expected to possess many qualifications; not only were they to be accomplished singers but they were to understand the art of making love, of carrying messages between lovers, and inventing pretty speeches and compliments to convey from one to the other!

In Germany the singers were more seriousminded. Among the greatest of the old Minnesänger were Walther von der Vogelweide, Heinrich Frauenlob and Wolfram von Eschenbach. Their fame has been handed down to us in the story of the great Sängerkrieg or music-tournament on the Wartburg, and many of their poems still remain. The celebrated Meistersinger were of later date, that is to say about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Hans Sachs, cobbler, poet and musician, was the moving spirit of this Guild, which bound itself to support all that was best in art. The old Meister were probably somewhat narrow-minded in their endeavours to keep up ancient traditions, indeed Wagner in his great opera of the Meistersinger of Nürnberg represents Hans Sachs as the only one who rises superior to this narrow-mindedness, but at least the dignity of the craft was always upheld and the true German spirit maintained.

With the growth of music arose now the necessity for trained voices to interpret it, for before the seventeenth century there was no demand for what we understand by vocalisation. There is no doubt that we owe the great development of the art of singing to the Italians; they brought it to a very high state of perfection, and in the next paper we shall be able to trace how this came about.

(*To be concluded.*)

FROM THE MINE TO THE MINT.

PART I.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled."
Hood.

It may be that many of you, whose work takes you daily to the City, have noticed occasionally heavy waggons and carriers' carts guarded by stout porters passing to and fro between Tower Hill and Threadneedle Street.

If you could look inside those on their way to Tower Hill, you would think that some great institution was about to have a grand washing-day, and had ordered tons of bars of bright yellow soap for the purpose; but what to you would appear bars of soap, are in reality bars or ingots of gold, each one about four hundred ounces in weight, and worth about £1600.

If you remember, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street some ten years ago took you into her circular cellar and showed you her stores of ingots arranged on trucks round the vault just as we are accustomed to see bars of soap in shops. She explained to you that the bars on each truck were worth £80,000, and that the value of all the trucks was about £21,000,000. No wonder the door was locked upon us, and a guard appointed while she showed her store cupboard.

The carts coming from east to west are loaded quite differently, being full of hard cash done up in canvas bags for the use of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Each bag contains either seven hundred and one sovereigns, or fourteen hundred and two half sovereigns. The bags are only half filled in order that the empty half may be folded over and over, making it in shape and appearance like a quartern of flour bought at the baker's. Forty of these bags of gold form one package, and is called a tier. The business transactions and friendly relation between the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and the "Old Man of the Mint" are of the most intimate character; the latter is her most obedient servant, and is ever on the alert to keep her well supplied with pocket-money as well as to preserve her credit and honour in the eyes of the world.

The formation of a subway between the Bank of England and the Royal Mint has been suggested as of great importance to the two friends; but though we have many talented men among us capable of such a grand engineering work, the cost would be so enormous that it is hardly likely there will be a subway in our day.

For the origin of the bars or ingots of gold which the carts are carrying to Tower Hill, we must go to the African and Australian goldfields, where fortunate diggers or washers having found the precious metal in the shape of nuggets, sand or dust, sell it to agents in the nearest market. The majority of it is then offered to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, who is a very large buyer in the bullion market. Her long years of experience, however, have made her very cautious; she will not buy "a pig in a poke;" on the contrary, she will not purchase an ounce until specimens have been sent to her for the purpose of assaying or testing it. She is right to be thus particular, for recently there came to her establishment six handkerchiefs full of what ought to have been gold, but which really was lead; the exchange had evidently been made on its journey from "the mine to the Mint."

She employs two firms of refiners to melt down and mould into ingots all the rich materials she buys, and when this is done the precious metal is returned to the Bank, and deposited in the circular vault till the Old Lady requires its conversion into sovereigns and half sovereigns.

On receiving intimation of this desire, the "Old Man of the Mint" at once makes preparation for the reception of the ingots, and the waggons are set in motion for their conveyance to Tower Hill, whither we will follow.

The Royal Mint has been quaintly described by one * who was employed in it for more than thirty years as "a Metropolitan lion, whose habits the general public know little of, whose daily food is metal, precious or otherwise, and whose appetite is so insatiable that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is the only caterer able to satisfy his cravings and tastes." He does not think it worth while to open his mouth for less than £10,000 worth of gold, and is better pleased when the sum is larger.

Although the Mint has occupied the same site since 1810, few people living in the West End of London know its exact situation, probably because it stands due east of the Metropolis, and is isolated from all other Government offices. As a proof of its whereabouts being but little known, it is related that when the late Prince Consort, with his two eldest sons, visited the Mint shortly before his death, his coachman, knowing nothing of the geography of the district, lost his way, and at length drew up at the Thames Tunnel, at which mistake the Prince was greatly amused.

But although many of us even now could not point out its exact situation, we all know that its occupation is the making of money, and our reason for following the carts full of gold from Threadneedle Street is to see if possible how this is done.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is extremely business-like, and she never permits a single ingot to be placed in the cart without its number and weight marked on it; still the authorities at the Mint do not trust this entirely, but check the figures carefully by their own most delicately constructed scales, which enable them to note with minute exactness the tiniest shade of inaccuracy, and it is only due to the Old Lady to say that the occasional corrections of her figures are of the most trifling character.

The next step is to pass the ingots on to the chemist of the Royal Mint, who proves or "assays" them, and causes each to be numbered and lettered for future identification. Having passed their examination so far satisfactorily, they are transferred by truck and tramway to the melting-house. Here we will leave the ingots for a few minutes, while we look about us a little.

There are several departments and many processes through which the gold must pass on its way to the coining-press. Anything approaching carelessness or neglect in any one of these would be fatal to all, and it is the ambition of the officers in all the rooms to steer clear of faults, and "work," as they call it, "up to standard."

As the mind takes in something of the character of the wonderful work going on, and notes that some of the rooms are veritable "Tom Tiddler's ground," strewn with gold and silver, it is natural to ask how, with such masses of material and large number of workpeople coming and going daily, it is possible to avoid theft, and yet, strange as it may seem, the loss of the smallest coin or piece of metal would be at once discovered, so perfect is the organisation and superintendence. How is it done, seeing that no workman is searched when he leaves the Mint at night? It is by a balancing of the books in each department at the close of the day before any workman leaves. By this means the officer knows whether he has got back all the stuff he gave out to the hundredth part of an ounce. The weighing is conducted wholly on the decimal system, and is a safeguard against peculation, and when each officer in charge has locked up his strong room with its correct deposits, there is no need to degrade the workpeople by searching them. Most of them have been employed since boyhood, and are thoroughly well-known and respected.

It seems that only once during the last sixteen years has even an attempt been made to commit a theft, and that was in a mad moment by a boy, who had fallen into bad hands outside.

Of course the Royal Mint has not been free of accidents and even crimes, since it was transferred from the Tower to Tower Hill in 1810, as the following story, told by a late chief coiner, will show.

"One January night some years ago, an officer of the establishment had occasion to go into one of the strong rooms in the coining department. He was quite alone, and as the sentries were on duty just outside, he left the outer door open. One sentry, however, observed the officer's movements through a window, and caught sight of the bags of gold. The temptation was too strong for him, he rushed into the chamber, snatched a bag of sovereigns from the shelf, gave the official a blow which nearly stunned him, and then locked him in.

"Some time elapsed before the sentry could leave his post, and by that time the officer was missed. His muffled cries led the searchers to the room, and a few minutes later the thief was arrested with the whole of the coins, seven hundred and one in number, in his possession, and he was transferred to a very strong room in Newgate to take his trial."

EMMA BREWER.

(*To be continued.*)

* Mr. Newton.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

"Sudden the worst, turns the best to the brave."—*Browning.*



OLIVIA felt as if she were dreaming as she followed the little procession down the dark garden-path. Once she pinched her wrist slightly to assure herself that she was awake. Mrs. Crampton held the lantern, and the cook and the two maids carried the arm-chair, with jolting uneven footsteps, that brought a suppressed groan to Mr. Gaythorne's lips. As they lifted him on the couch he looked so white that Olivia thought he was going to faint, and begged the housekeeper to give him some wine; he was evidently in severe pain.

"It would be better not to touch the foot until the doctor comes," she observed. And then Mrs. Crampton looked perplexed.

"My master does not hold with doctors, ma'am. I don't remember one ever crossing the threshold since poor Miriam had typhoid fever. The foot is swelling already, and it will be a job to get the boot off. Ah, I thought so"—as Mr. Gaythorne winced and motioned her away—"he will be afraid of our touching it!"

"My husband lives just opposite—the corner house with the red lamp in Harbut Street. He is a doctor, and very clever, and I am nearly sure that he is in just now." Olivia spoke a little breathlessly and anxiously; then she bent over the old man. "If Mrs. Crampton does not know of another doctor would you mind one of the maids running across the road for Dr. Luttrell? You are suffering so much, and your foot ought to be treated at once. It is impossible for any one to know if it be only a sprain until the boot is removed. You fell so heavily that perhaps a small bone might be broken."

"Yes—send—send," returned the invalid irritably. "Clear the room, Crampton. You know that I hate to have a parcel of women round me. There is no need for you to go, madam"—with an attempt at civility as Olivia was about to withdraw at this plain speaking. "Give the lady a chair, Phoebe."

But Olivia, who had excellent tact, only smiled pleasantly, and shook her head.

"I think it will be best for me to send the doctor across, there is nothing that I can do for you until he comes."

She took the old man's hand as she spoke and pressed it gently.

"I am so sorry to leave you in such pain, but I hope you will soon be relieved. perhaps you will not mind my inquiring another day, but a stranger is only in the way to-night."

Olivia's soft well-modulated voice was full of kindly sympathy, that Mr. Gaythorne opened his weary eyes again.

"Thank you," was all he said; but he watched her keenly as she crossed the long room.

Olivia walked so quickly that she was almost out of breath when she reached her own door. The dining-room looked cold and comfortless. Martha was on her knees before the fireplace trying to revive the blackened embers with the help of the kitchen bellows, and Dr. Luttrell, with a tired face and puckered brow, was watching the proceedings somewhat impatiently. A tallow candle was guttering uncomfortably on the table.

"Is the fire out? Oh, Marcus, I am so sorry, but Martha and I will soon put things to rights. Will you go across to Galvaston House at once, please?"—and here Olivia's voice was full of suppressed excitement. "Mr. Gaythorne has slipped against the curb and hurt his foot; he is in great pain. I have been helping him, and then I said I would send you. I have left the gate open so you can just go up to the door."

Marcus listened to these details with an astonished face; then he caught up his black bag and nodded acquiescence. The tired frown left his face, and he moved away with his quiet professional step.

Olivia watched him from the doorstep. As she closed the door after him, she could have clapped her hands with sheer delight and excitement. It was her doing that Marcus had his first patient. Those foolish maids would never have thought of sending for him. Dot was awake and singing to herself in her usual chuckling fashion in the firelight, but Olivia had no time to play with her pet.

"The bellows are no good, Martha," she said quickly. "You must just fetch a bundle of sticks and a newspaper, and lay the fire again, while I light the lamp and set the table for tea; the room feels like a vault."

"There is a good fire in the kitchen, ma'am, if you want to make toast," observed Martha, rising reluctantly from her knees. "I have been ironing Miss Baby's pinafores," and Olivia, who was drawing the heavy curtain across the window, was relieved to hear this.

In another quarter of an hour the little room wore a more cheerful aspect. The sticks crackled and blazed lustily; the green-shaded lamp diffused a mellow light. The tea-tray was set and the plate of French toast was frizzling gently on a brass trivet. At the sound of her master's footstep Martha had orders to fill up the teapot and boil the eggs.

After this Olivia played with Dot, and undressed her, and then brought her in to say good-night to her father. But she waxed sleepy long before he let himself in with his latch-key.

Marcus paused on the threshold a moment as though something struck him. Olivia's face looked fair and sweet as she sat in her low chair with the sleepy child in her arms. She put back her head with a soft questioning smile as he bent down to kiss her.

"Dot is nearly asleep, but I had not the heart to put her in her cot until you had seen her; tea is quite ready, and Martha is boiling some new-laid eggs. Aunt Madge has sent you too, a pot of her home-made marmalade, because she knows how fond you are of it. Sit down and begin, I shall not be a moment," and Olivia's voice was so full of suppressed excitement, that Marcus laughed as he drew his chair to the table; he was tired and hungry, but he no longer felt impatient and depressed.

"Now tell me everything," she exclaimed when she came back. "What have you done? Was the foot very bad? Will you have to go to Galvaston House again?"

"Rather!" returned Marcus, "it is a pretty bad sprain, I can tell you. Why, I should not be surprised if Mr. Gaythorne is laid up for the next two or three weeks, he is not in good condition, and the shaking and fright have upset him. He will want good nursing and plenty of attention, as I told his housekeeper. I am going again early in the morning."

"And was he civil to you? Mrs. Crampton says he hates doctors," and Olivia's tone was a trifle anxious.

"Well, he was a bit grumpy at first, but I had my work to do, and took no notice; but when I had helped him upstairs and put him comfortable for the night, he waxed a shade more gracious and thanked me quite civilly. I fancy he is a character, and has lived so long alone that he has grown morose and unsociable. That blind hound of his followed us upstairs and would not leave him. Did you notice him, Livy?"

"Yes, and is it not a nice house, Marcus? That library is a beautiful room. All those hundreds of well-bound books, and the massive oak furniture. I had not time to notice things, but I could not help feeling how deliciously soft and warm the carpets felt to one's feet, and then those lovely rugs and skins in the hall."

"His bedroom was just as luxurious. Mr. Gaythorne is evidently a rich man, though he keeps no carriage. Mrs. Crampton told me so. He is very fond of flowers, there is a sort of conservatory on the first floor full of beautiful plants, and an alcove where he can sit and enjoy them. I could not help stopping a moment to admire them, but Mrs. Crampton did not invite me to go

in. You may depend upon it the old gentleman is a strict martinet, and rules his household with a rod of iron. Mrs. Crampton seems a good creature, but he spoke pretty sharply to her once or twice."

"But he was in such pain, Marcus."

"Yes, my dear, I know that. Oh, by-the-bye, he sent his compliments to you. 'I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Luttrell, and I trust that I shall soon have an opportunity of thanking her properly for her kind helpfulness,' There, Livy, now we shall hear no more of the Nihilist or the Roman priest."

Dr. Luttrell was in spirits, it was easy to see that.

The first patient, the first brief, the first book—aye, and the first love. What a halo remains round them!

Our first-fruits may be immature, unripe, but to us they have a goodly flavour, a subtle, sweet aroma of their own. All through his successful life Dr. Luttrell will look back to this evening, as the turning-point of his career, when he stood cold and tired watching Martha's bellows, and his wife's voice with a triumphant ring in it had called to him from the threshold.

Marcus' first piece of good luck had so absorbed them that it was some time before Olivia remembered to tell him about Aunt Madge's present. Marcus forgot to go on with his tea when he saw the little heap of coins in his wife's hand. Martha's wages, Dot's pelisse, and even the gloves and new hat trimming were all duly canvassed. When Marcus said abruptly, "Aunt Madge is a trump," his glistening eyes were eloquent enough. They had so much to discuss that it was nearly bedtime before he offered to go on with the book he was reading aloud, but after all they were neither in the mood for other people's stories.

In youth life is so interesting. No chapters of past memories, no wide experiences are so beguiling and absorbing. "Oh, we lived then." How often we hear that phrase, as the old man looks back over a long life, to the time when lad's love filled his days with sunshine.

When Marcus lay awake that night, there was no deadly coldness at his heart, no lurking demon of despondency, waiting for the small dark hours to assail him. On the contrary, hope with seraph wings fanned him blissfully. Marcus Luttrell was young but he was no coward. For two years he had waited patiently until the tide should turn. "Wait till the clouds roll by," he used to say cheerily, but only his wife guessed how he was really losing heart, as day after day, and month after month passed and no paying patients presented themselves at the corner house at Galvaston Terrace.

Olivia was at the window the following morning with Dot in her arms. As Dr. Luttrell with his shabby black bag crossed the road, he looked back once, and Dot kissed her dimpled hand to him. Olivia, who admired her husband with all her honest girlish heart, watched eagerly until the slight, well-built figure passed between the stone lions.

"If he were only a little older-looking," she thought regretfully, but his smooth face and fair hair gave him a boyish look.

It was absurd of course, but she could settle to nothing until he came back, but Marcus who had a bad accident case on his mind was in too great a hurry to satisfy his wife's curiosity. "The foot was going on as well as he expected, but Mr. Gaythorne was unable to leave his bed. He was going again in the evening, and now he must be off to the model lodging-house to see if the poor fellow had pulled through the night."

Olivia had planned out her morning. She had her marketing to do, and her purchases to make. Then it was only right to go round and tell Aunt Madge of the wonderful piece of good fortune that had befallen them.

Mrs. Broderick was unfeignedly pleased. "Still, Olive," she remarked with commendable prudence, "one swallow does not make a spring."

"No, Aunt Madge, of course not, but as Marcus says, one patient brings others. Galvaston House is a big place, and when the neighbours see him going in and out, it will be a sort of testimonial, besides, I shall quote Deb's favourite proverb, 'Every mickle makes a muckle.' Now I really must go, for I want to cut out Dot's pelisse."

"And the dinner, Olive; are you sure it will go round to-day?"

Then Olivia laughed in a shame faced way.

"Yes, indeed, I have been dreadfully extravagant, and we are going to have steaks and chips because it is Marcus's favourite dish, and Martha does it so well. There is a whole pound of steak and just a little over, I saw it cut myself, and it was such good weight." And hesitating a little, "There are currant dumplings too."

"Come—this is feasting indeed!"

But Aunt Madge smiled a little sadly when she found herself alone.

"Does Olive half realise how happy she is!" she said to herself. "She is a rich woman in spite of all her poverty and cares. When one has youth and love and health and a good conscience, every day is a feast and a delight. One day Marcus will drive in his carriage and pair. He is a clever fellow and there is real grit in him, and people will find it out, they always do. And Olive will wear silk dresses, and get stout with prosperity and good living; but I doubt if she will be quite as happy as she is to-day—cutting out Dot's pelisse, and enjoying her day-dreams;" and very probably Mrs. Broderick was right. Marcus was more communicative that evening when he returned from his second visit to Galvaston House. Mr. Gaythorne was not exactly an ideal patient; he had a will and a temper of his own, and already his opinion clashed with his doctor's.

Marcus had laid great stress on perfect rest. He wished his patient to remain in bed for the next two or three days, but Mr. Gaythorne perversely refused to do anything of the kind; he would put on his dressing-gown and lie on the couch. He hated bed in the day-time—it made him nervous, and spoilt his night's sleep.

"I shall have to give in to him," went on Marcus a little irritably. "If I were in good practice I should just throw up the case. 'My good sir,' I should say, 'if you will not follow my directions it will be useless for me to prescribe for you. My professional reputation is at stake, and I cannot stand by and see you retard your cure.' Can't you fancy me saying it, Livy?"—and Marcus tossed back his wave of hair in his old boyish way.

"Yes, dear; but people will soon find out what a splendid doctor you are; and so that poor fellow in the models will recover, you think?"

"Yes, I hope so; the chances are in his favour, poor chap; it was hard lines crashing through the roof of that conservatory. If I had not been on the spot he would have bled to death before they could have got him to a hospital. You might go and see them, Livy; they are decent people. She is a pleasant, hard-working young woman, and they have two little children, and the place is as clean as possible. I told Mr. Gaythorne about them just to amuse him, but he only grunted and looked bored. By-the-way, you are right in one of your surmises—he has bought your favourite picture of the Prodigal Son. It was on a chair beside his bed, and he consulted me as to where he could have it hung. I was going to suggest over the mantelpiece, but then I saw there was a large picture there with a silk curtain over it."

"That must be his wife's picture, Marcus. How nice of him to have curtains over it."

"Very nice if we could be sure that Mr. Gaythorne has been married and had a wife," he returned a little dryly; "but I should not be surprised to find that he was an old bachelor; he is far too fussy and precise for a widower. But, my dear child, we are getting into a very gossiping way, and I must really get on with that book Aunt Madge lent us." And then Olivia consented to hold her tongue and to let him read aloud to her as usual.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.—The free-thinking individual who said the peace you had felt in believing the Gospel of our Divine Redeemer was "all imagination," dared to make a most cruel assertion, without one particle of proof. Of what value is mere assertion? At the office of the Christian Evidence Society, 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., you will obtain most valuable little books that must relieve your mind of all unchristian doubts. When you pray to the Lord Jesus, you pray to God; for "God was in Christ," "I and my Father are One," "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father," "And the Word was God; . . . and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Study the Holy Gospel according to St. John.

HELENE.—Certainly you did wrong in encouraging the attentions of a man you did not mean to marry. It was very dishonourable. Consult your mother as to what you should do. Probably she would help you out of the difficulty, or get your father to do so, by requesting him politely to discontinue writing to you, as circumstances prevented any closer connection than an ordinary acquaintance.

BEATRICE.—We are glad to hear that your brother considers the last monthly part of the "G.O.P." is "better than ever." If the drawings be those of a girl of nine years, it gives some promise for the future.

PERPLEXED ONE—No Christian, however spiritual, can lay down a hard-and-fast rule for his fellow-disciples without transgressing the law of Christ "Let no man judge you," "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Temperance should be extended into everything we do—into our healthful recreations (in which we often show more kindness to others than self-indulgence). The mind requires recreation, and when others are concerned, we must not allow (the matters of secondary importance) our religion to appear a hard taskmaster, and in any way unattractive to the young. Of course we may not "do *evil* that good may come;" far be it from us to lead you to form such an opinion.

MATILDA H. I.—Hope will not prove an agent for obtaining your wishes, but faith will "remove mountains," always provided that you ask in prayer for such things as those for which you have Scriptural warrant for asking, in the name of our Blessed Lord. You may always pray for those you love; but sometimes seeming good to ourselves in being reunited to them, or in their being brought home, may prove disastrous to one, or other, or both. We must be ready to say "Lead us and guide us; and order all for us; and give us faith to trust Thee, Thy wisdom, and Thy love in all."

HENRIETTE.—1. We are not aware that such information has been given.—2. Easter-day, twenty-nine years ago, fell on April 21, 1867.

ROSANA.—Female machinists and sempstresses will find work in all the Australian colonies; but there is a greater demand at present for those well trained in domestic service; but there appears to be no opening for shop assistants, or women unaccustomed to work at a trade. This information is up to date.

INQUISITIVE.—The device on the seal of which you send the impression is that of this very magazine—"The dove with the olive branch"—which is an emblem of peace, and the inscription is in French, *paix* (from the Latin *pax*). The origin of the idea is to be found in the history of Noah and his little messenger the dove, who brought him an evidence of the subsidence of the flood, and the removal of God's judgment, with which He had visited a guilty world.

QUEENIE.—The smell of paint may be greatly modified or removed by sprinkling some hay with a little chloride of lime, and leaving it in the room for an hour. Basins full of clean water should be placed there likewise, to attract the injurious properties in the paint.

AMY.—The use of curling-tongs is decidedly bad for the hair. While young it is not of much consequence, as the singed, dried up, and broken hair is renewed again; but this is not so in older women. The hair naturally becomes thinner and is not replaced in the same way when injured, and the natural oil not so efficiently supplied when dried up. The consequence is shown in partial baldness. Curling in soft paper is more prudent, and the curl looks more natural.

MATER.—The trick of biting the nails may be easily checked if the method of cure be commenced very early. Wet the child's fingers with quassia and let them dry. Should this fail, tie on gloves and keep them on excepting at meals. Without such assistance a child could scarcely be expected to cure itself.

CATHERINE L.—Uniform of a hospital nurse is provided. Of underclothing, supply yourself with as much as you can afford, when of a sufficient age to be eligible, which you are not till past twenty-one, even in a children's hospital. The usual age is twenty-five—very young people are liable to catch disease.

JOEY.—If your dog be twelve years old, it may be considered an elderly one; for the average age of dogs is about fifteen years. Of course there are exceptions. We have read of one that was as old as twenty-eight years at the time of death, and did not succumb from any disease.

DELTA.—A governess is not expected to give fees to the servants of a house where she is paid for her own. Guests, unpaid, if women, do not give fees to men, unless the carriage is placed at their disposal; and then she may give 2s. or 2s. 6d. to the coachman, but not if accompanied by a member of the family in whose service he is. Also the groom or other man who carries down her trunks may have a small fee. If you as a guest (not governess) employed the lady's-maid to dress you, you would have to give a certain fee, according to your age and means; but if not, the housemaid and parlour-maid alone receive fees from women.

R. S. V. P.—Your position was a most painful one. We do not know your age, but if grown-up, you might perhaps have ventured to say, "pardon my presumption in drawing your attention to the fact that you have made some mistake. Was not so-and-so? You have, I think, forgotten, etc." As we do not know the circumstances, we cannot give the suitable form of words. But it is done now, and you have asked Divine pardon for writing, by your father's desire, what was not altogether true, out of filial respect to the parent who required you to write what he dictated. Do not fret about what is past, and unwillingly done, and regretted. Pray for your parent, and yourself, and feel at peace.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 879.] OCTOBER 31, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

JAPONICA; OR, CLEVER GIRLS AND A CHARMING WOMAN.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

JAPONICA was in disgrace, very deeply so indeed, with her cousins, in a lesser degree with Aunt Elizabeth, and slightly even with Richard. She was perfectly aware of it though nothing had been said, and she accepted it meekly, conscious that although she did not really deserve it, a very bad case had been made out against her. She had of course been condemned upon Charlotte's witness (for Dorothy had been too proud to say a word), loyal Charlotte, whose very loyalty made her ready to blacken anyone who should dare to cast a slight upon Dorothy. "Poor dear Charlotte!" laughed Japonica to herself; "in spite of her boyish ways she's woman enough to blacken the woman and not the man! She doesn't choose to see that if anyone has really slighted Dorothy it's not me but Mr. Atherton!"

She could see the humour of the situation, but she was vexed nevertheless; and the worst of it was she did not know how to set the matter straight with Dorothy and Charlotte. Given the chance, she was woman of the world enough to make Philip Atherton understand her clearly. That was not the point. The point was that the episode might teach these girls to cling more strenuously than ever to their theory of "humbug," might lead them to glory triumphantly in their ruggedness and disregard of amenities, rejecting contemptuously the art of pleasing as resulting merely in the practice of tawdry tricks.

And beside the humour of it she could see the pathos. It all meant so little to her, so much to Dorothy.

"O the little more and how much it is,
And the little less, and what worlds away."

She found herself quoting Browning again. Well, so far as she could see there was nothing to be done, save to wait for what would happen next. Then she fell to wondering why Richard had returned. Was the whole question disposed of in a single sentence concerning low water and the dry season? And why was he too slightly, ever so slightly, displeased with her? What should it matter to him that she had spent the afternoon talking to Philip Atherton? He did not trouble his head so much about



"HIS FACE LIGHTED UP AT ONCE."

All rights reserved.]

the happiness of his young sisters as all that! What impression of her behaviour had been left upon his mind by Charlotte's indictment? She was startled to find herself more anxious about this than about making her peace with Dorothy.

Aunt Elizabeth had invited Philip Atherton to dinner. Richard's presence was an opportunity that made her little entertainments easier. The "Scarlet-runner" and the professor's daughter were also coming. The party would be almost the same as the one which had roamed the hills—minus Charley and plus Richard.

Japonica had just finished dressing for dinner when Aunt Elizabeth came to her room. The dear lady looked grave and a little nervous.

"You know, dear," she said, "that Mr. Atherton is coming." And then she stopped short. Japonica stood before her with an expression of amusement.

"Well, Aunt Elizabeth?" she asked.

"I want to ask you not to—not to be too charming this evening," said Aunt Elizabeth, "not to make yourself too pleasant to Mr. Atherton. It's a little hard on Dorothy, who has not had your advantages and experience. When I asked you if you couldn't do something, I didn't mean that——"

"Dear Aunt Elizabeth," replied Japonica gently, "if I had chosen to do *that*, as you call it, in your nice vague way, I know I could have done it. But I didn't choose; it wasn't that. I hope I should never stoop to anything so petty as to try and spoil an afternoon for an honest-hearted girl like Dorothy, who wears her heart upon her sleeve. But when one is bounded by a pathway no wider than this hearthrug, and a man insists and persists in walking by one's side, what is a woman to do? I don't bear poor dear Charlotte any ill-will for what she's been saying about me—it all looked very bad to her, I daresay—and I like her loyalty to Dorothy; but with a little more experience she'd have seen that I couldn't help myself, and that after the first ten minutes I was as bored and as annoyed as anyone."

"I thought it must have been something of that kind," said Aunt Elizabeth, much relieved. "How very nice you look this evening, dear!"

Richard took Japonica in to dinner, and she talked to him and listened to him, looking at him with happy, contented eyes that did not turn elsewhere. Philip Atherton might have not existed for her; and she saw that Richard was satisfied. She had made her peace with him. Only once did her ear give any heed to the talk at the other end of the table. That was when she heard Philip Atherton appraising Kate Bonham's novels. He too was an enthusiastic admirer, but he had some criticisms to make to which Dorothy listened with deference. Yet though Japonica heard with her ears she gave no sign of interest. She went on talking to Richard. It was a never-failing cause for surprise to her cousins and the friends of their choice, what Japonica and Richard could find to say to each other.

When it was time for the ladies to leave the room he was in the middle of telling her some sporting adventure.

"You must tell me the rest of that in the drawing-room," she said.

It was in the drawing-room that Philip Atherton thought his turn had come. There was a chair by the side of Japonica, and he took it with the easy manner of a man who thinks he has made an acquaintance worth improving; with the assurance of a clever man who assumes that the lady is of the kind who will find his conversation an agreeable relief. Japonica was courteous and pleasant for a brief five minutes. Richard was strolling restlessly about the room. There was no seat available on the other side of her. Suddenly she looked towards him and said—

"Won't you bring a chair and sit down comfortably and tell me the end of the story about the buffalo hunt?"

His face lighted up at once. He brought the chair and sat down facing her, and at her request began his story again. The determination of this big sportsman to keep an advantage once won, was even more baffling than the schoolboy doggedness of Charley. Atherton did not care for stories told to ladies by other men. He got up from his chair and went across to Dorothy. She had one great advantage over her charming cousin, he thought. She was not capricious. He always found her the same.

So the evening passed off well, on the whole. Aunt Elizabeth watching what went on, did not think that Dorothy and Charlotte had anything to complain of on the part of Japonica. And Japonica knew that she had set herself right in the eyes both of Aunt Elizabeth and of Richard. That was the essential. Yet her rehabilitation before her young cousins was of some importance too.

Some days went by, and though they had ceased to mark their displeasure openly in her presence, they kept her at arm's length. They would not permit her to penetrate into the inner circle of their confidence, as it was Japonica's way to achieve with most, as she had had a fair chance of achieving with these antagonistic girls before the unlucky advent of Philip Atherton. And as the days went by she desired more than ever to make them friends with her.

One afternoon she saw them coming across the lawn towards her as she was strolling in the garden. They had been into the town and had called at the post-office for letters by the second post. They were bringing a letter for her, and she went towards them to thank them.

She seemed to be alone in the garden; yet the faint odour of a cigarette might have suggested that Richard was not far off among the trees.

There was a look of excitement in the eyes of Dorothy and Charlotte as they gave Japonica the letter, something breathless in their manner, something of deep interest that had stirred them, and suggested that the breaking down of barriers was coming at last. Japonica glanced at her letter. It was addressed to Kate Bonham, and had been forwarded to her. Then she looked at the eager girls.

"We couldn't help seeing whom it was addressed to," they began apologetically. Then they blurted out, "Why do Kate Bonham's letters come to you?"

"Because I am Kate Bonham," replied Japonica smiling, "and this is from my publisher."

"You are Kate Bonham!" they exclaimed. "Ah-h!" It was a very long drawn out interjection, expressive of bewilderment and incredulity, of admiration and subjugation all mixed together. But it told Japonica that the antagonism was at an end. She held out her hands to them with a gracious gesture of appeal.

"And for the sake of Kate Bonham, won't you make friends with Japonica?" she said.

So the barriers went down with a crash, and Dorothy and Charlotte surrendered with the whole-heartedness of their honest natures.

"Yes," said Japonica, in answer to their questions, "Kate Bonham is my *nom de plume*. I adopted it just because my publisher required it, and I have kept to it ever since. I find it convenient. It would be such a bore in society to be always marked down as an authoress."

Aunt Elizabeth was calling to the girls from the window; Richard was calling Japonica from among the trees. Dorothy and Charlotte went towards the house in a turmoil of excitement, yet not sorry to escape. They were thinking shamefacedly of all the nonsense they had talked of Kate Bonham, parading a knowledge based on a paragraph in the *New Broom*. And lo! Kate Bonham was their own charming cousin—Japonica!

The dean and his wife were just leaving the drawing-room as the two eager, breathless girls entered it. Their discovery was on their lips; they could not withhold it. The dean's wife laughed. She knew Japonica well, and often met her in London.

"She is Kate Bonham? Why, to be sure she is! I thought everyone knew that. You never would have guessed she had written those books? My dear child, why not? Japonica is clever enough for anything!"

"She is a very charming lady," said the dean. "She is never guilty of ugly thoughts or of ungainly habits. I wish more of our clever ones were like her!"

When they were gone Dorothy and Charlotte pounced upon Aunt Elizabeth.

"But it is extraordinary, wonderful, isn't it, auntie?" they said.

Aunt Elizabeth had a very tender look in her eyes; her lips trembled a little nervously.

"I have something even more wonderful to tell," she said slowly. "Dear Japonica is going to be Richard's wife!"

"Japonica going to marry Richard!" The girls were so astonished that for the moment they could say nothing more. Had they heard it yesterday it would have surprised them less; but taken in connection with their new revelation concerning Japonica, it was bewildering.

Presently, when Japonica came in alone to know how they took the news, their bewilderment was fain to find expression.

"I'm glad we had made friends first," she said as they kissed her.

"But—does Richard know?" asked Charlotte.

"That I'm the author of 'Kate Bonham's' books? Oh yes—he knows," said Japonica.

"And Richard cares for nothing but sport; he never reads. He doesn't care much for society either, and you like it. It's all very odd!"

"But we just love one another—the old commonplace thing—and there's an end of it, you see!" said Japonica with a smile. Then she went on: "Listen to this; it expresses what I feel more than anything else I can say—and what you will feel, too, some day I hope.

"'There was honour and love and success,
Enough in my life and to spare,
And reason for pleasure in each, I confess;
Yet they palled in enjoyment, some more and some less,
Yet all when I came to compare.

'Tis not all to succeed. What we win
We value far less, I contend,
Than the passionate something we cherish within,
The something we toil for, and strove for—aye, sin—
And that slips from our grasp in the end!

'Tis not all to be loved. Do you know,
What we take, with no care to requite,
Tends less to the high, I am sure, than the low;
'Tis a feeding of vanity's claim that will grow,
Till we look upon love as a right.

You must love if you want to be sure
  Life can hold any meaning for you,
With the love that is passion, yet patient
  and pure,
That can sacrifice something and some-
  thing endure,
  And will ask: What great thing can
  I do?

Have you felt it that way, you have known
  The whole that all poets can teach;
The secret of life, you have made it your
  own,
As it had been uttered to you—you alone—
  In a language more subtle than speech.'"

"Who wrote those lines?" asked Dorothy in a subdued voice and with a pink flush on her cheeks.

"I did," said Japonica. "No—not Kate Bonham—but just—Japonica. They are not meant for publication."

On Japonica's wedding-day there were many who remarked to Aunt Elizabeth:—

"How very nice dear Dorothy looks! How immensely improved she is!"

And Aunt Elizabeth could only smile and nod her head.

"She seems so to me, and I'm so glad you notice it too!"

[THE END.]

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "SUMMER SPICES."

SOLUTION.

SUMMER SPICES.

The morning air is redolent of many a choice perfume,
Although my little garden is no larger than a room,
Yet every corner of the square and every patch beside
Emits a different fragrance sweet that might a blind girl guide.

The spices of the picotee and dark carnation too
Come from the border round the house where honeysuckles blew,
But these to roses red and white but recently gave place—
They love to climb in summer-time our cottage wall to grace.

Then as we gently walk towards the chestnut and the lime,
We yield to importunities of southernwood and thyme;
We kiss as well, full lovingly, the lavender and musk
And say "Good night, O briar sweet" as we retire at dusk.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

Alicia M. Brown, Fernlea, Avondale Road, S. Croydon.
Lizzie Orme, 94, Tettenhall Road, Wolverhampton.
Margaret Ure Paterson, 20, Glenville Terrace, Paisley, N.B.

Six Shillings Each.

E. Blunt, Pitsford, nr. Northampton.
Miss Cave-Browne, The Rectory, Wickham St. Paul, Halstead.
Mrs. Garforth, Spexhall Rectory, Halesworth, Suffolk.
Walter C. Jones, St. Ives, Casewick Road, West Norwood.
Louise M. McCready, Lochlin Howth, Co. Dublin.
Margaret G. Oliver, Wyndale, Corbridge-on-Tyne.
K. M. Richardson, Combe Park, Weston, Bath.
Mildred Richardson, Glentworth, Queen-Anne Terrace, Bowes Park, N.
Mrs. K. A. Scott, The Rectory, Carrigaline, Cork.
Minnie Wilkins, Westcroft, Trowbridge.

Special Mention. (*Equal with 2nd Prize Winners.*)

M. A. C. Crabb.

Very Highly Commended.

Miss Arden, Lydia Belling, Ethelwyn Berry, Dora N. Bertie, Isabel Borrow, Bell J. Bruce, H. Bullen, A. C. Carter, M. J. Champneys, Eleanor E. M. Code, H. Duncan, Dorothy F. Evans, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Emma Fox, Thomas Gale, Edith E. Grundy, M. E. Hancock, K. L. Hardy, Frederick S. Harrison, Edith L. Howse, H. N. Johnson, Isabel Klitz, Amy Lilian Law, Mrs. Mackie, Johnson Miller, A. Penruddocke, Annie Robinson, Ellen Sanger, B. Sheppard, Jenny Smedley, Isabel Snell, Hilda Sprague, Grace Stevenson, Mary M. Tanner, May Tutte, Caroline Lee Warner, G. S. Wilkins, Minnie Williamson, Mabel Wright, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Grace K. Armstrong, Ada E. Ashton, John J. Atkinson, Mary E. Bailey, Mary Birrell, K. M. Chapman, Mary I. Chislett, Leonora Clark, Rebecca Clark, J. S. Clemens, R. Corbet, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Leonard Duncan, A. E. Eastes, Clara Finch, Herbert V. French, Dora Gales, F. G. Gay, Alice E. Haskins, Rose A. Hooppell, J. Hunt, M. L. Macpherson, Annie Manderson, Mrs. Moraine, Florence M. Payne, Mrs. Annie Philps, Ellen M. Price, Beatrice Rafford, Ida Rafford, Ellen L. Roofe, Annie Saunders, George Saunders, Mrs. A. Skitter, Mrs. Crawford Smith, Lizzie Sterling, C. E. Thurger, Emily A. Tipton, T. Todd, Violet C. Todd, Florence Topham, Florence Whitlock, John R. Whyberd, Thos. F. Williams.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Acheson, Annie E. Atkinson, Sarah Ballard, Mary C. Bell, E. Benson, P. L. Benson, Mrs. Alice L. Bird, M. Bolingbroke, Marjorie Bower, E. H. Brookfield, Agnes Brown, Mildred A. Carr, Agnes B. Chettle, A. E. Chichester, Helen M. Coulthard, Millicent Crabtree, E. G. Crossman, Margaret E. Daphne, Mrs. Deane, Kate Densham, Annie K. Edwards, L. Gertrude Eglen, Miss Fleming, Maria E. French, Annie L. Gloster, Edith Gold, Bessie Gray, Mrs. Grubbe, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Emmie Holgate, Annie C. Johnson, Hilda Lidgey, A. Lucas, Mrs. Donald MacAlister, Grace Mansbridge, Jas. S. Milner, Percy L. Moore, W. Morland, John A. Morton, Annie Parrington, W. Paton, Marion Pearne, Mabel A. Pearson, Maggie Philps, Mrs. Sarah Pollock, Annie E. Potter, Sissie Poole, Emily L. Reid, Irene Reynolds, R. D. Campbell Rose, Ethel Saunders, Agnes Sidwell, E. R. Spencer, Mary E. Spencer, Isabel Stephenson, E. Swepstone, Constance Taylor, Eleanor Taylor, Ellen Thurtell, Ethel Wade, E. B. Wanton, Florence Wilton, Violet A. C. Wood, Emily Wright, Florence Eliza Wright.

F. Miller of Camden Road ought to have received a prize for "A Girl Professional" instead of Special Mention. The mistake has been rectified.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Something very little short of perfection has again been required for any of the coveted distinctions, and the difference between the best solution and the worst of those mentioned is comparatively slight. All competitors who failed to observe any of the essential details, as for instance, the *little* y in line 2 and the *dark* "and" in line 5, fails also to receive any public commendation. But when they see the correct solution they will also see, with much inward satisfaction, how near they were to success, and they will try again.

In scrutinising the very best solutions we preferred those which gave "diff'rent" instead of *different*, especially as the e was purposely left out of the puzzle; r cannot possibly represent er though n may (and often does) represent en. But we must not reveal all the secrets of the Puzzle Art; the regular readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER know quite enough already. The frequent omission of the necessary quotation marks in the last line may also be held accountable for the loss of prizes. Why will competitors imperil their chances of success in such ways?

The fruits and flowers throughout the poem were generally identified. One competitor, however, calls the *chestnut* a pumpkin, and the *lime* a marrow, while another does not "consider the strawberry nor pear well drawn." Our artist will be much pleased to know that she can draw a chestnut which does not equally well represent a strawberry.

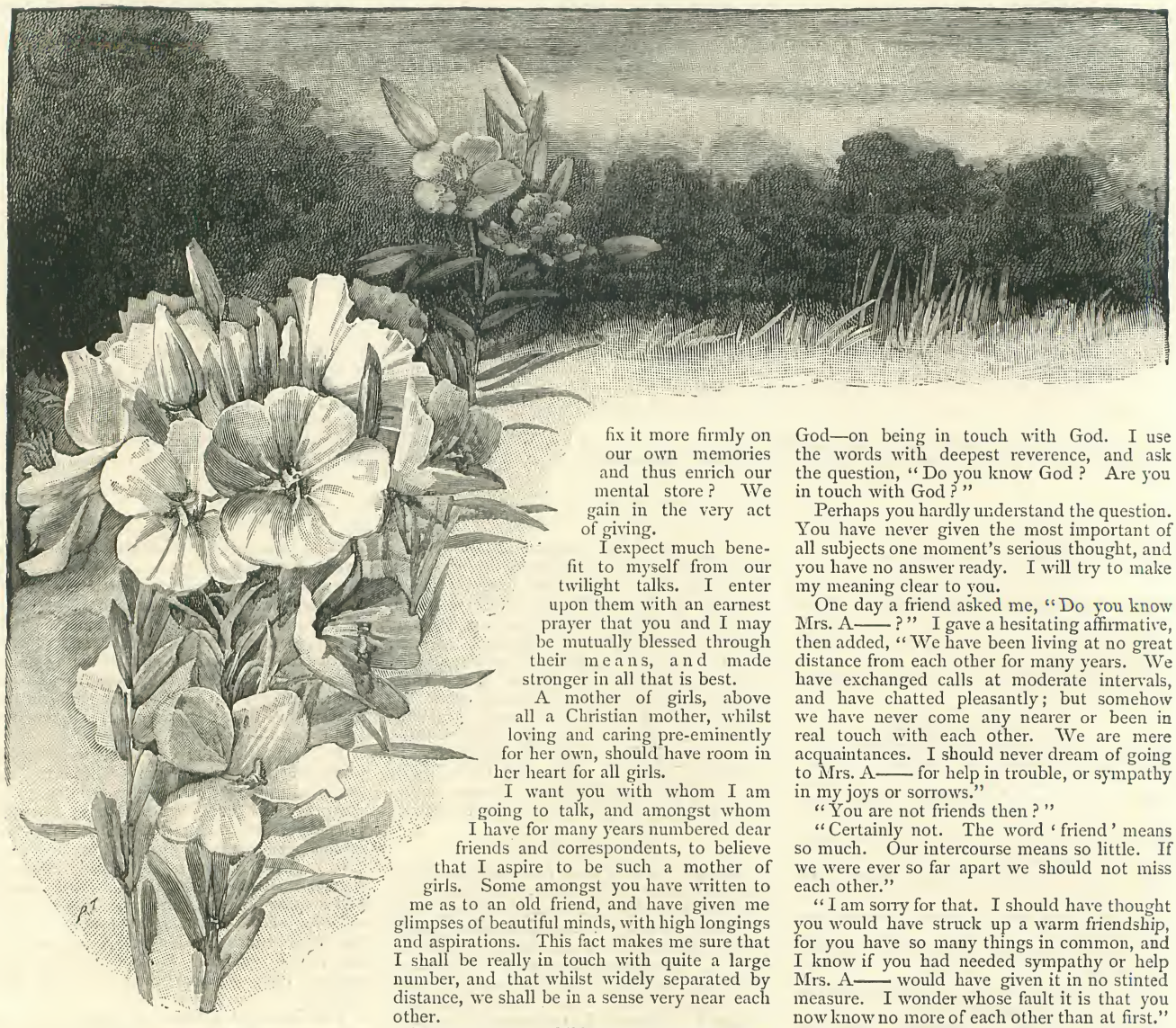
In line 11 greet was, not unnaturally, often substituted for *kiss*. But the drawing represented a kiss not a greet, whatever that may be. If greet had been intended, the greeting must have been followed by the minus sign in G.

One competitor, who has not quite grasped the hieroglyphic system yet, points out "errors" in lines 1 and 11 which do not exist. She also sends two solutions, and writes:—"You must please take the two together and give me credit for what is correct in both." Could the writer have seen us struggling with the hundreds of solutions she would have understood the impossibility of granting such a request.

Late solutions, however good the excuse for tardy arrival, cannot be admitted into the competitions.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.



I.—On Knowing God.

["And this is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God."—St. John xvii. 3.]

If there is one time more fitting than another for sweet confidences and quiet talk, surely it is the twilight hour. Work and books have been laid aside, yet we are always unwilling to shut out the light that lingers in the west, or to lose sight of the ever-changing tints which precede the darkness. We long to lengthen out the days, especially when autumn is shortening them so rapidly. So we wait and watch, half unconsciously, as one by one the stars come out and gem the great vault above us, and the last red gleam fades from the sky.

I say "we wait," because you and I, dear girls, are going to talk together in the twilight. And the talk will, I trust, be followed by meditation when we are alone, or perchance even by confidences which shall influence our lives for good.

Our lives! Yes. Who ever talks about pure and holy things to others, without being personally helped and strengthened? Does not the passing on of knowledge to others fix it more firmly on our own memories and thus enrich our mental store? We gain in the very act of giving.

I expect much benefit to myself from our twilight talks. I enter upon them with an earnest prayer that you and I may be mutually blessed through their means, and made stronger in all that is best.

A mother of girls, above all a Christian mother, whilst loving and caring pre-eminently for her own, should have room in her heart for all girls.

I want you with whom I am going to talk, and amongst whom I have for many years numbered dear friends and correspondents, to believe that I aspire to be such a mother of girls. Some amongst you have written to me as to an old friend, and have given me glimpses of beautiful minds, with high longings and aspirations. This fact makes me sure that I shall be really in touch with quite a large number, and that whilst widely separated by distance, we shall be in a sense very near each other.

When my own children were young, some of our sweetest hours were spent in twilight confidences. I used to sit for a while, by one bedside or another as circumstances permitted, and, with my hand clasped between two small ones, what confidences were exchanged!

Let each dear girl try to realise that she and I are sitting with clasped hands, as the evening shadows darken around us, yet caring little for this, whilst striving after spiritual light and guidance into the higher life. And let your prayers ascend with mine, so that we may claim the blessing promised even to the two who are agreed as to what they shall ask.

How often after speaking to girls, aye, and mothers of girls, has it been my lot to receive one who wanted just a few words with me alone. Then when we were sitting as you and I are sitting now, the words have come from quivering lips and amid falling tears, "I do so want to be good."

Very simple, childlike words these, but coming straight from a heart that is longing for a knowledge of God and for the power to love and serve Him, they are full of the best eloquence.

I want to speak to you about knowing God—on being in touch with God. I use the words with deepest reverence, and ask the question, "Do you know God? Are you in touch with God?"

Perhaps you hardly understand the question. You have never given the most important of all subjects one moment's serious thought, and you have no answer ready. I will try to make my meaning clear to you.

One day a friend asked me, "Do you know Mrs. A——?" I gave a hesitating affirmative, then added, "We have been living at no great distance from each other for many years. We have exchanged calls at moderate intervals, and have chatted pleasantly; but somehow we have never come any nearer or been in real touch with each other. We are mere acquaintances. I should never dream of going to Mrs. A—— for help in trouble, or sympathy in my joys or sorrows."

"You are not friends then?"

"Certainly not. The word 'friend' means so much. Our intercourse means so little. If we were ever so far apart we should not miss each other."

"I am sorry for that. I should have thought you would have struck up a warm friendship, for you have so many things in common, and I know if you had needed sympathy or help Mrs. A—— would have given it in no stinted measure. I wonder whose fault it is that you now know no more of each other than at first."

I did not attempt to solve the problem then; but my friend's remark set me thinking. I looked back on the long years of merest acquaintance with my neighbour which had led to nothing better. Then I began to compare our position with the kind of knowledge of God which satisfies so many of us, or at least goes on from year to year without anxiety or question on our part.

Most of us unhesitatingly own the existence of God. We should probably be very indignant if anyone doubted our *belief in Him* so far. But can we truly say, "I know God" in the best sense of all?

There are so many ways of knowing our fellow-mortals. By hearsay. By sight. By reading of their doings. In society. Slightly, or we may be just on calling terms, without having one interest in common.

All these ways of knowing are far outside the heart to heart knowledge which must be included in true friendship. It embraces the affection which delights in service; which gives of its best and yet feels the richer for giving; which trusts, and knows neither doubts nor fears, though circumstances may, at times, test our faith to the very utmost.

If after long years we get no nearer and know no more of the Friend of friends, we cannot ask ourselves "Whose fault is it?" We might reasonably do this in the case of an earthly acquaintance, and as a matter of self-examination. But there can never be any mistake as to God's willingness to receive us, to welcome us as His children and to make Himself known as our never-failing Friend and Father.

We have only to take as our own the promises, the invitations, the assurances which are scattered broadcast over the pages of the Bible, to become certain that if we have no knowledge of God, the blame rests with ourselves.

Fancy yourselves standing outside a friend's door, and whilst wishing to see her, you neither ring nor knock in order to obtain admission. You wait without using the means in your power, and at last go away unsatisfied and disappointed.

You smile at the very idea of your being guilty of such folly. And yet is not this folly a faint reflection of our conduct towards God? You do not know Him because you have never really sought Him. Yet He has said by the mouth of His dear son, Jesus Christ, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

If amongst you, dear girls, who are sitting with me in the twilight, there should be even one who is saying in her heart "I do so want to be good," the two simple texts I have repeated are exactly what you need. Commandment and promise, invitation and assurances of welcome are all contained in a few brief words—the words of One who cannot lie or fail to perform what He has pledged Himself to do.

Do you still shrink back, and lose the sweet communion with God, offered so freely, for want of using the means?

Let us gain confidence once more from our past experiences with earthly friends. Have we not often said of our neighbours, "I found them very kind when I came to know them. I thought them cold, proud, distant, even unfriendly at first. I am afraid they had the same thoughts about me; for certainly I took no trouble to meet them half way. I was really sorry for it afterwards. I felt I had lost so much, and all through my own fault." How will all such feelings of self-reproach be intensified when we once attain to a knowledge of God. We shall grieve to think how much we have lost for want of it. Believe one who has seen many years of life. There is, there can be no true happiness without knowing God as our Father, Saviour, Sanctifier.

We may ask ourselves, "Is it not presumptuous to think that we can really be in touch with God—that we can hold out a timid, trembling hand and be certain that the hand of the All-Powerful, the Maker of heaven and earth, will be extended, so to speak, to grasp it?

Let us look at one picture in the life of Jesus when He walked the earth "in the likeness of sinful flesh." He was standing nigh unto the Sea of Galilee which He had just crossed, and many people were gathered round Him to listen to His words, or perchance, in the hope of seeing some new miracle wrought by Him.

The Great Teacher was interrupted by the coming of a man who sought his help for a much-loved child. "My little daughter lieth at the point of death," he cried, "come, lay Thy hands on her and she shall live."

We are told by another Evangelist that the father cried, "My daughter is even now dead, but come and lay Thy hand upon her and she shall live," meaning, no doubt, that his child's condition was such when he left her to seek the help of this Great Physician, that he could not hope to find her alive on his return. Yet, even if the breath had actually left her frail, little body, the touch that had power to heal was, he felt confident, able to give life to the dead also.

Jesus needed no second call. At once He arose and went with the sorrowing father. His disciples followed, and the thronging crowd pushed eagerly on, determined not to be far from Jesus, lest they should miss the chance of seeing whether the father's faith in His will and power to help would be justified.

We are quite sure there were many who, in their pushing and struggling for foremost places, came in contact with Jesus. But out of all that crowd who followed as Christ went on his errand of mercy, only one poor, suffering, stricken woman came into real touch with Him. She, poor soul, had long since given up all hope of help or healing from the wisest of earthly doctors. Her money was gone in fees which had been paid in vain. Her only hope lay in this wonder-worker, in whose power to heal she had learned to believe.

She touched the border of Christ's garment, and that was enough. She found healing, blessing, all and more than she had hoped for, from the very instant of contact.

When detected, fearing and trembling, she fell at Jesus' feet, her gladdened ears caught the words of cheer which fell from His lips, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

After looking on such a picture, dare you or I doubt God's willingness to receive us, to hold communion with us, to stretch out His strong hand to clasp our weak ones, so that we may be truly in touch with Him? In touch not for the moment only, but always.

God is the friend who is always within reach of us, and never out of hearing.

Sometimes, when trouble comes, we greatly long for the presence and advice of some absent earthly friend, whose fidelity has been proved, and whose love has never failed us. We sigh and say, "Oh, if that one were near me I should have no fears. I should feel so strong."

Think, dear ones. With the certainty that God is your friend, that in His word you can find advice for every season of difficulty, strength in weakness, comfort in sorrow, guidance in perplexity, knowing that you have only to lift *up your voice, and He* will hear and answer, to stretch out your hand and He will uphold you with His; what room is there for doubts and fears?

"If I could feel like this, I should be very happy," you say. "But I feel afraid. It seems presumptuous for me to claim God as my Friend and Father, to say that I know Him and am in touch with Him. If only I could feel that the way was made smooth for me by some one! I should not dare to push myself into the presence of the Queen or of any great personage without an introduction. How much more does it seem difficult to approach the King of kings?"

Let me tell you something which happened to me lately. I met, for the first time, the brother of a girl whom I love very dearly. He had just arrived from Australia, and as we clasped hands I said—

"We shall be great friends, I am sure."

"Friends! We have been friends for years," he replied, "through my sister. She never wrote to me without naming you."

Thus did we two, the young man and the grey-haired woman, begin as friends, though we grasped hands for the first time in our lives. This is a very homely instance of the manner in which minds and hearts may be brought into communion by the mediation of a mutual friend.

You and I, dear girls, have such a Mediator to bring us into touch with God. Jesus Christ, God's dear and only Son, "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." He suffered for our sins, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." That we might not only know God, but that ours might be an ever-growing knowledge, through the help of the Holy Spirit, the Divine Comforter, given in Christ's name.

We know so little, even those of us who have long loved and followed Jesus, but if we are in earnest in wishing to know more, to imitate Christ more closely, to give ourselves more entirely to His service, we have an infallible guide and helper. Christ has said of the Holy Spirit, "He shall teach you all things."

It is time to end our talk for to-night, though the vast subject has only been touched. But our twilight confidences will only admit of this much. They are meant to set us thinking, to suggest subjects for inquiry and prayerful consideration. God grant, for Christ's sake, that they may be blessed to your souls and mine.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY LLEWELLEN and her children left Plâs Llewellen on a bright April day. As they drove through the park a painful contrast presented itself to her mind. On such a day she had first come, a joyous bride, to Plâs Llewellen. Her husband sat by her side and pointed out to her every beautiful view and favourite tree.

She recalled the hearty embrace of her father-in-law, and her husband's look of pride when he presented her to him. She thought of the happy peasantry, and long line of domestics who greeted her; and the days that were gone seemed, in the visionary world of the past, to laugh at the sad realities of the present. Father and husband dead—herself a widow, and desolate—her children about to seek a home amongst strangers.

They had passed through the lodge-gates, and received the last blessings of its inmates, when the voice of her child aroused her.

"The birds are singing very sweetly, mamma," she said. "Will they sing as sweetly at Glanheathyn?"

"Their songs do not depend on situation, my love," replied her mother with a sad smile. "They are equally beautiful everywhere."

The child put her hand in her mother's, and looked earnestly into her face.

"Then do not cry, dear mamma," she said, "for if the birds are happy at Glanheathyn, we may be happy too; for God will watch over us as He does over them. If we try to be cheerful, like the birds, our little cottage, that you told me of, may be as pleasant for us as our great house at Plâs Llewellen."

Lady Llewellen pressed her child to her heart, and prayed for a resigned and cheerful spirit, and to be made thankful for the blessings still left to her.

They had a favourable journey through a bold and beautiful line of country. The wild, mountainous scenery, pure air, and removal from objects that could awaken painful associations tended, in some degree, to raise Lady Llewellen's drooping spirits. They did not approach the place of their destination until nightfall, by which time they were very tired.

Gwenllean was half asleep when they drove down a rough, hilly road, and was aroused by a rush of waters, which her mother told her was the sea. She started with delight, and tried to gain a sight of the mighty ocean, of which she had been dreaming for months; but the evening shadows fell too thickly to allow of her distinguishing the objects around her. How her little heart beat, and how many times she said, "are we come to Glanheathyn?" At last the wheels rolled over a soft substance, which Gwenllean said was like moving in air. They were traversing the sands, and the hoarse voice of the sea made itself more distinctly audible.

Again they came upon land, and were jolted by rough stones until they almost expected an upset; but they were cheered by a "Here we are, ladies," from the driver, and the carriage finally drew up at the garden-gate of Glanheathyn Parsonage.

"Arrived safe, thank God!" exclaimed a voice at the window, and two or three flickering lights were seen to move down the gravel-walk.

Another moment and Gwenllean was in Mr. Lloyd's arms, and a hearty kiss was impressed upon her cheek; but she could not see her new friend.

"Take her in, Betto," he said, and she was transferred to the care of an old housekeeper, who speedily conveyed her to a good fire in a comfortable library, and stuffed a piece of buttered roll into her hand, that was keeping warm on an old-fashioned "cat," fastened to the fender. She was soon joined by the rest of the party, and for the first time saw the benevolent face of her mother's friend, who, with paternal affection, had saluted Lady Llewellen, and welcomed her to Glanheathyn as to her home.

When the tears, that naturally flowed at the first meeting, were dried, and when Lady Llewellen had presented her children to Mr. Lloyd, Betto, the housekeeper, conducted them upstairs, where the wrappings were thrown off, and they made themselves ready for the tea, cakes, eggs, etc., that were smoking below.

"Scarcely altered—scarcely aged," said Mr. Lloyd, as Lady Llewellen again entered the library. "I could almost fancy the good old days were back again, when you and my dear child were together, as happy as birds. But here you are in miniature," he added, stroking Gwenllean's head; "I must get young again, to play with this little one as I used to do with you."

"But where is your grandson, Mr. Lloyd?" inquired Lady Llewellen, as she seated herself and Gwenllean at the tea-table. "I long to see the Herbert of whom you have so often spoken in your letters—my dear Mary's child."

"Oh! I fancy he thinks we should rather be alone at first," replied Mr. Lloyd, "and is busying himself about the luggage. He is just like his mother, so thoughtful and considerate. But I will call him."

Now an arrival at Glanheathyn did not often take place, and the bustle, of which Master Herbert was the centre, made his grandfather's voice quite inaudible. Ever since the arrival, the assembled household and villagers had been hard at work stowing away the luggage. The disposing of twenty mail-coaches and their passengers had never been attended with more confusion, no, not even the arrival of a train.

The one man-servant, called "the boy," though as old as his master, was pouring forth a stream of Welsh guttural on one side; Mr. Lloyd's factotum, Watty, the clerk, was declaiming on the other; Betto, the housekeeper, squeaking at every spare moment, on a third; whilst Master Herbert, the only collected one of the party, was doing all the work himself. When his grandfather called him he was covered with dust and candle-grease, and begged to be allowed to make himself presentable, before he was introduced to his new friends.

"Herbert is as shy as a young girl," said Mr. Lloyd when he returned to the study; "I have been trying to teach him manners for the last two months, by way of preparation for the polishing he is to receive from you, but all to no purpose. He has never been ten miles from Glanheathyn in his life, and is quite a rustic."

In a short time a stealthy step was heard in the passage, and the door-handle moved, but no one appeared.

"There he is," exclaimed Mr. Lloyd rising, and throwing open the door where the culprit stood, blushing to the temples.

"Why, Herbert, you are creeping and lingering like a mouse, or a poltroon; you, who I thought had courage enough to face a regiment of soldiers. But stouter hearts have quailed beneath a lady's glance, so enter, Don Alonzo Ferdinand Carlos de Albuera."

"Oh, grandfather!" exclaimed the boy half reproachfully, whilst, with a firm and almost manly step, he advanced towards Lady Llewellen, who rose to meet him with an extended hand and her sweetest smile. He grasped her hand warmly, and replied to her questions with an attempt to throw off evident embarrassment, that was rather prepossessing than otherwise, whilst his fine face glowed with animation.

"Now, Sir Knight-errant," said Mr. Lloyd, trying to conceal the pride he felt when he saw Lady Llewellen's look of interest and admiration, "let me introduce to you the renowned damosel, Gwenllean, in whose service I request your first lance may be wielded. Kiss her, boy—kiss her; you need not be afraid."

Herbert, who was about fourteen years old, stooped to kiss the fair child, whose eyes were glancing timidly at him, and was soon engaged in helping her to all the dainties that the well-spread tea-table afforded. He thought her the loveliest little creature he had ever seen, as she sat on a low stool by the fire after tea was over, and the warm glow of the blaze was reflected on her glossy hair and delicate cheek; and as he glanced from her to her mother the dreams of an imagination, well-filled with poetry and romances, seemed realised, and the heroines, who had been hitherto merely ideal beings, suddenly lived in his presence.

Mr. Lloyd called her to him, took her on his knee, and stroking down her fair locks looked from her to her mother. Herbert knew that his grandfather was thinking of his mother, and the time when she dwelt, a child like Gwenllean, at Glanheathyn. He had heard much of Lady Llewellen, and being his grandfather's only companion, was let into the secret of her troubles; but this did not prevent him from keeping that grandfather up till a later hour than usual that night, and long after the wearied travellers had retired to rest, to talk of her and Gwenllean, and expatiate on their beauty and the charm of their manners. Mr. Lloyd told him that Lady Llewellen had decided upon dropping her title, and preserving a strict incognito; and therefore he requested him to address her for the future as "Mrs. Llewellen," and to keep her secret.

It was a snug, ancient-looking, dear, simple, learned room, just suited to its owner. One panelled side was filled from top to bottom with shelves, upon which lay books of every size and date. Musty old folios of the times of the Reformers, Church histories, writings of the Fathers, old chronicles, and old manuscripts. The Greek and Latin poets and historians, worn and mended, and worn again. The English poets of every age, from Chaucer and Gower to Wordsworth and Coleridge. A choice collection of French writers, and translations of the best German. Heaped together in amicable confusion, were biographies of eminent divines, statesmen, poets, and travellers; histories of all nations, works of philosophy, sermons, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, and Welsh tracts. Here rivals seemed to shake hands with one another, since authors, critics, and plagiarists all dwelt together in unity. Three hundred and sixty-five times a year would Mr. Lloyd say to his grandson, "Herbert, we must arrange these books;" but no sooner had Herbert made the attempt on one shelf, than he found its contents scattered amongst the twenty others, and he gave it up in despair. Betto was forbidden to put her meddling fingers near them. She was sure to lose the marks out of books set apart for reference, and to misplace others. It was too provoking, when puzzling out a

historical question to see Shakespeare slipped where Thucydides had been, and the Greek historian stuck upon the eighth shelf by the side of Bloomfield; or Josephus turned off his chair to walk arm-in-arm with Butler or Paley, whilst Herbert's favourites, Scott, or Campbell, or Wordsworth, usurped his seat.

Mr. Lloyd was a philanthropist in the best sense of the word. Universal love, and universal charity were his maxims, and he followed the example of his Divine Master, by working them out to their fullest extent. If his means were small, his heart was large, and his desire to benefit mankind sincere. His parishes, in which he had laboured forty years, spoke his praises. Although poverty was the lot of a great portion of his flock, the Christianity of his own conduct had influenced each individual more or less. There was none who would not have dreaded to incur his displeasure, gentle as were always his censures. Old and young alike sought his counsel; and if his purse was empty, he had ever a ready fund of generous sympathy to bestow. The old looked upon him as a brother, the young as a father and friend.

There was not a child in Glanheathyn who would not fearlessly walk by his side, and pour out its lively prattle with unhesitating confidence.

Truly beautiful were the serenity and peace of this good man. He considered cheerfulness not only to be a Christian duty, but a Christian privilege; and, although he, like the rest of mankind, had experienced many bitter household troubles, he would say, that as long as there was an inhabited and beautiful world beneath him, and a heaven, with an Omnipresent God and Saviour around and above him, he should be ungrateful indeed if he could not find present happiness in the one, and a glorious hope for the future in the other. "God is love," was the text he delighted to dwell upon; and when speaking of this soul-subduing attribute of the Deity, his countenance would brighten into more than ordinary benevolence, and his words flow with more than common force. He wondered, he said, why the cares and sorrows of this world pressed so heavily, when there was another and a better world, attainable by following the precepts of One whose very essence was love. Every one knew that the pastor of Glanheathyn had exemplified his words by his life and conversation; that he had refused rich and profitable cures in England to labour amongst the poor of his own mountains, and that he, like his Divine Master, had chosen a rugged and toilsome path that he might be of service to mankind. The learned divine, and the accomplished scholar, was the most simple-minded of men, and the most advanced of Christians.

Mr. Lloyd found in his grandson occupation, pleasure, and intense interest. Herbert Lewellen was a boy of no common talents. The labours bestowed by his grandfather upon the cultivation of his mind, had been followed by fruits that the first tutor at the University might have hailed with pleasure. His position had made him peculiar, and given him, from early childhood, ideas beyond his years. Shut out entirely from companions of his own age, and, with rare exceptions, wholly confined to the society of his grandfather, he knew few of those enjoyments which so frequently draw boys away from their studies. His labours and his recreations were alike found in books; and the library was the place he loved best. Not that his pursuits were wholly of a sedentary nature. The mountain air, the sea, and everything around him, gave vigour to his body, and elasticity to his mind. He climbed the rocks; rowed his little boat upon the ocean; galloped over the hills or sands upon his Welsh pony; visited the poor, and made himself a thousand enjoyments in the open air.

These enjoyments helped to form his character. His warm imagination, fed by solitude and study, found in nature all it desired, and he was by turns a poet and a philosopher, accordingly as her works affected his heart or understanding. At fourteen he was a man in book-lore, but an infant in worldly wisdom, and the arrival of Lady Llewellen was an era in his existence, to which he had looked forward with the timidity of a girl, and the curiosity of a young rustic.

(To be continued.)

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE DIVISION OF THE SEXES IN CHURCH.—*Last winter, during a shopping expedition, I passed a church near Oxford Circus which was lighted up for five o'clock service. I entered for a short time to pray, and knelt by the door so as not to disturb the few in the middle of the church joining in the service. However, I had not knelt for more than a minute before a verger placed his hand roughly on my shoulder and told me that I must not kneel there because it was the men's part of the church. Naturally, as no men-worshippers were in the building except the clergyman, and he some distance off, I said I could not remain more than a minute, but he insisted on my removal, and I had to leave the church with my prayer unsaid, for I was in too ruffled a frame of mind to continue it in the street. Please, Mr. Editor, tell me the origin of the separation of the sexes in church, and say if you do not think I was treated badly.*—C. P.

Undoubtedly the verger was ridiculously officious and upset the object for which a place of worship is built. Had the church been filled it would have been another matter, and you must have observed the usual custom. The division between the sexes in places of worship is a very ancient practice, and dates long before the introduction of Christianity; it was so in the synagogues, and still continues down to this day. It was probably the universal custom down to about the Reformation period, or probably even down to the time of the Commonwealth. Forty years ago it was the custom in some very old-fashioned country churches in England, it is also still common in some of the village churches in Brittany, and in many places in Bavaria (even in some of the Munich churches). We have also seen it in Belgium. In the earliest times, in the Catacombs for instance, there was a wall between the sexes. At Durham Cathedral there was a wooden screen which no woman was allowed to pass, and of course no man either. In the German cathedrals and churches the women appear to have sat down below on the floor of the nave, and the men in the galleries or the triforium, and from this practice the Germans often call the "triforium" of a church the *männerchor*. At the Cathedral of Limburg-on-the-Laku, the custom still prevails. The separation of the sexes is by no means uncommon in the Protestant churches in the north of Germany, and among the Moravians in the south; and it is also found in Italy, and in the Greek Church; so there can be no doubt that it was in ancient times the universal Christian usage. It is by no means difficult to see how it was abandoned; what led to the disuse of this practice was undoubtedly the "pew-system." Directly a man was allowed to become the proprietor of a pew, he, his wife, sons and daughters sat in it, and quite a new method of attending church services came into vogue. We may trace the pew-system to a time prior to the Reformation. When wealthy families established chantries in churches, they had the right to sit in those chantries, and of course the descendants of the founder sat in it together, and it became their "family pew," which right remained after the Reformation. But there are extant several decrees insisting that these "pews" should not be allowed to have a "canopy" over them, because it was thought that it formed an undue distinction; and one decree declares that a canopy is only allowed over the throne of a bishop; there were however continual disputes over the matter, and precedent was claimed and sometimes allowed. Now much has been said against the "pew-system," and no doubt it has led to great abuses, but there are one or two arguments in its favour which have been overlooked. There can, for instance, be no doubt that the congregation of any given church, its supporters, and the regular inhabitants of the district, ought to have a right to seats before the strangers or visitors from some other district, and they should not be thrust out of the places they usually occupy by any stray visitor who comes from elsewhere. Then it must be urged that there is something edifying and valuable in a family of sons and daughters all attending religious worship in company with their parents, the sons under the eyes of the father and the daughters under those of the mother; and also the servants who ought to occupy the same pew as the master and the mistress. The idea of a Christian household all uniting in one great act of prayer and praise is a very right and proper one, yet one does not see how this can be carried out without pews or appropriated seats. Each system has its advantages, and each its disadvantages, and it is difficult to say which is the better and which the worse; but directly you have seats in churches the difficulty will arise. In Spain there are no seats in the churches, and any one who wants a seat has to take one with him; as a rule the men don't sit down during the services, but the ladies generally carry little camp-stools with them. In Paris and the large French towns, the churches are unprovided with benches, but the right to provide chairs to the worshippers is let out, and you take your chair just as you would in a London park. As to why the Church in early times adopted the practice of separating the sexes, probably it was to avoid the chances of anything like flirtation or assignations being made in church.

THE DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE middle of October appears to be the time for most people to return to London, and thus this period may also be said to mark the beginning of the autumn and winter seasons, which, at least the former, is always so enjoyable to the Londoner. For town, after the country, looks dry and warm, and if the leaves in our squares and parks be falling, we find the pavements dry, and we lose that sad sense of decaying and dying which makes the autumn so depressing in the country.

It is always a comfort to know that we need not be hurried too in our choice of garments for the winter, for the weather is not quite cold enough (usually) to require great warmth, and so we can study the shop-windows at our leisure, and make our minds up slowly, bearing in mind the length of our several purses and the state of our wardrobes. In the spring it is not the same. We seem to be always obliged to make haste, and most of our well-dressed women and girls have their dresses made by the middle of April, and have begun to study them in the middle of March. Purchases must be made early, and the buyer should remember that nothing is ever repeated; and if we do not purchase enough, we can never hope to match our material in the dim and distant future.

The first thing that one naturally turns to is the millinery departments, and here we find that the autumn hats and bonnets have been in decidedly good taste and harmonious colourings. Fruits have been much used for their decoration, and these have often been wonderful imitations of the real thing. The coloured nets, too, are beautiful, and look very pretty on the autumn hats. They give an effect of extreme lightness, and are most becoming to everyone. The newest idea for the late autumn and winter bonnets and hats is, however, to use three shades of velvet for their decoration, or three different tones of colour, such, for instance, as black, grey, and lemon-yellow; blue, grey, and green; and rose, amber, and black. The tips of ostrich feathers used are of the three tones, i.e., cornflower, blue, and crimson; poppy-red and black, and green and red seem also to be fashionable combinations. Bonnets decidedly increase in size, and more hair is worn (whether natural or purchased one does not inquire). Toques are smaller in Paris, and will be as popular as ever, which is a good thing, considering how becoming they are to most faces, and how easily they are made by the clever-fingered and tasteful at home. The materials for them should be good, for they never look well if made of too cheap and common things. Some remarkable felt hats have appeared, and the brims are of that soft and pliable order that can be turned into any imaginable shape; the surfaces are either soft and silky, or they are rough and loose in texture. They are of many colours, both plain and shot.



AUTUMN COSTUME—DRESS WITH NEW SLEEVES AND TRIMMED SKIRT.

It seems to be the universal opinion that green will be the most popular hue for the late autumn, and as I have always noticed when green is in fashion, braiding is sure to be in fashion too. I wonder if it has anything to do with the braiding on the coats of the Rifles, for one may, perhaps, be suggested by the other. I have already said that red and green are much worn together in hats, and so are green and black, but the ever-popular blue serge for dresses does not suffer in the least degree, apparently. There has been quite a revival of the liking for "accordion pleating," which now appears in all colours, in silk or satin, on both bonnets and hats, and it does not have the top-heavy effect one might have expected. I am shocked to see that the popularity of the bird of paradise plumes still continues. It is quite useless to say that those one sees are artificial, for I am told, by good authorities, that they are not so in their opinion. Perhaps the low-priced articles may be so. How much I wish that our girls and women would set their faces against such cruelty to God's creatures.

The popularity of the cape, especially when it takes the form of the sensible and useful kind, yclept "golf," seems unabated. The tiny capes of summer have quite departed, and are replaced by others for travelling and autumn use, which are far larger, and fall as much as twelve inches below the waist. The reversible tweeds, of Scotch origin, which are now shown amongst the new season's goods, are especially pretty; and one of the new capes is trimmed in quite an original style, with strappings or bands of the material on the lining side. Thus, for instance, if the outside be of dark blue and the inside lining a tartan of blue and green, with a yellow or red line in it, the strappings of this would have a very good effect, better, I think, than those of a more gaudy tartan. With a blue gown, the golf cape should be chosen to match it, if possible; and this winter, when green is to be so much in fashion,

we shall do well to select a tone of green that will go well with dark blue, as our dress will then be made much more easy of management. We can do this easily, by noticing the blues and greens of one of the Scotch tartans, which are always well toned, and harmonious in hue. Green is a colour that seems to suit either dark or fair skins, and can be made even more becoming by the addition of blue.

All the special features of our dresses are steadily moderating in importance. Sleeves are smaller and more elegant; basques are shorter, and far less full; and our skirts are abbreviated both as to length and width. For the winter season we shall find that tight-fitting bodices, and small, trimly-fitting coats will be the selection of all the well-dressed people; but we find that there are already many French models of indoor gowns, in which the wide corselet band forms a very effective part. The corselet is peculiarly suited to the slight figures of young women and girls; and the fulness into which the neck portion is divided, adds to the apparent size of a very thin figure. The corselet belt is seen at its best in our illustration this month, of "a bodice with corselet band." This pretty bodice was drawn from an original one, made-up by an English house, after a French model. The material was a brown poplin, trimmed with bands of a darker brown velvet, and edged with silver *passementerie*, or braid. The buttons on the front of the shoulders are of brown and silver, and the corselet itself is of brown velvet. The sleeves are of the new butterfly shape, raised to the centre of the top of the arm; and finished there by a button. similar to those on the front of the shoulders, The bands on the sleeves, below the elbow, are being much worn in that way in Paris.

The autumn cape we have selected as our paper pattern, as it is simple, stylish and withal easily made. It is of tweed, the edge finished by two rows of velvet with an edge of white silk.

"The two new waterproofs" are copies of those of the very latest fashion, and are both very convenient shapes. The one with the yoke is most comfortable, and gives ample space for the arms; and underneath it the dress can be raised up and held without the holder being in any way exposed to the rain. It is of very light material, while the other is made of a waterproof serge, and is rather heavier, and better suited for winter wear. The cape of it is lined with a dark grey silk, and an edging of velvet goes round it. There are no sleeves underneath the cape, thus the arms are not in any way trammelled, while they are protected from the rain.

The "Autumn Costume" illustrated is a French one. It is made of an extremely fine blue diagonal serge, the white bands and *revers* being of white corded silk, and the straps are finished by a tiny gold button on each side. The under vest is of white lace and a *chiffon* ruffle, edged with lace, finishes the neck. The "dress with the new sleeves" has the skirt trimmed in a new way, i.e., with bands of braid crossed at the corners, as illustrated. The braid extends for about a yard only, along the edge of the skirt; not all the way round. The sleeves are coat-sleeves, with the fulness put on in the shape of a square wing-like piece, which shows the silk lining in the picture. The material of this dress is serge, and the bands might be of velvet, instead of wide braid. The colour was a dark shade of heliotrope, and the soft finish of the material made it look like cloth. Some of the new serges have this effect, and it makes them look more dressy and fit for afternoon wear.

And now I must gather together a few notes of new styles in apparel for the benefit of my readers. For all smart occasions, black satin continues to be the most fashionable material, and the same is said, in Paris, of plain black silk, which will be trimmed with lace, *chiffon*, and satin tabs. Lace is worn on everything, from dresses and bonnets, to mantles and capes. The favourite colour is cream, and the favourite laces are of English make. I notice that in Paris tucks are apparently going to find a place once more amongst our decorations. Of course, we have grown somewhat used to seeing them on our blouses, and the fronts and sleeves of our bodices; but I cannot believe that we, in England, shall ever grow again into fancying the introduction of tucks on our frocks. It sounds delightfully young and infantile, even to talk of tucks again on our full-grown frocks!

In spite of all the prophecies to the contrary, capes are being prepared quite as much for the autumn and winter season as they were for that of the past summer. This is probably owing to the fact that our sleeves, though much decreased in size, have not yet attained to absolute insignificance; and so long as they are at all puffed, we cannot use a tight jacket with any degree of comfort. So it is better to face the fact, and some of us will be very much relieved to think that our last winter's cape will not look *outré* when we don it again for the season of 1896–97. So we have selected the most novel form of cape that we could find of a very simple kind, useful for travelling and generally rough wear. It may be made of reversible tweed, or cloth,



TWO NEW WATERPROOFS.

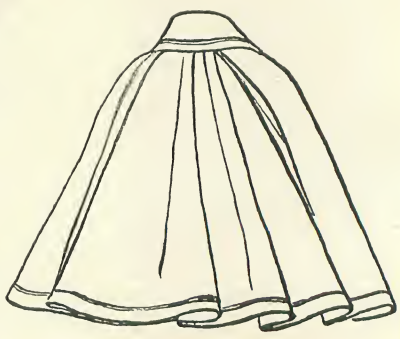


BODICE WITH CORSELET BAND, AND AUTUMN CAPE.

or of serge, and may be edged or not as required. It has a seam up the back, and so has the silk lining. The collar has one also, and is of a simple round shape. It is twenty-four inches long, and might be cut from a yard and a half of double-width, or three yards of single-width material. It should be lined with silk, if not made of reversible tweed or cloth.

The object aimed at is use, not fashion. "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home. Amongst the new hygienic and other patterns of under and external wear, for children and adults, the following can be supplied:—Nightgown, drawers, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat, gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjamas, emancipation bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, dress drawers, dressing jacket and gown, Canadian blanket dressing gown, child's combination, overall dress, old ladies' mantle, Norfolk blouse, plain dress bodice of cotton or woollen material, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary wear, under petticoat, knickerbockers, golf cape, flannelette over night-dress, new skirt, Eton jacket, crossover bodice, divided skirt as knickers, velvet muff, new shape of drawers, nightingale wrap, Louis XIV. jacket, sacque jacket, and autumn cape.

All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.



THE NEW CAPE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

VARIETIES.

HELPING THE POOR.—Not till you make people self-reliant, intelligent, and fond of struggle—fonder of struggle than of help—not till then have you relieved poverty.

DON'T HURRY.—A vast amount of labour is lost in this world by people being in haste. They go at an undertaking without any previous reflection how best to accomplish the purpose in hand.

SEEN FROM THE MOON.—On the moon, the earth appears to be sixty-four times larger than the sun does to the residents of our globe.

NO SHIP TO COME HOME.—In many instances, the girl who spends her days waiting for her ship to come in, wastes her time, because she originally omitted to send any ship out.

IN THE SHADOW OF TROUBLE.—The shadow of a trouble is generally blacker than the trouble itself.

OVERHEARD ON A RHINE STEAMER.

Mother: "Just look, Helen, at those magnificent ruins!"

Helen: "I wonder why, in the old times, they built ruins instead of proper castles?"

MY DAILY ROUND.

A COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



It is not possible to overrate the interest felt by all classes of society in these competitions for hand workers, or, as one girl quaintly calls it, *hard* workers, and the reason is not far to seek.

The "daily round" of these hundreds of brave courageous girls comes as a revelation to those who, having the good things of life, have no need to work with their hands, it illustrates the ennobling results of enduring hardness, and sows the seed of good deeds; it comes as a help and encouragement to those who have lost heart in the battle of life; it acts as a stimulant to those who are standing shoulder to shoulder in the struggle; and it is a lesson to every one in whatever rank they may be to see what these handworkers get through cheerfully in their twelve or sixteen hours of daily toil.

Every line of the 390 papers just sent in has been read by us with all-engrossing interest. The quiet unostentatious way in which each writer has put before us her daily life, with its struggles, its pains, its pleasures, its self-denials, its aspirations, makes us feel that such lives spent in our midst must influence for good every class with which they come in contact, be they high in the scale or low down, and consequently the world is the better for them.

Studying these "human documents" we see the lives of our working girls and their influence as clearly as though we lived with them. In all these papers written by weavers, teachers, needlewomen, artists, shop-girls, home-workers, farm-labourers, domestic servants, tailors, laundresses and others there is not a vulgar phrase or envious thought, scarcely an expression of discontent, and the only painful part of the whole competition is the selection from these for prizes and Honourable Mention; all are so good and conscientiously written that it is with the utmost difficulty we make selection. We go over them again and again that we may be sure we are correct. Many a good paper has to be set on one side because the writer has forgotten the rules of the competition; for example, one admirable description of farm-life in Scotland ran into three full sheets of foolscap and had reluctantly to be put out. In another, the writer instead of confining herself to her special daily round took up that of her sister's, which she thought more interesting than her own, and although it was beautifully written could not therefore be accepted.

We should naturally think that the twelve or fourteen hours of compulsory daily toil would be quite enough and even more than enough to satisfy these girls, but if you could read all their papers you would find their evenings as busy as their days. After their evening meal some go off to an evening class and teach dressmaking to poor girls, others to various polytechnics to study languages, science or music. Most of them make their own clothes, some of them have bedridden parents and devote their leisure in reading aloud to them and in making them comfortable; while the majority of them are Sunday-school teachers and members of the church or chapel choirs. If any of their fellow-workers are ill the evenings are spent in visiting them.

This description of our competitors' method of spending their leisure is not confined to those at home, but applies equally to those who earn their daily bread in our far-away Colonies.

It seems to us that these Competitions are doing good service in that they enable us to see and appreciate the daily lives of those girls who work with their hands.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize (£5 5s.).

"Edelweiss," Locomotive-Tracer, Gorton, nr. Manchester.

Second Prize (£4 4s.).

"Pansy," Pottery-Painter, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent.

Third Prize (£3 3s.).

"Lily of the Valley," Shirt-Maker, Dalston.

Fourth Prize (£2 2s.).

"Primrose," Lace-Maker, Branscombe, near Axminster, Devon.

Fifth Prize (£1 1s.).

"Begonia," General Servant, Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings.

Honourable Mention.

Nellie Jessiman, Assistant in Shoe Shop, Aberdeenshire.
Mary Ann E. Cue, Dressmaker, Poplar, St. Leonard's Road.
Eleanor White, General Servant, Slough, Bucks.
Mary E. Broadbent, Weaver, Sowerby, York.
Amy Burchett, Farmer, Gippesland, Victoria, Australia.
Kate A. Barnes, Book-Folder, Oxford.
Mary Slade, Parlour-Maid, Asylum Road, King's Langley.
Margaret Isabella Hay, in Publisher's Office, Hamilton, N.B.
Florence Gregson, Maker of Athletic Goods, Ossett, York.
Susan Barrowman, Farmer, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright.
Edith Holt, Housemaid, Kentish Town.
Helen Smith Thomson, on a Farm in the Bush, Murmangee, Victoria, Australia.
Janet Joycey, Collar-Maker, Lewisham.
Annie Jones, Compositor, Haberton Road, London.
"Orange Blossom," Nursery Governess, Ceylon.
Ellen Knight, Shoe Girl, Wellingborough.
L. Plaskett, Confectioner, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire.
M. F. Letts, General Servant, West Norwood.
Edith Williams, Dentist's Assistant, Walthamstow.
Hannah Maria Booth, Calico Weaver, Hayfield.
Eleanor Hare, Weaver, Blackburn.
Nellie Trafford, Silk Weaver, Macclesfield.
M. A. Anderson, Crofter's Daughter, Woodhead, Aberdeen.
Laura Bonden, Home Worker, Guernsey.
M. J. Taylor, Fur Tailoress, Lancashire.
M. J. Whiteside, Straw-Hat Cleaner, Clithero, Lancashire.
"Lilies of the Valley," Mantlemaker, Islington.
Florence Emily Parish, Lodging-House Maid, King's Road, Chelsea.
E. Beauchamp, Shirt Finisher, Pentonville.
"Marguerite," Shop-Girl, Great Homer Street, Liverpool.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY (£5 5s.)

MY DAILY ROUND.*

Among the vast amount of useful work, begun, suggested, and carried out by the late Miss Emily Faithful; was the suggestion, some few years ago, to a friend; of the employment, in his large Engineering establishment, of females, to do the work of tracing the Locomotive and other drawings passing through his hands. Undismayed by the example of a large firm, at no great distance from his own, who had tried the experiment, and failed; this gentleman built, in the new Offices, which he was then in the course of erecting, a commodious office, cloak room, etc., for the sole use of a few female tracers; and determined to give the idea a fair and patient trial. The practical carrying out of the notion, might have proved as great a failure as the one mentioned above, but for the painstaking care of one of the draughtsmen; to whom the young girls were given in charge; and who tutored, and looked after them. to such purpose, that the idea became a fact accomplished in a very short time: for which I, for one, have cause to be devoutly thankful, as I am one of the aforementioned tracers employed by the Firm in question.

The Office in which we follow this employment—there are not a dozen of us, all told:—is, I am glad to say, a lofty, airy, and well-lighted room; so that we do not work under the unhealthy conditions, which are the,—often unavoidable—accompaniments of so many trades, in these feverish and busy days; nor do we breathe the vitiated atmosphere, in which so many of our bonny English, Scotch, and Irish girls pass the greater part of their lives. We are paid by the hour; and our salaries commence at ten, and rise to fifteen shillings weekly. We commence work at 45 minutes past 8; and continue till 12.45; when we separate for dinner. Those who like, can stay to take this meal in the office, if they prefer it; for, thanks to the kind thought of our employer, we are the rich possessors of an oven and grate, and, beautiful to say, of a nice little tin kettle, and pan; in which we can warm or infuse anything; and have a few cups and saucers, plates, etc, in a cosy cupboard in the corner. We return from dinner at 2.15; so that we have an hour and a half for our mid-day meal; a privilege for which I must say, I think we work all the better. At 5.15. we give up business for the day; our hours being timed so that we do not come or go with the draughtsmen, or the men; of whom, in busy times, the firm employs about 2000.

Our work, which is brought to our department from the drawing offices by one of the

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.

younger boys, or, on rare occasions by the foreman draughtsman himself; mainly consists in tracing, through transparent cloth, with instruments, with which our employer provides us; the drawings of the draughtsmen, or the architect; which we afterwards colour: using for the various metals, etc.,—a mixture of Indigo or Prussian Blue, and Crimson Lake, to represent the steel: Indian Yellow, with a little Crimson Lake, for the brass: Crimson Lake, and a little Indian Yellow, for copper: Neutral Tint, for cast iron: Prussian Blue, or Indigo, for wrought iron: Burnt Sienna, and a little Indian Ink, for wood: Burnt Sienna, a little Indian Ink, and Indigo, for fire brick: and etc. The drawings given to us, do not always have to be made a straightforward copy of, but we have at times to put in alterations, and afterthoughts; or to make one tracing from two, three, or more drawings; as different orders may require. Also, in some cases, such as the copying of maps; specially wanted plates etc. from the Engineering Press; or small diagrams, the work is done partly or wholly by hand. And sometimes again, when the work is fine, or is an ill-taken Photograph from some other firm; the aid of a magnifying glass is needed. Our firm, in addition to Tracings, supplies Photographs to those who like the latter better than the former. In case of this, the ink having been first mixed with a little Indian Yellow; a tracing is made, minus the colour; photographed in the Photographic room; and then the photographs thus made, one, two, or three, of each tracing, as the case may be, brought down into our Office by one of the boys, to be coloured by us. If the Photographs have not taken nicely, it is also our duty to fill in the parts wanting; (which we do by drawing in the lines with a mixture of Prussian Blue:) and to leave them in a finished condition, ready to be forwarded to their destination; to which both they, and the Tracings are sent, fastened together, book fashion, and carefully packed inside a wooden box. If there are any red lines, on our drawing requiring to be photographed; (red lines are often shown to represent the bulk of anything, before it goes through that process known to the initiated as "Finishing"; or in other instances, the differently formed portions of a right and left-handed rod,—or anything of which there is one on each side of the Engine, and where one drawing represents both.) These red lines must be copied by us, from the drawing, on to the Photograph, as the sun refuses to do that part of our business for us. The kind of Photographs made by our firm, are those having blue lines on a white ground, which are, it is difficult perhaps to say why, much plainer to see than those which consist of white lines on a blue ground.

We supply our own men with tracings for use in the shops; and one Set of Tracings, or Photographs,—or in some cases two or more, —accompany all the Engines sent out from the Locomotive department of the Works. These represent different parts and sections of the Engine; and are drawn, some the full size of the object represented, and some in 3 inch, or 1½ inch scale: in the former, as I don't think I need tell you, 3 inches signify a foot; in the latter, 1½ inches represent the same. I cannot tell you exactly how long it takes us to complete a set of tracings for one Engine, as we are at work on so many at one time. As a rule, the "General Drawing" of the interior and fittings of the Loco, takes one person from three days, to a week, to complete; according to the fulness of detail given, and the manner in which it is coloured. The smaller drawings take to trace, from that length of time, to about, perhaps, an hour. It is impossible to give the precise time taken by each, as drawings of the same thing vary so much, but last year, we sent out of the office upwards of 2000 tracings, without counting the photographs; working about five weeks overtime, during that period.

I used to think, when I was younger, that Locomotives were generally made of one design and pattern, for a few years together, at all events;—but now—well! I know different. One finds the continually recurring alterations and variations in interior detail, are simply legion. This Wheeled Mercury, that carries so many of her busy children, to and fro, on the bosom of Ma Earth, is a strange thing in its way. The dear little creature costs a small matter of from two to three thousand pounds; and weighs the paltry trifle of from 38 to 50 tons; according to whether it is a sturdy-looking luggage drawer, or a mere playful little passenger engine. Here I must not let myself be really misunderstood. Strange to say, it is the (to my mind) lighter looking Passenger Engine, which often weighs the heavier of the two. Those in use at present, in the Mersey Tunnel, weighing, I am told, when standing fully equiped for service, 80 tons. Our flame-breathing acquaintance, sometimes carries as much as 3250 gallons of water in his Tender, if he possesses one; or about 1000 gallons if he is a Tank Engine, and bears his own supplies. This he will use, at the rate of, say, 8000 gallons per 200 miles, as he speeds us along. He also, during the same distance, in his busy process of converting each cubic inch of water into a cubic foot of steam,—and so, by the sheer force of expansion ploughing his way onward; gobbles up, monster like, 4 tons of coal. He is supposed to last, without repairs, from eighteen months, to two years, or thereabouts, and from fifteen to twenty years afterwards, according to the distances he is destined to cover. This familiar Monster of the Iron Road, the dear old "Puffing Billy" of our childhood's early recollections, has also a grotesque reflection of the Human about him. There is something *Eccentric*, as well as wonderful, in his anatomy. He wears *Clothing;* (with a *Pocket* in it, too.) He is also possessed of *Stays;* vain creature! and carries *Rings, Collars, Studs, Links*, and such like gew-gaws. Like the dandies of old, he moves along in *Breeches*, and *Buckles;* wears *Braces;* possesses a choice variety of *Pipes, Smokes* industriously; and, as is perhaps not surprising, after the announcement of such ways and habits, is often seen in the company of a *Bogie*. He has his individual characteristics, and his moods, like,—there! I had almost said, like any creature of the female sex,—as if *we* stood alone in moods, and whimsicallaties, and such like things; I think our brothers have their fair proportion, and frequently don't know it. But, in real earnestness, that reminds me; it is a curious thing, that no two Engines made, however exactly, to the same pattern, behave themselves alike under the hands of the driver, or show the same characteristics. Time, place, and circumstance; and, yes, even the characters, and moods of the workmen, through whose hands it passes—who knows—may have something to do with it. At all events, they say the thing is so; and it struck me as curious; for they do say, too, that nothing we ever touch, is left quite the same as we found it, and that our character, and present state of temper, influences the very air we breathe.

But enough of "they say"s. Now let us turn to the "we do,"s and the "we are"s. To begin with; we are, then, at our house, a small family quartette; consisting of a father and mother, advanced in years; one elder sister whose sphere of duty lies in the Home-Castle; and myself;—though, as Wordsworth would have put it, we are really eight, all told. —So much for home matters. Now to the work-a-day world once more.

I will just take one "daily round" for a sample of all the others; choosing a time when we are for the most part busy with the smaller drawings; and after that I will take —my leave of you, dear Editor. First of all then; I rise in good time, to avoid all hurry and flutter; and, it being a rather doubtful looking morning, arm myself with my *parapluie* and sally forth. I reach the office at about 8.35. Having popped my umbrella in the stand, just inside the door of the cloak room; taken off my hat, cape, &c., and put on my apron and half sleeves, for which a wardrobe, filled with pegs, is provided, together with a whisk for chalky dresses;—the reason for which alarming state of untidiness, though to do us justice it very seldom happens, I will describe presently.—Having, as I was saying, put on my apron, and poured out a goblet of water, I walk into the office; and proceed to take out of my drawer, my duster, and case of instruments.—I happen to be tracing this morning, not colouring. Morning greetings pass between those of us who are already present; and then the ink, a stick of Indian, about five inches long, and a little thicker than your finger, is rubbed, in white metal pallets; we get out our set-squares, straight-edges, and a few curves from one of the drawers in the handsome dresser at the end of the room, lift our drawing boards on our desks; mount on our stools; and business commences in earnest.

This morning, of which I am now speaking, I am at work on a sheet of Bolts, of which I have done the greater part the day before. I now first put in the lines and curves which are still needed; and then, arming myself with a six grooved pallet, and the colour box, proceed to mix and apply the colours; first putting into the water with which I mix them, a little prepared Ox-gall; for the cloth is glazed almost like white satin, and would not take at all kindly to the colour, without it. In about an hour and a quarter I have finished my Bolt Sheet; putting in everything, but the writing, and dimentions; which our forewoman often jots in herself. And now I proceed to take off the cloth, and the drawing, from the board, by prizing up the tacks with which they are fastened down, with a tack-raiser; and carry both down to the ledger; where I enter the date, the number of the drawing, the Engine number, and the name of the drawing; with my own name following. Then I go up to the forewoman for further work. This time it is a Locomotive "Boiler Details" (a 3 inch scale.) which I receive; to make a straightforward copy of. I hasten to find a drawing board to fit my Boiler; and then for a few minutes the office echoes, not to the "music of the spheres," but to the music of the hammer, driving home a few tacks;—though I am not so sure but that the hearty and purposeful stroke of the Hammer, no less than the hum of the Sewing Machine, and the sound of the Dust Shovel, has its allotted, and essential part, in such harmony. Nay! I believe it has.

Having tacked on my drawing as flatly as possible; taking care to have it straight, but not wasting too much time about it; as the tracings, and photographs, are invariably cut square after each set is finished, by two of our number, told off for the purpose; I bring the roll of cloth; which is in this instance 38 inches wide;—our widest is 43 inches, by the way:—and, laying the length of the cloth to the length of the drawing; roll it over it from end to end; fastening it down with tacks, each of which must be pushed through a tiny square of drawing or photograph paper, to keep them from bruising the cloth unnecessarily; and stretching it, in every direction, as much as possible. This process of stretching the cloth, has to be repeated two or three times during tracing, in some states of the weather; and so we must, perforce, be content with doing a little detached view at a

time, if we have any little, sweet, obliging detached views, pleading to be traced; if not, we have to do the best we can; taking the greatest care to keep the lines in as correct a possition as possible. I am always glad, if I am going to begin anything, to get the cloth tacked on it before the dinner hour, as that gives it a little time to stretch in; or, if I can manage to get the cloth fastened down over a drawing the last thing at night, I am as pleased as two pins and a half; for having the night to stretch in, it generally does it thoroughly, and is as good and flat as you please afterwards. Now the surface of this tracing cloth of ours, is very greasy; and would not take the ink nicely if left in its present condition; so my next proceeding, is to go to the chalk box under one of the racks; scrape a little chalk into the duster I find there, and coming back to my desk, rub the chalk well over and *into* the cloth; after which process the ink should work smoothly and evenly enough. By this time my covering of cloth has stretched, and must be tightened, which I hasten to do. And now I commence to put in, first radial corners, and circles; by which time the greater part of the morning is gone; and then the straight lines, curves, etchings, &c.; working from the right hand corner downwards, as far as I can reach across the board, which, when all within reach is finished, I turn round; and continue to trace from the other side. The moments pass on. There is a subdued hum of conversation going on all round me. The day is close and sultry. One of the girls says something which I do not catch, which sets everyone laughing. The sunlight, which has been absent the whole of the morning, peeps suddenly in at one of the south windows, changing the whole aspect of things, like a cheerful heart does; and making everything bright and bonny. Of course we all have our special private troubles and trials; I think it is a sign that God is not leaving us alone, but thinks it worth while still, to forge us into shape for up yonder; but happiness, they say, is always more a creature of mind, and heart, than of circumstances. Parenthetically speaking, I don't know of any recipe for making a discontented and mopesy heart light, and buoyant, better than that of trying to make somebody else happy, and serving them with all your might; but, referring to circumstances, now,—just while these straight lines, and curves of mine are going in,—we ought, at this Office of ours, to be thankful-hearted girls, when we think what some of our, sometimes weaklier, often worthier, sisters, in the worlds battle-fields of labour, have to go through in one short day; a day all too long for the flesh and bones of some of them; though not for that essence of God within the earth-shell, which "breathes sweetness out of woe." My mind, carried up and away, I suppose, on the ladder of the sunlight, is just beginning (not, be it for a moment imagined, to the neglect of present duty.) to wander into the regions, not bounded by time, and space, but by Love, and Majesty; when I am suddenly brought back to sublunary things, by the voice of my superior officer:—"Time to go home, girls;" it says. There is a general rustle in the office; stools are vacated and lifted into place; instruments are wiped out and put away; dusters are folded; aprons and sleeves are quickly laid aside; and home we go to our mid-day meal.

2.15. We are busy once again; feeling refreshed and strengthened by the intervening rest. In my case, the process of putting in lines, curves, and penshading, goes on uninterruptedly; until, I having finished my Boiler, (it happens to be one drawn without colour; a thing which, I must say, very seldom occurs.) our forewoman comes down to my place, and brings me two Photographs, showing the alterations in the arrangement of pipes in a Locomotive; which I am to colour, and fill in. Our method, by the way, of colouring these Photographs, is very much the same as that used with respect to the Tracings; but that, in the former case, we mix the tintings and shadings very thin, and do not use Ox-gall. And thus the afternoon wears on. The big clock in the Tower strikes four; and then—five. At length comes the expected—"Time to go home;" —and we are soon after this out into the street; speeding our different ways. Then follows the always pleasant home-coming; tea; mending, or a little reading aloud; a little family intercourse; and to bed. And so another day's tracing is over. Tracing of two sorts; very different in kind, and durability; both to be reckoned for; both done under the same MASTER'S eye. But one has been done on Tracing Cloth of Imperial Stamp; the other has been traced by each thought and action, in the book of the Recording Angel; and on the hearts and lives of all those with whom we have come in contact. Our thoughts, our tendencies, have traced something on their lives to day; for good, or for evil. May it be for good.

And thus the days come and go, with all We Humans; come, and go, with God's light at the heart of them; until we have finished our training, and education; and the tasks and duties set us are ended; and we are ready to "go home," to our Father's house, out of this gymnasium school of a world.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

EDELWEISS.

Gorton, near Manchester.



THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

361. Who was the author of the "Acts of the Apostles?" How does he designate it, and of what is it a history?

362. With which of the apostles is this Book mainly concerned? And in which two cities are its scenes chiefly laid?

363. Divide the book into two sections, and show which chapters contain, first the acts of St. Peter, and then those of St. Paul.

364. Relate the circumstances of the first apostolic miracle, the first sermon, the first persecution, and give the name of the first martyr.

365. Who was the first recorded Gentile convert? Give the name of the first place where the Gospel was preached in Europe.

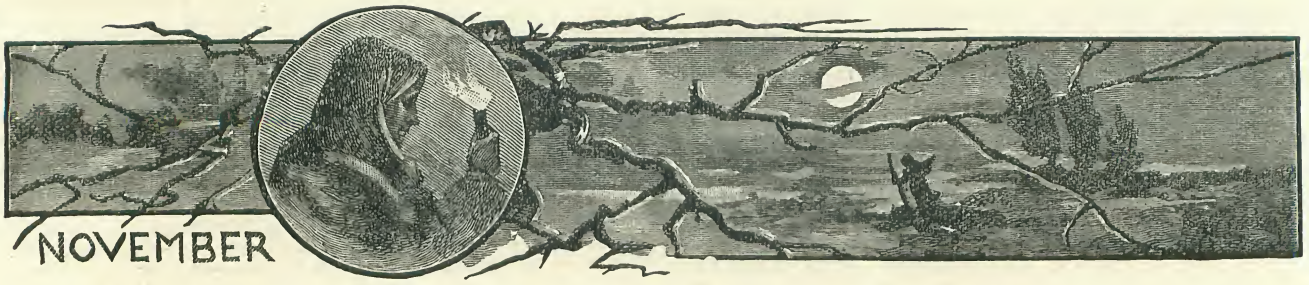
366. When did the first and second general persecutions of the Church take place?

367. Give the name of the cradle and first metropolis of the Gentile Church. On what river was it situated? Who first preached there? By what title were the professors of the new religion called, for the first time in this city? By whom was the name probably given?

368. When did the first council of Jerusalem take place? What were its decrees?

369. Give a brief account of the three apostolic journeys of St. Paul, and state by whom he was accompanied.

370. What are we told in the sacred writings of the early life and parentage of St. Paul?



IN CHILL NOVEMBER.

By "MEDICUS."

I MUST begin by saying a word or two on that which at present lies nearest my heart. In one of my papers, I think it was that on "Cycling," I warned my girl-readers against spurting, or in masculine phraseology "scorching." This often, if kept up, results in dilatation of the heart. I also described in brief language the symptoms of a diseased condition of certain valves of the heart. Well, now comes in the sad part of the story. A young lady whose doctor had told her she was suffering from valvular disease read this, and ran to her mother in tears saying, "Oh, mother, 'Medicus' has described every symptom that I have, and I know I must die." Then her mother wrote to me. Although we do not as a rule answer correspondence by letter, still, had this lady given name and address, I should have stretched a point to give her comfort. Even here, however, I dare not speak lightly of trouble so serious. On the other hand unless she has had severe inflammation that causes a deposit on the valves of the heart, I cannot conceive how one so young can have this form of complaint. Mind you, we doctors do make mistakes sometimes, and are often wrong in our diagnosis. One of the greatest physicians that ever lived—the late Sir Astley Cooper—on retiring from his practice, and on being asked why he did so, replied—

"Because I am tired of guess-work."

Imagination goes a long way with people too. I believe that about one-half the world think there is something the matter with their hearts. I'll give you an example: When I was studying medicine at the great Northern University, and when our professor came to lecture on heart disease, he told us that no less than twenty out of a class of seventy sought private interviews with him. He sent them away with a kindly word or two, and a pat on the shoulder.

And now I'll tell you my own experience. When a young man I contracted the terrible habit of chloral eating. I was advised to take it by a physician, and for sleeplessness. It had no bad after-effects he told me, so I kept on increasing the dose, till I was fairly on my beam ends. Nobody knows the suffering I endured. I believed I was dying, and just managed to crawl to a London heart-specialist. He gave me no hopes of cure, said I had dilated heart, and that though under his treatment I would improve, I would never again be able to walk except on level ground, and that if I attempted to go up a hill I might have rupture of the heart. In fact he condemned me to death. I got worse, and when unable to get out of bed and the end, as I thought, was drawing near, a rough genial old dog of a doctor was called in. He took away the chloral at once, and in two months' time I was well. But I put the matter to the test, because I still kept thinking about what the specialist said: that I must not climb hills. Fancy telling a Scotsman that! Well, I went to the Crystal Palace one day. "If," I said to myself, "it is going to be death to climb heights, better it should be soon and sudden."

So up to the top of the northern tower I struggled, and came down rejoicing, I wasn't dead at all.

Since then I have been a cyclist of course, and climbed many a Highland hill. As to walking, although no betting man—I simply hate it—I backed myself some years after my illness to walk five miles within the hour, fair heel and toe, and sing five songs. I won my bet, which I think was a postage stamp that had only been used once.

But just one word more; if any girl, or any girl's brother fancies he has heart disease, go in for obedience to the laws of health—early hours, salt-water sponge-baths, nourishing food, fresh air, exercise, etc.; and as for medicine, cod-liver oil or Kepler's extract of malt (or the solution of both), the fancied heart disease will fade away like morning mist from the mountain's brow.

I'm terribly sorry, all the same, that I caused that lassie to shed a tear, and I shall be more careful than ever how I write in future.

And now to say a word or two that shall be seasonable.

I happen to know then, that although most of my readers are young, some are not quite so young, so I never forget these when writing my monthly health-sermon.

I believe I have written about clothing, till at times you must think me quite tiresome. Still I flatter myself I have usually something new to add. Well, I believe that the day is not far distant when there will be a great revolution in clothing and dress. When I was a boy my sweethearts—yes, I fear I had more than one, I like to own up to a thing and be done with it—wore crinoline. My sweethearts in those days were always older than I, and I used to admire them going sideways or crab-fashion into their seats in church, and it was said that they took up more room in a seat than the 42nd Highlanders do on parade. Crinoline consisted of light steel bands hung on tapes. I know that, because I was a cheeky brat and used to steal my sisters', and rig out in it and run round the garden. I remember too, that sometimes in a church-squeeze a young lady would have a steel band break and stick out through her dress, and oh, didn't she look old, just?

However, these crinoline businesses had their time, and a girl would look slightly *outré* in one now. The balloon-sleeves were always absurd, I prophesied they would go out, and they have gone to a great extent. And I'll tell you what is going to go next, can you guess? No? Well, tight-lacing. Then shall ladies wear something akin to the grand old classic costumes of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

What is called rational dress will never become popular, because we men-folks can't stand it, and such a costume is uncalled for, even in cycling. Girls who wear it are brainless, and desirous of attracting attention. They seldom if ever get married. As to head-dresses, it matters little, I think, what a girl wears so long as it is becoming and comfortable, and not ornamented with the feathers and plumes of beautiful birds murdered in the breeding-season, when their plumage is the loveliest. Your feather-headed woman is generally feather-brained and bird-witted. So with this exception, lassies, suit yourselves, for, mind you this, anything becomes a bonnie face, even the dish-cloth! (Scottice—onything sets a weel-faured face, gan 'twere only the dish-clout.)

But now the weather is becoming inclement. We often have snow in November, we always have bitterly-cold winds and drizzling rain. That kind of light rain which is blown against one on the wings of the storm-wind is far more likely to give a chill than even a short but heavy down-pour; it is more searching, and removes more of the animal heat. So externally, a girl should be well protected if she is to face it. Umbrellas are not much good, cloth macintoshes are better, but these, as I have said before, should not be of india-rubber. This keeps in the perspiration, and damps the clothing through and through. I should like to see indiarubber tabooed entirely, as far as clothing is concerned. Especially is it injurious to the health, if worn on the feet in the form of goloshes. Nor have girls any excuse for wearing it, there being in the market so many kinds of beautiful cloth, which, though virtually waterproof, is at the same time porous.

Delicate girls especially should take care of themselves now. They are more subject to catch cold and even inflammation of the chest and its surroundings. How can such girls be protected? By staying in the house. This would be the very last thing I should think of recommending. It is a well-known fact that cases of incipient chest disease or lung trouble do infinitely better at hydropathic establishments that are situated on hills where the air is pure, than in London or even many so-called winter resorts for invalids. Mountain air is nearly as good as sea air, and the more this is known the better.

Hydros are not expensive places to live at, and I only wonder that they are not more frequented by delicate girls and their mothers than they are. There is always good medical attendance if needed, the company is cheerful, the scenery around is beautiful; really one soon forgets trouble when one is inside one of these.

I don't know that there is any guide to the hydros of Great Britain. If not, and if I can

gather together information enough concerning the chief of these I shall write one.

But whether a delicate lassie is taken to a hydro or not she must and shall wear warm clothing. This need not be thick. Better it should not be so, but it ought to be the softest and best wool procurable, and in this she ought to be clad from head to feet.

Tight-lacing in the delicate. This is bad enough for those who are strong, but if the chest or liver be weak the custom may be a fatal one, because it interferes most seriously with the breathing and consequent aeration of the blood.

The walking dress should be light but warm; it is a terrible mistake to imagine that thick clothing is necessarily warm. It may be so, but it is most wearying and weakening, and a girl, if delicate, comes in from a walk more dead than alive.

Fresh air makes one warm, owing to the oxygen one breathes, which finds its way into every tissue, and which, burning off the effete or poisonous matter of the blood, keeps up the animal heat.

Some mothers hurry into town or into cities as winter approaches, for the sake of some delicate member of the family.

I do not think they could make a greater mistake, for the air of the cities is laden with dust and smoke. The former usually contains the microbes of disease, even of consumption, and although a strong person may be proof against these, the delicate often fall victims. But independent of this the dust irritates the lungs, and invariably makes a cough worse, and injures the throat and organ of voice.

A delicate girl should in November regulate the diet, which should be nourishing and easily digested but not necessarily over-abundant. She must avoid excitement of every kind, and the exercise she takes should be gentle but pleasurable. If she attends to these simple rules and takes a bath every day tepid if not cold, she will not only be able to face the winter, but will find that the cold weather will even brace her up.

Sore throats are often very prevalent at this season. If on examining the tonsils anything like spots or ulceration be seen a medical man should be consulted at once. Simple cases may be treated at home, and will yield in a day or two to mild treatment. Many people fly to gargles at the very commencement. These generally do more harm than good. Better to lower the diet and take a brisk salient aperient, and keep indoors—not in bed. A woollen wrap should be worn round the neck by day, and a poultice at night. *Next day resume* the wrap and now the gargle may be commenced. Three to five grains of powdered alum to an ounce of water, used thrice daily.

Equal parts of glycerine and tincture of iron is a good remedy for those who suffer chronically from sore throats or swollen tonsils. It is applied by means of a camel's hair pencil to all the back of the throat.

I may conclude by telling you that whatever tends to reduce the strength opens the door for disease to walk in, and that the more wholesome and strong a girl is the less likely is she to succumb to any illness that may be at this season prevalent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All Correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

Minnie M. Parish. — Your musical composition shows traces of talent, but more attention to accuracy of detail is needed; see for instance bars 7 and 8. Common time is not the best for a melody of this kind, and a little more variety in treatment would improve it. You are very young as yet to expect to publish, but if you study and persevere you may succeed by-and-by.

W. W.—1. The two quavers must not be played exactly with the first and third notes of the triplet. Practise each hand separately, and get treble and bass each in perfect time, then play them together while you count; you will find the notes fit in satisfactorily.—2. Janotha, is pronounced Yanota; Joachim, Yoachim (giving the "ch" a hard guttural sound as in "loch"); Masaniello, Mah-sah-nee-*el*-lo.

Edythe.—Write to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., and you will receive full particulars. We think you would find no difficulty in preparing yourself for the examination, but if you would like correspondence lessons, write to R. G. P., 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, London, S.E.

Rebecca.—You could enter your pupil for the College of Preceptors' Junior examination, held half-yearly (see above for address); for the Junior Oxford Local examination, held in July; or for the Junior Cambridge Local examination, held in December. For particulars of the last two, address the secretary of either, at Clarendon Buildings, Oxford, or Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. There are local examinations in drawing held by the Society of Arts, in London and provinces, in April. Apply to the secretary at John Street, Adelphi, London, W. You might also write to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

K. M. (Amsterdam).—Your writing is very good, and there are only a few mistakes in your English. You might succeed in meeting with a situation if you write, stating your acquirements and wishes, to the Secretary of the Governesses' Institution, 32, Sackville Street, London, W. He would tell you about what salary you could expect. We are always glad to hear from our foreign subscribers, and thank you for your nice letter.

Maria Giovanna.—1. Your water-colour sketch is very pretty, the foliage being especially good. It is a great pity you cannot have instruction. Could you not manage to attend the evening classes at one of the Metropolitan District Schools of Art? We will tell you of the nearest to you if you send your address.—2. Mrs. Gamp appears in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Muriel.—We do not know enough of your attainments to enter into details, but we should advise you to prepare for one of the examinations for women. Even if you do not wish to submit yourself to the test, the study will be useful. Would you like to qualify yourself for the St. Andrews L.L.A.? We think you might write to Miss S. E. Murray, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh, for a prospectus of the St. George's Correspondence Classes, which prepare for several examinations, and also give assistance in home study to those who do not wish to become candidates.

Under God's Banner.—We are glad to have your letter, and sympathise much with you in your wish to help your poor sisters. We think, however, that it would be unwise to throw up your definite situation in the hope of such a post as you suggest. Your daily work is useful to others, and if you discharge it conscientiously you are fulfilling an important part in society. Do you know George Herbert's hymn?—

> "Teach me, my God and King,
> In all things Thee to see;"

There are clauses in it that might help you. We cannot give you definite information of the sort you ask, but by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the matron of any of the prisons for women (Holloway, or Wormwood Scrubbs, for instance) we should imagine you could obtain an answer. There are many associations for helping female prisoners. Could you not do some voluntary work in connection with these? Full particulars can be obtained from Mrs. Meredith, 143, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Barbara Allen. — "Evil is wrought by want of thought," is from the "Lady's Dream," by Thomas Hood, to be found in any collection of his poems. We thank you for your praise of "A Child of Genius," and of our paper.

Theresa.—There are scholarships connected with nearly all the women's colleges in England, but the early age you mention would disqualify you for most of them. Write to Queen's College, Harley Street, W., which admits girls over fourteen, and has several exhibitions. You will obtain full particulars by enclosing a stamped envelope.

Buff. — You will find "The Owl Critic" in *The American Reciter*, edited by Alfred H. Miles, and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price 6d. Your writing is very neat and clear, though somewhat unformed as yet.

May.—Bruges is a quaint old city which has preserved its mediæval characteristics to the present day, and offers much attraction to the student of architecture and of art. It is very quiet; living is cheap, and there is an English colony with an English church. As French is the language of the place it can easily be acquired, and we are informed there are excellent facilities for education. The English chaplain there could probably give you further details if you wish for them.

Constant Reader.—There is no such word as pessimistical. Pessimistic comes from the Latin word *pessimus*, worst. A pessimist is one who complains of everything as being for the worst.

Lily Carr (Pontefract).—1. You will find "The Changed Cross" in Part III. of *The Platform Reciter*, edited by Alfred H. Miles, and published by Hutchinson & Co.—2. The 21st July, 1875, was a Wednesday.

Iris.—1. If you get the Italian Grammar by our own former Italian master, Dr. Lemmi, we think you will find it easy to teach yourself Italian by its means. It gives clear directions as to pronunciation, which if attentively followed, will enable you to pronounce correctly. Italian is the easiest of all European languages, although it is spoken under Italian skies with a musical liquid intonation of voice that Northerners can hardly expect to rival. It is difficult to acquire conversational French without practice. Your best way is to learn by heart the dialogues in some good French phrase-book, and learn French poetry.—2. We do not prescribe "cures"; ask your own doctor.

E. N. G.—Your verses are fairly good, but you need more attention to the rules of form. For instance, in "For me," the metre changes in the 3rd and 4th lines of verse 2. Try as far as you can to express your own thoughts rather than what is commonplace. Your music is good enough for us to encourage you to study harmony. You should not repeat the leading note (B) in bar 4, nor omit the third in bar 10. We advise you to persevere.

C. E. D.—We applaud and sympathise with your ambition; it is always better to aim high. There are three steps necessary for the B.A. It will be quite possible in future for an unusually able girl to obtain her degree while in a Training College. She can matriculate in the first year, in lieu of taking Part II. of the Certificate Examination; take her "Intermediate" in the second year, and her degree in the third year. Last June, eight "Stockwell" students matriculated in the first division, four in the second; and an "Intermediate" Class is being formed at this college. For details as to subjects, address Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.

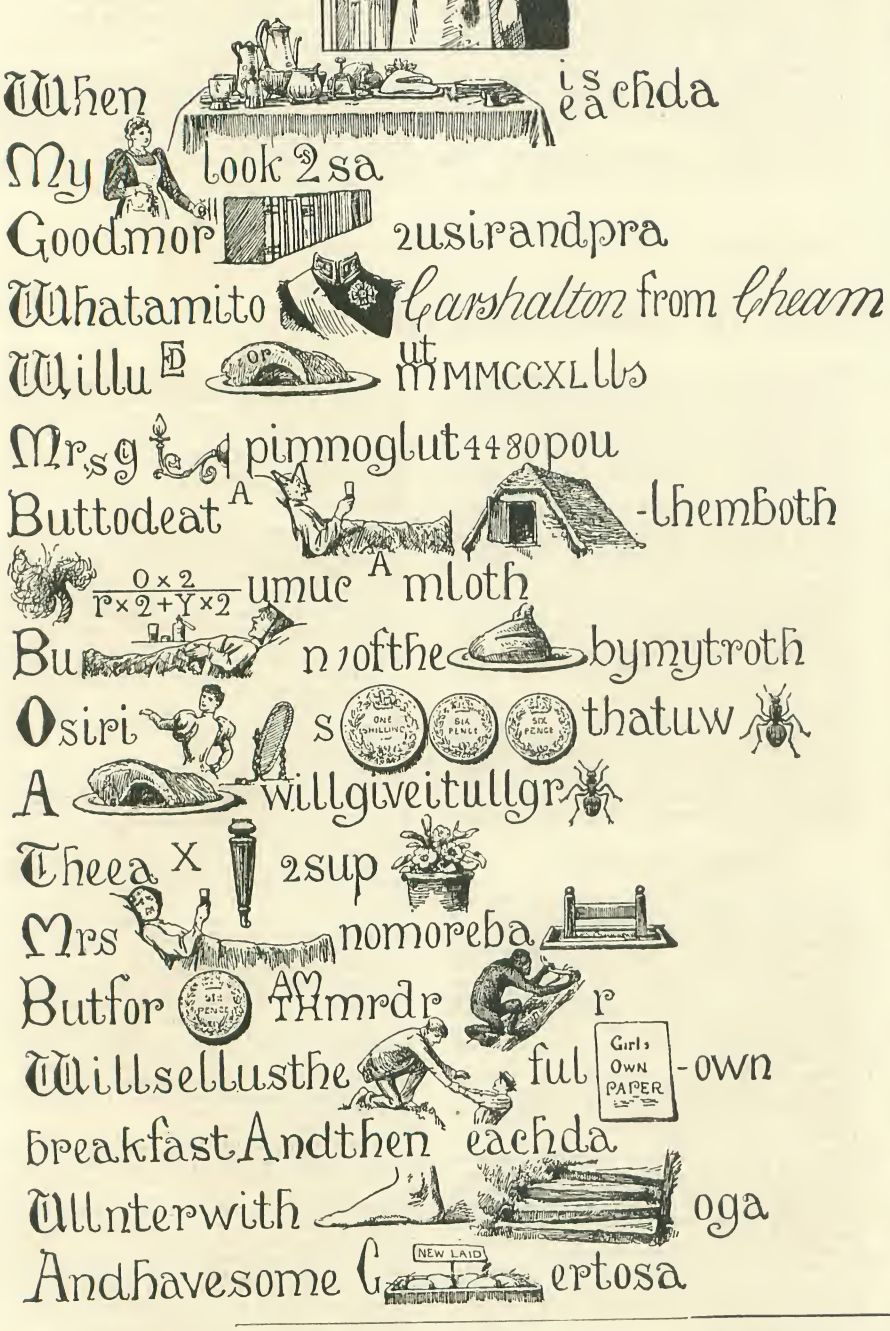
Shady Nook.—Friends are often very partial critics, but if they would like to have your poem, why not write out copies for them? We cannot say that the verses are worth printing, so far as their intrinsic merit goes. "Morn" and "dawn" for example are incorrect rhymes. Your letter, however, is modest and does you credit. It is a great merit not to be too proud to learn.

May Castlevue.—If you are not neglecting any duty by writing verses, we see no reason why you should not continue to do so. The thoughts you express are natural and sweet, but the mode of expression needs improvement. "How can we help but singing?" is not good English. "A Moonlit Scene" is the better of the two poems.

O. Hope.—There is no royal road to "getting an article published." If you have talent, education, and information which you think justify you in asking public attention to your work, send it, neatly copied, or type-written, to the editor of any paper or magazine for which you deem it most suitable, enclosing stamps for the return of the MS. in case it is not accepted. Some editors do not return rejected MSS., therefore it is better to keep a copy.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.





*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be December 16, 1896; from Abroad, February 18, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

CAMPBELL.—We are afraid you cannot hope as yet to have your verses published, though the poem you enclose shows that you are a loving and attentive observer of Nature, in many of her aspects. Read good poetry, if you wish to succeed in writing verse, and try as far as possible to avoid saying what has been said before. These are the best lines—

> "And making all the distant woodlands ring
> With faint and ever fainter echoing—
> As if the very trees were loth to lose
> Such thrilling and delicious notes as those."

JESSIE MCNAUGHT.—Your very neat and well-written sketch is not suitable for publication. We sympathise with the thoughts you express, but you need more experience. Illustration by incident should always seem as though it came naturally, instead of being introduced by the author on purpose to point his moral. Do not be discouraged and in time you may succeed.

M. R.—We are sorry that we cannot use your paper on bicycling. Take pains with your spelling and composition, as well as with your cycling, and you are sure to succeed in all three.

PEN RAY.—Your writing is clear and readable, which is one great merit; it is not so good in your letter as in your poems. Of these, No. 1 is poor, as the metre flows incorrectly, varying from verse to verse. "Himself," cannot be used as a nominative to the verb "imparts." No. 2 is correct so far as metre goes, except in the last line but one, which is a syllable too long. No. 3 is better, though you must not use "thee" and "you" alternately; and No. 4 is by far the best. If you continue to improve in the same ratio, and study the rules of composition and of versification, there is reason to hope that the wish expressed in your modest and pleasant letter will be fulfilled. Goethe is pronounced much like "Gerty." Many thanks for your appreciation of our paper, which you say you have "taken from the very beginning."

MIGNONETTE.—Your verses contain a very good and helpful thought, with which we sympathise. There is much sound sense in these lines:—

> "We may not see what use we are,
> Our lives may empty seem;
> But let us all find work to do,
> Accomplish it well and prayerfully too,
> And not sit still and dream."

The versification is often at fault; for instance, "been" and "seem" (v. 7) do not rhyme. We cannot tell you of any paper or magazine that would take a story written by a young girl; only experienced writers, as a rule, are employed. Your writing is clear, but the letters need to be better formed. Doubtless you could improve it.

VIOLET.—We are deeply interested in your letter, and wish you all happiness in your married life. We feel sure, from your high ideal of duty, that you will succeed in what you have to do. Your verses are very thoughtful, and though as you modestly say, talent and education are necessary before poetical art can be acquired, many more polished lines than yours are far less original.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

DANKBARKEIT (*Students' Homes*).—Thank you for your kindly-expressed letter. We are very glad to read that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has given you "comfort and pleasure" for many years. Now, with regard to your sister's present plan of coming to town for art-study at South Kensington. Alexandra House, Kensington Gore, was especially opened for art and music students; but we fear it might not be inexpensive enough for you. Perhaps the Girls' Friendly Society's Home, 7, Upper Phillimore Place, W., might suit. Cheap private boarding-houses of a superior class are to be found in Lexham Gardens, W., and Longridge Road, Earl's Court. There is an excellent residential club at Beechwood House, 6, Oakley Street, Chelsea, where women professionally engaged are received at a charge of about a guinea a week, inclusive. Possibly this would suit best.

AN ANXIOUS ONE (*Service in the Royal Household*).—You do not specify in which royal household you wish to be employed. An engagement of the kind you mention would be made by the housekeeper. Vacancies are seldom likely to be filled by total strangers.

HOPE (*Preparation for Life in the Colonies*).—Your daughter should enter the Emigrants' Training Home, Leaton, Wrockwardine, Wellington, Salop. Even if she should not ultimately go to the Colonies, she would find the training in domestic work of every kind most valuable in after-life.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 880.] NOVEMBER 7, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO GALVASTON HOUSE.

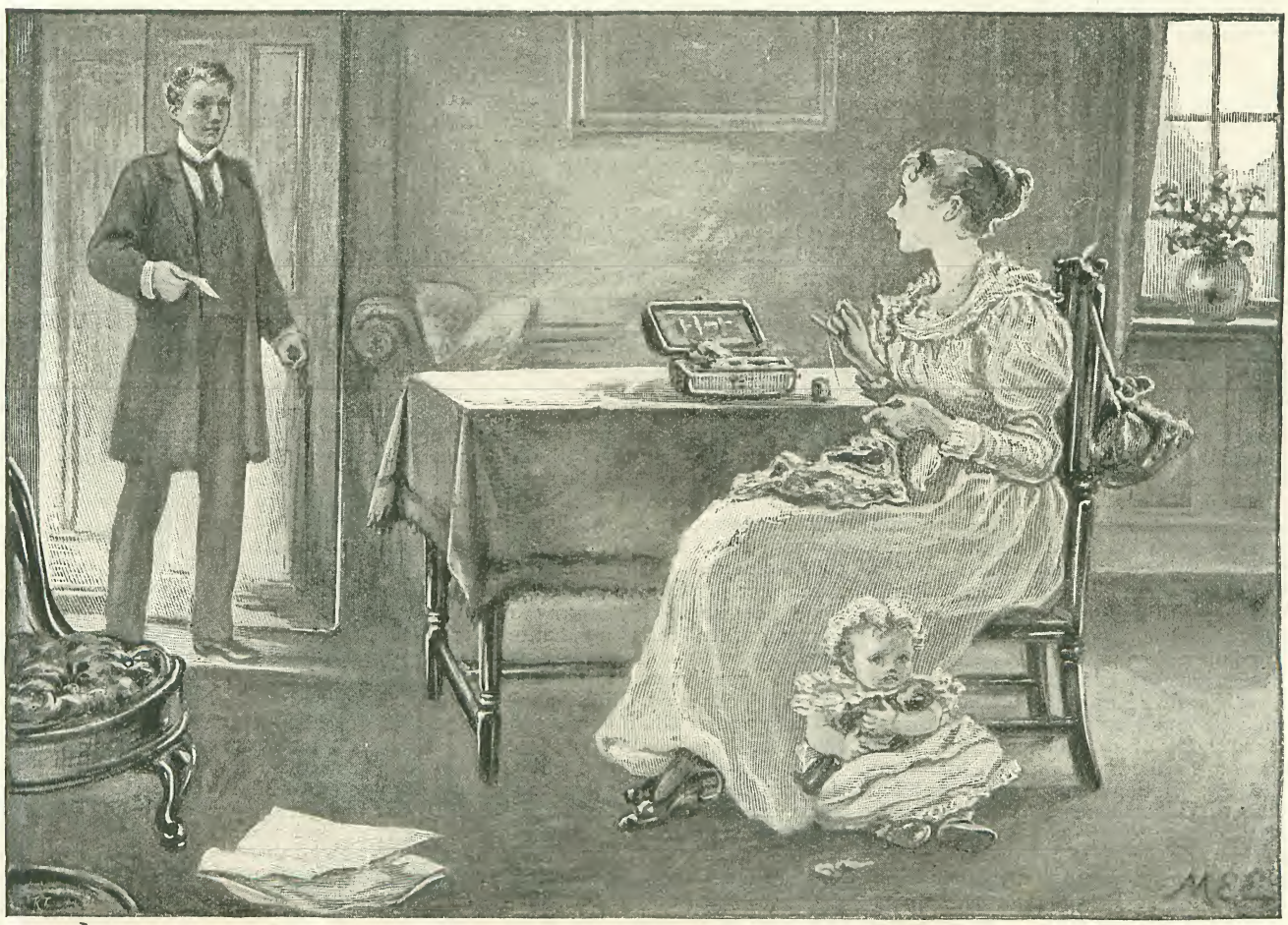
"He who knows how to speak knows also when to speak."—*Plutarch.*

THE next morning as Olivia sat at work with Dot on the rug at her feet, playing with a limp furry monkey, over which she was gurgling and cooing like a baby dove, Dr. Luttrell entered the room; there was a pleased look on his face.

"Olive," he said, "look what Mr. Gaythorne has given me for poor Jack Travers," and he held a five-pound note before his wife's eyes. "Don't you think we owe him a handsome apology for calling him a miser; it does not do to judge by appearances in this world; Mr. Gaythorne is eccentric and a trifle cantankerous, but he is not stingy."

"Jack Travers! is that the poor man in the models. Oh, Marcus, how splendid of him to give all that; it will be quite a fortune to the poor things."

"Yes, it will pay their rent until Travers gets about again; he is not going to die this journey. Was it not liberal of the old fellow; but if you had



All rights reserved.] "'OLIVE, LOOK WHAT MR. GAYTHORNE HAS GIVEN ME.'"

only seen the way he gave it to me as though he were ashamed of the whole thing.

"'That is for the man you told me about last night,'" he said, in quite a grumpy voice; "and he had hardly seemed as though he had listened yesterday; and he would not let me thank him, he turned testy at once; by-the-bye, Livy, he wants you to go and see him; you have evidently won his heart, my dear. 'If Mrs. Luttrell has half an hour's leisure I shall be pleased to see her,' those were his very words."

"I hope you told him that it would be rather difficult to find leisure with all my numerous engagements," returned Olivia saucily, "but that I would do my best for him. How many callers have we had since we were married, Marcus; let me see, the Vicar and Mrs. Tolman, oh, and one day Mrs. Tolman brought a friend. I remember how excited I was that afternoon, and that horrid little Sarah Jane had her sleeves rolled up to her elbows when she opened the door, and I dared not offer them tea, because I knew she would never have had boiling water. Oh yes," continued Olivia merrily, "I will look over my visiting list, and see how I am to squeeze in a call at Galvaston House. What hour do you think would suit him best, Marcus?"

Then Dr. Luttrell who had been much amused by his wife's drollery gravely considered the point.

"About three o'clock, I should say; I think he wants to show you his flowers; he is going to have his couch wheeled into the conservatory, or his winter garden as he calls it. Why should you not go across this afternoon? Now I must be off to the models;" and as Olivia took up her work again there was a soft flush on her cheek, and a happy look in her eyes as she listened to his light springing tread.

"Dear Marcus," she said to herself; "how pleased he is about this, it has done him good already. Oh, how I hope Mr. Gaythorne will take a fancy to him; he is rich and liberal, I am sure of that; he will pay Marcus well, and perhaps before long someone else will send for him. What, Dot, my sweet, must I love Jacko too?" as Dot laid her treasure on her mother's lap.

When Olivia rang at the bell of Galvaston House that afternoon the same rosy-cheeked maid admitted her.

"If you will step into the library a minute, ma'am," she observed, "I will tell Mrs. Crampton," and Olivia was left alone in the beautiful room she remembered so well.

A bright fire burned cheerily on the hearth and the blind hound lay on the rug; he came up to Olivia and thrust his slender nose into her hand in a friendly fashion. It was in this room that Mr. Gaythorne evidently passed his days, the tables bore signs of his numerous occupations; one table seemed loaded with books of reference. A pile of neatly written manuscripts were on the escritoire. Portfolios of engravings and a microscope on a pedestal stand occupied one corner, and a small inner room seemed full of cabinets and cases of stuffed birds and butterflies.

Mr. Gaythorne was evidently a collector and a man of culture; the volumes in the carved oak book-cases were mostly bound in Russian calf. Olivia had only time to read a few titles when Mrs. Crampton appeared, her comely face had a pleased smile on it.

"Mr. Gaythorne will be extremely obliged if you will step upstairs and see him, ma'am," she said civilly; "he has been wheeled into the conservatory, my master thinks a deal of his flowers—books and flowers—they are his main amusements when his cough keeps him from going out. Oh! you must come too, Eros, of course," as the hound followed them closely.

Galvaston House had been built in rather an unusual fashion, a conservatory had been thrown out at the back of the first floor landing and ran along one side of the house, forming a sort of verandah to the lower rooms.

As Mrs. Crampton opened the glass door, the warm fragrant air met them deliciously. At the farther end Mr. Gaythorne lay on a couch under a tall palm, with an oriental quilt thrown over him; his dark crimson dressing-gown, and black velvet cap gave him a picturesque appearance; with his white peaked beard and moustache, and his dark sunken eyes, he would have passed for a Venetian Doge; the mass of brilliant bloom, and the warm flower-scented air made Olivia slightly giddy.

"This is very kind of you, Mrs. Luttrell," observed Mr. Gaythorne, in a slow precise voice, as she stooped over him and took his hand. "Crampton, bring a chair for the lady. I have been wanting to thank you for your kind assistance that unlucky evening. I told the doctor so, and he has been good enough to give you my message."

"Indeed, I did very little," returned Olivia, in her mellow voice. "You seemed so feeble that I could not help watching you cross the road; and then you slipped, and I felt you had hurt yourself. I fear from what my husband tells me that it will be some little time before you will be able to get out again."

"So he says, and he threatens me with crutches," returned the old man grimly; "but as I seldom cross the threshold in winter, I need not trouble myself about that. Are you fond of flowers, Mrs. Luttrell?"—as Olivia's eyes wandered to the splendid exotics round her. "Crampton shall cut you some presently. My library and my winter garden form my entire world now."

"And you live among all these lovely things!" observed Olivia, almost in a tone of awe. "Oh, if only Aunt Madge could see these flowers!"

She spoke impulsively without considering her words, and blushed a little when she saw Mr. Gaythorne lift his eyebrows cynically.

"I was only thinking of my aunt, Mrs. Broderick," she said apologetically. "She is such a sad invalid; she has never been out once since Uncle Fergus died, and that is ever so many years ago, and she suffers such dreadful pain sometimes. The doctors say her complaint is incurable, and she is not at all old. She lives all alone with her maid, and never goes beyond her two rooms, and yet no one hears her complain."

"Mrs. Broderick must be a wonderful person. She beats Job," returned Mr. Gaythorne, with a cynical curl of his lip; but Olivia was too much engrossed with her subject to notice it.

"Oh, she is wonderful!" she returned earnestly. "I never met any one like her. She is the bravest woman I know. Even the Vicar says so. Don't you love pluck, Mr. Gaythorne? So few people are plucky in that sense. Aunt Madge has lost everything she cares for—husband and child and health; but she bears it all so beautifully, and makes the best of things. I could not help thinking of her when I saw all those lovely flowers; she simply dotes on flowers! There are always some on her little table; flowers and books, those are her sole pleasures."

"What on earth made you hold forth on Aunt Madge's virtues, you absurd child?" was Marcus's comment when Olivia repeated this portion of her conversation. "Fancy entertaining Mr. Gaythorne with an account of your relations!"—and Olivia blushed guiltily.

"It does sound odd if you put it in that way, Marcus," she returned; "but when I saw all those beautiful flowers, Aunt Madge just jumped into my head, and I always do speak out my thoughts so. But I could see he was interested. He said little sharp sneering things at first, but afterwards he questioned me a good deal. Oh, we got on splendidly! He began asking me about ourselves, and if you had much of a practice. Oh, he said it quite nicely!"—as Marcus dropped the loaf he was cutting and frowned anxiously. "He was quite gentlemanly, and only hinted at things; but I understood him of course."

"And you told him, I suppose, that he was my first patient," in an annoyed tone. "You may as well own it, Livy, you are honest enough even for that," and there was no denying that Marcus' voice was decidedly sarcastic. With all her virtues Olivia never did know when to hold her tongue.

"Oh, Marcus dear, how could I help it," replied Olivia nervously. "Of course I had to tell him that we were just beginners, and how Dr. Slade had deceived us, that there was no redress as he was dead. But I told him too, how hard you worked among the poor—— He did not say much. I don't think he is a great talker, but he stroked that funny beard of his and nodded his head. Then when Mrs. Crampton came up he told her to bring coffee, and he made me stay and pour it out for him. There was such a lovely chased coffee-pot and cream jug, and such delicious cakes, and when I said at last that I must go he thanked me quite pleasantly. 'It is long since I have been so well amused, and I hope you will come and see me again.' Yes, he said that, Marcus, so I am sure he did not mind

my frankness. But oh dear, he quite forgot to tell Mrs. Crampton to cut me some flowers."

"You need not expect any flowers now," returned her husband impatiently. "You have done for yourself and me too I expect. A beginner you said, Livy, and you a sensible woman! When I go this evening, I have no doubt I shall be civilly told that a second opinion will be desirable. My dear girl, don't you know that a modest reticence—a judicious silence is sometimes the safest policy. A professional beggar may whine and show his sores, but a needy doctor out at elbows must wear a good appearance;" but Olivia, who was on the verge of tears from sheer vexation at her own impulsiveness, did not seek to defend herself.

If she had imperilled Marcus' professional reputation by her carelessness, she felt she should never hold up her head again, but Marcus who was tired and a little out of humour was not disposed to comfort her.

He had had a worrying day among his poor patients, the one bright spot had been his visit to the models, when Jack Travers had sobbed and broken down in the attempt to speak his gratitude. And now just as they were getting on so well, Olivia's want of tact and that terribly honest tongue of hers had spoilt everything. Was it likely—was it within the bounds of possibility, that a man of the world—a rich man too—would be content with the services of an unknown practitioner. If he put himself in Mr. Gaythorne's place, he knew that he should be disposed to request Dr. Bevan to call. It was not only a sprained ankle. Mr. Gaythorne was an ailing man, and needed medical care. Marcus, who was clever and quick-witted, had already formed a pretty correct diagnosis of the case. "There is mental as well as physical trouble," he had said to himself the previous evening, and with professional reticence he had kept this opinion to himself, but he was already deeply interested in his patient. So much was at stake and their fortunes were at so low an ebb, that Marcus might be pardoned for his unusual touchiness. Yet when he left the room without further remark, Olivia's heart sank within her.

"Why could I not have held my tongue," she thought with tardy repentance. "What could have induced me to talk so much, but Mr. Gaythorne really seemed interested, and somehow he encouraged me to go on. If he had appeared bored or tired I should have stopped at once, but he seemed so curious about Aunt Madge, he even asked if she had a good doctor. Oh dear, surely that is not Marcus going out," as the street door opened, and now there were actual tears in Olivia's eyes.

In all the two years of their happy married life they had never had more than a momentary misunderstanding. If a hasty word had been uttered by one of them, the other had always an eager protest or a smooth answer ready. When Olivia had been impatient and captious Marcus had only laughed and coaxed her into good humour again. And even when he had indulged in a few sarcastic speeches, Olivia's soft voice and ready acquiescence had avoided friction.

Marcus often told her that they were a model couple, and had earned the Dunmow Flitch over and over again, but in reality their mutual respect and thorough understanding of each other's salient points had conduced to this harmony.

That Marcus should leave the house therefore without speaking to her alarmed Olivia excessively. She must have vexed him indeed if he could do such a thing as that, and here one or two bright drops ran down on the blue pelisse.

She was actually crying like a scolded child, when two or three minutes later the parlour-door opened and Marcus entered. His face wore a queer expression, and in each hand he held an exquisite bunch of hot-house flowers, their perfume reached Olivia before he laid them before her.

"There, Olive," he said, "I take back my words," then as he caught sight of her tear-stained face: "Oh, you foolish little woman, you absurd child," but his hand rested affectionately on her soft, brown hair, as she put back her head against him.

"Oh, Marcus, I could not help crying to think I had vexed you so. Somehow it is the one thing I cannot bear, to think my foolish tongue should have harmed you."

"I was in an awful funk, certainly," returned Marcus frankly, "but I never meant to bother you like that. Cheer up, Livy, I daresay it is all right, and I know you will be a model of discretion for the future. Aren't you going to look at your flowers?" and then Olivia did permit herself to be consoled.

"Think of his cutting all those lovely flowers for me," she cried ecstatically. "Is he not an old dear, Marcus? But why two bouquets?" knitting her brows in a puzzled fashion.

"You had better open that folded slip of paper," suggested her husband sensibly, "it may explain matters," and Olivia took his advice.

"Mrs. Luttrell, with Mr. Gaythorne's compliments," was pencilled in a shaky hand, and on the second slip, almost illegibly, "For Mrs. Luttrell's aunt."

"Oh, Marcus, how sweet of him," and Olivia looked almost lovely in her excitement, and Marcus agreed that he was a good old sort.

"If you are going to write a note of thanks, you must just hurry up, as it is nearly time for me to go across," and then Olivia put the flowers in water, and got out her writing-case.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Your Cross.

"If gladly you carry the Cross, it will bear you, and bring you to the longed-for end, where there shall be no more pain—although here that shall never be.

"If you bear it unwillingly, you will make it burdensome, and increase its pressure, yet notwithstanding you will have to bear it.

"If you cast away one Cross, you will doubtless find another, and perhaps a heavier one.

"It is not in accordance with man's nature to bear the Cross, to love the Cross, to chastise the body and bring it into subjection, to flee honours, gladly to bear reproach, to despise himself, to wish to be despised by others, to bear all adversities and losses, and to desire no worldly prosperity.

"If you look to yourself you will find that you can do none of these things in your own strength.

"But if you trust in the Lord, strength from above shall be given you, and the world and the flesh shall be made subject to you."—*A'Kempis.*

The Punch-and-Judy Show.

A highly-romantic marriage was that of Walter Savage Landor, the poet. But the romance soon came to an end. An incident in the honeymoon is significant:—

The newly-married couple were sitting one day side by side. Landor was reading some of his own verses to his bride—and he was a fine reader—when all at once the lady releasing herself from his arms jumped up, saying—

"Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear, delightful Punch performing in the street, I must go and look out of the window!"

Exit poetry for ever.

The Lookers On.

Who enters not the lists, and is no sharer
With swift contestants in life's best pursuing,
How shall she claim to be an honoured wearer
Of flawless crowns of doing?

God's Way is Best.

"Whate'er my Father wills is best,
Delight or suffering, toil or rest—
Thine eyes, and Thine alone, can see
What I should have, and do, and be.
I only ask that I may know
The way which Thou would'st have me go;
That I my will in Thine may lose;
That what Thou, Lord, for me shalt choose
I, too, may choose."—*C. W. Harris.*

Listening to Music.—"Music is both the witness of the spiritual world and the way into it—a door through which we pass to find ourselves in the midst of eternal things."—*T. T. Munger.*

Happiness and Success.—The world is made for energy and work. Each must live her own life, no one can live it for her, and on her own untiring energies must depend all her success and happiness.

HATS OF TO-DAY.



1.—A BONNET TO SUIT ANYBODY.

OUR article on millinery last month was principally on the subject of hats, a very interesting subject certainly, and one on which I feel I could write pages of information; but do not be afraid, I am not going to try your patience in this way, I am going to tell you a little about another branch of this great art, and a much more difficult one. Bonnets and toques—we cannot do without them, for those of us who scorn the bonnet will inevitably succumb to the manifold charms of the toque, and the bonnet and toque are really what the dormouse of *Alice in Wonderland* fame would call "much of a muchness." By simply adding strings to a small toque you can generally turn it into a bonnet, and a bonnet can very often be transformed into a toque with very slight alterations, such as putting a pretty bow of ribbon at the back, and dispensing with the strings. For cold, windy days, for rainy weather, for bright, sunny, frosty days when we go off to skate, nothing is more suitable or looks better than a pretty toque. In velvet, silk, or cloth with some pretty fur or soft folds of velvet resting on the hair, and a group of feathers, a tuft of quills, or a bow of satin ribbon at the left side to give height a toque is charming, and cannot fail to be becoming. Bonnets I know are difficult, there is no use disguising such an obvious fact, they want so much more care, thought and skill than a hat does; but then there is so much satisfaction to be gained if we succeed in doing a difficult thing well. With bonnets the shapes remain very much the same from year's end to year's end. In making up the shapes and trimming the bonnets lies the difficulty, for fashion and style are constantly changing, and there is no saying where they will not take us in the matter of breadth and height. The net shapes one buys in shops are not as a rule comfortable, but a little bending the wire with pincers will adapt it to the head, and once you get a shape that is comfortable you can always keep to the same. Straw is very difficult to work, and to finish off neatly, and if you buy it by the yard you have to pay such a high price for it, that I should not advise any girl to try and make up her own straw shapes, unless of course she has had lessons in doing it. Besides nowadays all good drapers keep a stock of untrimmed straw bonnets at very moderate prices, and it is better to try on several before you decide on one. Not very long ago every married woman, no matter how young, was expected to wear a bonnet on grand occasions; this rather absurd fashion has died out, and women of all ages can and do wear hats. Bonnets for middle-aged ladies are difficult to make, and very few girls (who are clever enough with their own hats) are able to trim their mother's bonnets, but if some of them will take the trouble to read this paper carefully I am sure they will feel more capable of doing so, and will steadily improve if they will only persevere. Perhaps some of my readers are no longer girls, but although they may have arrived at middle age, they are still anxious, and quite rightly too, to wear bonnets as becoming and as pretty as possible. To them the following suggestion may be of use. When once you have had a shape which is becoming and comfortable it is an excellent plan always to keep to it, you can have the same style made in so many different materials, but so differently trimmed no one will recognise it, and you will always feel sure you are wearing a becoming bonnet. Of course when we begin to trim a hat we always put the head lining in first, only leaving the narrow ribbon to be run in, and gathered up when the hat is quite finished; but with bonnets this rule varies, some shapes must have the same kind of full linings that hats do, and those we put in at first, but small bonnets generally require a shaped lining fitting exactly inside, and this must be very neatly put in when the trimming is finished. This is the most difficult kind of lining to manage; the sarsenet should be slip-stitched to the material which binds the bonnet about half an inch from the edge. We must always study carefully what style is most becoming to us, and remember that when a face is getting lined, and the hair beginning to turn grey, anything soft and full near the face will be becoming; and dark colours particularly so. Velvet is eminently becoming, and a bonnet with a rather full velvet front is most attractive. Through the autumn and winter seasons a great many cloth and velvet bonnets will be worn, and these will be trimmed with fur when the cold weather comes. A bonnet of blue velvet, the shade which is known as Royal, trimmed with



3.—BONNET FOR YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.



2.—A BONNET FOR A WINTER WEDDING.



4.—FRENCH TOQUE FOR OLDER LADIES.

chinchilla fur and a bow of white satin ribbon with paste or steel ornaments is decidedly smart; and any shade of velvet looks well with sable tails. Of course real sable tails are expensive to buy in the first instance, but they wear for ever and always look nice, and like all other materials that are good to start with, they are more economical than cheap ones in the long run.

And now I feel sure you have been studying the pretty bonnets and toques that are illustrated here, and that you are anxiously looking out for the descriptions that accompany them, and as we have been discussing bonnets principally, I will give you their details first, and if you want to know more about the toques than the bonnets, then you must read the end of this article before you read the beginning.

No. 1 is just the sort of bonnet that ought to suit anybody, not too small, with plenty of width in the crown to fit comfortably on to the head. It is made in a fancy straw, and the lace forming the full front, and the *pouf* at the back is a fine black *lisse* with a graceful design in cream *appliqué*; the rosette at the left side is of *miroir* velvet in a lovely shade of yellow; at the right side behind the lace is a group of nasturtiums and leaves, and the same flowers in various shades of colouring appear at the back, which is finished off with a wide bow and strings of black satin ribbon. This bonnet would be charming with chrysanthemums instead of nasturtiums, mauve chrysanthemums with a *miroir* velvet rosette to match for slight mourning, would be admirable.

No. 2 is very smart, but then who does not want something smart at some time or other in the winter season. It would make a lovely bonnet for a winter wedding, and could be adapted to match any costume. The one our artist has sketched for you is in yellow and white. The crown of white satin is covered with silver embroidery, and the full ruche round the bonnet is in orange velvet. A long piece of velvet about five inches in width on the cross, gathered at each edge, and put on after the satin, and before the embroidery makes the ruche. Two black feathers standing erect at the left side, and one at the right side, are the only trimming required, and black satin strings make the necessary finish. This bonnet is one of those which require the lining to be put in when the bonnet itself is almost finished.

No. 3 is a smaller bonnet, and would suit a young married woman very well; the shape is made in green velvet, and sable tails are laid along the sides, the front being trimmed with bows of black satin ribbon, which are caught down in the centre and kept in place with a paste ornament; the soft fur against the green velvet looks very warm and dainty. At the back amongst various loops of satin ribbon are two parrot's wings in half a dozen shades of green, and I need scarcely say that the strings are, as usual, black satin. Strings for the winter must be either velvet or satin, or for mourning a corded ribbon should be used; but in the summer tulle or lace strings make a pleasing variety. Of course it is permissible to wear a bonnet without strings, but it is not nearly so becoming to the wearer, the strings are such a help in putting a bonnet together, and make just the finish at the sides of the face and back of the head that a bonnet seems to need. Veils should be always worn over the bonnet in front; if put on first over the face and under the bonnet, an unnatural dragged down look is given to the hair, and it is always unbecoming to have anything drawn tightly over the face; they can be put lightly over the front and will not at all spoil the look of the trimming.



6.—TOQUE FOR A SUNSHINY DAY.



5.—TOQUE FOR YOUNG GIRL.

And now let me tell you about the toques sketched for you here. No. 4 is from a French model, and is very suitable and becoming to older ladies, who find toques as a rule rather trying. The shape is made in black millinery net, the crown cut round, like a plate, and put into folds all round the edge to form the rather high crown, the brim of the same material nearly two inches wide, wired at each edge with a firm black wire. The crown when pleated should be the same size round as the inside edge of the wired brim, and these two are stitched firmly together; now you have a very good shape, and one that can be used for a great number of toques, the varied coverings and trimmings being all that is needed to make each one entirely different. This toque is made of velvet,

one yard will be sufficient; first you must cut two strips on the cross six inches wide, join them together, and run with strong cotton along each edge, the remaining velvet is put on the crown almost plain, the fulness being drawn into two up-standing ears at each side; draw up the gathers of the velvet brim which you have already run, and sew it to the base of the crown, covering the net-brim; the sketch will show you the full pleats into which this is arranged. Some *écru* lace is *appliquéd* on the crown, which gives a light look to the velvet; at the left side, among the folds, three ostrich tips are put lightly in, shaded ones are the most stylish, and the right side is trimmed with a double pleat of black lace, caught down in the middle with a paste bar. A handsome paste brooch is put each side of the middle fold of velvet in the front; this toque is extremely pretty and smart, and as I felt sure you would all admire the sketch so much that you would determine instantly to copy it for yourselves, I have given you very minute directions how to set about it, and you can make it in any shade of velvet, with trimmings to correspond.

No. 5 has the same kind of foundation as No. 4, and the velvet brim is very similar to the one I have just described, but this toque is much more girlish and simple, the crown is made of figured or embroidered silk, in shades of scarlet and buff; the brim is of scarlet velvet, and is raised at the left side to show a full black satin bow resting against the hair; a twist of the ribbon is also put round the crown where it joins the brim. A clump of black quills, medium sized, are stuck in almost upright, and a jet brooch clasps some of the ends.

Next we have in No. 6 quite a different style and shape; this toque is hardly suitable for a winter day, but for those of my readers who may be abroad, and are enjoying sunshine instead of fogs, it would be very pretty. The crown is embroidered in all shades of colour, mixed with silver and gold, and is cut up into points; between these points a deep cream-coloured *lisse*, edged with black lace, is put very full; a thick wreath of mixed roses with some shaded foliage rests on the hair, and a big bow of wide black satin ribbon forms the whole of the back; three black quills of different heights stand straight up at the left side, the front one being rather shorter than the other two. For a girl with soft fluffy hair, this toque would be charming; and late autumn flowers might be used instead of roses, according to the taste and inclination of the wearer. A full wreath of shaded ivy, with here and there bunches of bright berries, would be extremely pretty, or those flame-coloured chrysanthemums we sometimes see resting on dark-brown hair, would be most picturesque. And now that I have finished describing the pretty illustrations that have been sketched for you, I want to tell you about one other toque that would, I think, be useful to a good many of you, and I sure that a great number of girls are quite clever enough to be able to make it from the description without seeing it sketched. It would be equally pretty in velvet, cloth, or brocade, and the net-shape I have already described to you could again be used for the foundation, but without the brim; it would therefore be necessary to wire the base of the crown after you have put the fulness into folds; the shape must be carefully bound with black velvet and lined with black sarsenet before you begin to tack the crown on to the foundation. If the toque is to be made of velvet three quarters of a yard will be required, for though it has no brim, the crown takes a good deal of material. Cut a large circle of velvet and run it all round the edge, next draw up the gathers very full, and stitch it lightly on to your net shape, of course turning under the raw edge of velvet and allowing the bound edge of the shape to show, it is this which rests on the head. Now I daresay you think the crown is rather like a balloon, but when you have pulled the velvet down, and arranged it in folds across the crown from side to side you will see how well it looks; every here and there you must give it a pinch or a pull to make the folds look irregular and graceful. Flowers or stars of lace may be sewn on the velvet, and jewels sprinkled over the crown give a very smart look; a gathered ruche of black *lisse* or ribbon finishes the base of the full crown, or fur could be used, and would be very pretty; a jewelled brooch in the middle of the front is fashionable, and at the right side resting on the velvet folds is a smartly-tied bow of white satin ribbon. The finishing touch which gives style to the toque is the group of ostrich tips, two standing erect, and one curling on to the hair at the left side; they are the natural coloured tips, that soft delicate shade of pale brown mixed with white which are always pretty and look most attractive against the velvet. Well now I hope if you wish to try and make any of these pretty things for yourselves that what I have said may be helpful to you; I can assure you the bonnets and toques from which these sketches were taken were exceedingly pretty, and I am sure if you do succeed in making any for yourselves you will be well repaid for the trouble by the satisfaction of knowing you are wearing a most becoming hat, bonnet, or toque entirely your own handiwork.

E. B. T.



MODERN METHODS OF TREATING THE SICK.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

B.—Surgical.

"If you please, doctor, my arm is much worse than it was yesterday." These words were addressed to me on entering the out-patient department of a hospital, by a servant. I recognised her, as I had attended to a wound on her hand caused by a broken dish the day before. Seeing that the cut was dirty, I put on a fomentation, and having given her some lint, ordered her to foment the place every three hours and come and see me next day. It was obvious, on looking at the bandage, that someone, not very skilful at surgery, had been at work. I unrolled the bandage and discovered that the cut had been completely covered over with a large piece of sticking-plaster. On removing this I saw that the wound was inflamed and angry, and that the arm was red and painful up to the elbow. I asked her what she had been doing. "If you please, sir, them bits o' rags weren't no good, so I asked cook what she did when she cut herself and she says, 'put on a piece of sticking-plaster.'"

This was not the first case of the kind that I have seen, and am afraid that it will not be the last.

Lest you should fall into such an error as this, I wish to give you some idea of the proper treatment of wounds by the method that is known as the "new aseptic surgery."

But before describing the treatment of wounds by the modern method it is necessary to say a few words about the use of antiseptics. The "germ theory" of disease, which is now held by nearly every medical man, means that most, if not all, diseases and the majority of complications of injuries, whether accidental or made intentionally by the surgeon, are caused by the entrance into the body and rapid increase of certain exceedingly minute vegetable organisms allied to the fungi called microbes. Recognising that these organisms are the cause of the inflammation of wounds, various lotions have been introduced to kill these microbes and restore the wound to a healthy condition. Those substances that possess the power of killing these organisms are called antiseptics, such materials as are entirely free from germs are called aseptic; thus, carbolic acid is antiseptic and distilled water is aseptic.

Every household should contain some antiseptic fluid, of which the most convenient are the following:—

Carbolic Acid.—To make carbolic lotion get an ounce of absolute phenol at a chemist's (it will cost about fourpence an ounce and should be in small transparent crystals, which

become damp and pink by keeping; if it is brown it is a sign that it is impure and unfit for surgical purposes), dissolve it in three pints of freshly-boiled water, keep it in a stoppered bottle and it will remain good for any time. This fluid is poison, and should be kept out of the way of children.

Permanganate of Potash is another good antiseptic for household purposes: the lotion may be made by dissolving the crystals in water, or diluting Condy's red fluid to the desired extent. For washing cuts a solution of half an ounce of the crystals in a quart of water is the strength required. This solution does not keep so well as carbolic acid, and after a time deposits a brown sediment and becomes useless. If in case of emergency an antiseptic is wanted, and neither of the above is in the house, a moderately efficient preparation may be made by boiling a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of water; if borax is not obtainable then use carbonate of soda, or clean table salt, but these last are very inefficient.

Beside the antiseptic the other materials necessary for the modern household treatment of wounds are few; a small quantity of sticking-plaster, lint, oiled silk, cotton wool and bandages are all that are needed.

Beginning with

Cuts,

as these are the most frequent forms of injury. They may be divided into those that are clean, cut with a clean sharp instrument, and those that are jagged or dirty. In the first class, treatment is simple. Wash the wound with the antiseptic, put on a piece of lint and bandage. Do not be afraid of a little blood, remember that considerable quantity may be lost without any harm resulting, and that a few drops of blood make a great show. If, however, the bleeding is serious do not be alarmed, as it may be stopped by pressure or by very cold or hot water. The last is the best method and will succeed where the other two have failed. The water should be as hot as the hand can bear (120° F.) If the blood comes away in a jet, waxing and waning with the heart-beats, it is a sign that an artery is cut, press firmly upon the place with lint and send at once for a surgeon, as you cannot stop it yourself.

If the cut is jagged and dirty, such as one so commonly sees as the result of barbed wire, wash the place well first with soap and water and then with the antiseptic until every particle of dirt is removed; then bring the edges together with a piece of sticking-plaster and treat as for a simple cut. In wounds caused by glass or splinters be careful to remove every atom of the foreign material, as the wound cannot heal until it is got rid of. Wounds on the face usually bleed freely, but they also heal very rapidly, usually in a few hours. Wounds on the head are liable to be followed by erysipelas; thoroughly washing with the antiseptic will prevent this. If wounds on the head gape considerably stitches may be necessary, but it is advisable not to use plaster in this case.

A word as to the use of sticking-plaster. This is very useful for bringing the edges of a wound together, but should never be used to close a wound; when used it should be applied in very thin strips across the cut, leaving intervals between the pieces. If it is placed so as to cover the wound germs and discharges collect under it. This delays the healing and produces that throbbing hot pain that is always present in unclean wounds where the drainage is imperfect.

All wounds that cut right through the skin leave scars, and although we cannot prevent the formation of a scar we can render it as small as possible by bringing the edges of the wound together and keeping it perfectly clean.

Bruises

are effusions of blood under the skin, and are best treated by covering them with a piece of lint soaked in spirit or equal parts of eau-de-Cologne or vinegar and water. When they get black and blue, it means that the colouring matter of the blood is being absorbed, and is a sign that healing is taking place.

Burns and Scalds

should be treated by rubbing them with salad oil, and covering with cotton-wool. When a blister forms it should not be pricked, but the whole of the skin should be removed with scissors, and the raw surface dressed with zinc or eucalyptus ointment.

I will tell you why they should not be pricked; if you prick a blister with a needle, since there are germs on the skin, on the needle, on your hands and, probably, in the air, these organisms get into the blister, and there meeting with a home congenial to their tastes, and being unable to get out, since the pin-hole closes up in a few minutes, they rapidly increase and the blister becomes an abscess, which is very painful and difficult to heal.

Now if you completely remove the covering of the blister and apply an antiseptic ointment, should germs get in they are rapidly killed by the application. In removing the skin you are only forestalling Nature, for it is dead skin, and must come away sooner or later.

Fractures and Dislocations

cannot be treated except by a surgeon, and you should not try to remedy them yourself. When a limb is broken let it lie flat at the side, or else hang down, do not try to support it in any way; above all, do not try to apply a sling, or you may convert a simple into a compound fracture, for the ends of a broken bone are very sharp, and very little pressure will force them through the skin.

It was formerly thought that

Whitlows, Boils, and Styes

were due to impure blood, and that the matter they contained was the impurity, and should on no account be driven in; but now it is held by every specialist in skin diseases, except one (a Frenchman), that they have nothing to do with the state of the blood, but are due to septic germs getting into the skin itself, and by their irritation causing inflammation, so the sooner they are stopped the better. Accordingly it is useless to treat these diseases by internal treatment, they must be met by local means. I acknowledge that boils are more common in unhealthy than in healthy people, and that those who suffer from them often feel ill, but in the former class it is due to associated conditions, the "feeling ill" is the result, not the cause of the boils. Whitlows, abscesses, and boils are best treated by putting on hot fomentations every three hours, made by wringing out lint in hot antiseptic fluids, applying as hot as can be comfortably borne, covering with a piece of oiled silk, and wrapping up in cotton-wool. When all the matter is discharged, a simple ointment will quicken the healing.

Never under any circumstances apply a bread-poultice, for, as this of itself is full of germs and rapidly decomposes, it helps rather than hinders the cause of the trouble. I saw a very forcible and instructive example of the ill-effects of a bread-poultice in the beginning of the year. A lad came to me with a boil on his arm, with the history that eight months before he had a boil on the same place. He put on a bread-poultice and the boil disappeared, but three others came in its place; he again applied a poultice, with the same result. The boil he showed me was the fortieth he had had. He said he would be pleased if I would give him some medicine, as his blood must be in a very bad state. I told him the fault was in the poultice, and not in his blood, and ordered him carbolic fomentations, followed by an ointment. He has not had another boil since.

Styes on the eyelid are simply boils, and should be treated in the same way as boils elsewhere, but as it is difficult to apply a fomentation here, an ointment containing some simple antiseptic is to be preferred. If a hair is seen in the middle of the stye, pull it out with twezers, and the trouble will soon cease. To prevent the eye becoming infected, an eye-wash, such as the following, should be used:—℞. Acid boracis, ʒij, tr lavandulae co, ʒf, aq distil ad oj, mixed with an equal part of warm water three times a day.

Discharge from the Ear

is very common in children, and to a less extent in adults; it is commonly the result of scarlet fever, measles, enlarged tonsils, or sore throat. To treat this complaint syringe out the ear three or four times a day with solution of Condy's red fluid, diluted to a pale-pink colour with warm water. In syringing out the ear point the nozzle of the syringe towards the upper wall of the passage, and let the water flow gently but continuously. If the fluid is forcibly injected, dizziness or fainting is produced; if too slowly it does not reach far enough. Do not put wool into the ear, as this keeps the discharge pent up. Now if you understand that the discharge is dead material, containing vast numbers of organisms, and that this matter must get out somehow, you will at once see what a mistake it is to block up the natural passage, for the matter finding its exit blocked and being obliged to come away, burrows into any crevice it can find, and so often completely destroys the ear, and occasionally enters the brain. If the discharge is unsightly tie a clean handkerchief over the ear, changing it at least once a day; but if you carefully use the syringe, the discharge soon dwindles down to a very small quantity.

Warts.

I know no better method of treatment than the following: Drop on to the wart glacial acetic acid, leave it for a minute, and then apply solid nitrate of silver (luna caustic). The advantage of the acetic acid is that it carries the caustic right into the wart, and not merely affects the surface. As the acid is a caustic, and burns the surrounding skin, rub a little vaseline over the adjacent skin, but be careful not to cover the wart itself, else the acid will not affect it.

Corns

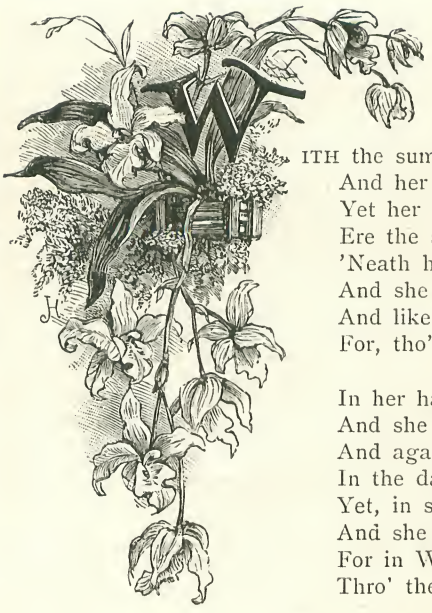
on the feet are little masses of hardened skin, they are caused by ill-fitting boots, either too tight or too loose. For treatment, soak them well in warm water, and apply the following "solvent:" ℞. Collodion (three-quarter strength) ʒj, acid salicylici gr. xx, ext. cannab Indicae gr. xxx, every evening till the corn drops off. This preparation owes its merit to the softening and solution of the hard skin by the salicylic acid. The Indian hemp in the above prescription is put in to prevent pain, and gives the preparation its dark-green colour.

Bleeding from the Nose

may be the result of violence, or of constitutional conditions. It is usually slight, and stops of itself. If it does not do so hold the head up, and apply very cold or hot water to the nostril. Ice or a cold sponge applied to the spine is better than the old-fashioned door-key. If these methods fail, plug the nose with a piece of lint; if this is unsuccessful, it must be plugged by a surgeon.



IN A SUNNY LAND.



WINTER AND SPRING!

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

WITH the summers long departed have life's roses drooped and died,
And her tresses, once so golden, bear the frost of wintertide;
Yet her heart is young whilst musing on the happy days she knew
Ere the sunshine waned and faded, and the clouds of sorrow grew!
'Neath her eyes are spread some letters where the ink is dim with age,
And she knows the words impassioned that are writ on ev'ry page,
And like gentle rain upon them fall the teardrops that they bring,
For, tho' life is now in Winter, all her thoughts are with the Spring!

In her hand are withered flow'rets whence the fragrance long has flown,
And she sees, as in a picture, that dear spot where they were grown;
And again to her are breathed the words she thought so sweet and true
In the days when she could ne'er believe life's roses turn to rue!
Yet, in spite of all, these treasures she can never cease to prize,
And she hides them in her casket from the stranger's callous eyes,
For in Winter's darkest moments they can cause her heart to wing,
Thro' the clouds of years departed, to the sunshine of the Spring!

"IN MONMOUTH WARD."

A STORY OF NIGHT-DUTY.

By H. MARY WILSON, Author of "In Warwick Ward," "Miss Elsie," "Storm-Tossed," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist."—*Emerson.*

"NURSE GREG to night-duty." That was what the Sister of the Nurse's Home had read after breakfast from her official slate. But I suppose these few words convey little impression to those outside hospital walls, of what they involve, of the sudden entire change of routine, of the "owl-like existence" as Nurse Greg expressed it. She did not altogether dislike the prospect. The quiet, the hush over everything, was restful at first. The occasional soft call of "Nurse! Please, a drink of water," or the restless tossing of a delirious patient, gave her occupation; and when sleep had quieted them all, the leisure to sit down and write a long letter to a parent or sister at home was very welcome.

Nurse Greg was now in Monmouth Ward, a men's surgical. She had received the Sister's instructions and studied her chart.

This chart is a piece of paper divided into a series of squares, eight squares in rows of eight, i.e., in each row seven squares for the week and one for the patient's name or number at the beginning of the line. In the dated square she found her written instructions in brief, such as, for No. 10, "treatment repeated," for No. 15, "milk every two hours," for No. 5, "keep patient propped up," etc.

She had made various little arrangements conducive to her own comfort and that of the patients in her sole care during the hours of darkness.

She had lowered some of the gas jets and turned out others; and looking at all the quiet beds realised that the night had begun, and begun well.

After a week of this night-duty Nurse Greg knew which of her patients were likely to need special care and watching. There were only two very serious cases. One, No. 19, a working-man whose leg had been amputated and whose square on the chart bore the notice, "watch for bleeding." The other, No. 5, a lad brought in some days before with a crushed foot, and who had proved to be also an advanced heart case. He was a poor lonely waif, his very desolateness touching a tender chord in the bright nurse's heart.

To-night both these were sleeping quietly. As she passed from bed to bed Nurse Greg, looking at each silent sufferer, thanked God for the life-giving sleep in which they were so peacefully folded.

By-and-by she settled herself to write one of her home letters, lifting her eyes between every few words to look along the ward and to listen watchfully.

"The last two nights have been glorious," she wrote, "an unclouded sky and a beautiful moon. If it is unlucky to look at a new moon through glass how unfortunate I shall be! for she travels the whole length of the ward during the night, and beams upon me through five several windows in the most companionable way! Don't say that we cannot get lovely effects even in smoky London! The sunrises are most impressive sometimes. Indeed I often wonder whether they can be seen anywhere to more advantage than as I did yesterday for instance. I was standing at one of the ward windows, looking across the roofs of the houses that lay shrouded in night, and watching for the dawn. Then the grey of the sky changed colour, paled a little, and became a lovely, delicate blue-grey with streaks of a darker shade. This woke the sparrows. What sleepy twitters they give to begin with, don't they? I took a turn in the ward then, and when I came back to my window there was the golden cross on the summit of St. Paul's just flashing into view, the first clear object. It seemed like the key-note of the new hopes, new beginnings, and new mercies of a new day. It is a comfortable thought that this great emblem of love and mercy should be the first object to catch the sun's rays as each morning breaks over this huge city. I think they are Bryant's words that I am thinking of, are they not?

"'The quiet of that moment too is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.'

"I wonder if I have quoted them correctly! And you will wonder that poetry should ever come into the practical life of a nurse!"

I broke off here to take a journey down the ward, and then came back for one of those quiet little night-meals, which have no name unless, like old nursey, we call it a "stay-bit."

"And by-the-bye, I wish you would send me a few little 'tit-bits' for these very same meals, say a tomato or two, potted meat, eggs or anything tasty. Celery is the only thing I don't want. It makes too much noise in the eating, and I should not be able to hear what is going on."

Here the pen was laid down again and Nurse Greg's mind wandered to her country home. She saw it as it had looked on her last day "off-duty"—the sunny garden, the terrace where she and her sister Helen had paced to and fro, the doves in their wicker-cage cooing from the verandah, and the sweet scent of violets that greeted them every time they reached the old archway leading to the orchard. A dreamy feeling crept over her. The ward, for the moment, seemed to recede, and thoughts of her own old, restful, white-curtained bed filled her dulling brain. She was beginning to be overpowered by the burden of weariness that she had been carrying almost unconsciously up to this moment.

It was no wonder that it should be so. She had lain for hours that morning on her bed in the Nurses' Home, courting, between its darkened walls, the sleep that refused to come and knowing that a penalty would have to be paid for this unusual wakefulness. And the penalty had come. Here was sleep catching her unawares! Her eyes closed: a numbing sensation crept over her limbs. Her head nodded.

But the jerk roused her. She opened her eyes with a startled thought and instinctively stood upright on her feet.

She knew she must face this temptation, standing, or succumb. As she stood she reeled, and the room seemed to rock as if with earthquake. Her eyes felt like two dry burning balls. Close to her stood an empty bed. How the soft, smooth pillows and the cool sheets seemed to tempt and mock her! Her head throbbed and ached with a dull, drowsy weight of weariness. Might she not stagger back to her chair and lay her arms on the table with her tired head upon them for one blissful minute of forgetfulness?

The craving for sleep was becoming maddening! It possessed her like an evil presence. Sleep! Sleep! She seemed to care for nothing else in the whole wide world. Sleep! she must have sleep! The feeling made her desperate. The thought degraded her. She had never felt like this before. And the patients were all so soundly asleep. No one would know if she yielded, no one would know. Ah! what was she thinking of? No one would know? In a flash, a burning thought had pulled her up short. She suddenly saw herself standing in the old nursery at home, with the same words "no one would know" on her childish lips, and in her heart a baby purpose to do some baby deed of naughtiness. Then her eyes had been lifted to the one text that hung on the nursery wall.

"Thou God seest me."

She felt again the blood rushing into her cheeks as it had on that nursery day. The old true lesson had recalled her to her true self. Still staggering, still reeling with the drowsiness that clung to her like spirit hands dragging her backwards and clogging her feet, she walked into the lavatory, and filling a basin, plunged her face with eyes wide open, into the cold water, again and yet again. As the icy bath, and the shock of the sudden cold upon her flushed face began to have effect, the reality of what she had so nearly done came upon her in full force. It was with a shuddering and very thankful heart that she readjusted her cap and went back to the ward and, once more, to a silent passage from bed to bed. She almost fancied it must have been hours since she had last done this, so severe and terrible had seemed that conflict with temptation. In very fact the whole had passed in three short minutes!

With the inclination to sleep gone for the time, much occurred to make Nurse Greg realise her escape. She recalled the instance of a friend, a Nurse Hunt, who had been found by the Night-Sister during one of her periodical rounds, asleep on duty. She knew how kindly the Sister had spoken with her and then to the matron for her, before she herself had had to report her misdemeanour the next day. She remembered too, how, in spite of Matron's willingness to overlook this, the first offence, very few weeks had passed before poor Nurse Hunt had yielded again, and dismissal from the hospital was the inevitable result. Poor, I said; for unfaithful though she had been to her trust, Nurse Greg knew that for her friend there were many extenuating circumstances which called for pity. She had never been able to sleep readily during the day. She was feeling very overdone, and she was nursing in a ward where, for long intervals, there was absolutely nothing to be done for the patients, only the watching that in itself is a drowsy process, accompanied as it is by the persistent regular breathing of the sleepers.

How could she feel anything but pity for her friend, while she sternly called her own self to account for so nearly yielding! For herself she would not justify the temptation in the least.

In this mood, humbled and thankful, she sat down again by the foot of No. 19's bed.

Every few minutes she had looked at the poor stump lying raised on its pillow, lifting aside to do so the gauze soaked with an antiseptic which covered it.

Hitherto all had seemed well, but now, as she watched, her keen eyes saw that one spot which had before appeared indented, a place where a stitch had been put in, had changed its aspect. It was perceptibly filling and enlarging.

It meant—Nurse Greg knew that it meant—hæmorrhage. With flying feet she ran to the curtained door at the end of the ward, and roused Sister Monmouth, and in a moment was back at her post and applying the necessary pressure with strong capable hands.

It is at such times that, as a nurse once said to me, "a woman lives to her very finger-tips." Eager, alert and active, what a contrast to the numbed, drowsy lethargy of a few minutes before!

When the Sister first, and then the House-surgeon, who had been summoned, joined her, they both commended her promptitude with kind, spontaneous words of approbation. It was not until the danger was passed and quiet once more restored to the ward, that the reaction set in and Nurse Greg faced the thought—"What might have happened if I had yielded to temptation and fallen asleep?"

Among the shadows and loneliness she sank upon her knees, and with an earnestness she had, perhaps, never felt before, uttered a silent prayer of deep-felt thanksgiving for the mercy which had led her safely through a great peril, involving probably the very life of one of her patients.

An experience such as this leaves definite marks upon a woman's character. Even her face showed signs of it. Nurse Carden saw a new look there, and wondered, but asked no questions. But one day, some months later, this kind first hospital friend, seeing it might be a help and a warning, told her all about it; and then Nurse Carden knew.

But the night-hours were not all lived through yet, not more than half indeed! A fretful cry from one of the cots next gave Nurse Greg occupation. One-year-old Bobby had been dreaming, perhaps of mother and home, and tempestuous sobs came to express his indignation at waking to find himself so far from both! He was only brought in yesterday, so we must make all excuses for him! He woke too, poor mite, to the realisation of pain as well as home-sickness. But he found Nurse's arms very consoling as she carried him quietly up and down the long ward. The baby eyes, at first, when the tears had ceased, looked inquisitively about, attracted by the glimmer from the gas, or the gleam of the brass taps above the basins, polished as only hospital probationers can polish. Once they paused by the side of No. 19, who had forgotten his recent danger in a quiet sleep. Again they came to a standstill by No. 5's bed. The boy too was asleep, but moaning and restless as he lay propped up on his many pillows, a wan, thin laddie.

But Bobby was autocratic. He preferred an undivided attention to his woes, and the soft, swinging motion began again, with the reiterated, "Sh! sh! sh!" which finally drove him reluctantly, naughty baby! to the Land of Nod.

In the early morning, just before it was time to make preparations for the patients' breakfast, Nurse Greg was conscious of No. 5's eyes fixed upon her. She went to him at once.

"The pain is bad, Joe, I'm sure," she said kindly.

"It is that, Nuss," he answered, but without any unnecessary word of complaint. That was Joe's way. There was something of the hero in his undersized frame. "A plucky little chap," his dresser called him, when the poor maimed foot was being handled; and no one knew what music such words were to the boy's ears, and how they helped him to face the next bout of pain, with set lips and clenched hands in a brave silence.

"Well, laddie," Nurse Greg said cheerfully. "It is not quite time for breakfast. Let me turn your pillows, and try to put you in an easier position, and then I shall just have time to tell you a short story that I read the other day—a boy's story, I promise you—and an amusing one."

It was good to see the smile on the shy lips, as her merry tale was unfolded, and once he laughed outright—a spontaneous appreciation of fun, that showed what a happy-go-lucky street-arab Joe had been.

There was time for a little talk afterwards, which the nurse gladly availed herself of, while the boy seemed communicative. She won a clearer insight into the life he had led.

"I ain't 'ad no 'ome," he said, "not since I was a kiddy." And she determined, as far as in her lay, that he should never need to say those words again.

"But when you were a kiddy?" she asked smiling.

"I can't remember much—not before I went on the streets, and I don't believe I never 'ad a mother, not like other chaps," wrinkling his brows in a puzzled way. Perhaps, like poor Topsy, he "specked he growed."

"I 'ad Cuckoo tho'. She were a darling!" and Joe's face lit up with a happy smile. "I made her such a bonny cradle, I did, out of an old coal-box. It were fine!"

"Cuckoo" was a baby-sister, the remembrance of whose loving baby dependence may have been the saving influence of Joe's life, even though, as he put it simply, "she took and died when she weren't not two years old." And since then, living "on the streets," sleeping anywhere that he could avoid the vigilant eyes of the "coppers," Joe had been a veritable vagrant.

As Nurse Greg bustled off that morning to the usual egg-boiling, tea-making, and bread-spreading, she felt she had made rapid strides in her acquaintance with No. 5.

(To be continued.)

A POUND A WEEK: HOW GIRLS MAY EARN IT.

PART II.

A POUND a week is a pecuniary expression that may not possibly be altogether free from certain bitter-sweet associations in the minds of my readers. With the words may come the remembrance of advertisements in which a pound a week was offered to any lady or gentleman who would be good enough to do nothing in particular and to suffer her or his private arrangements to be in no wise incommoded. Further negotiations commonly revealed that the throwing of a sprat to catch a herring, or even of a herring, in the form of a capital investment, to catch the sprat was to be an inevitable preliminary of the programme. But the attraction of the matter was not the operation of the law of chances with regard to throwing and catching, it was —am I not right?—the advertiser's explicit assurance that the pound a week could be earned "at home," and that practically it would earn itself. It would insinuate itself into the purse in accordance with the rule of its obliging constitution.

Here it is that the advertiser demonstrates how well he knows the amateur wage-earner. If there is one characteristic which differentiates this typical personage from hard-working humanity, it is an indisposition to take trouble. There are young women, and perhaps, though less numerously, young men—but my concern is with young women—who would discard the prospect of fame and fortune sooner than they would work very hard or undergo privations in the present. They love not success the less but inertia the more is a fair description of most of the girls who expect their pound a week on impossibly easy terms.

It is not on such terms that I can offer it them nor can I lead them to expect that a nominal willingness to do anything and accept any position of trust will meet with glad and golden recognition. The public is neither ill-natured nor ruthless. It puts up with a vast amount of incompetent service and does not grumble over-much. But the public, we must always bethink ourselves, is quite without the inventive faculty. It cannot even invent its own wants. Now to offer it services of any kind is tantamount to asking it to suggest the particular kind of service it could best fancy. That the public cannot and will not do. It looks to you, the girls who are wishing to wring from it your pound or pounds a week, to do the thinking and inventing. It is you who must satisfy its needs, forestall them even if you can, by filling up those blank spaces in its corporate life which the inventor denotes "felt wants."

The present moment, however, is not one which we need occupy in an intellectual journey in search of undiscovered wants. Women have within the last couple of decades shown such a wonderful alacrity in lengthening the list of public requirements that it may suffice us to consider how we may supply what the world already knows that it wishes to have. Let us look then in a cursory way at some of the occupations by which a girl may earn a pound a week, or thereabouts.

Education, in one of its numerous guises, is usually the profession which a girl first considers in reference to her own future. More than any profession, except that of acting, it is the profession that attracts youth. A girl, just emerging from long years of pupilage is unconsciously pleased with the prospect of translation to the teacher's rank. It is pleasant to think that in the realm where hitherto she has mutely obeyed, she now may govern. Then, too, she wishes to give voice to all the ideas of her restrained childhood. She will make study more attractive to other girls than it was to her. She is blithe, full of energy and elasticity: long standing and much speaking do not tire her beyond measure. The profession, on its side, reserves its most generous favours for the young. A girl may have very mediocre attainments, may be indifferently educated; but so long as the attractions of youth last, she may receive, if not her pound a week, at least her £25 a year with board and lodging, which are its equivalent. But as years go on, the profession smiles less upon her, and she upon it. The public continually examines her mental qualifications more closely. If she is able enough to be promoted, then the rest of her life is secured to her in dignity and comfort; but if, coming to middle life, she is not found worthy to earn more than her pound a week, neither is she allowed to earn that sum. She must go forward or backward; a pound a week is her Rubicon.

I would not then advise any young woman to undertake educational work who does not, to begin with, possess every educational qualification that the public is likely to demand for the next few years. She should also be quite as much a student as a teacher; for she will only succeed in crossing that middle-age Rubicon I have alluded to, if by constantly nourishing and developing her own mind she makes up for the loss of youth. But if we decide that our young friend is manifestly fitted for teaching, then which branch of the profession shall we advise her to pursue?

"Let her become a private governess," says one counsellor, "she may obtain £80 to £100 a year; will have an easy life, no expenses except for dress, and travelling in her holidays. The girl does not know when she is well off, if she declines to be a governess." "Enter a High School," says another. "You will have more than a pound a week there, and if you are successful, who knows that one day you may not become a head-mistress, with a comfortable house over your head, and hundreds a year in capitation fees pouring in that you will scarcely know how to spend." "But you have forgotten elementary teaching!" exclaims a third. "The board school teacher in London has a pound a week as soon as she has emerged from the ex-pupil teacher stage. Or think how nice it would be to become a village schoolmistress!" And then follow certain familiar rhapsodies in connection with rose-embowered cottages, and the pleasure of teaching little children.

Personally, I do not attach much importance to the honeysuckle and woodbine class of argument in connection with school teaching; for I think that a girl who found elementary teaching interesting at all, would find it most interesting in a large town. In the town Board or National school the teacher is brought more closely in touch with the life of the people at large, and has better opportunities than in the country of strengthening the weak places in our educational system. But nobody who is in the least acquainted with the elementary school-teacher's life needs to be told how hard it is, how exacting, and how poorly remunerated in proportion to the outlay of time and money that must be expended on training. Especially are women badly paid, and the disparity between their earnings and those of men increases at every step in the scale of promotion. One of the reasons, I believe, why women are worse paid than men for services of admittedly equal quality is, that women can more easily be obtained than men, the latter being withdrawn from teaching by other and more lucrative pursuits. The inequality, however, is already in a fair way to be redressed by the creation of lectureships, and other teaching posts to which better incomes are attached. A County Council lecturer on Health, for instance, whose training is incomparably slighter and cheaper than that of an elementary teacher, receives a couple of pounds a week, and thinks herself sometimes badly used if the salary is no more. *Cookery* lecturing I cannot recommend, too many complaints having reached me of the dearth of employment for well-qualified teachers. But I do not think that laundry teaching is yet overdone, and I fancy that there are still many directors of girls' clubs, homes, and charitable institutions who could employ suitable women. Nor are lecturers in some of the rural industries, such as dairy work, poultry-rearing, and bee-keeping, too numerous yet. One dairy-lecturer whom I know makes £250 a year by County Council work, and adds to this amount fees for lecturing in vacation times. She is no doubt remarkably clever, attractive in manner, and a skilful demonstrator. Still, if she can do so well, there must be room for others, who, being less gifted, would be content with a smaller reward. And there are other teachers, of physical training on the Swedish System, of lip-language for the deaf and dumb, etc., of whom I might speak were it not that these stand outside my pound-a-week limit.

As clerks and secretaries also, many girls try to win the weekly pound. Too many, because clerical life does not allow room for much initiation, or that expansion of powers which ought to come with full experience. A natural sense of diffidence, and a shrinking from responsibility, induce girls to adopt that kind of subordinate, shadow-life which is mostly the clerk's. At the same time there are bad ways of becoming a clerk and good, or, perhaps, I should say ways that are indifferent.

Cases there are, no doubt, in which a girl only does her duty to herself and others in becoming a clerk. She may not be a girl who cares to take the initiative, but she may be able to obey orders in a business-like way. Under these circumstances, if the clerical career appeals to her, let her try her chances of entering the Civil Service. The hours are light, the work mainly routine in character, and the pay (if the post is actually a clerkship) begins at £65 per annum, and will be raised if the young woman shows capacity.

Yet, to my thinking, girls fix their desires far too generally upon what are termed "posts," and far too little upon occupations in which they might create posts for themselves. They do not take sufficient heed to the chances which trade puts in their way. I would have them, for instance, become cooks, dressmakers, milliners—mind, I do not mean teachers of those crafts, but actual craftswomen—in far larger numbers. I would have those who can draw not permit themselves to sink into the mere designing of impossible fashion-figures, but use their capacity as illustrators of books and newspapers, becoming art-students of the life around them. I would have them sometimes risk a little money and put their fortunes to the touch, as their British fathers and grandfathers have done to the advantage of our race. I would have them, you will perceive, do things and dare things a little more freely. But whether they accept these adventurous counsels, or prefer to move onwards along the smooth, well-paved track, I fancy in days to come they will declare that never were they so happy as in the season when they were young, and only earned a pound a week.

MARGARET BATESON.

"QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS."

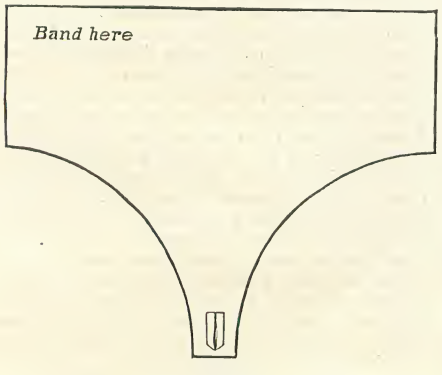
By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.



PART I.

Her Clothes.—Perhaps there is no subject more fascinating to the ordinary woman than that of baby-clothes! Of course "the new woman" finds no charm therein. I am not writing for that modern production, only for those sweet, womanly souls who have the instincts of motherhood implanted in them. To such—whether she be mother, sister, cousin, or aunt—those wee, dainty garments which we fashion for "the trailing clouds of glory," that come "out of the nowhere into the here," are a wonderful source of pleasure. The tiny frills and tucks, the delicate laces, the fine-drawn work, the invisible hems, are each dwelt on with a kind of awe. So much love is tucked into each fold, so much pleasure run into each gusset.

Now in this paper I shall try to recommend only those things which I have personally found most convenient. There may be many other garments thought necessary by some. But I am an old-fashioned woman in most ways, and have tried no new-fangled notions. My one aim has been to have garments that will not try the temper of my babies too much, that will give the minimum of weight with the maximum of warmth, and that will make my treasures look like little bundles of daintiness, purity, and comfort.



PILCHE.

I will begin by saying that the outfit for babies is generally too large. The tiny queen—who when she comes rules the household with a rod of iron—needs at first a very moderate *trousseau*. She will require, at the most, four nightgowns, four day-gowns, or monthly robes, four long flannel petticoats, four flannel binders, four little vests, or six wee shirts, two or three robes, twelve dribblers, or bibs, three dozen diapers, six pilches, and several soft fleecy shawls and flannel squares.

We will begin at the very beginning, as we would dress Queen Baby on her natal day.

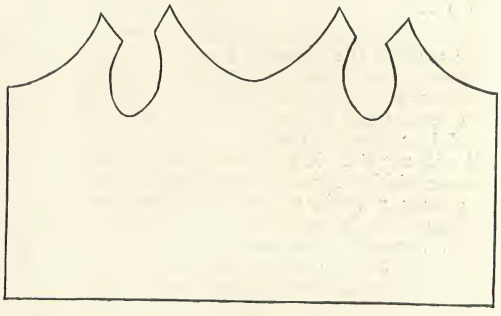
The Binders.—These may be made of strips of soft flannel, with raw edges. They should be about six inches in depth, and the full width of ordinary flannel. Do not hem them, they are softer without it, and the nurse can double them if necessary when putting on. Every woman should realise that binders are used for warmth, not for support. So many old nurses put the roller on as tightly as possible "to support the spine." It should do nothing of the sort. The binder is to keep baby from catching cold in stomach or chest. There should not at first be any way of fastening, save with needle and thread. (Pins, even safety ones, should never be tolerated.) After awhile some soft linen buttons at the proper place, and neatly-worked buttonholes at one end will be a comfort.

Over this binder I should advise a soft wool vest, instead of the ordinary linen shirt. It should not be hand-knit. Nothing but a machine can produce web of sufficient gossamer-make to suit our little queen's tender skin. At the shops they can be bought for 1s. 1d. apiece.

If the shirt is thought to look nicer, let it be made of soft pongee silk instead of linen. Why torture a helpless infant with starch and cotton lace. The silk may have a tiny frill of Valenciennes sewn on at the armholes. This will not rub and fray the wee arms; and can be washed out in one's hand-basin. These silk shirts look very dainty, wash like a rag, and wear well.

The flannel pilche is our baby's next garment. It holds the diaper in place. I have found that ordinary fine birdseye squares that are sold, are not so nice for the wee one as hygroscopic or swansdown ones. These are very cleanly and absorbent besides being delightfully thick and warm. They cost about 7d. each.

The pilche itself is made in three different ways. Some women use only a simple square of flannel, held together with a safety pin. I prefer one yard of flannel, folded corner-wise and split in two. The edges I bind together with silk ribbon and full the top into a band of calico two inches wide. Sometimes the inner point is bound separately and only attached to the outer one by the band. But, whichever way it is made, the pilche should be of double flannel. A thin tape must be run through the band and should pass through a loop sewn at the point. This point is drawn up between the little feet and keeps all this part of baby's costume neatly together.



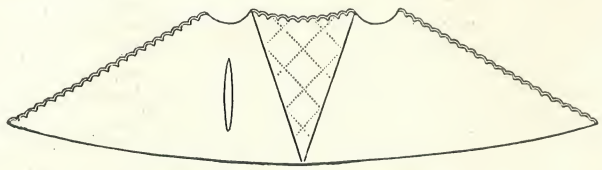
SHAPE OF PETTICOAT BODICE.

We now come to a garment which is very pleasant to make and admits of much decoration if we wish, viz., the barrow or flannel petticoat.

Choose a soft, white, Saxony flannel as fine as possible. It will take nine yards for the necessary four petticoats. But as these are worn day and night a less number would not

do. They will cost about 3s. apiece, including silk, etc.

Join together one width and a half of the flannel and hem all round with fine herring-bone. The length should be twenty-seven inches long. This is the skirt. For the bodice take a strip of flannel from the end of the roll about seven inches deep. Mitre the two ends, and fold in three. Armholes are hollowed at the two folds. At the back, quilt on a diamond of extra flannel to cover the delicate lungs. Under one arm cut a slit and buttonhole it thickly with silk. Now take a coin and mark out all round the upper part of the strip in scallops. Or better still, get a couple of yards of Briggs' edging and iron off the pattern. Buttonhole each scallop with white silk and put a dot of the same embroidery in each round. Bind the armhole with sarcenet ribbon and cross each with a strap of the same.



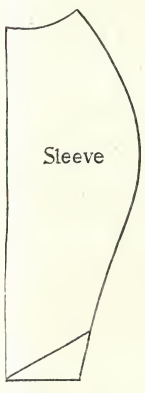
BODICE FOR FLANNEL BARROW.

The way to put on this barrow is as follows. The baby is laid on the quilted back, her arms brought through the holes, one point (fitted with a piece of ribbon) is drawn through the slit under the right arm, and brought to meet the other in front. Here it is tied.

By this arrangement the petticoat (which of course is pleated on to the bodice and bound neatly in place) falls in a double pleat over the little toes, and needs no strings sewn on it.

Except when Queen Baby is going to wear a robe, immediately on the top of this barrow comes the gown. It is well, however, to have two white petticoats at least. For those we need four and a half yards of Nainsook muslin or very fine long cloth, and three yards of narrow lace for edging the bodice. Divide your material in two equal parts, and take off a strip from the end of each ten inches wide. These strips are for the two little bodices and must be cut as diagram. Allow an inch hem at either end of the bodice and make a tiny one round the neck. It and the armholes should be trimmed with lace put on slightly full.

The skirts will measure thirty-three inches in length. This includes a two-inch hem and two and a half in tucks. It must be fulled on to the bodice, through the false hem of which a narrow draw-string is passed.



Cuff.

I have recommended neat lace instead of embroidery in this paper, as it is so much softer and falls in more artistic folds than any cut work can do. Besides the starched points and whirligigs in Madeira work are apt to irritate a baby's neck and arms. But, of course, if preferred embroidery can always be substituted for lace.

Now we are come to the daintiest part of our wee maiden's first *trousseau*. In elaboration it will in no way compare with the white robe she may don some future day—for these tiny gowns cannot be too simple in make. They should owe their fascination to the delicate sewing and fine materials employed on them.

My little queen has eight of these garments. But six are usually sufficient. Four of them, those worn at night, are made from eight yards of fine cambric. They are thirty-two inches long and two breadths wide. Fold each length down the centre and cut out as shown in the diagram. The pieces left in shaping will cut sleeves ten and a half inches long. Cuffs are included in this measurement, and are simply the ends hemmed, bordered with Cash's narrowest frilling, and turned back. They are cut in one piece. For these little monthly gowns I always make a breastplate of tiny tucks covering the bosom. Each one is feather-stitched with fine crochet cotton. Our queen, at this period of her existence, is better without dribblers, so this thickness on the chest is welcome. A band—also thickly feather-stitched—meets these tucks at the waist, viz., six inches from the neck. It is finished with long sash ends of the cambric. These keep the dress in position when tied in a bow, and the frock is finished with a frill and a draw-string at the neck.

Baby's daygowns are made of Nainsook or striped cambric sometimes. Mine are always fashioned from the deep tucked cambric one buys by the yard. It has generally groups of three tiny tucks with spaces between which I fill with one inch Valenciennes. It is made long enough for the skirt (thirty-six inches), but the bodice, cut after the pattern given above, must be cut from plain cambric. Then, round the neck put a frill of the antique Valenciennes—or better still—of pillow hand-made lace or Maltese, and fill up to a point at the waist with the same. This makes a charming soft frame for the tiny face, and gives the shoulders a sturdy square look. The sleeves are ornamented with the same lace as the "plastron," and, if wished, the skirt may be lengthened with an edging slightly wider.

My readers must understand that these last garments do not pretend to the grandeur of robes. But Queen Baby seldom wears anything more elaborate during the first month of her existence. I have never made a genuine "robe," spelt in capitals if one trusts nurse's pronunciation, so I cannot tell how to frame its intricate ornamentation. I should advise such being bought. They can be procured from 5s. to £5 5s.

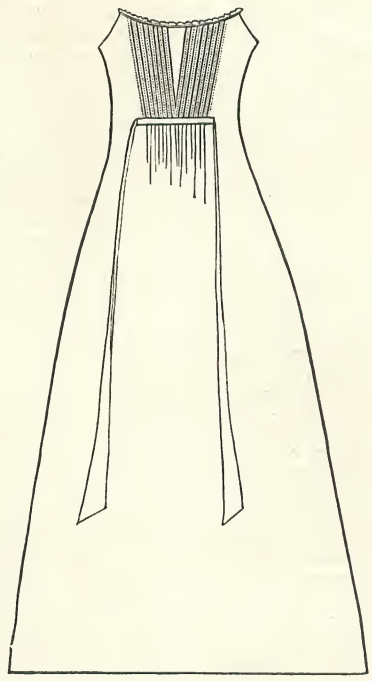
Queen Baby is nearly ready. But our little monarch's head needs a crown. Give it a soft, fleecy shawl, crocheted by granny's patient fingers, I advise you. It is more cosy than even the flannel silk-mitred squares one so often sees. By-the-bye, we have forgotten booties and monkey jackets, and if baby comes in the winter she will need both. I cannot knit, so I can only advise my readers on two points concerning these woollies. Let them be pure white and never put up with crochet work in them. These latter are frauds. They look well until introduced to the hand-basin. Then they harden and stretch in the most exasperating way. Whereas, plain knitted booties will wear and wash to the end. There are three articles required by Queen Baby every day that I would not advise an amateur to meddle with.

One is dribblers. They are so inexpensive to buy and so troublesome to make. I have found silk ones far more satisfactory than the usual padded things; they can be bought for 4s. the half dozen and are made of soft Surah and trimmed with fine torchon. They can be rinsed out in baby's bath, and require neither starching nor ironing, so one needs to invest in fewer at a time. Baby's neck can never be frayed with them, and the creamy tint they eventually acquire is beautiful compared to the yellow hue of badly-made up cambric.

In fact in these days of cheap silk that word may be interpolated wherever I have put cotton. For shirtees and dribblers I would recommend nothing else.

I mentioned three things as "taboo" to an amateur. The two last are cap and cloak. Even the most dainty of untrained fingers cannot turn out millinery equal to what can be bought at any good shop. So I would advise these to be left alone; only premising they should both be made of washing silk, trimmed (if possible) with thick silk cord and real lace.

I am afraid the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will frown if I lengthen this paper much further. But at least I must ask for space just to talk about Queen Baby's bed. Of course all kinds of handsome ones can be bought ready trimmed. I will just tell you how to prepare a dainty inexpensive nest for the birdie.



Get an ordinary wicker cradle; it will cost about 3s. 6d. Take off the canes destined to hedge in the tiny head. We shall not need them. Enamel it with Aspinall's ivory white. Get a carpenter to make an ordinary stand of inch square slater's laths. Let the two ends form separate X shape supports and lay the cradle therein. Screw on tiny rollers at each foot. Tie wicker and wood together with ivory ribbons, line the basket with ivory silk, edge it with a frill of soft lace, and you have the daintiest cradle for next to nothing. Of course this way of making baby's bed equal in height with mother's does away with rockers. "And a good thing too," as Dr. Pye Chevasse would say in his learned treatises on this subject.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER V.

GLANHEATHYN and Craigyvellyn were two small villages forming one parish, of which Mr. Lloyd was rector. They were separated from each other by a little arm of the sea, about a mile across, and all intercourse between them was carried on by means of boats, the circuit by land being several miles. In Glanheathyn was Mr. Lloyd's parsonage; in Craigyvellyn, Lady Llewellen was to make her abode. A pleasant row of about a quarter of an hour brought the inhabitants of the one parish to the other, and a day rarely passed that did not find Mr. Lloyd and Herbert at Craigyvellyn. A large ferry-boat was constantly plying between the two places, which rendered the passage safe and easy. Herbert had also his little boat which, in fair weather, frequently did ferry-boat duty.

As soon as they had finished a late breakfast, the morning after their arrival, Lady Llewellen, Gwenllean, Miriam, and the baby, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd and Herbert, and the "familiars," Morgan, "the boy," Walter, the clerk, and Betto, the housekeeper, set off to Craigyvellyn. There was much to see and admire from the moment they left the pretty flower-embowered parsonage.

When Gwenllean actually stood upon the verge of the sea, her delight and wonder were unbounded. Not even the presence of persons with whom she was not yet intimate could restrain her exclamations of amazement, and she clasped her mother's hand tightly, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, mamma, how wonderful, how terrible it is!"

The ferry-boat was waiting to receive them, with its two stout sailors and unfurled sail, ready to ferry them across as quickly as a favourable wind and tide would let them. It was pleasant to watch Gwenllean's expressive countenance as one new object after another disclosed itself to her gaze. The bright morning sun cast a line of silver on the ocean's breast, across which the fishermen's boats and little skiffs darted, in the distance, like insects in a sunbeam. The seagulls were flapping their white wings on the waves, and bathing their bodies in the smooth element, and as Gwenllean watched them, she thought upon what her mother had said of the happiness of birds in every place, and felt sure, that like them, she could be happy in so bright a scene. As the boat glided smoothly on, she looked affectionately into that mother's face, and whispered words of admiration and delight.

When the boat landed her crew upon the shore of Craigyvellyn, Mr. Lloyd sent the servants on by the sands with the luggage, and told Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean that they would walk across the cliff, in order to see the beauties of the neighbourhood, and approach the cottage by the prettiest way. They accordingly ascended a steep path amongst the rocks, which brought them to a little white-washed church, romantically situated upon the cliff, where they paused to admire the wild magnificence of the scene around them. The churchyard was filled with curiously shaped graves, some enclosed in white-washed stones; others covered with shells and sea-sand; others with flowers. Here reposed many a poor sailor, both natives and foreigners, who had been wrecked near the coast, and cast ashore at Craigyvellyn. Several tablets in the wall told their sad stories, and the sea beneath sang their everlasting lullaby. A path across the cliff brought the little party to the village of Craigyvellyn, which was small, irregularly built and scattered. It consisted principally of fishermen's huts, raised upon the sands, and of a straggling street, with its small inn and shop, placed further inland; but still with nothing but a kind of rough common between it and the sea, upon which, pigs, ducks, and donkeys, disputed the pasturage.

"Here are my parishioners," said Mr. Lloyd, as the good people came out of their cottages, and curtseyed as they passed, "and I can assure you you will find many a warm heart beating under those rough garments."

They walked on across the common for some distance, when they suddenly came upon more cultivated land, and glancing up a smooth green slope, a handsome house, surrounded by trees, presented itself.

"Is that our house?" asked Gwenllean of Herbert. "Oh! what a nice place."

"This is not it," replied Herbert. "We have further to walk yet. That is Plas Craig, an uninhabited manor-house that belongs to an old gentleman now abroad, who is your landlord."

Gwenllean looked disappointed, but said nothing and they proceeded.

They now left the village behind them, and lost sight of the sea, as they got into a rocky road, beside which ran a clear mountain stream, which fell into the sea at no great distance. This road ended in a kind of dell, half surrounded by rocks, from one of which fell a waterfall which was the means of turning a mill, then at work close beside them. From this rock and mill the parish derived its name, Craigyvellyn, or the mill of the rock. It was a romantic spot, and here, Mr. Lloyd said, dwelt his richest parishioner, a handsome bachelor miller. One or two fields again brought them to a road amongst the rocks, and the sea was once more in sight. This ended abruptly in a large opening, made, it would almost seem, by an earthquake, between two ridges of rocks, where stood a solitary cottage. It is difficult to describe how the hill, or more properly mountain, that rose up from the rocks, sloped down almost to the beach, and afforded a really beautiful spot for a dwelling-house—but here it was that Lady Llewellen was to live, and had she searched the whole world, she could not have found a more desirable place, since privacy and seclusion were her objects.

Built slightly above the level of the sea, with a mountain at its back, round which a few trees were planted, and with rocks on each side, was a kind of cottage *ornée*, which had been the summer residence of the mother of the present lord of the manor. A good-sized flower-garden sloped from the house to the beach, which was protected from the incursions of the sea by a rough embankment of large rock-stones, that did not, however, prevent the waves from casting their surf amongst the flowers in stormy weather. The cottage faced the sea, and looked across at Glanheathyn, with its parsonage, pretty church, and quiet village. A somewhat bare kitchen-garden at the back of the house was separated by a wall from the fields that gradually sloped up towards the mountain on which the sheep were grazing quietly. There were different ways of approaching this solitary spot—the principal and best of which was by the road described—the pleasantest along the sands to the garden, when the tide was out—the roughest and most difficult, across the mountain, from whence the view was indescribably magnificent. The rocks on each side were covered with rock-plants, principally of Nature's setting, although some had been brought there by man. Abundance of periwinkles grew wild, and nearly covered the base of the rocks on one side, whilst wild roses, ferns and ivy sprung from every interstice. There was a natural grotto high up in the rocks, overlooking the sea and distant landscape, to which an approach had been made by rough steps, cut in the rocks, and around which a superabundance of creeping plants hung. This had been formerly a favourite retreat of the inmates of the cottage, and a rough table and seat, and the remains of coral, shells, and sea-weed, showed that it had been, what Herbert intended it to become again, a receptacle for the treasures of the deep.

As you suddenly came upon this singular place from the road upon the rocks, you thought you were transported to some enchanted scene in a fairy tale. There was the cottage with its green verandah, laden with creepers—its rustic lattice windows, surrounded with roses and jessamine—its thatched roof and picturesque gables—its rocks and wild mountains at the back and sides, and its green slope and flower-beds in front; but a nearer view made you acquainted with the realities of the scene. The house was small and out of repair; the verandah and trellis-work were broken down by a weight of overgrown clematis; the thatch upon the roof was old and black; and the garden in bad order. Mr. Lloyd and Herbert had done their

best both without and within, to improve the appearance of things, but they could obtain no assistance from the agent, who considered the trifling rent he required sufficient excuse for refusing to put the place in order. When Mr. Lloyd took it, it was quite a wilderness; it was now something better, but needed many improvements to make it comfortable, or indeed habitable.

Lady Llewellen, however, would have been pleased with it, had its condition been still worse, because it afforded her the retirement she desired. But Gwenllean was evidently disappointed. Her visions of comfort in a small house had been formed upon her knowledge of the steward's residence in Llewellen Park; but here all was desolation. Miriam, too, expressed it as her decided opinion that her mistress must look about for another house, and showed her disapprobation of the cottage so plainly, that it was impossible to misunderstand her.

Lady Llewellen said that a little time and patience would remedy every evil; and considering occupation the best cure for all mental maladies, she told the disaffected to come into the house and set to work in arranging its furniture. Even Gwenllean's face brightened when she saw the pretty drawing-room. Mr. Lloyd had had it papered at his own expense. The Plâs Llewellen furniture, sofa, chairs, chiffonier, tables, and carpet were displayed to advantage. Herbert had brought over some books, and placed a large nosegay on the table; so that there was an air of greater comfort about the room than the decayed exterior had led them to expect. The other apartments were not in such good order; still they were habitable, and there was the summer for improvements. A small dining parlour, and a kind of study; three or four bedrooms, and the servants' apartments completed the house.

Herbert and Gwenllean were soon hard at work, and before the afternoon was passed, Craig Cottage looked quite a different place. As to the drawing-room, Gwenllean began to think it the prettiest she had ever seen. Drawings and pictures were hung round it; books and ornaments were placed upon the tables and chiffonier; and even the clematis and honeysuckle were clipped by Herbert's determined hand, to admit the beautiful view of the sea and Glanheathyn through the lattice. In short, when they concluded a hard day's work, by a late dinner, they were quite a merry party; and even Lady Llewellen tried to smile at Mr. Lloyd's good-natured plans, and her little girl's eager participation in them.

Miriam alone remained inflexible. To be sure she rather wished to show off a few gentility airs to her new friends in the kitchen, and therefore would not be convinced. She was a good soul at heart, as her conduct to her mistress proved, but she had one failing, a failing not uncommon to ladies-in-waiting—she was proud. She would have been quite happy had she been permitted to declare her mistress's rank; but to be lady's-maid to a title, and not to talk of her ladyship, was almost too much for her philosophy. I am not sure, however, whether Miriam's side allusions and meaning looks had not a greater effect on her companions than the assertion that her mistress was the widow of a baronet would have had. Better days—real gentlefolks—good blood—ancient family—fine park—splendid house—lodges! and such like expressions, thrown into her conversation with tact, impressed her hearers with much awe and admiration. They—good, honest, simple souls as they were—would have believed anything so fine a lady as Miriam told them; and one of them at least had already transformed the Mrs. Llewellen he had seen into a duchess or a princess in disguise.

Miriam felt that she had gained ground, and sat erect and splendid amongst her future compeers; her cap stiffer than usual, and her collar more than commonly important. Betto, the queer little housekeeper, at once yielded her precedence, and listened to what she said with due deference. Her muslin cap and lappets, Welsh flannel jacket and petticoat, and very plain apron and neckerchief, could not attempt to compete with Mrs. Miriam's English attire.

Watty, the clerk, or more properly speaking, Mr. Walter Jones, assumed a becoming dignity in her august presence, and treated her occasionally to a bit of Latin *apropos*, at least he thought so, to change of fortune. He was a tall, lean man, dressed in sober black—wherefore? because he generally got his master's old coats, and altered them to fit him. Besides rejoicing in the offices of clerk, sexton, singing-master, schoolmaster, and fisherman, he occasionally did a little in the tailoring way. This was under the rose, as he never liked to be discovered when in his cross-legged posture, particularly by his scholars. He wore short inexpressibles and long grey stockings, always too large for his legs, which were very slim. He was a man reverenced for his grave and learned countenance, which was never known to expand into a laugh, and rarely to dilate into a smile. His skill as a linguist occasioned him to be regarded as second only to Mr. Lloyd in ability; for he knew a little Latin and a little English. He was fond of tropes, figures, and allegories, and delighted in the *Apocrypha* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Such was Mr. Walter Jones, the dread of little boys and girls, the admiration of young men and women, and the innocent laughing-stock of his contemporaries, particularly of his friend and rival, Morgan, "the boy," Mr. Lloyd's one man-servant.

This latter worthy was the antipodes of the clerk; always ready for a joke, he was himself a kind of Welsh Sam Weller, and was as corpulent as Mr. Walter Jones was lean. Dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, that he was pleased to call his "livery," he moved about like a rolling-pin; of little service in the house, yet as necessary to his master as his master was to him. His great merit, and the only point on which he condescended to agree with Walter and Betto, was his devotion to Mr. Lloyd. Here the usually divided trio were united. In the Rector's service they had all lived, and for him they would readily have died. Every one who differed from him was an outcast from their society, and it was sufficient to be his friend to secure their regard. He knew little of the world that lay beyond his parishes, they still less, but they echoed all he said, and as he, like Parnel's hermit, learned his lessons from "books," so they received them second-hand from him. Glanheathyn and Craigyvellyn were the limits of their world, and it is no wonder that they did homage to the superior knowledge of Miriam, from whose charming society they were summoned by their master to receive orders for the night.

When they reached the door of the little drawing-room, which was ajar, they suddenly paused. Sounds stole upon their ear so sweet and unusual, that they stood and listened breathlessly. Mr. Lloyd had found out from Gwenllean that she loved music, and had asked her to sing to him, little thinking that he should hear anything superior to a child's simple nursery song. Seated upon his knee, her little hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes cast down, she was singing him the beautiful little Scotch ballad, "Jock o' Hazeldean." She had chosen it because it was merry, as she knew a more pathetic song would arouse her mother's melancholy. Mr. Lloyd listened with wonder; Herbert, with a kind of rapt attention; and the good folk outside with uplifted hands and eyes. When Gwenllean came to the last words,

"She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."

which she sang with all the spirit and fervour they demand, Mr. Lloyd kissed her rapturously, and called her his little Eos, his sweetest of nightingales. As to Herbert, when, for the first time, he heard his favourite ballad sung, and sung with an ease and sweetness he thought unrivalled, he was in an ecstasy of delight: got up from his seat, sat down again, clapped his hands, and finally went and stood by Gwenllean, as if to drink in the sounds. The trio in the passage went back to the kitchen, and told Miriam that her young lady was an angel, to which she assented with perfect good faith. Again Mr. Lloyd called, and Betto was told to remain at the cottage till all was set to rights, the others to prepare the little boat, which was moored at the bottom of the garden.

Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean accompanied their friends to the beach. The moon and stars were up, and shed their calm light upon the rocks and ocean. The cottage slept in the shadow of the mountain, but here and there a flower seemed to wake up beneath a moonbeam. The ripple of the waves was the only sound that disturbed the repose of the evening, until the little barque was launched; and when Lady Llewellen heard the last "good-night" borne across the water, and looked around at the holy solitude and calm of nature, she blessed God for having transplanted her to such a home.

(*To be continued.*)



ART.

DOROTHY.—As we have often said, Turck's Florentine medium must be employed for painting on satin in oils, so as to harden them, for otherwise the paints will run. Try to use as few colours as possible. If you paint in water-colours, you must lay a coating of white of egg on the satin before beginning to work, and then superadd a layer of Chinese white over the pale flowers; and, finally, a few washes of colour, but a few only. Oil-colours look well if large patterns be executed; but water-colours are more suitable for smaller and more delicate designs.

DOROTHY.—An excellent article on crystolium painting was given in vol. v., May 24th, 1884. To remove the photo from the card immerse it in cold water till it float off of itself. Do not hasten it at all. It is rendered transparent by the use of a medium, of which there is a large choice.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

KITTY (*Training of Children's Nurses*).—The address you require is the Norland Institute, 9, Norland Place, London, W. Here women are trained both in Froebelian principles, and also in the practical duties required of a responsible nurse to young children.

TONE (*Work in Spare Time*).—We cannot encourage you to think you can easily obtain any work or payment by copying. The type-writer has rendered most kinds of ordinary copying superfluous, and for music-copying a knowledge of transposing is often required. You might advertise your willingness to copy music, but we fear you may not be successful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRDFANCIER.—We think you should get a larger book of birds, and this will be more satisfactory than depending on us for accounts of special ones not described in little publications. Nothing in Nature is useless, though wise heads do not always divine the "why?" True, Buffon thought the beak of the crossbill was a mere deformity, but the opinion of our own naturalist, Yarrell, and Mr. Townson's observations, contradict such an assertion. This peculiarity furnished a beautiful example of the adaptation of a means to an end. In eating the cones of the larch, the bird straightens the points of the bill (or mandibles) to insinuate them between the scales, opens them by drawing the inferior mandible aside; introduces the tongue, which is like a cutting scoop, underneath the seed and thus transfers it to his mouth. When the bill is thus separated laterally, the bird has a view of the seed in the cavity, with the eye on the side where the mandible is curved. With regard to the stormy petrel, the name means little Peter, and the origin of the appellation is found in the bird's habit of skimming so close to the water that he seems to walk on it. There is a pretty tradition respecting the origin of the twisting askew of the beak of the crossbill, that it endeavoured to extract the nails of the cross, which pierced our blessed Redeemer's hands, and in so doing it wrenched its beak. We cannot again give so much space to one correspondent.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.—Your statements of your feelings and wishes, contradict your hard views of your state. One so anxious to please our heavenly Father, need not feel so alarmed at the thought of entering His presence. "Ye are complete in Him," and the garment of His perfect merits covers all the sins of those who, confessing, and endeavouring to forsake all sin, trust only to His all-sufficient atonement. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"—"rest amidst the daily battle with temptation,"—"rest from anxious care, and doubt, and sin; because the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" and "by His stripes we are healed." Bear up against your bodily trouble in His strength. You need not halt on your way to the heavenly city; "There shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing!"

SLARGER.—To your first query we answer decidedly "No," nor at any age, unless engaged. The Victoria Cross is not designed for female decoration. In Germany heroines are decorated with the Iron Cross, and in France with the Legion of Honour.

CONSTANT READER.—The best plan for storing apples for the winter, is to find a good dry place for them, in an outhouse or loft. Spread clean dry straw on the floor, and place the apples according to their several kinds upon it, and so as not to touch each other. Cover with a layer of straw, and in very frosty weather with matting. Look them over at intervals, dry each with a soft cloth, and remove any that show decay, for present use. If there be no available place outside the dwelling-house, an attic or place under the roof might serve your purpose equally well.

A. L.—The word much, as a prefix to the name of a town, or place, is one that was in early times synonymous with great. Much Wenlock, only means Great Wenlock, being the most considerable of two places of the same name. We find many examples of this quaint term of distinction in Gloucester, Hereford, Hertford, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Warwickshire. The modern term is in very common use, *i.e.*, Great Malvern and Little Malvern, Great Missenden and Little Missenden.

BRIDE-ELECT.—The custom of a woman's assuming her husband's surname is a very ancient one, coming to us from the Romans. For example, there was "Julia of Pompey," and "Octavia of Cicero." The name taken being a surname with us is the only difference. In foreign countries—at least in Switzerland—men adopt their wives' surnames after their own, as, in a case well-known to most of our readers, of the writer Merle-Daubigné, whose own name was "Merle," and whose wife was an Englishwoman, a Miss Daubeny.

PUPIL TEACHER inquires why the word "vulgar" is applied to the English language in the Book of Common Prayer, and why "fractions" (so called in arithmetic) are likewise so termed. The word in former times had a different signification from that now assigned to it, of a disparaging character. "Vulgar" formerly meant that which is in "general," "popular," and "common" and "ordinary use." Thus "vulgar errors" means misapprehensions amongst people in general—common mistakes. The term is by no means restricted to the idea of "vulgarity."

W. B.—Yes, there are some beneficial results derived from fogs, and it is well for London that such should be the case. Scientists say that when a fog subsides it deposits various chemical and irritating particles which were held supended in the atmosphere, and clears it from what was prejudicial to man.

SNOWDROP.—You are a very silly little girl to magnify a remark made by some (so-called) phrenologist into a tendency towards the committal of a dreadful crime. The organ of destructiveness is by no means a bad one taken in connection with constructiveness. If he said you had a development, more or less, of the former organ, it might not mean anything further than that you liked making alterations and improvements in things, in laying out a garden for instance, or in remaking an old dress. Your morbid idea that you were disposed to destroy everybody and everything within your reach is a crazy one. If that were so you would not be so unhappy about it.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—1. To clean a copper coal scuttle use oil and bathbrick, rubbing well and polishing with a wash-leather. Less time is taken in cleaning by substituting vinegar for the oil. Knife-powder and oil will serve the same purpose.—2. Some people wait till others have called to obtain an opinion about a new arrival in the neighbourhood. If there be a man as well as a lady, two of your husband's should be left. But it would be better-bred if your husband called in person on a first visit. It would save trouble if you wrote your "at home" day on your card.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR.—1. Originally the enemies of God, as well as those of His ancient people, who tried to turn them to idolatry. Also the arch-traitor, Judas, is denounced in one of your quotations, of whom our Lord said, it "would have been better for that man if he had never been born." In the second place they are adapted to our use as Christian people, because we denote our spiritual enemies, the powers of darkness, and also the temptations that assail us, like "fiery darts" aimed at us by the evil ones. In this sense you may sing the ancient hymns of the "sweet singer of Israel" without distress. Remember also that David was a prophet, and often when speaking under inspiration, the word "let" may be substituted by "shall.—2. Sometimes expediency must (and wisely) overrule our own private wishes.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Beginners in literature should write an article on some interesting, and not too much hackneyed subject, or one of a practical character, and send it to a periodical dealing with kindred matters. If judged of real merit it may be taken. But popular magazines are rarely to be found unsupplied with an ample staff of approved writers. Of course any new aspirant who may show undoubted talent would, sooner or later, be recognised as a desirable addition to any existing staff.

ASTER.—The sun is not a solid body, nor is it nearly as great nor as light-giving as many of the great stars which we can see without a glass. For example, Arcturus gives forth, at the same distance, about 200 times as strong a light. Our sun is neither solid nor fluid. It is a vast globe of glowing gas 865,000 miles in diameter. The surface is a turbulent ocean of lambent flame, and great masses of fiery cloud roll about. The surface, as visible to us, is a sheet of self-luminous cloud. The spots are caused by an outburst of hydrogen gas which tears open the atmosphere. The largest on record appeared in 1858, and measured 143 miles across, and these spots are most injurious in their influence on the health of man and beast, and on all our vegetation, and make changes in our atmosphere and climate. You should study some good book on the subject of astronomy, as replies on such a subject take up too much space.

EDITH W. A.—No wedding-ring is given to the husband in England, and such a gift has no part in the marriage ceremony. Nor do Englishmen wear them, though foreigners do. But a love token from the wife may be of the same form as the wedding-ring which the bride must receive as a part of the wedding ceremonial essential to the validity of the contract.

BORONIA.—We feel for your present position, as your relative is endeavouring to upset your deceased parents' teaching and wishes. But you are still very young, and you are under her care; and it is your duty as a Christian to conduct yourself humbly, and show respect to her, and endeavour not to aggravate her by saying all you think and acting as you feel. The little trinket-souvenir given you by your mother lay by carefully, and do not anger your relative by wearing it. You might place it in the care of some reliable friend. True religion bears fruit in obedience, humility, respect towards those who (in the Providence of God) are placed over you, during your early youth, which virtues and self-denials are more approved by Him than little ceremonial observances. Your sister is young for the privilege she desires. If you know your clergyman, speak to him of her wish, his influence may shorten the time.

ELSIE.—A fifteen days' residence in the parish must precede, not follow, the issuing of the license and the marriage ceremony. If a young couple have been once married by a clergyman, or minister, duly qualified to perform the ceremony, and there be, of course, witnesses of the same, there is no use in going through the ceremony again. Were there no witness it would not be a legal and binding contract. The marriage certificate would be quite sufficient "for the benefit of others." It seems to us as if you wished to marry "under the rose," clandestinely, and so, should a difficulty arise before the publicly recognised wedding, you might say you were married already. Is this so? We hope not.

EVELYN.—The bridegroom and his "best man" should be the first in the church, awaiting the bride. The latter should then be led in, leaning on her father's or eldest brother's arm, or whoever is supposed to "give her away." Her own eldest sister should be her chief bridesmaid; and should her husband-elect have a sister, both should follow together next behind her, and the other bridesmaids after them. Then the other relatives and friends, the bridegroom's father leading up the bride's mother first amongst them.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 881.] NOVEMBER 14, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, and the next, and indeed every morning for the first fortnight, found Mr. Lloyd and his grandson at Craigyvellyn. There was so much to be done, that Herbert, who was a very efficient person, could not stay away from the cottage. and Mr. Lloyd could not be left alone. Repairs went merrily on; such at least as could be effected by the joint efforts of Herbert, Watty, Morgan, and a neighbouring



All rights reserved.] DAVID AND GWENLLEAN.

miller. They worked by turns in the garden, as time and opportunity allowed; but there was great need of some more skilful person to direct, and to improve the state and appearance of the house. This person, to Lady Llewellen's astonishment, presented himself one day in David the Harper.

Gwenllean and Herbert were twisting an obstinate branch of clematis round one of the pillars of the verandah, when they were startled by the sounds of a harp. Another moment, and a dog bounded up the path, and jumped upon Gwenllean with a loud bark of delight.

"Mamma," screamed the child, "mamma, here is Fleet."

And Fleet it was, poor Sir Howel's faithful hound, whose demonstrations of affection, when Lady Llewellen appeared, were overwhelming.

"And there is David!" again shouted the child, as she rushed down the garden, and threw her arms about the neck of the harper, who was approaching.

The astonishment of Lady Llewellen can be conceived. David had left his home to follow their fortunes, and with all the energy of strong attachment, told them that he was come to live near them, and that no persuasions could induce him to change his purpose. His plans were made. He intended to become a wandering harper, and to return at intervals, to such an abode as he might be able to procure in his old mistress's neighbourhood. What could Lady Llewellen say? She could only press the hand of the harper, and with tears in her eyes, thank him for his love and fidelity.

When the surprise of the meeting had in some degree subsided, and David had been introduced to Mr. Lloyd and Herbert, the latter said that he knew of a house that would suit him exactly.

"That small cottage by the mill, grandfather, which our friend Tommy offered you for a stable, but which you thought too good; I am sure he would be highly honoured by its being tenanted by any one connected with Mrs. Llewellen, and would gladly take an occasional tune on the harp in payment."

Mr. Lloyd thought the plan excellent, and when David was refreshed from his journey, they all, Fleet included, sallied forth to the mill already mentioned.

In the course of a few weeks, David was comfortably settled in the miller's cottage, from whence he soon began to make excursions to the different towns in the principality, returning to spend his unoccupied time at Craigyvellyn, to improve his mistress's house and garden, and to teach his dear Gwenllean the harp they both loved so well.

Lady Llewellen remained comparatively happy: that is to say, she was perfectly resigned, and, if not gay, contented. She had leant upon no unstable support, and had been sustained through much trial. One sorrow, however, yet pressed heavily upon her; she had wholly lost sight of her second child and her aunt, Lady Somerville. During the first twelve months of her widowhood she had received, occasionally, a few brief lines from her sister-in-law, containing a cold account of her own health and of that of her "adopted child," as she called her little niece. These notes, few as they were, gradually became fewer, and at last altogether ceased. Lady Llewellen had written constantly to Lady Somerville, but in her formal answers, the words—"Clare is well, and sends her love," was all that spoke to the feelings of the mother. After having written three successive letters, and received no reply to either, she addressed a few lines of inquiry to Louise, Lady Somerville's French maid, and was answered by an official document from the general post-office, enclosing her own letter, and stating that Lady Somerville and family were on the Continent, and that her place in Dorsetshire was sold.

Lady Llewellen was unacquainted with Lady Somerville's English friends, therefore, as a last resource, wrote to the postmaster of the town nearest to her late residence. He informed her that she had left the neighbourhood some months, and, it was reported, intended residing abroad; that her place was sold, and her present address unknown to its purchasers, as she meant to travel on the Continent for some time, previously to fixing herself in any particular spot, and could not, therefore, leave any decided direction.

In this wretched uncertainty Lady Llewellen was compelled to remain, from year to year, for not even the most remote intelligence of Lady Somerville or Clare ever reached her. She spoke as little as possible upon the subject to any one; but Gwenllean's tenacious memory would not allow it to sleep. She treasured up every trifling recollection of her sister, and dwelt upon the little friend and playmate of her infancy with thoughts of unchanging affection. Her innocent prayers night and morning were breathed for the absent one, and rarely did a day pass in which some new pleasure did not cause a wish for her return—and Gwenllean's pleasures were for ever renewing.

The cottage had become "a fair profusion" of roses, honeysuckles, and sweet-smelling plants of every description. David's strong and active hand had remedied every obstacle. The verandah and trellis-work were mended, and the creepers trained over them—the garden was dug and tended with constant care, and the interior of the house was repaired, painted and papered, until it looked neatness itself. Herbert and Gwenllean had improved the grotto in the rocks, and brought thither the treasures amassed in their daily rambles; shells, pebbles, seaweed, and the many rare gifts of the generous deep. Here Gwenllean and her mother often sat in summer, and looked out upon the broad expanse of ocean that lay before them. The worthy miller supplied her with all kinds of pets, and was ever trying to show his respect for the mother by his little attentions to the daughter.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

II.—THE RIGHT WAY TO LEARN AND HOW TO CYCLE PROPERLY.

We have seen that the wheel fascinations have lured our staunch friends from what in the past were considered to be the paths of decorum, and as in the most cunning manner they have led us likewise astray, it becomes us wisely to discuss our entry into the cycling world. It goes without saying that, having caught the fever so hopelessly, our one desire is to go ahead in a terrible rush and learn to manipulate wobbly wheels in as graceful or as foolish a fashion as our comrades. I presume there is just time for a friendly word of caution, for there is a somewhat curious parallel between the old adage, "To marry in haste and repent at leisure," and the art of pedalling. To learn to cycle in a hurry, many pitfalls await the intrepid maiden. Nor is it wise to allow that miserable bogey, Fear, which all and sundry at some period of their lives hug to their bosom, to spoil our wheel exploits. We should be cautious, not fearful. I have often heard the remark: "Oh, I shall never, never learn to balance myself!"

And did we know how to balance ourselves when we were pretty babies tumbling here, there and everywhere, in all sorts of absurd corners and amusing attitudes on the nursery floor? "Ah, I never thought of that!" Why a child does not easily and instantaneously learn to walk upright is because its baby eyes are continually looking at its feet, and its infant mind realises that it cannot stand alone or maintain an upright posture. A lack of faith you say, for it is so easy to criticise the shortcomings of others.

A lack of faith, but, as well, a very strong and determined disposition to study the wobbleness of our front wheel rather than to educate our mind to compel the body to work automatically in obedience to its unexpressed commands. In reality, the novice has more faith in the wobbling powers of the wheel than in her own powers of control. So, when we come to the root of the matter, it is in reality a case of too much, or a misplacement of, faith. To learn to control the varied powers of the safety-bicycle, for we are discussing the most popular style of mount just now, all the faith the novice has can be brought into active requisition, but, to control the front wheel, not to watch it.

You may spend hours, nay, weeks, and even years, in watching the uncertain powers of your restive steed, and so long as you continue to gaze upon, you will never learn to manipulate, it.

Have you ever watched a child teach itself to walk? Mamma stands or sits close by; baby is gaily disporting itself on the hearth-rug, when, unexpectedly, the fond mamma looks at her offspring, and, awakened by a sense of faith and power in its limbs and inspired by the short distance it will have to travel, baby rushes headlong into the arms outstretched to receive it. At last it has faith in its powers of locomotion, and no longer worries

its baby mind as to whether or not it can stand erect.

Our babyhood has long since passed, and yet, so far as the pastime of cycling is concerned, we are to-day just as helpless. The great secret of learning to cycle quickly and well is, always to look ahead and keep your eyes fixed on the goal you wish to reach, *i.e.*, in a straight line before you. Let your front wheel wobble. It is perfectly harmless, and, unless it did wobble, to ride would be an impossible achievement. You might as well demand that a horse's head, or your own head in fact, should not turn, but be immovably fixed. Just reflect how difficult it would be to walk with a sphinx's head attached to your unhappy body; to turn corners, or walk in any but a monotonous straight line would be to perform a miracle. Nay, let us rather rejoice in the restlessness of our front wheel, and take special delight in having faith in our ability to govern it unconsciously and gracefully.

Well, having discussed the merits of the steering apparatus of our latest love, and settled definitely, once and for all, that it is our intention to govern it and not allow it to govern us, what are the points for our interest and instruction? Let us imagine that we are going to have our first lesson. We have placed at our disposal the use of a learner's machine—for it is unwise to learn to cycle on a new wheel—and a skilled and strong operator to initiate us in the art. We presume that we are attired in a manner worthy of the cycle, *i.e.*, we have cloth knickerbockers, under a short skirt or basque, a pair of sensible, low-heeled shoes, and we have taken care to see to it that our clothing is loose, comfortable and neat.

Pedalling, yes, neat ankle-action is one of the chief points of graceful and expert riding. If we could only see ourselves as others see us, and, by the aid of a looking-glass alongside the road, perceive our awkward and excessive movement of the knees, we would at once learn to drive from the thighs with a clawing rather than a thrusting action. Don't sit like a stupid duck on the saddle, and require the pedals to push up and down your limbs; raise the leg naturally when on the upward curve. Remember that you have a most beautifully-formed ankle, which separates the human foot from the clumsy appendages of the waddling tribes. Be worthy of this ankle, and see to it that it enables you to ride well. Unhappily, few of our girls realise the beautiful formation of the ankle, and it is but at rare intervals we enjoy the sight of an elastic step, by which it is possible to bring into play all the muscles of the body whilst walking.

Some folks imagine that they have only to, as it were, throw themselves on the cycle, somehow or other balance it by a series of jerks of the unfortunate front wheel, and push the pedals up and down, and they are fully fledged cyclists! Our attitude toward such wheelers should be that of magnanimity and generosity. We feel in our most inmost heart of hearts that they are cycling monstrosities. Now, if horses were to try to ride on cycles manufactured only for the formation of the upright human frame, we know they would favour a most grotesque appearance, and we would feel very sorry for them, but why should not we girls utilise our ankles in the most beautiful manner possible?

How to learn to pedal gracefully—ah, there's the rub! One method is to mount a tricycle supported on a stand, so that pedalling is possible whilst the machine is practically motionless; i.e., the pedals and wheels go round, but the machine is stationary. But the best way is to learn on a safety-bicycle mounted on a stand. This, I think, can be purchased for the modest sum of 10s. 6d., and it is very useful as a support whilst the cycle is being cleaned, or the tire requires attention. It is possible for everyone to acquire a tolerable ankle action by careful practice; and such an acquisition will increase the riding powers four-fold, and enable the cyclist to ride hills and to maintain a better pace with the minimum amount of energy and strength. The rotary action is, in fact, a *sine qua non* to every rider. Ten minutes' practice in ankle action daily will do more to make a practised and beautiful rider than a careless spin of two hours *per diem* for years.

Having learnt the art of pedalling, and having determined to possess ourselves with faith in our powers of balance, we mount our wheel for our first lesson.

To ride a bicycle, it is obvious, is more difficult than to ride a tricycle. There are points however in common between the two styles of machines, and, therefore, the general instructions which I give are equally applicable to either. The pedalling is the same, so is the holding of the handle-bars, the attitude when riding, etc. It must be acknowledged, at least, that many of our fair riders could ride with more symmetry of action and grace of motion. To mount a cycle, and propel it along the highway is not the entire art of the pastime. The charm of balancing oneself on two wheels, to be appreciated to the full, requires not only nicety of adjustment of the machine, but the ability to glide like a swan, unconscious of any steering effort or ungainly jerk of the front wheel. To achieve this sweet method of balance, it is necessary for the rider to be lithsome in the motions of the body; not to be guilty of swaying the figure, but to acquire the habit of sitting erect, and yet able unconsciously to direct the course of the front wheel by the automatic communication of the mind to the body.

Much discussion has ensued as to whether it is wiser to learn to cycle in covered riding-practice ground or in the open air. By some it is stated that it is highly injurious to learn to manipulate wobbly wheels in a roofed building. By others it has been enthusiastically demonstrated that, in contrast with the open air, the closed-in atmosphere enables the rider to refrain from excessive breathing, and, therefore, it is in reality less injurious, also that the pupils, by careful avoidance of collision with the walls, become initiated in the art of avoiding the traffic which they will inevitably meet on the road. The argument against indoor riding-schools contributes the following reasons in favour of the open air: (1). The atmosphere becomes charged with a fine dust, which is very injurious to the lungs and chest; (2) the novice, unaccustomed to protractive active motion, unconsciously begets the bad habit of breathing through the open mouth rather than through the nostrils, and (3) the continual fascination of coming in contact with the walls of the building causes either nervous disorders or slight giddiness in the head, etc.

When doctors differ, who can decide? The cycling aspirant will be wiser if she consults her own physique and constitution. If having a lesson in a covered building causes unpleasant symptoms, the damsel should prefer the open-air riding-school, of which there are plenty. So far as breathing is concerned, all danger can be obviated by the simple precaution of learning how to breathe through the nostrils before being instructed in the more difficult achievements of the wheel. Not only novices, but experts of the wheel, have discovered it to be of great benefit to educate the valves of the hearts, and to regain their lost breath after climbing a stiff ascent, by closing the mouth quite tight, putting the shoulders well back, the chest forward, and breathing steadily and long through the nostrils. To practise taking these deep, prolonged and regular breaths, for five minutes daily, before an open window, or in the garden, will do more for the novice who wishes to soon become an expert, than all the hasty and careless riding performances of a lifetime. To breathe well, is not only to ride well, but to live well. Don't get pumped out! Directly you feel your heart go pit-a-pat, just as a mouse's heart would on hearing the near approach of the murderous cat, dismount and practise breathing.

Another important point is, immediately that bogey fear fills you with dismay, or encompasses you with despairing thoughts or timorous motives, either dismiss it, or dismount, rest for a few minutes, and then start afresh. This unnerve is merely an overstrain of certain muscles or nerves, which immediately, by the trembling sensation, rush to the brain-centres in a panic. Do not force yourself by endeavouring to conquer this tendency, to prefer the companionship of a bogey, but deal with it as you would with a frightened child. Reassure yourself by an invigorating diversion of thought. You are exhausted, or a part of you is, and, therefore, it is desirable that you should bring into play another set of nerves and muscles.

We presume that you have now learnt to ride—and alone. In a most sanguine mood you are pedalling happily along when, lo, and behold, there's a big stone just in front! Your imagination swells the stone, until it grows as big as a mountain. Now, your own sense must tell you that mountains cannot be placed in the narrow space of a roadway, and, therefore, the obstacle which has fascinated your marvellous imagination, and upset the equilibrium of your good sense, can only be a very small stone after all, and your wisest method is to note its presence, and gently but firmly keep your gaze fixed on the part of the road on which you wish to travel. There, that stone is conquered and you are master of the situation. Having achieved that victory, you need have no fear of vehicles which will be constantly passing you on both sides of the road.

In your learning stage never use your brake, for it will injure your front tire. It is much better to learn to back-pedal, *i.e.*, stand on the ascending pedal and stop the revolution of the back wheel, which is propelled by the action of the pedals. Whilst riding, you notice you press down the descending pedal; therefore, to back-pedal is to reverse the pedal action from forwards to backwards. You have considered the point, that one pedal is in the act of descending whilst the other ascends, and to propel the machine you turn these pedals round in a smooth manner, whereas, to stop the machine, you simply reverse the action of your feet.

To learn to mount your safety, you should allow your right pedal to be just descending from its highest point; then place your right foot on the pedal, and by your weight on this pedal give the machine an impetus and go ahead. You will find that you have gained your seat on the saddle by the time the left pedal has come round under your left foot. To dismount, slacken speed, and when the left pedal is nearly at the lowest point, bring the right foot smartly back between the steering-post and saddle and step off.

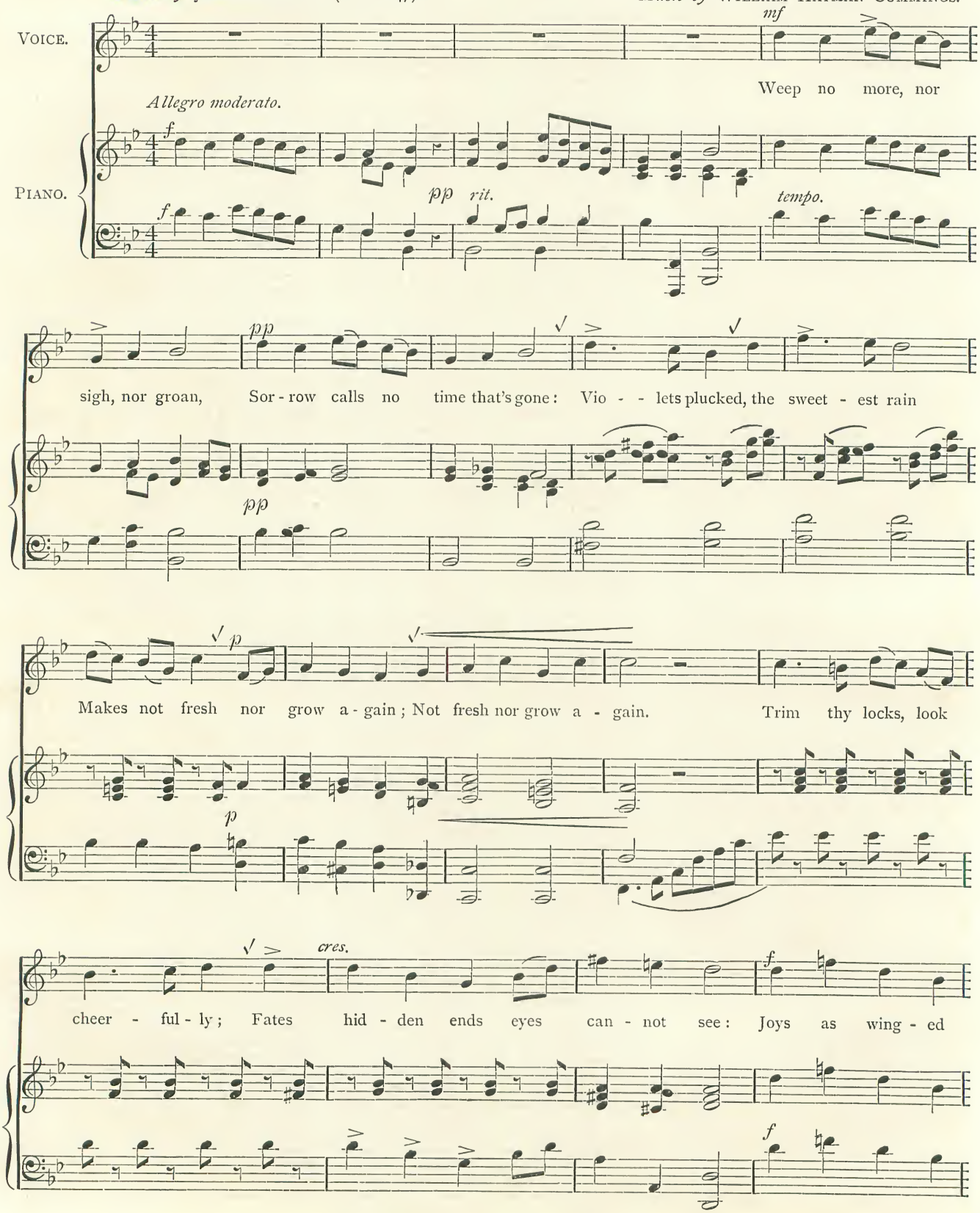
Our position a-wheel. Sit easy, not too high nor too low. The pedal should be within easy reach by the hollow of the foot when at the lowest point; the handles should be so raised as to prevent stooping, but not so high as to destroy all power for hill-climbing. While a stooping posture is to be deplored, so is the so-called strictly hygiene, for it is ungraceful to look formal or affected.

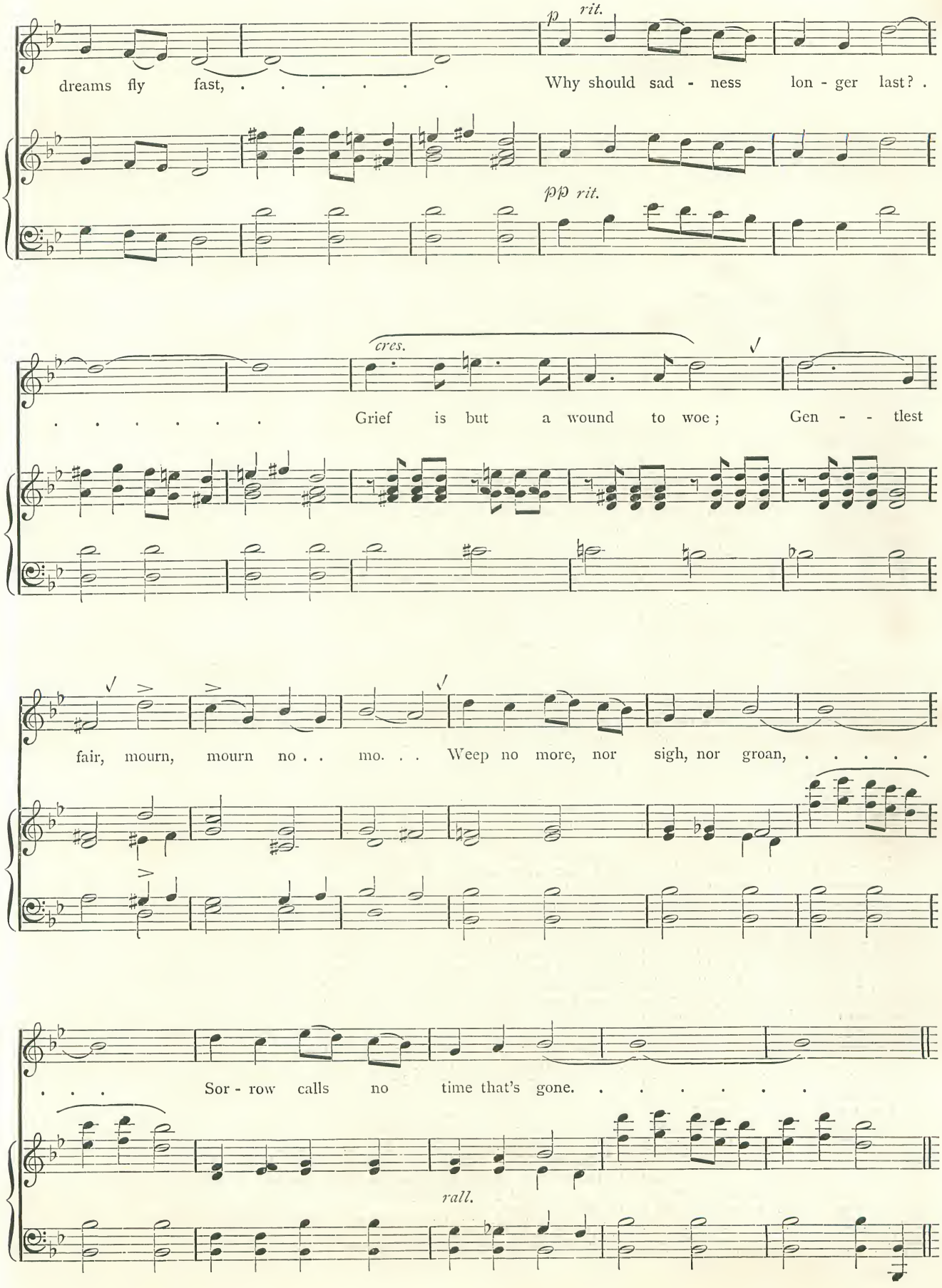
Not a syllable have I said as to learning to ride the bantamette or the tricycle. Is it necessary? If you know how to ride a safety bicycle, with another lesson you will as easily manipulate a bantamette, and as to the tricycle your only difficulty will be in the steering, and that you will learn in an hour.

(*To be continued.*)

WEEP NO MORE.

Words by JOHN FLETCHER (A.D. 1647). *Music by* WILLIAM HAYMAN CUMMINGS.




p rit.
dreams fly fast, ... Why should sad - ness lon - ger last? .
pp rit.
cres.
. . . . . Grief is but a wound to woe; Gen - - tlest
fair, mourn, mourn no . . mo. . . Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan, ...
. . . Sor - row calls no time that's gone. . . . . .
rall.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"I REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?"

"The fire in the flint
Shows not till it be struck."
Timon of Athens.

ALTHOUGH Marcus had other visits to pay, and would not be back until quite late, Olivia sat up for him on pretence of finishing Dot's pelisse, but to her disappointment he had very little to tell her on his return.

Mr. Gaythorne had been tired and out of spirits, and he had had no inducement to prolong his visit; he had not read Olivia's note, only placed it beside him.

"Perhaps he was a shade more civil than usual," observed Marcus dryly, "but his manners certainly want mending. Could you not illuminate that motto, Livy, 'Manners makyth man?' and we would frame it, and give it him as a Christmas present." But Olivia could not be induced to see the joke; Mr. Gaythorne was still an old dear, and the perfume of his flowers was sweet to her.

Marcus would have wondered if he had intercepted one of the searching glances that were reading him so acutely, those deep-set, melancholy eyes could pierce like a gimlet, sometimes a vivid blue light seemed to dart from them: "When master has one of his awful looks on, I dare not face him," Phœbe would say, and Mrs. Crampton, conscious as she was of rectitude and the claim of long and faithful service, felt there were limitations to her intercourse with her master.

Once, and once only, had she ventured on a tabooed subject, and had retired from the room with her comely face quite pale with fear.

"I thought he would have struck me," she said to her confidant, the middle-aged housemaid, "or that he would have had a fit; I should have one myself if I ever tried it on again; but I never will, Rebecca, you may be sure of that."

"Master has an awful temper when he is drove wrong," returned Rebecca primly; "I don't wonder at Mr. Alwyn myself. I don't hold with keeping too tight a hand over a young man, it fairly throttles all the goodness out of them. He was none so bad that he would not have done better, if only he had had a word of encouragement instead of all those flouts and jibes."

"Those are exactly my sentiments, Becky," returned Mrs. Crampton wiping her eyes with her snowy-frilled apron, "and having a boy of my own, bless him, I am a pretty fair judge. Tom was a pickle before he went to sea, but neither his poor father nor me ever cast it at him. He ran away and took the Queen's shilling, though it nigh broke our hearts. Well, he is a sergeant now, and Polly makes him a good wife, and all's well that ends well. But I must be looking after master's supper," and Mrs. Crampton bustled away to her duties.

Olivia took her flowers round to Aunt Madge as soon as her household duties were done in the morning. Mrs. Broderick, who had had a sleepless night of pain, looked more worn and languid than usual, but she brightened up at the sight of the flowers, and poked her long nose into the heart of a rose, with an air of rapt enjoyment, but the next moment she frowned.

"Livy," she said severely, "I am extremely angry! how dare you be guilty of such extravagance, even if it be my birthday. Don't I know what these exquisite flowers must have cost," then Olivia's face fell a little.

"Oh, Aunt Madge, I had no idea it was your birthday, and I have brought you nothing, nothing at all. Do let me explain," and then Mrs. Broderick listened with much interest to Olivia's recital.

"The flowers are even sweeter than I thought them," she said presently, and her face flushed a little. "I thought the day would be so blank, and that I should just lie here missing Fergus. He always made such a fuss on my birthdays, they were red-letter days to him, and now this friendly message has come to me. Give me my writing-case, Livy. I must scrawl a few lines to your old gentleman," and she refused to dictate the note to Olivia.

"MY DEAR SIR," she wrote, "do you know what you have done. You have given a poor invalid a very happy day. Your beautiful flowers have come to me like a lovely message of sympathy and good-will from an unknown friend.

"If you were ever sad and lonely, if life has not always been easy to you, it will sweeten your solitary hours to know that you have given enjoyment to a crippled sufferer.

"To-day is my birthday, the forty-sixth milestone on my life's journey. During a long, wakeful night of pain, I have been counting up past blessings, and the new day seemed a blank to me, and then your flowers came, and I thanked God and took courage.

"Dear sir, I remain,
"Yours gratefully,
"MARGARET BRODERICK (widow)."

That was one of Aunt Madge's fads, one of her harmless little peculiarities to sign herself in that fashion. "There is so much in the word widow," she would say; "if it were not for seeming odd or making people smile, I would always sign myself, 'Fergus' widow' instead of my proper name," but nothing would induce her to send even a note without that curious signature.

Olivia could not quite get over her grievance of forgetting Aunt Madge's birthday.

"It was so horrid of me," she said with a long face, "but anyhow I will come to tea."

"No, dear, not to-day," returned Mrs. Broderick quietly. "To-morrow Deb and I will be delighted to welcome you. And Deb shall bake some shortbread and scones. Marcus might come too, it is long since I saw him."

"But why not to-day, dear Aunt Madge?" persisted Olivia rather curiously.

"Fergus and I always spent the day alone together, and I keep up the custom still," returned Mrs. Broderick in a dreamy voice. "He never gave me his present until the evening, and it was always such a grand surprise. His last present to me was that revolving book table. How splendid I thought it, and what a comfort it has been to me all these years. Don't look so serious, Livy, I don't mean to be dull, I never am, but I like to fancy that on my birthday I have Fergus near me still," and nothing that Olivia could say would shake her resolution.

Olivia hesitated to repeat her visit to Galvaston House, and when she consulted Marcus he advised her to wait a little.

"We must not be too pushing. I daresay one of these days Mr. Gaythorne will send you another message. He is rather ailing and out of sorts just now, and inclined to bristle up at a word," but though Marcus laughed in this way, he had not found his berth an easy one.

Mr. Gaythorne was often irritable, and the least contradiction—even the assertion of an opinion—would ruffle him. Once when Marcus had proposed discontinuing his evening visits, Mr. Gaythorne had appeared quite affronted.

"If I can afford to pay for medical advice, I suppose I may be allowed to have it," he had returned testily. "Of course if your time is too valuable——"

But Marcus, flushing at the covert sneer, answered in his quick straightforward way:—

"I wish it were more valuable; but

as I have no wish to pick your pocket, I thought it would be only honest to tell you that the evening visit is no longer necessary."

"Very well, then we will regard it in the light of a luxury," returned Mr. Gaythorne a little less grimly. "By-the-bye, Dr. Luttrell, I want to ask you if you will kindly let me have your account at the end of the month. Monthly payments are my rule, if it will not inconvenience you."

And Marcus assured him he was quite ready to meet his wishes.

Olivia, who had few amusements, often thought longingly of that beautiful winter garden, and wished to re-visit it. She had described it so vividly and graphically to Aunt Madge, that Mrs. Broderick declared she could picture it exactly. She was never weary of hearing her niece's description.

"I feel as though my world were enlarged, and that I had got a new friend," she said one day, and Olivia was amused to hear that the faded flowers had been carefully pressed.

She was much delighted then when one raw, foggy, November morning Marcus brought her a message. Mr. Gaythorne felt himself better, and would be very pleased if Mrs. Luttrell would give him an hour that afternoon.

Her visit was a very pleasant one. The yellow fog outside had been extremely depressing, but as she stepped into the hall, the whole house seemed brightly illuminated. Mr. Gaythorne, who was on crutches, met her at the head of the staircase. He had discarded his dressing-gown, and wore a black velvet coat that became him still better.

The conservatory, lighted up by lamps cunningly concealed among the foliage, looked more like fairyland than ever. And the deep easy-chairs, with their crimson cushions, were deliciously inviting.

Her admiration seemed to gratify Mr. Gaythorne, and as he pointed out his favourite flowers, and descanted on their habits and peculiar beauties, Olivia listened with such intelligent interest, and asked such sensible and pertinent questions that he was drawn insensibly into giving her a botanical lesson.

They were so engrossed with their subject that it was almost an effort to break off when coffee was brought.

Mrs. Crampton had sent up a profusion of dainty cakes, and as Olivia drank her coffee and feasted on the various delicacies, the one drawback to her pleasure was that Marcus was not there to share it. At this present moment he was in some slum or other supplementing the labours of the overworked parish doctor.

How surprised Dr. Luttrell would have been if he could have seen the transformation in his patient's appearance—the lean cadaverous face had lost its fretful look, the melancholy dark eyes had grown bright and vivid, the slow precise voice had waxed animated and even eloquent as he discoursed learnedly on his floral treasures.

Flowers, butterflies, and birds were his great hobbies, and his magnificent collections had been gathered from all parts of the world; he had been a great traveller in his early manhood.

"I have been everywhere and seen everything," he said once. Towards the end of the afternoon Olivia had been much touched by a little incident; she had asked him a question about a curious cactus. "If you will come with me, my dear," he had answered, "I could show you a better specimen"—and then a dull red had risen to his forehead. "Excuse me, Mrs. Luttrell. I forgot whom I was addressing—and—and—you;" but here he checked himself.

"Oh, do finish your sentence!" she said in her bright persuasive voice. "You were going to say that I remind you of some one"—and as he met her kind friendly glance, his shy stiffness relaxed.

"Yes," he said simply, and a great sadness came into his eyes, "you remind me of my daughter. That first evening when you spoke to me you reminded me of her then."

"And you have lost her! Oh, I am so sorry! Does it pain you to speak of her? I should so like to know her name!"

"Her name was Olivia," he returned slowly, "but we always called her Olive. She was born at Beyrout, under the Syrian sun, and in the land of grey olive trees."

"How strange! What a curious coincidence!" returned young Mrs. Luttrell softly. "That is my name too, and Marcus often calls me Olive, and I remind you of her."

"Yes, Olive spoke in just that brisk, cheerful manner. She was so full of life and energy. She died of fever at Rome—we were staying there. She was only two-and-twenty, and she was to have been married that summer. Her poor mother never got over the shock; before the autumn she had followed her."

"Oh, how sad—how dreadfully sad!" observed Olivia, with tears in her eyes. "What a tragedy to live through. And her poor lover too!"

"Oh, yes, Arbuthnot; he was bitterly cut up. He is a judge now, and has a good wife, but I doubt if he has ever forgotten Olive. She was no beauty, but she had a way with her. Stay—I will show you her picture."

"Poor man! No wonder he looks melancholy," thought Olivia, as he slowly hobbled away on his crutches. "How strange that I should remind him of her, and that she should be Olive too;" but when Mr. Gaythorne returned and placed a beautiful miniature before her, she could see no resemblance to herself in the dark sweet face of Olive Gaythorne.

No, she was not beautiful, but there was something wonderfully attractive and winning in her expression; the eyes, deep-set like her father's, had a frank soft look.

"Your only child—and you lost her," murmurs Olivia sympathetically.

"My only daughter," corrected Mr. Gaythorne in a tone so peculiar, that Olivia raised her eyes, and then she felt a little frightened. There was a curious pallor on Mr. Gaythorne's face, which made it look like old ivory, and his bushy eyebrows were drawn closely together.

"It is a sweet face—a dear face," returned Olivia hurriedly. She was a little nervous over her mistake. "It is kind of you to show me this, and I like to think her name was Olive." And then she closed the case reverently and put it back in his hands. "I must go now," she said; "it has been such a lovely time, and you have taught me so much. Will you send for me again when you want to see me? I think that is best; it would be such a pity for me to disturb you when you felt tired or disinclined for visitors."

"You are my only visitor," returned Mr. Gaythorne in his old grim manner. "The vicar's wife—what is the woman's name—forced her way in one day, but I do not think her reception pleased her. The vicar himself is an honest man. I have given him a hint that he will be welcome if he comes alone, but no bustling prying vicaress for me."

"Oh, poor Mrs. Tolman; well, she is a little officious, as Marcus calls her, and I know she often sets Aunt Madge's nerves on edge."

"Oh, by the way, I intend to send Mrs. Broderick some more flowers; will it be a trouble to you to take them, or shall one of the lasses carry them straight to her house."

"Oh, no, please let me have the pleasure of taking them. "If you had only seen Aunt Madge's delight——"

"She wrote me a pretty sort of note," returned Mr. Gaythorne; "but tell her not to do that again, gratitude is for favours to come; you may remind her of that. Does she always sign her name in that fashion. Margaret Broderick, widow——?"

"Yes, always; it is one of Aunt Madge's whimsies; but you will never get her to alter."

"It does not sound badly, but it is certainly unique. How would it answer if one were to follow her example. John Alwyn Gaythorne, widower," and here Mr. Gaythorne gave a short sardonic laugh.

"Marcus! oh, Marcus!" exclaimed Olivia, coming into the room in her breezy fashion. "I have so much to tell you. Mr. Gaythorne is a widower—and he has lost his only daughter, and her name was Olivia, and that is why he has taken to me, because I remind him of her; but"—checking herself as she caught sight of her husband's face—"You have something to tell me too."

"Only that they sent for me from Fairfax Lodge, that is that ivy-covered house next to Galvaston House. A child taken suddenly with croup. I have been there most of the afternoon."

Then Olivia clapped her hands with a little exclamation of delight. Marcus's tone had been quite cool and matter-of-fact, but there was a glint of satisfaction in his eyes. The tide had turned at last.

(To be continued.)



WORK FOR SQUIRES' DAUGHTERS.

By BARRETT KNOX.

I WAS asked some time ago "what work can the squires' daughters do in a parish?" The question set me thinking, that perhaps our experiences might be helpful to other girls, who want to do more than they have hitherto attempted amongst their neighbours, girls who would like to know their people better, and who would like to carry sunshine into other lives, if they only had an idea how to set to work.

I am writing to the "squires' daughters" simply in distinction to "clergymens' daughters," because the latter have their work, as it were, cut out for them, with church choir, schools, and mothers' meetings. In our parish these things are managed by the rector's wife and others; and we could choose what we liked to do, always taking care that our work did not clash with other people's. In a small parish endless would be the muddle if all did not work together *au fond*.

Our first attempt was a Saturday class for the girls who liked to come to us, for two hours in the afternoon, once a fortnight. We found a weekly meeting did not answer well, as the mothers could not spare their daughters regularly, and it worked better to have a fixed fortnightly meeting; which turned out to be such a pleasure to the girls, that the parents soon arranged to do their own marketing, etc., on alternate Saturdays; and thus be at home to mind small sisters and brothers, and set the elders free.

We began our meetings with ten minutes' singing of hymns; then one of us read some portion of the Bible, explaining it; and then the whole class did needle-work while one of us read aloud. The work was generally for charity, the girls liking to make frocks for other poor children, or to hem sheets for emigrants in whom they were interested. We found that our alternate Saturday mornings had to be devoted to preparing the work and cutting it out. We sometimes took a walk through the conservatory.

Our class has now been going on for six years, and we have started a Scripture Union, to which all the girls belong, so that I keep in touch with those who have gone out to service; and we write to each other at Christmas, or when they leave their places.

This year we are teaching crochet instead of needle-work; not ornamental, but useful crochet, namely, Cardigan vests. Each girl began by making a pair of warm cuffs, which they took home to give away with much pride; and now they are getting well forward with their warm vests for this winter's presents, for sick, and old people, or for small brothers.

Our girls' class being in good working order, I was staying with friends, who begged me to try to get hold of some of the young men in our parish. I can honestly say my heart failed me at such a prospect. But we talked it over with my father, and he thought it would be as well to try. Some of the men we knew slightly, as their parents had lived for many years in the village, others we knew very well by sight as they had been born in the place, and we had often spoken to them; but it was a very different thing to discuss the weather, or a local cricket match with one or two men, to having a roomful to interest.

We took counsel from friends who, having started with two men, now held classes of about sixty in number; and we moulded their ideas to ours. For you will find that what is liked in one place does not give pleasure in another. My sister and I went round the village, and told any men we found at home (and their womenkind if the men were out) that we proposed holding a Sunday evening class for all unmarried men above fourteen years old, in our house, at half-past five o'clock. We had a very small number at first, but gradually we increased, until after five years we generally numbered twenty or twenty-two lads. Our room is small, so we cannot admit married men who have their own homes to stay in; while many of the ploughmen who come to us, being only "lodgers," are not wanted in the one sitting-room every evening, and so it is important to get hold of them, and keep them from the public house. We limit the age to over fourteen, as if the lads are younger they do not understand what interests the older men, and you cannot get a mixed class of little boys and men to be successful. After trying several plans we find the following to be most approved of.

We start our class in the autumn, as soon as afternoon service is held instead of evening church.

We cease to hold our meetings in April, when the evening service is recommenced, for the men can go to evening church, but are unable to attend in the afternoon as they have their horses and animals to feed, etc.

We begin at five-thirty, with three-quarters of an hour's singing—Moody and Sankey's hymns—then I read a chapter or portion out of the Bible, and give them as interesting a lecture upon it as I can. Then we read the evening Psalms aloud, standing for the Gloria; then kneel down and have short prayers. Then books are laid aside and for the last half hour I read a story-book aloud; such as Cobb's *Watchers on the Longships* or *Martin Archer*.

We then have a little chat, give bottles of cough mixture to those who, alas, too often need it in the winter, find out how invalids are at home; and if it is a very cold or snowy night, hot coffee is served out all round. We find not only do the men continue coming year after year, but they bring their friends and the new hands; and both married men and those in neighbouring villages want to join. This our lack of space forbids.

We are a small parish with only about twenty-five unmarried labourers in it. Last year we begged the men to join our Bible-reading club—giving them some weeks to think it over, and try it in before joining—and to our great joy, they all gave in their names; and now we have over forty men and seventy girls who belong to our daily Bible-reading club.

The men soon told us that they wanted "books to read," so we started a "book-bag club." We made twenty-six strong holland bags, and into each we put four books of "sorts," each bag being numbered and having a list of its contents sewn inside.

These books we left at the cottages, where our men live, and once a month we change them, each bag moving on a house. By this means we visit every house in the village once a month, and, believe me, one ought to go as often, for when the days come round, each "house frau" seems to want to see one, to tell her own particular history; and so one gets to know one's neighbours better, and to feel that a small village community is like a large family circle.

There are some rules one has to make, and keep as strictly as possible.

Always prepare the men's Sunday lesson

beforehand, getting up the subject thoroughly. I try and write my lesson on Friday; it takes about two hours, for one has to master the subject by heart, so as to be able to watch the men while talking to them. Oh! the wonderful feeling as one sits opposite that double row of eager faces. Not one word do they speak; but I can read directly they are moved, or understand what I say, as their feelings sway with the words of the "old, old story." It is like playing on a dumb piano, the music of which is only heard in heaven.

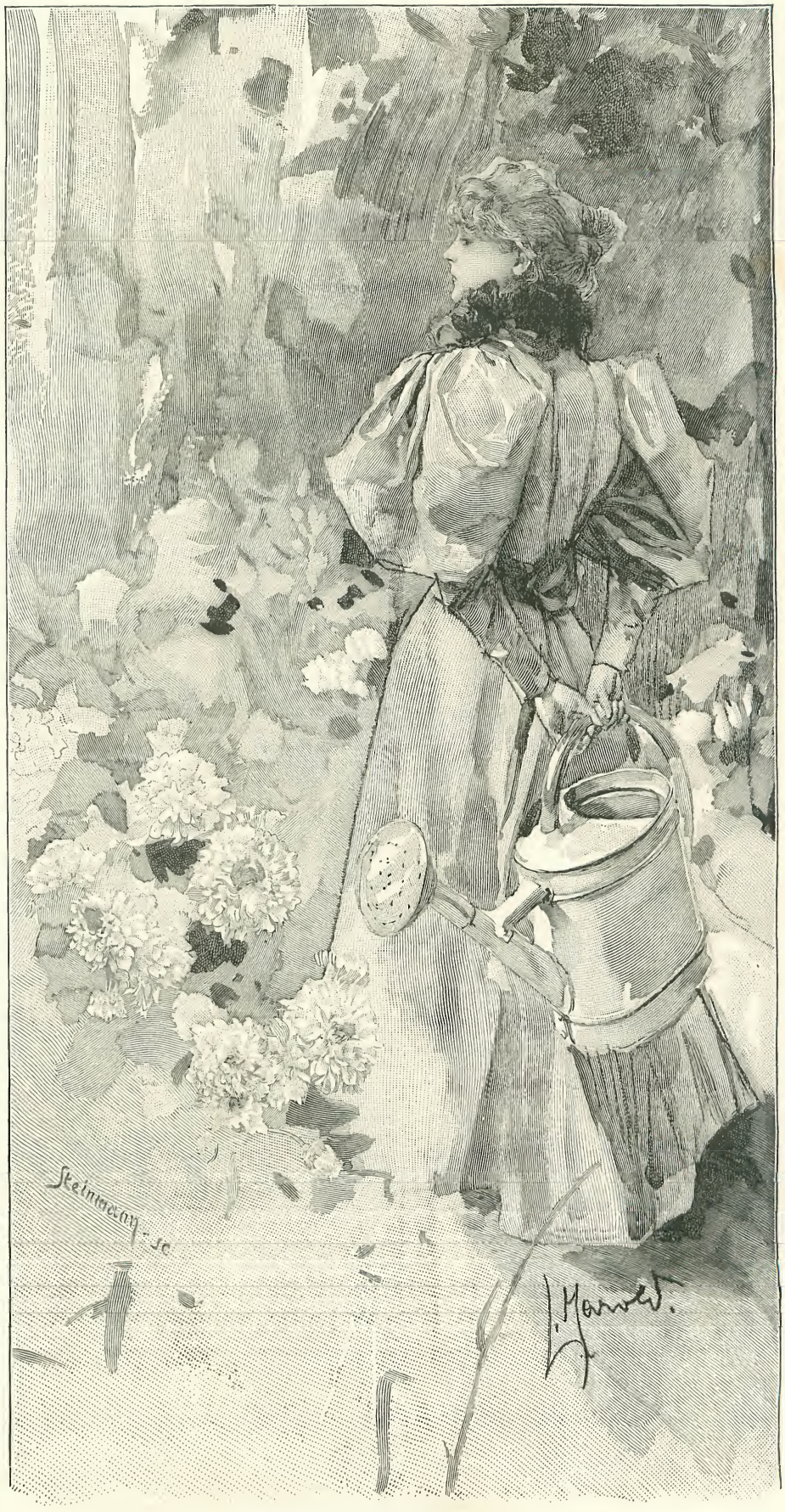
Another rule is, try and lead the higher life yourself, that you would show to your men. How can you preach of the better way to them, if you do not love it yourself?

We find our lives so much more interesting and fuller, since we worked for so many round us. The girls and men know we really care about what they do and what they are.

They bring us flowers and queer gifts. One wet night two boys brought me a "bat-mouse," with a warning, "not to let it bite me." Poor little bat! I soon set it free. Another man found a beautiful flint arrow-head while ploughing, after a lesson on "stones;" a third tramped miles round to pass our house, to tell me he was doing well as a navvy, when I had lost sight of him for many months. Another, enlisted in a crack regiment, writes that "he keeps on with the Bible-reading at nights," and I know that means a struggle. Another sends me drawings he has done. Another begs me to bring the camera, and "take his team of horses," while a friend of his assures me "it 'd make a pretty pictur'," and so it does, in the early morning light, as the sower stands up against the pale sky. One can give so much pleasure to lives that are rather dull. I have had a message early one morning from the forge by the river, "Would miss please come down, the old grey mare's bein' shod." Down I went with my camera-bearer, to find a scene worthy of Landseer, and to be offered early breakfast at one of the cottages, of home-made ginger-beer and ham!

Be careful never to repeat in one cottage what is told you in another, and never listen to stories of or against neighbours. This is a difficult rule to enforce at first, but it is soon quite easy to keep. I am of course writing of a very small village, and what is possible for us might be impossible in a larger parish; but to girls who, like ourselves, are poor, as far as money is concerned, and who are not very strong, I would say, do not be discouraged. There is so much you can do. Get hold of the children, let them come to you. Get hold of the young men, and you will find that the more truly in touch you want to get with them all, the tighter hold you must keep on yourself. One cannot preach to others, and be oneself a castaway. Your words have no more weight than thistledown, if the men cannot respect you. If only women knew how much they throw away when they so lightly cast aside that "self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control," which makes the "perfect woman nobly planned," they would oftener check themselves, and their hasty actions.

Do not say you have nothing to give, if you have any time, any kindness, any sympathy to bestow. Try what such alms are worth.



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART II.

LONG DIVISION.



SPENT a year in the select boarding establishment for young ladies and gentlemen at Stamford, and I venture to think that I should have preferred a penal settlement. Miss Fairfield, whose school it was, was tall and pale and dark, and I thought her as good and beautiful as an angel. I don't know now whether she was really beautiful, but I know she was good. And her mother—dear soul—had a sympathy with small folk in disgrace, which has written her name in gold letters on my heart.

But there was another person in the house, whose name I will not put down. She came continually between me and my adored Miss Fairfield. She had a sort of influence over me which made it impossible for me ever to do anything well while she was near me. Miss Fairfield's health compelled her to leave much to Miss ——, and I was, in consequence, as gloomy a cynic as any child of my age in Lincolnshire. My chief troubles were three—my hair, my hands, and my arithmetic.

My hair was never tidy—I don't know why. Perhaps it runs in the family—for my little daughter's head is just as rough as mine used to be. This got me into continual disgrace. I am sure I tried hard enough to keep it tidy—I brushed it for fruitless hours till my little head was so sore that it hurt me to put my hat on. But it never would look smooth and shiny, like Katie Martin's, nor would it curl prettily like the red locks of Cissy Thomas. It was always a rough, impossible brown mop. I got into a terrible scrape for trying to soften it by an invention of my own. As we all know, Burleigh House is by Stamford Town, and in Burleigh Park we children took our daily constitutional. We played under the big oaks there, and were bored to extinction, not because we disliked the park, but because we went there every day at the same hour.

Now Harry Martin (he wore striped stockings and was always losing his handkerchief) suffered from his hair almost as much as I did; so when I unfolded my plan to him one day in the park, he joyfully agreed to help me.

We each gathered a pocketful of acorns, and when we went to wash our hands before dinner, we cut up some of the acorns into little bits, and put them into the doll's bath with some cold water and a little scent that Cissy Thomas gave us, out of a bottle she had bought for twopence at the fair at home.

"This," I said, "will be acorn oil—scented acorn oil."

"Will it?" said Harry doubtfully.

"Yes," I replied, adding confidently, "and there is nothing better for the hair."

But we never had a chance of even seeing whether acorns and water would turn to oil—a miracle which I entirely believed in. The dinner-bell rang, and I only had time hastily to conceal the doll's bath at the back of the cupboard where Miss —— kept her dresses. That was Saturday.

Next day we found that Miss ——'s best dress (the blue silk with the Bismarck brown gimp) had slipped from its peg and fallen on to the doll's bath. The dress was ruined, and when Harry Martin and I owned up, as in honour bound—Miss Fairfield was away in London—we were deprived of dinner, and had a long Psalm to learn. I don't know whether punishment affects the hair, but I thought, next morning at prayers, that Harry's tow-crop looked more like hay than ever.

My hands were more compromising to me than anyone would have believed who had ever seen their size, for, in the winter especially, they were never clean. I can see now the little willow-patterned basin of hard cold water, and smell the unpleasant little square of mottled soap with which I was expected to wash them. I don't know how the others managed, but for me the result was always the same—failure; and when I presented myself at breakfast, trying to hide my red and grubby little paws in my pinafore, Miss —— used to say:

"Show your hands, Daisy—yes, as I thought. Not fit to sit down with young ladies and gentlemen. Breakfast in the schoolroom for Miss Daisy."

Then little Miss Daisy would shiveringly betake herself to the cold, bare schoolroom, where the fire had but just been kindled.

I used to sit cowering over the damp sticks with my white mug—mauve spotted it was I remember, and had a brown crack near the handle—on a chair beside me. Sometimes I used to pull a twig from the fire, harpoon my bread-and-butter with it, and hold it to the fire: the warm, pale, greasy result I called toast.

All this happened when Miss Fairfield was laid up with bronchitis. It was at that time, too, that my battle with compound long division began. Now I was not, I think, a very dull child, and always had an indignant sense that I could do sums well enough if any one would tell me what they meant. But no one did, and day after day the long division sums, hopelessly wrong, disfigured my slate, and were washed off with my tears. Day after day I was sent to bed, my dinner was knocked off, or my breakfast, or my tea. I should literally have starved, I do believe, but for dear Mrs. Fairfield. She kept my little body going with illicit cakes and plums and the like, and fed my starving little heart with surreptitious kisses and kind words. She would lie in wait for me as I passed down the hall, and in a whisper call me into the store closet. It had a mingled and delicious smell of pickles and tea and oranges and jam, and the one taper Mrs. Fairfield carried only lighted dimly the delightful mystery of its well-filled shelves. Mrs. Fairfield used to give me a great lump of cake or a broad slice of bread and jam, and lock me into the dark cupboard till it was eaten. I never taste black-currant jam now without a strong memory of the dark hole of happiness, where I used to wait—my sticky fingers held well away from my pinafore—till Mrs. Fairfield's heavy step and jingling keys came to release me. Then she would sponge my hands and face and send me away clean, replete, and with a better heart for the eternal conflict with long division.

I fancy that when Miss Fairfield came downstairs again she changed the field of my arithmetical studies; for during the spring I seem to remember a blessed respite from my troubles. It is true that Miss —— was away, staying with friends.

I was very popular at school that term I remember, for I had learned to make dolls' bedsteads out of match-boxes during the holidays, and my eldest sister's Christmas present provided me with magnificent hangings for the same. Imagine a vivid green silk sash, with brilliant butterflies embroidered all over it in coloured silk and gold thread. A long sash, too, from which one could well spare a few inches at a time for upholstery. I acquired many marbles, and much gingerbread, and totally eclipsed Cissy Thomas who had enjoyed the fleeting sunshine of popular favour on the insecure basis of paper dolls. Over my memory of this term no long division cast its hateful shade, and the scolding my dear mother gave me when she saw my sashes' fair proportions docked to a waistband and a hard knot, with two brief and irregular ends, was so gentle that I endured it with fortitude, and considered my ten weeks of popularity cheaply bought. I went back to school in high spirits with a new set of sashes and some magnificent pieces of silk and lace from my mother's lavendered wardrobe.

But no one wanted dolls' beds any more; and Cissy Thomas had brought back a herbarium: the others all became botanists, and I, after a faint effort to emulate their successes, fell back on my garden.

The seeds I had set in the spring had had a rest during the Easter holidays, and were already sprouting greenly, but alas, I never saw them flower. Long division set in again. Again, day after day, I sat lonely in the schoolroom—now like a furnace—and ate my dry bread and milk and water in the depths of disgrace, with the *faux commencements* and those revolting sums staring at me from my tear-blotted slate.

Night after night I cried myself to sleep in my bed—whose coarse home-spun sheets were hotter than blankets—because I could not get the answers right. Even Miss Fairfield, I fancied, began to look coldly on me, and the other children naturally did not care to associate with one so deficient in arithmetic.

One evening as I was sitting as usual sucking the smooth, dark slate pencil, and grieving over my troubles with the heart-broken misery of a child, to whom the present grief looks eternal, I heard a carriage drive up to the door. Our schoolroom was at the back, and I was too much interested in a visitor—especially one who came at that hour and in a carriage—to be able to bear the suspense of that silent schoolroom, so I cautiously opened its door and crept on hands and knees across the passage and looked down through the bannisters. They were opening the door. It was a lady, and Mrs. Fairfield came out of the dining-room to meet her. It was a lady in a black *moiré* antique dress and Paisley shawl of the then mode. It was a lady whose face I could not see, because her back was to the red sunset light; but at that moment she spoke, and the next I was clinging round the *moiré* skirts with my head buried in the Paisley shawl. The world, all upside down, had suddenly righted itself. I, who had faced it alone, now looked out at it from the secure shelter of a *moiré* screen—for my mother had come to see me.

I did not cry myself to sleep that night, because my head lay on her arm. But even then I could not express how wretched I had been. Only when I heard that my mother was going to the South of France with my sisters, I clung about her neck, and with such insistence implored her not to leave me—not to go without me, that I think I must have expressed my trouble without uttering it, for when, after three delicious days of drives and walks, in which I had always a loving hand to hold, my mother left Stamford, she took me—trembling with joy like a prisoner reprieved—with her.

And I have never seen—or wished to see—Stamford again."

(*To be continued.*)



Girls' Own Paper *London.*

THE REHEARSAL.

From the Painting by G. MOREAU-DE-TOURS.

SINGERS AND SINGING.

By the COUNTESS VALDA GLEICHEN.

PART II.

As we have already seen, solo-singing was taken little into account before the end of the sixteenth century, as before that time scientific musicians gave themselves up chiefly to ingenious contrapuntal writing without caring much for melody. During the Renaissance in Italy, however, a small group of Florentine musicians, being thoroughly dissatisfied with the music of their own day, thought to revive the musical declamation of the old Greek plays. This of course was an impossibility, but to cut a long story short, the final result was the production in 1600 of the first true Italian opera, Peri's *Euridice*. From this beginning opera developed gradually, and with it accordingly arose the demand for singers capable of wrestling with its vocal difficulties.

Fortunately in Italy the supply was equal to the demand, for whereas among English and German-speaking people it is the rarest thing in the world to find a voice produced perfectly freely and naturally, with the Italians it is exactly the reverse. They have this enormous advantage over us that their language itself is absolutely vocal; the pure vowels with which it abounds bring with them pure, open tones, so that to an Italian the very fact of speaking his own language is a natural training in voice production. We have hard work to reach the point at which an Italian only begins, for our natural English. Slovenliness of pronunciation stands terribly in our way. We do not even speak carefully, so when we begin to sing and find that we have to study the formation of words vocally, what wonder is it that our enunciation is worse than that of any other nation?

The Germans have just as many drawbacks to contend with; they have the same natural tendency towards singing from the back of the throat without letting the lips do their proper work, but their articulation is not nearly so indistinct as ours. This was particularly noticeable this year at Bayreuth in the performances of the *Nibelungenring*, for it was nearly always possible to follow the story by the words sung instead of by the action only, as is so often the case. The Germans have a tremendous "grip" of their language. The strongly-rolled "r's," and the hissing "s's" give it a character and point that ours does not possess, while at the same time its difficulties are much increased by the many guttural combinations of letters.

There is not however nearly so much difference between the speaking and singing language in German as there is in English, and this brings us back to the point that ours is the language *par excellence* that is the most difficult to sing well. The need is therefore all the greater for English singers to study with even extra care, and above all things to work from the very first under those teachers who thoroughly understand voice-production.

The ambition of the average English amateur is at first generally confined to learning a few easy songs to sing in the drawing-room after dinner, but later on, encouraged by admiring friends he, or (more often) she attempts higher things involving harder work, and finds then to her cost how little she is fitted for it. She may perhaps have a good voice, but if it is not under control of what use is it to her? Her breath runs away from her, with the instantaneous result that she tires her voice by singing with insufficient support, for the whole motive-power of singing lies in the management of the breath. The tired voice is then forced, with the mistaken idea of thus obtaining tone, and revenges itself in consequence by singing out of tune; all this for the lack of proper study at the beginning.

This is not the place for a dissertation on voice-production, but if people would only understand its very great importance we should not so often be told that "So-and-so sings *charmingly;* so wonderful, she has never had a lesson in her life!"

The story is told of Caffarelli when he went to study under Porpora, that the master kept him for five years at one page of exercises! At the end of the five years he said, "Now you can go, for you are the greatest singer in Europe!" Of course this story must be exaggerated, as no amount of mechanical exercises could give taste and experience, but at any rate it is an example of what the great singing-masters meant by hard work.

Porpora must have been a wonderful teacher. Caffarelli and Farinelli, two of his most famous pupils, accomplished marvellous feats of execution. One can judge of their powers by the passages that were written on purpose for them in the operas of the day: runs, shakes, trills, every kind of "agility" exercise for showing off their machinery, for one can call it by no other name. Women were not allowed at that time to appear on the stage, so their parts had to be taken by these artificial "male soprani," and the effect must have been extraordinary.

Such flourishes were the *beau idéal* of the vocal art of the period, and dramatic action was not thought of, as it would have seriously impeded the performance of the *roulades*, but the music of Scarlatti, Handel and Bach soon required a broader style of singing, and taste began at last in that respect to show some improvement. Handel fought many battles with refractory singers who declared that his music did not suit their voices, was not florid enough to show off their powers, and so forth; but he invariably came off victorious, and they began slowly to grasp the fact that he meant them to interpret his ideas, not to twist them to suit themselves.

This principle once established was a great step in the right direction, for no true artist obtrudes himself in front of the composer's intention; he tries instead to get inside the thought and to be himself only the means of interpreting it to other people.

The student of singing should keep three principal objects in view: breathing, tone and articulation, and the greatest of these is breathing, for on that depends everything else. Practice filling your lungs with air, drawing it in slowly and easily through closed lips, and hold it there for a little while before letting it out again gently. It is not necessary to sing while doing so, but it gives you confidence in your own lungs; when you want the tone it will come of itself, and you will have then the power to sustain it. By tone is meant the *concentration* of sound; the smallest voice if the tone is brought well forward, will carry a long way without any effort, and this is the secret of the effect produced by several great artists with comparatively small voices. They understand their own limitations and content themselves with making a small volume of sound "carry" perfectly, depending for other effects on their own *finesse* and wonderful phrasing.

In studying singing it is all-important to hear as much music of every kind as you possibly can. It is the only way in which taste can be properly formed; instrumental music will teach you a great deal in breadth and phrasing, if you think of your voice as a stringed instrument to be played on in the same way, and as you gain experience, you will soon learn to discriminate between good and bad. Even the bad will teach you what to avoid, for anything *like trickiness in singing* is luckily so obvious that it acts as a flag of warning to those who really want the best, and the best only.

The old trick of the "tremolo" is fortunately now very seldom heard. I suppose it originated with some idea of sham sentiment, as if the singer was about to burst into tears: it certainly used to make the hearers very nervous! The "portamento," however, that has to a considerable extent taken its place, is very nearly as bad. The dragging of one note to another in an excess of fervour stamps the inartistic singer at once; the rhythm is lost and the effect produced is that of a helpless wandering among notes in a futile attempt to find the right one. There are one or two instances in which it is allowable when the composer has himself specially authorised it; but as a rule the habit of an exaggerated "portamento" will vulgarise a whole performance. It is such a common defect among English amateurs that they very often cannot refrain from it even in choruses, with the most ruinous results.

Chorus-singing is a branch which we have not yet discussed, yet there is a great deal of pleasure to be obtained from it. To begin with, there is the feeling of being part and parcel of a "body," all working with the same object in view, that of surmounting difficulties and of securing a first-rate performance. The position of a useful chorus-singer is not by any means one to be despised. It is not given to all of us to be soloists, but the good work done by a member of a chorus who reads music well, who is a steady timist and can be as thoroughly depended on as the proverbial rock, is simply immense. If her voice is a strong one, she keeps it under control, so that it should not come out too distinctly above the others, and in so doing spoil the general effect.

It is a very "young" fault to shout oneself hoarse in a chorus. The usual excuse is: "Oh, I like to be able to hear my own voice!" Of course you do, but it is a sure way of ruining it. Think what it means to hear your own voice above, say, twenty or thirty others who are singing in unison with you! Your voice goes to swell the volume of sound, and your business is to see that it does not strain itself by doing too much, otherwise it will be tired out before its time, and of no use to anybody.

It is at this point that those who have studied voice-production score such an advantage, for they know how to save their voices and contribute tone without wasting the material. On no account, however, should amateurs with weak voices attempt to join a choral society that has for its principal aim and object the performance of Handelian and other such mighty choruses. They should belong to madrigal societies, and devote themselves to works that are just as fascinating in their own way, but demand light and shade and delicacy of singing rather than strength of voice.

In fact a new life opens out to the enthusiastic student of singing when for the first time she makes the discovery that she is no longer obliged to humour the caprices of her voice, but can make it obey her will instead. The whims and peculiarities of a voice have to be carefully and patiently studied; there are plenty of difficulties in the way, but the joy of finally getting the better of them one by one is a triumph well worth working for.



"IN MONMOUTH WARD."

A STORY OF NIGHT-DUTY.

By H. MARY WILSON, Author of "In Warwick Ward," "Miss Elsie," "Storm-Tossed," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Be the sweet presence of a good diffused."
G. Eliot.

"Like dew upon a withered flower
Is comfort to the heart that's broken."
H. Coleridge.

When Nurse Greg opened the ward-door the next morning, she met the dark gleaming eyes of No. 5 fixed upon her, and as she was passing the bed with a nod of greeting, she heard the poor boy's hoarse, gasping voice, saying—

"I'm so glad you've come, Nuss! I've been a-wearyin' for you."

The genuine affection of the speech touched the motherly heart. Nurse Greg stopped, and bending over him, said—

"Poor Joe! I'm afraid the pain must have been very bad all day."

"Just about, it has."

"I am sorry, dear. See, I'll come and sit by you, and try if I can help you a bit, as soon as I have been to some of the others. We must think of them, too, mustn't we? There's 19, I wonder how his poor leg has been all these hours?"

"He's better, Nuss. I 'eered the doctor say so, and says he, 'Nurse Greg saved his life.' I 'eered him. Blest if I didn't!"

Nurse Greg laughed happily. "That was kind of him, wasn't it? Now be still, and I will be back soon."

As she turned away the boy's voice—this time anxious and distressed—arrested her once more.

"Don't 'e be long, Nuss. Don't 'e," he pleaded. "I get so frightened."

"Frightened! You, Joe? That's not like my brave laddie. There must be something amiss! In a very few minutes you shall tell me all about it. I promise not to be long."

And, grieved to notice the boy's haggard, anxious expression, she wasted no time over her various duties. She longed to exorcise that look of distress from poor Joe's face.

No. 19 was comfortable after a good day, and no return of the bleeding. His rough, grateful, "Thank you, Nurse, for what you done last night," was pleasant music to her ears.

There was a new patient in one of the two empty beds. They never remained long without occupants. Would there be one for No. 14, the other bed, to-night? Sometimes when she was getting a bed ready for the next unknown patient, Nurse Greg would pat the pillow with a friendly hand, and think a little prayer for the sufferer whose head would next rest there. To-night this thought was barely out of her mind before the ward-door was pushed open, and there began one of those tragic episodes which torture the tender hearts of all women, and none more than these in hospital walls, who might, by the frequency of their occurrence, be supposed to get callous to them. It is not so. Familiarity with suffering to faithful womanhood, means an ever-growing sense of sympathy.

And the porter carried in his arms, wrapped round with an old dirty blanket, just as he had received it, a sad, moaning burden. As he walked, black tindery shreds of clothing dropped upon the floor. The House-surgeon was with him, a sobbing woman followed. The screen was drawn round the empty bed, and a little boy, burnt almost beyond recognition, was laid upon it.

Ah, me; that pitiful cry, "so thirsty, so thirsty!"

Joe heard it. He forgot his own troubles as he listened.

"Poor little chap," he murmured; "it *is* bad."

And so it went on for nearly an hour. The pity of it!

Then all at once the sad moaning ceased, the cry fell away into silence. There was a long pause.

It was broken by the doctor's voice as he uttered an involuntary "Thank God!"

The screen was drawn a little closer. Sister Monmouth led the woman—almost fainting now—to her quiet sitting-room, where so many bereaved have heard words of comfort in the first crushing moments of their trouble, and the patients knew that "God in His mercy had taken the child."

* * * *

When Nurse Greg at last found time for the promised visit to No. 5's bedside, and

took a seat on his locker, the good face that she bent over him was paler than usual.

She had suffered much during that past hour, while her firm hands had rendered steady, unerring aid; and now she was trying to put aside the remembrance of that poor child's agony and to dwell on the blissful contrast—the release from it all—the hushed repose of that tender baby-soul as, forgetting the fiery trial it had just passed through, it realised the rest and painlessness of Paradise.

The dim light of the one gas-jet near the bed shone upon her face, and Joe, watching her with sleepless eyes, began to feel the influence of her unspoken thoughts. Her presence soothed him. He yielded to the kindly touch of her hand on his head and closed his eyes again. She hoped he would sleep. But suddenly his fears returned like a flood, his poor thin fingers clutched at the nurse's hands, his eyes opened again wide with terror, and his gasping voice cried—

"You won't leave me, Nuss, will you; not once all night?"

"What is it, Joe? What frightens you so much? Tell me; I want you to tell me all about it."

A shudder shook the sick lad's frame. He turned his head aside. How could he put his fears into words.

"Tell me, Joe."

The kind, insisting words were repeated more than once before the answer came—whispered and breathless.

"Sister says—she says—I'm—I'm going to die, and it frightens me so."

It was true. Sister had told the nurse the doctor's report; but not that she had deemed it right to tell the patient too; and now every word, every quiver and tone of the weak, trembling voice showed how great was the dread her words had conveyed.

Here was a fresh call for the strength a nurse can give, and meeting it as Nurse Greg did, with loving pity, she entered "that purest heaven" which is "to be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony."

"Joe, dear," she said, bending low and speaking very earnestly, "every one must feel a little frightened when the end comes nearer—I think they all do—but not at the last. You will not be afraid, really, when it comes. It is only thinking about it beforehand that frightens: and shall I tell you why you will not be afraid? This is why: When death comes the tender Shepherd—the King who conquers all terrors—comes too; He holds us close and makes it quite—quite easy. You know that, don't you, Joe?"

She saw that he did know; she saw, by the peace that began to creep into the frightened eyes, as she talked, that this was not altogether a new thought—that here again was proved the truth—

> "That somewhere down deep
> In each natural soul,
> Sacred verities sleep,
> Holy water floods well;
> That to young lives untaught,
> Without friends, without home,
> Some gleams of a light
> That is heavenlier come."

And with her soul on her lips she spoke of the "Home beyond"—of the love that made all radiant there—that changed, if so our prayer was prayed, even the filthy rags of our sinfulness into the fair white garments which are alone fit for that pure Presence.

As she talked her heart pleaded that sleep might close those large anxious eyes.

And her prayer was granted. She gently laid down the rough hand she held and crept away.

But there seemed to be no possibility of continuous sleep for the poor lad that night.

Her progress of inquiry through the ward over, she came back to find him watching for her again, and with a wan smile for her greeting.

"Nuss, sit here—close—say it for me, will yer, I can't?"

He was growing restless and fearful again, but there was a pathetic effort after courage in the few feeble words.

How Nurse Greg's heart ached for the lonely lad as she tried with bowed head to put into words for him his utter weakness and his longing for a Father's care and love. She watched the dry blue lips framing with hers the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, and then reluctantly she tore herself away to answer a whispered cry from another bed—a plea for "a drink, Nurse, please."

And when the cooling draught was given, subdued but heavy steps were heard in the lobby outside the ward door, forewarning of a fresh duty. The hospital beadle had come with the "shell"—such a small and light one it seemed—in which to take away to the mortuary all that was earthly of the poor child, whose sojourn in the hospital had been so brief and so painful.

Quick as thought, Nurse Greg quietly drew a screen round No. 5's bed. His fears should not be intensified by this inevitable scene; and she breathed more freely when she saw that he had passed into a light sleep. Then she opened the ward door.

Behind that other screen all had been done that was possible to beautify what was very grievous.

The dead child was laid in a restful attitude on his side. The fair forehead and the brow and cheek that were uppermost were scarcely scorched. Putting aside the regulation hospital grave-clothes—of coarse glazed calico and of a shape so unmistakable—Sister Monmouth had used a dainty night-gown, that some richer child had, with other clothes, worn, outgrown, and given to the ward. The child-hands, more cruelly burnt, were placed together and hidden by ferns and flowers brought from Sister's room, and a palm-leaf laid on the pillow, like a martyr's trophy, disguised the charred head.

"He is quite ready," said Nurse Greg, as the beadle stood silent and hesitating by the bedside.

"Yes—but you must move him, Nurse," answered the man gruffly but kindly; "we don't never touch the little ones, bless 'em."

Then she remembered that the beadles—calm, business-like, even callous though they seemed during many such sad scenes—were yet, half from tenderness, half from superstition, obdurate in their refusal to perform this last office for a little child.

So it was womanly hands, and not unwilling ones, that lifted "No. 14" and laid him in his last quiet cradle, arranging all with such tender, dexterous care that in the morning, when the heart-broken parents came to the mortuary for their "Good-bye" look at the dear baby-face, they were able to carry away a comforting consciousness that after "the fiery trial" it was, indeed, "well with the child," that if the silent lips could speak, they would lisp the contented words—

"I have wept enough to-day and felt some bitter pains, but they are over now."

Do these details seem too sad, too painful to be recorded here? Nevertheless I cannot give a faithful account of a nurse's life without speaking of the ministering to the dead, which is one of her solemn duties, one that the thoughtful and earnest never undertake without a silent prayer that they may touch with reverence—even these soul-less forms—because, however marred, battered, or worn, like coin of the realm, they "bear the King's Image," and are His own.

* * * *

The beadle had departed with his light sad load, and now Bobby thought that it was his due to receive a little attention.

But Nurse Greg had no desire to spoil her dear babies, and to-night this small person had to content himself with a new position in his cot, and the application of one of those mysterious india-rubber "comforts," the sucking of which seems to have such a soothing effect upon the little ones. Bobby's dark eyes looked keenly into his nurse's face, but he decided that she would probably be obdurate in refusing that pleasant walk up and down the ward, which still lived in his memory; and so he nestled to sleep again.

It was one o'clock. The House-surgeon had come in to look at No. 19. He stopped on his way down the ward to ask—

"How is 5 to-night?"

"He seems certainly worse. I am afraid he is sinking. Sister Monmouth has told him that Dr. B—— says there is no hope."

The young doctor shrugged his shoulders. To him it seemed a hard saying. He doubted too the wisdom of putting the fact into definite words for the patient's hearing.

"He is sadly afraid," Nurse Greg went on. "I can and do calm him for the time. But he suffers so much pain that there is no merciful forgetfulness for him to-night. Will you speak to him before you go?"

"I will certainly. Poor little chap! It is hard on him. I will help him all I can."

And he was as good as his word.

There was first a low murmur of words—the deep manly tones of the young doctor—an athlete, all health and vigour and life; and the short, hoarse, gasping answers of the stricken boy, so prostrate in his weakness and dread.

These—though wordless—reached Nurse Greg as she stood for a few minutes at the table by the fire, her hand resting on the back of a chair, her heedful eyes always on the alert.

Presently, with a thankful heart, she saw the merciful application of the hypodermic syringe. She knew that now the restless limbs would be stilled for a time and the anxious troubled brain be at rest.

Sleep! She had combated it last night as a deadly foe—a sin not to be yielded to. But now how beautiful it seemed as she stood and watched the quiet white face, and wondered if a dream—a little foretaste of heaven—was bringing that happy smile to the boy's lips.

That sleep lasted long. Sister came unusually early into the ward, surprised to have received no summons to Joe's bedside.

Still he slept on.

Then, as Nurse Greg listened to the laboured breathing, she began, first doubtingly, but soon with glad certainty, to notice that the inspirations were less rapid and fevered. Surely, the artificially-acquired rest was merging into a natural life-giving sleep! She remembered the House-surgeon's gesture as she had repeated the words "No hope." Had his keen eyes noted a faint sign that the older doctor had failed to see? The thought gladdened her. It came like a gleam of warm sunlight parting the shadows of what had been a trying "heavy" night, with its tragedy of brief agony for that poor child and the anxious watching beside this poor lad.

And then schemes began to enter her busy brain; plans for Joe's happiness, if life, not death, was to be God's message to him that day. There was the convalescent home belonging to the hospital, that would give him country air. There was the Hospital Dorcas Society, that would, perhaps, fit him out with new clothes if she represented to the secretary the hopeless condition of his rags. Nurse Greg knew what a feeling of self-respect came with the acquiring of the dignity of a collar and necktie for the first time. Joe was not her first waif-patient by any means.

And further, Joe must never return to his vagrant life. No, no. He must never be homeless and unloved again. The brave, untaught, affectionate heart must have proper training and scope somewhere. Where? She smiled as she thought of the good folk at home, so willing to aid and abet her schemes for her patients; a picture rose in her mind, of Joe safely lodged in the gardener's cottage, and, under the old man's kindly care, learning country work and loving country ways. Certainly Nurse Greg's mind was running on a-pace. As she looked at the weary wasted form, for whom she was elaborating such happiness, she sighed a little to think how much it must endure of weakness and pain before all this could be possible. Yet the very planning cheered her. She moved about her early morning work with a smiling light in her eyes. It was a pleasant face. The waking patients loved to look at it as they turned and opened their eyes to a new day.

Baby Bobby greeted it with a little crow of delight as she bent over his cot and lifting him, carried him off to his morning toe-warming and feeding in the glow of the fire.

What a special joy these hospital babies are.

The nurses forget the pinched faces and the poor under-sized limbs, and they call them all beautiful, the darlings.

They watch for returning health, and welcome the first spontaneous baby-laugh, with the motherly pride born in all true women, and the baby-speeches, and baby-antics are just the things to repeat to the older patients—just the things to bring smiles to the lips of the daddies and grannies. That is why Nurse Greg likes the custom here at "S. Stephen's," which has no separate ward for the children, but puts them, two or three in each great ward.

And the babies so soon respond to the motherly care and nursing they receive. Their young hearts open like flowers in the sunshine of love so lavishly given.

"You don't know what a nice face you've got!" said a tiny girl one day, patting a nurse's cheeks with her thin little hands, as she held her in her arms, and the nurse thought there never had been a sweeter compliment.

Bobby was Nurse Greg's only hospital baby just at present, so he had the full measure of petting as he lay on her lap, while her firm hands gently rubbed his stick-like legs, and her cheery voice talked to him of all those little nothings that come naturally to the lips in the presence of a baby.

Presently she carried him to Joe's bedside, swaying him to and fro while she watched the sleeping boy. Satisfied that all went well, she next turned to look down the ward. Had she done all her morning work? Was all ready, in its place, counterpanes folded back? She began checking off each duty to make sure. But she stopped abruptly, as a thin chirpy voice close to her said—

"Ain't he a rum little kid, Nuss?"

She looked down. Joe's eyes were fixed upon her. Joe had a boyish grin on his face.

She was right. Joe was going to falsify all the theories as to the inevitable result of the symptoms he had developed. Joe was going to get well. Slowly and painfully, but determinedly, he struggled back to strength and health, and Nurse Greg had the joy of seeing, eventually, the working out of those plans she had woven for him.

In that, too, she was right. Joe was never to be homeless, never unloved again.

As she was leaving the ward that morning, very conscious of her utter weariness after those long trying hours, she met the House-surgeon.

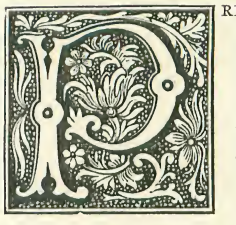
With his "Good-morning" he put into her hands a bunch of white-scented narcissus—the freshest and purest, I believe, that Covent Garden could produce.

"They are for that poor child—14?" she asked, with quick intuition, and his quiet half-shy "Thank you—yes," turned her tired but willing feet towards the mortuary, and her hands to one more office of love and tenderness.

FROM THE MINE TO THE MINT.

By EMMA BREWER.

PART II.



REVIOUS to the reign of Queen Mary there were many Royal Mints in the country, but during her reign they were all abolished except the central one within the Tower of London, which was as old as the Tower itself, and had been worked in every reign up to the year 1810, when the present Royal Mint produced its first coinage, which was one of pence.

The contrast between the Mint as it was in the Tower and as it is on Tower Hill illustrates clearly the progress made by mechanical science during the last sixty or seventy years.

In the Tower there was no such thing as a steam-engine to propel the rolling-mills and other coining appliances, which were put in motion either by horse-power or by men's hands. The machines too were very primitive, such as had been in use in the days of Queen Anne when Sir Isaac Newton was master and warden of the mint, and had lodgings in Haydon Square, Minories, while at the present moment the Royal Mint possesses some of the most ingenious and delicate pieces of mechanism in the world. And now to return to the melting-house, known as the Mint's kitchen, where we left the ingots each with its mark of value and individuality stamped on it waiting to begin the fierce and fiery trials which lay between its present untried condition and the brilliant destiny intended for it.

This melting-house is a fearful-looking place with its furnaces, crucibles, levers, tongs and moulds, all instruments of torture by which the ingots are to be tried and made worthy. When the ingots arrived at the Mint they were as you know of pure gold, but when they have passed through the trials awaiting them in this kitchen, they will have lost their perfect purity, and if we have courage enough to watch we shall see how this loss occurs.

The crucibles or melting-pots look like very large rough flower-pots, and will stand using from fifteen to twenty times. When no longer capable of work they are ground up in order to obtain the gold which has made its way into them, and one is surprised to find how much gold they have imbibed during their daily work. The Mint having obtained all in their power sell the refuse to refiners, who find it worth their while to give half-a-crown a cwt. for it.

Each crucible holds £5,000 worth of ingots of gold, together with a certain quantity of the finest copper; this alloy, diffusing itself through the molten mass much in the same way that yeast permeates flour, reduces it to the condition of what is known as standard gold, viz., twenty-two parts fine gold and two parts alloy.

When the metal is sufficiently fluid iron moulds mounted on movable frames come slowly forward with open mouths to be fed with it, for they like their food very hot. As soon as this is done and solidification has taken place, the castings are released, and the metal comes out in the form of bars of about twenty-four inches long, an inch and three-quarters wide, and half an inch thick, each without a mark to identify it, having lost its original certificate in the fiery furnace.

The next step is to test or assay each bar in order to be quite sure that the true standard of purity has been attained, and all that can pass this examination satisfactorily are marked and sent off to the rolling-room.

This is a grand apartment where the "bars" undergo a banting process, or in other words where they are reduced to strips or "filets" by means of revolving rollers with a pressure of twenty or thirty tons; this thinning process is continued until the bars are but little stouter than a harlequin's wand. At this point the ribands of gold are taken to a machine in which a pair of highly-polished steel cylinders are firmly fixed. Between these cylinders the ribands of gold are drawn by main force of a steam-engine in order to smooth away irregularities and make them of exact thickness from end to end. To make sure that this is done test blanks are punched from them and weighed in a very delicate balance; if this indicates that the pieces are of the right weight the ribands are sent forward to the cutting-out-room, there to be perforated from end to end and made to yield as many blanks of gold as can be got from them.

These blanks or embryo sovereigns look very much like shankless brass buttons, but they are all of uniform diameter, thickness and weight, and as far as one can see quite perfect. Yet some of them may have been cut from a hollow or cracked part of a "filet" and in that case they would be defective or what is called in the Mint "dumb."

In order to detect these defaulters a number of boys with sharp eyes and ears are employed who are known as "ringing boys." Their occupation is to sit with a tray full of blank coins before them and one by one, in rapid succession, dash them on blocks of planed cast-iron. Such pieces as have no ring in them are separated from the musical ones. Of course the ringing-boys make a mistake sometimes, and this accounts for a "goat" or dumb coin now and then finding its way to the "sheep" or sound coins and eventually into our purses.

The next step in their career is the marking-room, where the protecting edges are raised

on the blanks by causing each to rotate rapidly through compressing machines, a process which lessens the diameter of the pieces and thickens their rims.

The marked blanks are next sent on to the annealing room where in air-tight pans they are submitted to the intense heat of reverberatory furnaces until the workman in charge considers them sufficiently cooked. In this condition they have been called veritable Mint's pies, warranted not to cause indigestion although they are made of such very rich materials.

When these blanks are dislodged from the pans they are treated to a sulphuric acid bath and then to one of cold water. The effect of these immersions together with the subsequent friction in boxwood sawdust is to make them soft, impressionable and very bright.

At this point they are considered worthy candidates for the crowning operation which will make sovereigns of them all, and accordingly they are sent forward to the Coronation room to receive the image and superscription of the Queen, or as it is called to pass through the stamping process.

This means that the blanks must undergo a very heavy amount of pressure between two steel dies affixed to each press; one die of the Queen and the other of St. George* and the dragon. One by one the blanks are placed automatically on the lower die; at the same instant a steel collar milled on its inner edge rises over the neck of the die, and the upper die descends with great force, so that the piece of softened metal is stamped on both sides and takes the milling of the collar. An instant later the collar or edge-mould is depressed, the finished coin is pushed mechanically from its seat of steel and falls into a catch-pan, when another blank is fed to the die, stamped, milled and pushed off, and so on at the rate of sixty or seventy a minute at each press. The life of a die is sufficient to coin 60,000 pieces, while the presses at the Mint are sufficient in number to stamp 300,000 sovereigns or half-sovereigns a day, and this they often do when the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is in need.

The stamping has converted the blanks into prizes, and to all appearance they are ready for circulation, but there is something more yet to be done. Each coin must appear in what I call the judge's chamber to be proved as to weight.

The weight of a sovereign when it leaves the mint should be $\frac{256}{1000}$ of an ounce, and of a half sovereign $\frac{128}{1000}$; but as no machinery ever yet constructed by human hands can ensure perfect accuracy and speed at the same time, it has been decided that wherever coined money exists perfect unanimity of weight individually is impossible, but it is the opinion of the Royal Mint that by exercising great skill and constant vigilance, the difference must never go beyond one-eighth of a grain over or under the true standard line of weight, viz., one farthing on either side, and within this range every sovereign must be in order to pass satisfactorily out of the judge's chamber.

Of the accuracy of standard and purity of our gold coins there is no doubt. They are known and appreciated throughout the world, and our sovereigns are everywhere accepted as legal tender.

Now let us go into the judge's chamber—there is an air of solemnity about it, an absence of excitement, as one by one the recently-crowned sovereigns are weighed in the balance.

The apartment is light and handsome; seated firmly on ornamental iron tables are twenty or thirty of the most delicately-constructed specimens of miniature mechanism ever seen. Their duty is to decide whether the coins presented to them for judgment are "in remedy" or out of it. This is a curiously quaint phrase, purely Mintonian, which means the limit allowed the coin beyond or below the exact weight.

These beautiful instruments infallibly detect and reject every single coin which is too heavy or too light, and as surely accept only those which are of the happy medium weight. I exclaimed, as I looked, "Why, they are like thinking human beings!"

"Yes," was the answer, "they are the human brain in a machine."

Those that successfully pass this final examination are ready for transmission to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, while the too light or the too heavy have to pass a second time through all their trials.

* Engraved by an Italian, Signor Istrucci.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Previous Correspondent.—Douglas is said to mean "dark" or "black brook," from *du*, dark, and *clais*, old Welsh for brook, still used in South Wales, and even more frequently in Ireland.

Pug asks for the names of "story books" that bring in the history of the Tudor or Stuart periods. You will find what you want in the works of Sir Walter Scott, viz., *Kenilworth Castle*, *Woodstock*, *Red Gauntlet* and *Waverley*. Also in Whyte Melville's *Queen Marys* and *Holmby House*. By the "St. Bartholomew Confessors," we suppose you refer to the Bartholomew Act of 1662, the clergy being bound to accept the dogma of the King's supremacy over the Church, etc. Two thousand of the clergy signalised this Bartholomew's Day by leaving the Church, amongst whom were Baxter, Alleyne, Calamy, Owen and Bates. On this 24th day of August, 1662, the Puritans, who were a party within the Church, thenceforward formed one outside and quite independent of ecclesiastical authority.

Marion.—The reason that cattle and some birds are excited by the colour red seems to be that they are always surrounded by green herbage and trees, and such a strongly-contrasting and vivid colour attracts their special attention. Certain colours have their effect on human beings, and experiments have been made on this subject in Italy, as elsewhere. The sick are much influenced by them, and practical use has been made of the discovery in the Hospital for the Insane at Alessandria. It is said that a blue room will quiet the nerves in a wonderful manner, and violet seems to have the same effect. Patients suffering from melancholia are placed in red rooms, and we have heard that often when refusing to take food, they will ask for it after a few hours' subjection to the influence of this brilliant colour.

Thrush.—You do not set about "trying to make yourself better" in the right way. If you attempt to obtain a "new heart," you must ask it of Him, who says He will give it. We also think that you are physically in a bad condition, and need medical treatment. You are in a morbid state of mind. Perhaps your digestion is out of order, or your liver. You also need the advice of your clergyman or minister. You can at least try to look less dreary, and cease to be a depressing object to your invalid mother, who, of course, should be cheered and comforted. You use a wrong word in calling what is amiss with you "self-consciousness," it is selfishness.

Ethel.—The future husband's cards should be printed "Mr. So-and-So," not Captain; in reality he does not hold that rank, but is certificated, and capable of holding it when his chance comes.

Teddy's Molly Bawn.—If you desire to love your Heavenly Father, and pray that He would draw you towards Him, He will certainly grant you such a prayer, for His Holy Spirit implanted the desire in your heart. Study in His Word all that is said of His love and forbearance towards us. If you have a "Concordance" you can do this with great ease. Look for the reference to such words as "love," "mercy," "redemption." Read also with great care and in a prayerful spirit, the Gospel according to St. John and the Book of Revelation, and try to realise when you pray that your Blessed Redeemer is present, and that you are addressing One, not far away in invisible space, but actually standing before you, as He did when He entered the chamber where His disciples were assembled, "the doors being shut," and said, "All hail! Peace be unto you!" To play any musical instrument you should have a few lessons at first, or you will contract bad habits in playing.

Lena.—If the letter be sealed, and addressed to the guardian, it should be claimed by him; as the doctor has no possible right to it. It would not be worth going to law about it, nor would the writer care for the attendant publicity.

Nature.—Jasper is an opaque variety of quartz; the common kind is of a bright blood-colour (or green spotted with red), owing to the presence of peroxide of iron. Egyptian jasper is streaked or mottled with yellow and brown, and resembles agate; "porcelain jasper" is formed of clay-rock, by the action of heat, and is a natural kind of porcelain. Jasper is used for engraving seals, and the common kinds of lapidary's work. Jasper is found in Siberia, Sicily, the old rocks of North Wales, in Scotland, and in the Hartz and the Tyrol. What was called jasper by the ancients and in the Bible, is evidently a different stone. It is described as green in colour like an emerald, but not so transparent. The name itself is very ancient, and it was used as an amulet having rare medicinal virtues.

Bryda - Ernestine.—1. The Accumulative Indian Stock, and the Post Office, are equally Government institutions, and are both equally safe.—2. We cannot give addresses, nor do we know anything about French societies of the kind.

Violet Florence.—Go to the nearest office of the Y.W.C.A. and say you wish to become a member. You do not give an address, or we could tell you where to go. The head office is 16A, Old Cavendish Street, in London.

G. C. and Innocence.—A crown-piece of George III., 1820, is worth 7s. 6d.

Sunset.—In the London Directory you will find lists of numismatists with their addresses, to whom you might go or write.

Millicent.—1. To manufacture scents you need a distillery, and for this you need to take practical lessons, and must pay a tax.—2. To clean white elastic stockings, you had better send them to the proprietors of the surgical appliance shop where they were purchased; or, at least, consult them.

A Hottentot.—Washing the hands in alum-water is said to prevent profuse perspiration.

Essie.—1. There is a dictionary of religions published by Cassell.—2. The use of fiction as a means of mental relaxation is very wise. You evidently must learn self-control at the same time, and never neglect any duty for it.—3. You should never knowingly read a bad book, even to advise others against it.

Shamrock.—You should acknowledge a present of game, or flowers, by a friendly note of thanks.

An Inquirer.—The lady always bows first; so, of course, your gentleman-friend waits for you to bow to him, and then takes off his hat. If you have received kindness from him, and he has tried to help you, we think you would be both churlish and rude not to bow when you meet him. This implies no familiarity, but is merely a friendly recognition.

S. B.—1. The best way to cut a pineapple is to cut the crown off in as straight a slice as possible, using it afterwards as a kind of cover to the cut end. When served the second time with the crown end intact, of course it has a much better effect.—2. In many houses the sideboard cloth remains on all day. It is not a matter of any consequence.

E. C. B.—There is an excellent boarding-house for lady-students, teachers and others, under the Y.W.C.A., called Kent House, 91, Great Portland Street, London, W. Comfortable and airy cubicles, with use of drawing-rooms. There are also single rooms. References required. Apply to the Hon. Superintendent, at Kent House. Prices for cubicles and rooms from 4s. 6d. to 6s., enclose stamp when inquiring.

Helen and Cornelia (South Africa).—Accept our thanks for writing us such a pleasant and interesting letter. The list of fruits is particularly appetising.

Rosamond.—The question is one for the lovers themselves; the four years make but little difference if they really know their own minds.

Inquirer.—If the lady has already given the furniture to one person in her will, she cannot give it to another without revoking the previous gift. Why not add a codicil to the will? But we advise you to go to a lawyer to make it. Home-made wills are usually failures.

Lill (Capetown).—He is your uncle by the half-blood, which counts as whole-blood now; no marriage could take place between you.



Potato Croquettes.—Season cold potatoes with pepper and salt; beat to a cream with a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cupful of potato; bind with two or three eggs, roll into oval balls, dip in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs and fry in hot lard or dripping; pile in a pyramid upon a flat dish and serve.

Stuffing for Ducks. — Two good-sized potatoes, two onions, a slice of bread, about six leaves of sage, the liver and all chopped together for twenty minutes or half an hour; pepper and salt to taste, half an apple is an improvement. A goose can be stuffed in the same way, only put in one large apple, and serve the goose with apple sauce.

Be sure to parboil the onions before putting the stuffing in.

Horse-radish Sauce.—One tablespoonful of mustard, two of vinegar, three of cream, as much horse-radish scraped fine as will make it as thick as onion sauce.

To preserve Vegetable Marrow.—Cut the marrow in strips taking out the pulp and seeds; weigh it and to each pound of marrow allow one pound of lump sugar, lay the marrow and sugar in a pan all night; add to every five pounds of marrow two ounces of whole ginger cut into pieces, and three lemons; the thin peel cut into small strips, and the juice squeezed and strained. Boil all for four hours (very gently or it will crystallise).

American Preserve.—Equal weight of sugar to four pounds of plums, two pounds of apples, two pounds of pears, as much ginger, lemon peel and juice as you wish, boil all together until clear and well done; add some blanched almonds to flavour preserve.

Corn Bread (American).—Take two coffee cups of Indian meal, two coffee cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder rubbed in; two eggs well beaten, one half of a coffee-cup of sugar, one heaped teaspoonful of butter melted, half a teaspoonful of salt, two coffee-cups of milk. It needs to be well beaten.

Icing for Cakes.—The whites of two large eggs beaten and let stand to allow the froth to fall; then with a fork mix in half a pound of sifted sugar and a small spoonful of sifted gum; it should be made the day before to let it harden. A little rose or orange flower water to flavour.

Portugal Cakes.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, twelve eggs, only six whites, four ounces of almonds; beat the butter to a cream, then add the eggs and sugar, and when beaten a few minutes, add the flour. Ten minutes will bake in patties in a pretty hot oven.

Cream Cakes.—One pint of sweet cream, four eggs well beaten; thicken well with flour to the consistency of a thick batter, a little salt, bake in patties for twenty minutes.

Rich Plum Cake.—Take three pounds and a half of currants well washed and picked, mix them on a dish with one pound and a quarter of flour; beat one pound of butter to a cream, add one pound of coarse brown sugar; drop in ten eggs one by one; burn a handful of brown sugar on the fire; when well browned add one glass and a half of whiskey; when the sugar is very well dissolved pour it in, then add the flour and currants by degrees; have the tins well lined with well buttered paper, and when putting in the mixture add one pound of citron cut into small pieces; bake in a moderate oven for nearly three hours.

Almond Frosting.—Take one pound of sweet Jordan almonds; two ounces of bitter pounded in a mortar very fine with a lemon grated on sugar; then add one pound of sifted sugar and the whites of three large eggs; put on the cake when cool, and place in a cool oven.

Prince of Wales' Pudding.—Put cakes in steep; cut in squares, light or plum cake will do; pour sherry over it at night, with a little milk; next day put the cakes in a glass dish, pour more sherry over them; put preserve in, and round, the dish beside the cakes. Pour thick custard over all and put small ratafia biscuits round the dish, and coloured comfits over custard.

Transparent Pudding.—Half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of eight eggs, the rind of two lemons, and juice of one; put into a shallow dish, with paste under and round it. Eats very well when cold. Bake until a light brown colour.

Marble Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream, sweeten it, and whisk well until it froths, then add half a pint of raspberry juice, dissolve one ounce of isinglass in as little water as possible, and when warm pour it into the cream; when all is well mixed pour it into shapes, and allow them to stand until quite firm.

Lemon Turnovers.—Mix together three dessertspoonfuls of flour, one ounce of powdered sugar, and the rind of a lemon. Add half a pint of milk, and mix smoothly to the consistency of batter, and stir in two well-beaten eggs, and two ounces of butter melted. Butter some tin saucers, pour in the mixture and bake in a quick oven. When ready, turn them out, cut them across, fold them together, and place on a serviette with powdered sugar sprinkled over.

Thickening for Soup.—Put down some butter in a saucepan, when boiling add what you think a sufficient quantity of flour to thicken the soup or sauce, stir it with a fork stuck in an onion, when quite smooth thin it with some of the soup, then add it to the rest. Thickening made in this way prevents the flour having a raw taste.

Jugged Hare.—Cut the hare in pieces proper to be helped at table; after washing well put them into a stone jar, with sweet herbs, the rind and juice of a lemon, a large onion stuck with cloves, quarter of a pint of port wine or claret; cover the jar closely to keep in the steam, place it in a saucepan nearly filled to the height of the jar with water, let it boil very slowly for three or four hours, according to the size and age of the hare, taking care that it is not over-done; when quite tender strain off the gravy clear from fat, thicken it with flour, and give it a boil. Lay the hare in a deep dish, pour the gravy over it and send to table.

Chocolate Cakes.—Put in a basin a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, two ounces of flour, one ounce of ground rice, three ounces of white sugar, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all well together, and add two well-beaten eggs, yolks and whites together, and a little vanilla flavouring. Bake in buttered patty pans for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Indian Toffee.—Pour into a clean coffee saucepan a breakfast cup of cream, and another of white powdered sugar, and boil slowly over a clear, but not too hot fire. The mixture will first become liquid, and will afterwards gradually thicken. When nearly ready, pour in a dessertspoonful of vanilla essence and one of whisky. When the mixture becomes frothy and leaves the side of the pan clean, pour it out as quickly as possible on a flat buttered dish. Cut it into squares. It should be quite smooth and creamy white, and "short" without being either crisp or crumbly.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Grate a small cocoanut, or three ounces of tinned desiccated cocoanut, and add to it half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and three ounces of sugar. Beat three yolks of egg and add them to the cocoanut, etc., with half a pint of cold milk. Line a pie dish with puff paste and pour in the mixture, and bake it until it sets, which will be in about half an hour or less; whip three whites of egg to a stiff froth with a little sugar and pile them on the pudding, ornamenting them with rings of angelica and preserved cherries. Put into the oven again for a few minutes to colour the whites a pale golden. Serve cold.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 882.] NOVEMBER 21, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

THIS Competition was announced in our extra Summer Number, when most girls seemed to be bicycling or to be preparing for this exhilarating exercise, so it seemed to us to be an opportune time to utilise the hobby of the quieter sisterhood—those who love to "take" their friends by photographing them with or without permission.

The photographs of "A Girl Riding a Bicycle" were not numerous perhaps, but some of the work showed ability in choice of subject, in focussing, in developing, printing and toning, and the three prize winners' photographs are reproduced in this number for the pleasure of our readers.



"A GIRL RIDING A BICYCLE."

FIRST PRIZE (£5 5s.)—*A. D. Bell, Beckenham.*

All rights reserved.]

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER VII.



"HERBERT, my dear boy, you little know what you meditate; you cannot have considered the difficulties," said Mr. Lloyd one morning to his grandson, when they were engaged in an earnest conversation.

"I have thought over the subject for years," was the reply, "have examined every side, for and against, and am come to the resolution, with your permission, to try my fortune at Oxford. I will do nothing without your approbation; but if you approve, I should not be afraid to face the world."

There was a shade of solemnity not unmixed with sorrow on Mr. Lloyd's countenance, as leaning his elbow on an old folio that he had been reading, and resting his head on his hand, he looked at his grandson. Herbert, who had been standing with his back against one of the bookcases, took a chair and seated himself by his side. There was ever, in his manner to his venerable friend, that mixture of respect and affection which their relative positions tended to produce; but on the present occasion, there was an expression of increased tenderness in the young man's eye, as he returned the mild glance cast upon him.

"I have no fear," said Mr. Lloyd, after a pause, "of your doing anything but what is honourable and good, or that any exertion on your part should be wanting; but what do you know of life? How could you struggle alone, friendless and almost penniless, through the temptations of a college career?"

"I could probably get pupils, who would pay my expenses, and give me occupation during the vacations," was Herbert's reply.

"Very good; but how would your proud spirit bear to be trampled upon by the noble or wealthy, because you are not rich enough to rank with them, even in their simplest pleasures or occupations?"

"I think I should be superior to the scorn or contempt of little minds; and that I could pursue a course of industry without looking right or left to see whether my honest poverty met with derision or not. Many of the greatest men in the kingdom have struggled on to eminence or honour through great difficulties, therefore, why should not I? Why should I not rise above those whom the chances of fortune have placed in a higher position, and help to prove that intellect is the fountain of honour, and that knowledge is power?"

"But I am not sure," said Mr. Lloyd, looking affectionately at the animated face of his grandson, "that either intellect or its coadjutor, knowledge is happiness: not, at least, the knowledge which is the parent of ambition."

"I do not know," said Herbert submissively. "I could live happily at Glanheathyn all my life, did I not believe that I was sent into the world for other purposes, and feel that I should best apply the talents God has given me by a more public life."

"I cannot blame you, Herbert; and but for my own selfishness, should like you to go to Oxford. I know not what I shall do without you."

Herbert placed his hand tenderly on his grandfather's shoulder.

"I have been a burden to you too long already," he said. "You will soon want assistance yourself, and I would prove that I am not quite ungrateful for your unnumbered benefits."

"You have proved that already," replied Mr. Lloyd with emotion, "by daily and hourly respect, attention, and affection. You shall go to Oxford, but forgive me if I look with fear upon your launch into life. I have not lived nearly three score and ten years in the world without knowing that it is a dangerous sea, full of shoals and quicksands."

When the time of Herbert's departure for Oxford University actually arrived, it required no small stock of moral courage to bear up under the numerous leave-takings he had to go through. He had never quitted his kind friends and his native valley before, therefore he could not be called weak or effeminate if his eye was moistened when, one after another, the villagers came to say good-bye, and to bring with them some little memorials of their affection.

Hundreds of interested, though humble friends, assembled on the beach to see him set sail for Bristol, and if kind wishes could waft him prosperously on his way, he was blessed indeed. Gwenllean begged to accompany him to the vessel, which was anchored at a little distance, and whilst Mr. Lloyd and Lady Llewellen watched them with tearful eyes, she was seated, for the last time by his side, and rowed in his boat by Walter and Morgan to the ship. She slipped her small hand into his, and struggled to suppress the rising sob. "Do not forget me, Herbert," she murmured, as they reached the vessel; to which he could only reply, "Never, dear, never!"

Herbert Llewellen knew not how swiftly the ship glided on; he saw not how lightly the white surf played around her; his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon those he had left behind him. Apart from the crowd, on a ledge of rock, sat his grandfather, Lady Llewellen and Lizzy, who were silently watching the vessel, as she glided away from before their sight. Slowly making her way towards the shore, with her oars drooping lazily by her side, was his little boat, in which Gwenllean, Walter and Morgan were straining their eyes to catch the last glance of him; and scattered about the shore were different groups of kind friends.

As the ship still sailed quietly on, Herbert stood and watched the friends and scenes he was voluntarily quitting with a heavy, thoughtful heart. There was the quiet home of his childhood and boyhood, where he had never known anything but happiness: should he find another in the great world to which he was going, so peaceful and lovely? There was the neat, lowly church, where he had reverently listened to his grandfather's holy teaching; the schoolhouse where he himself had taught and the pretty village, every child of which he knew.

On, on glides the vessel, and slowly these dear objects disappear one by one.

"Farewell, farewell!" he sighs, whilst tears dim his eyesight "Happy, happy scenes, farewell!" He feels, that like the vessel he is in, his launch in life is made; and melancholy forebodings mingle with the bright hopes that he has formed of the future; like the dark shadows cast by the clouds on the sunny path of the ship.

It was not until the last turret of the old castle had faded into the distant horizon that Herbert aroused himself from his reverie, and began to look around him on the passengers and sailors of the vessel. The captain, of whom he had a slight knowledge, addressed him first: then a jolly Somersetshire farmer, who asked him some casual question about the black, Welsh cattle, which led to a discussion upon the relative merits of Welsh and English breeds. Shortly afterwards he had the good fortune to save a little poodle from falling overboard, which act of heroism won him the goodwill of an elderly lady, who pertinaciously engaged his attention until certain unmistakable symptoms took her to the cabin. Thus were his retrospections and sad thoughts dispelled.

They landed at Bristol, where he slept the night, and the following morning he found himself on a stage coach, behind the coachman and four good horses, on his way to Oxford. His only fellow-traveller for some distance was a young man who sat on the coach-box. Herbert was attracted by his appearance, and would have addressed him, but for the awkward shyness he felt in speaking first to a stranger; moreover, the gentleman seemed engrossed with a newspaper, and an occasional glance at Herbert was all the notice he appeared desirous to bestow upon him. He was a tall, dark, handsome man; Herbert

would have said aristocratic-looking, only he disliked the word. A haughtiness of bearing, and a somewhat imperious manner implied a consciousness of superiority which Herbert also disliked, although the fine, intelligent face of his fellow-traveller and its handsome, well-defined features made him anxious to find whether he had a mind in unison with them. Herbert, however, contented himself by addressing such questions as he wished to ask about the objects he passed to the coachman, and as the country was new to him, found enjoyment enough in commenting upon it.

At last the stranger put his newspaper into his pocket, and scanning Herbert rather curiously, as if to discover who he was, asked him if he was bound for Oxford. Herbert replied in the affirmative. The gentleman made another short remark upon the weather. Herbert answered with equal brevity, not liking the tone he assumed. The stranger eyed him more closely, and was, perhaps, struck in turn by his appearance, for Herbert was very good-looking. He inquired whether he were going to Oxford for the first time, but still the haughty tone, which was really innate in the speaker, repelled cordiality, and Herbert's reserve increased. The stranger, whose keen eye seemed to look through the very heart, was interested, and he made an effort to unbend, not only his own pride, but that of his companion. He spoke generally of Oxford, its colleges, and its masters. The subject was too engrossing to be set aside, and Herbert sought to conquer his natural shyness, and to place himself on an equality with the haughty unknown, by conversing freely.

By degrees the young men forgot their reserve, in the pleasure of finding a similarity of thought and taste. The stranger was a man of the world, and was inwardly amused by Herbert's want of knowledge upon points that he had, from childhood, considered essentials; but he was not the less pleased and astonished when he discovered his superiority in literary acquirements. They spoke of books, and Herbert's life of study was soon apparent. His new acquaintance was as much behind him in the lore of the black-letter world, as he was his inferior in that of the concerns of the present day. The one was a scholar, the other a deep-sighted observer of human nature. They became, before they reached Oxford, mutually pleased with one another; but the stranger did not make any advances towards a further acquaintance, and Herbert felt that his position was too uncertain to permit of his doing so. Besides there was an evident desire on the part of the stranger to avoid any familiarity that might lead to future intimacy.

As they approached Oxford, the conversation gradually flagged. It was twilight when they entered the town, and the ancient buildings looked solemnly grand and mysterious beneath its shadows. A thrill of awe and reverence ran through Herbert, when he found himself actually in the place whither his dreams and hopes had so often led him in imagination, and he seemed to have added years to his existence in the brief space of a few minutes. So much was begun, so much, indeed, consummated in that short interval. He was in a profound reverie, when the coach stopped, and his companion had dismounted before he could thoroughly understand that it was no time for visionary flights, but that he must descend to the task of looking after his luggage. A polite bow, and a "good evening to you," separated him from his coach acquaintance, whilst "Is your name Llewellen," introduced him to a new friend.

Dr. Marsden, one of his grandfather's old college chums, had come to see after him, and with a warm shake of the hand, welcomed him to Oxford, and invited him to his house, where, he said, a bed was prepared for him until his own rooms were ready. Herbert followed him, and was soon seated in a room not unlike his grandfather's study, in which books and papers were the most conspicuous furniture.

Dr. Marsden was unmarried, never having found time to think of a wife, and having been wedded to study ever since his early youth. He was avowedly a silent man, and except on one or two subjects, rarely said more than yes or no. Absent to a degree, his mind never seemed at home, and a sudden question startled him as much as a sudden accident. But he was a good and kind man, and although he never made any professions, a staunch friend when once he became attached. He was predisposed to like Herbert for his grandfather's sake, and before the first evening of their intimacy was over, he liked him for his own, and for a very singular reason; because he did not trouble him with questions, but was contented to let his taciturnity take its course.

They certainly were not loquacious, but what they said was to the purpose, and Dr. Marsden was pleased with the remarks Herbert made upon his favourite authors, as well as with his desire to set to work at once, and leave no stone unturned to get on at college.

"Persevere, persevere," said the old man; "nothing to be done in the world without perseverance. Talents without it are like gas, easily kindled, but soon extinguished."

"And with it?" asked Herbert.

"Like a good coal fire, that will bear a puff of wind or a poker, and burn the brighter for them."

The following day was spent in visiting the lions of Oxford, and settling Herbert in some very plain rooms that Dr. Marsden helped him to procure. He also introduced him to several of his friends, all men of eminence and ability. Herbert called on his grandfather's other friend, Mr. Silvester, who received him very cordially and gave him a general invitation to his house, which was echoed by his wife, a good-natured woman, who was sitting in awful state at a work-table, surrounded by several grown-up daughters. From these fair damsels Herbert felt it rather a relief to escape, not having yet learnt the art of talking about nothing, in which, to be an agreeable caller, it is necessary to be versed.

It was to Dr. Marsden that he looked for counsel, feeling assured that he should obtain it, for there was in his manner a friendliness that he could not mistake, and an evident desire to be of service to him. Through his means he soon became initiated into the customs of the University, and by following his pithy, but sure advice, gradually saw his way clearly, and began a course of study that he hoped would insure ultimate success. He sought no further acquaintances, and courageously refused many an invitation from the Silvesters, contenting himself with sitting an hour or two, occasionally, with Dr. Marsden, in whose society he always felt himself benefited, even though conversation was carried on by fits and starts and short sentences. But the doctor gradually became more communicative as their acquaintance ripened, and gladdened Mr. Lloyd's heart by a letter, in which his praise of his grandson's talents and good sense was so warm and sincere, that it was evident he regarded his young friend with feelings of esteem and affection, that he was never known to lavish upon an undeserving object.

(*To be continued.*)

COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

SUBJECT: "MY DAILY ROUND."

Second Prize Essay (£4 4*s.*)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—

I have not seen as yet among your many hand workers one whose "Daily Round" is performed in any branch of the "Potting" trade, so I will try to tell you a little about my own. I am employed in one of the largest Manufactories in the Potteries, as a Paintress, and although it is not the largest Factory it is productive of every kind of earthenware that is made, tea and dinner services, toilet sets, jugs, vases, flower-pots, and sanitary etec: all of which are made in various sizes and shapes, and come in for a share of some kind of decoration, and as all the Decorators have a department of their own each one understands their own particular branch of the work. The kind of decorating I am engaged in is called "Enameling" which consists of filling in, in all kinds of colours and many different ways the patterns that are already printed for us.

I am twenty-six years of age. I live in a small village just outside the town with my Grandmother. I get up about seven o'clock generally, sometimes earlier but if I should happen to be a little later Grandmother will waken me with the exclaimation "M—— it is

getting late." The first thing on opening my eyes I peep out of the window to see what sort of a morning it is. "Oh! how I love these bright sunny days, and the lovely showers too that makes it so much pleasanter for my long walk to work. I am soon down stairs, never forgetting first to give thanks and ask for guidance of Him in Whom I live and have my being. Then I prepare breakfast, take Grandmother a cup of tea and do a few household duties and on washing days a little washing, when I rise a little earlier. Then after putting my dinner in my bag, I get my breakfast which is very often a hurried one. I start about half past eight generally and in half an hours time I reach the smoky town, another half hours walk brings me to the Factory. This is a large four storey building, I have to climb two flights of steps to the top storey where our branch of the work is carried on. On entering the workshop which is a very large one with white-washed walls and great wooden beams, I am greeted with a very strong smell of turpentine, oil and tar that we use for our work. There are fiftyfour Paintresses and Gilders in the shop each sitting on a three legged stool opposite tables ranged under the windows which stretch the whole length of either side. Then we have a Designer who makes the patterns and colouring, and a Manager who has to see that they are executed accordingly, besides a Lady who we take orders from and counts our work when it is finished.

Our hours generally are from half past nine to six, but when we are very busy from eight till seven, which I do not like at all as it means that I must be up an hour and half earlier and almost bed time before I get home, besides if not there we get sent back for the day, but I am pleased to say this has not occurred yet in my case. I will however take one of our busy days and describe to you "My Daily Round" at the Factory when I arrive there at eight oclock. The first thing I have to do is to prepare my colour which is done by grinding it on a tile with a small knife in as much turpentine as will wet it and when fine enough add a little fat oil (as we call it) which is already prepared for us, and I may say the finer we grind it the easier it is to work with and our work has a much nicer appearance when it is finished. Now for my pencils, the oil causes them to go hard when dry so I put those that I intend using in my turpentine cup to soak while I am dusting and getting my ware ready, which for instance is four toilet sets called "Camelia" the principal flowers first are what we call "washed in," in pink, this is done with a pencil I keep for the purpose by dipping it in turpentine and fat oil then in my colour as deep a strength as I need it. I have now painted a few flowers and it is nine o'clock which from that to half past is our breakfast time and if we should happen to work a minute after the Manager will pop out of his office and call. "Now you girls do you know what time it is." Which means we must stop work at once because if the Inspector should find us working during meal times we are liable to a very heavy fine. After breakfast and a chat we set to work again, I finish pink, and the remaining flowers are done in mauve and yellow, these I do together and now all the flowers are "washed in." While These are drying I do the leaves in light and dark green. All this time it is very noisy, some hunting after patterns or colours, others carrying up ware out of the warehouse to be painted or gilt, (as we all have to carry our own up two flights of steps which is very heavy work) and the kiln boys tramping up and down with empty boxes on their shoulders asking if the ware is ready for them to carry away to the kiln, as before they can do so, each piece as it leaves our hands has to be counted so that it may be known at the end of the week what work each has done and what wages they have to receive. At half past twelve preparations are being made at the stove for dinner, such as cooking meat, making tea or warming food. From one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, knitting, crotchet, reading and much talking. Many I am sorry to say take much interest in halfpenny Noveletts. I try to sell as many "Church Army Gazette's" as I can each week both in the shop and elsewhere hoping to be able to do some little to counteract the evil that is wrought through reading bad books. From two oclock till seven I am hard at work again with only a little break (about four oclock) for a cup of tea. I shade on my flowers and leaves (which are now dry) the various colours and tints, to do which I have to take up each piece several times as the colours dry, at seven oclock I have completed my four toilet sets which consists of from six to ten pieces each, the Ewers and Basins being very heavy to hold with one hand while working with the other. For this I earn the sum of two shillings and eightpence, the prices paid for our work varies according to the patterns, some being as low as twopence halfpenny a set. For colouring a dinner set of fifty-two pieces I get sevenpence halfpenny, for flower pots I get from fourpence to two shillings a dozen according to size etec: I have described to you one of my busiest and best days as sometimes I have had as little as one shilling. So ends "My Daily Round" in the workshop. I reach home about eight o'clock very tired and often bring back the food I have taken with me in the morning, as the heat and smell of the shop affects it so much I cannot eat it. I have supper and devote what little time I have after in mending or making my clothes or in doing little jobs for Grandmother, and after reading the portion of Scripture appointed for the day I retire to rest. I often feel "My Daily Round" very wearisome and wish that the Presence of Him Who has hallowed our daily toil by having once toiled Himself could be more fully realized in our workshops for—

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done!
And prayer by Thee inspired and taught
Itself with work be one.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"PANSY"

August 29th 1896. Stoke-on-Trent.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.).

My daily round is a very busy and complicated one. I have always longed to be a hospital nurse, but this hope had to be laid aside when my father died five years ago leaving my delicate mother unprovided for with two of us not able to go to work & the eldest of all "my sister" an invalid. I was then at a well known firm of shirt makers in Milk St. City & my earnings were very largely depended upon. Home has been from that time quite a hospital in itself. Nearly a year ago my mother died which greatly increased my work & it is from that time I will write.

I now have my shirt work at home (from the same firm) as my sister is a helpless sufferer from an advanced form of Chronic Rhuematism & requires a great deal of my time Part of my day is spent in (what I like to call) my hospital ward, & my shirt work is squeezed in between times & is the chief support of my "home hospital." I can do 6 in one day & the price varies according to quality, but we will reckon today I am doing the better work which will be 6d. each when finished. I am up at 6 A.M. dress & prayers, downstairs, light the fire, call my little sister & brother, (give my patient her breakfast first) & our own will be ready by 7 oclock.

We three sit down together but it is rather a hasty meal for my brother has to start for work by half past, and before then I must get his food ready for the day which he takes with him. After then I see to my little sisters food (for she has started to work now) & fetch my patients breakfast things away, & make her comfortable to leave until 9 oclock, during which time I do the daily necessary house duties including bedmaking & general tidying, but as the work is equally divided for the week, each morning has its own portion. My little sister goes to work at 8 o.c., & before I go to my patient I must prepare our dinner. At 9 o.c. I must begin to wash my patient, this (with dressing) means an hour's work; as she is so helpless and needs such tender handling, & I think in a general hospital would be considered to bad to set up; but she prefers to get up as long as she is able to bear it. About 10 o.c. I carry her downstairs & after arranging her comfortable & giving her a small lunch I leave her to begin my 6 shirts which will be very close work if I am to be in mothers place in the evening; & who does not know of the many attractions there are to draw young people (boys especially) away from home; Well I dont want my brother to drift away, so home must be attractive too. I do not work in my patients day ward for my work necessitates plenty of space & makes the room look very untidy with white calico scattered all about & my patient is like all invalids (more or less fastidious) & likes her room tidy, & the noise of the machine would worry her, & I can work quicker alone. When I am wanted my patient rings a small bell, but unless interrupted I work away until 12.30, first: hem the six shirts, seam the sides, put binders round armholes, and yokes on, & prepare fronts (linen) *i.e.* turn them down ready to put in the bodies. I now leave off for about an hour & half to get our dinner ready & after we have eaten it I wash the dishes &c. & freshen my patient with another little wash & Leave her again for the afternoon when she generally sleeps a little while & I get on well. By 4 o.c. I can put my fronts in & make the sleeves. Visiting time at a hospital is generally from 2 till 4 & my ward is not an exception & sometimes I find my patient has had a very pleasant afternoon & nurse is invited to tea which has been got ready by her visitor. This is only occasionally & I mostly have to get it myself. I rather like visitors for they help to brighten my invalid up & she is not hurried so much for after a hasty cup of tea myself I leave them still happy over theirs & hurry back to finish my work which will take me two hours to put the wristbands & collarbands on (these are made by a different machine & sent to me ready to put on) & put the sleeves into the

shirts. I try to be finished by 7 o.c. that things may be as homelike as possible without mother, for it is mother who makes the home even though she be a great invalid at times & it is when the days work is done that mother is most missed, & I try to make up as well as I can for her loss, in the *numberless little* things which constitute home. There is now a meal to prepare for all after which my patient is ready to be put to bed which is almost as trying as the morning performance; My brother will carry her upstairs, he likes to feel he can do something for her.

Every day is very much the same except tuesday when I do the washing which I get finished by dinner time & do my shirt work afterwards. Perhaps the next ½ doz. will only be 2/3. & in the busy time which is May, June, July. I have to do more than ½ doz. in a day, and I have to sit up late to do them, but one does not mind this when we think of the winter when for several weeks I shall have very little or nothing. It means very quick work while it is here & everything has to be done to time or I could not get all in, but I can never hurry over my patient as every movement gives her pain. I have no trouble with taking my work in when finished for my little sister brings it home with her at night & takes it in the morning which is a great save of time for me. The button-holes are made by indoor hands after they go from me. Saturday is a general clearing up day & preparing for Sunday, which (as in all hospitals) is just as busy only rather different; for a nurses life is always busy, for if she has not to do other work to support her hospital she has more than one patient to attend to; but still I do not have my day off once a week & I have to do night duty as well My patient is still making a downward progress in spite of all the Drs. efforts to stop it, & he with some other friends think it is more than I can manage & even while I write I am expecting that my patient will be taken from me as the Dr is trying to get her into "Freidenheim," Hampstead.

On Sunday I get up at 7.30. give my patient her breakfast & get to church by 8.30. home again and have my breakfast by 9.30. (we are living only about 2 minutes walk from church) After preparing the dinner I am ready to see to my patient & to-day she has the benefit of my extra time in a sponge bath. My little sister is a great help to me on Sunday morning before school time & I have the dinner quite ready by 1 o.c. when service is over. This gives us time to be nicely cleared away by 2 o.c. Now I make my patient cosy for the afternoon & get ready for S. School where I have a class. Lately I have been persuaded to give this up (at least for a time) but doesn't our Master promise "As thy day so shall thy strength be" & I am so thankful for the opportunity to tell others of Him who has done so much for me that I wish I could do more, and I try to live the thankfulness which no words of mine can express, for the priceless gift of health by doing what I can for the weaker ones & instead of going out to seek for the work I longed for, it is given me within my own home. We who work with our hands have great opportunities of thinking while we are at work over the lesson we shall be giving the next Sunday in school.

I get home by 4.30. this gives 2 hours quiet rest including tea time which is always bright on Sunday when we are all at home & this is when I get a glance at the articles & monthly sermon by Medicus in the favourite G. O. P. leaving the stories until I may have more time for reading. Sometimes my patient will have a visitor to sit with her while I go to the evening service, or perhaps she would rather be alone. There are many little things to be done for an invalid which cannot be written here & when my shirt-work is not so busy I make my own & my sisters clothes dresses included. Amongst other things there is the management of home & spending to the best advantage our small income, which, between my brother & little sister & myself now earing about 25/ a week. I think it is as necessary to be careful "how we spend" as in "what we earn," for if the one is rather a worry at times, the other needs a great deal of forethought & economy, but through mother's ill-health I had a little practical experience in housekeeping, only I had mothers advice to look to, & at 27 (my age then) I did not feel equal to the responsibilities of father, mother, husband, & wife together with the duties of nurse, but still after nearly a year's trial I am proud of my home hospital & pleased to think I am useful to others, for even if it be only *one* talent with which we are entrusted by the Master & doing what we can with it we can look forward to the time of great rejoicing when we shall hear our Lord say—Well done — because thou hast been faithful over few things I will set thee over many things. What is it that makes work such a pleasure

Labour is sweet for
Thou hast toiled
And care is light for
Thou hast cared

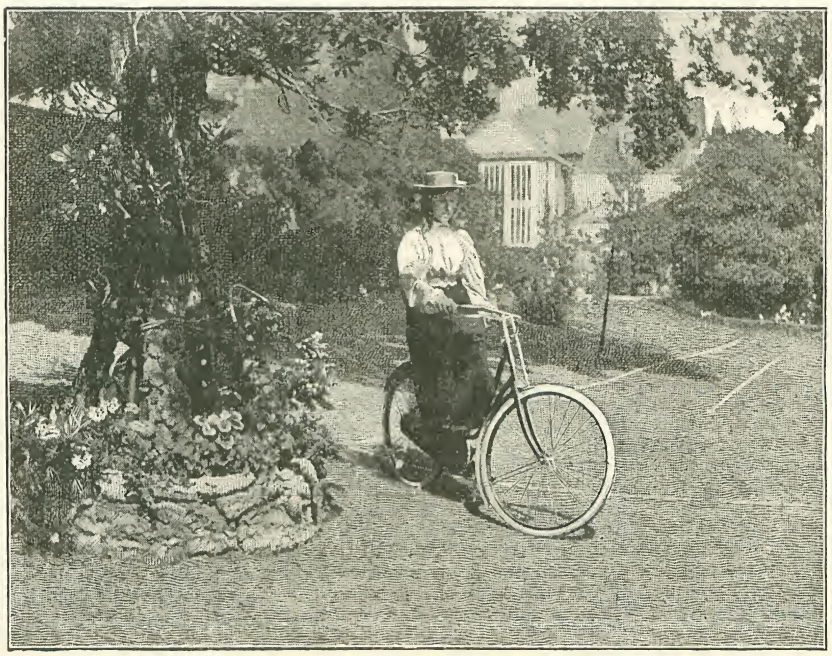
Some the Master calls aside from active work & it is as important for these to watch & wait, at the same time living very useful lives & the reward is equal according to our abilities May we all make up our minds to do all the good we can even though we pass this way only *once*.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true

"Lily of the Valley"
Dalston



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: SECOND PRIZE (£3 3s.)—*Edith Mathew, Beckenham.*



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.)—*J. Nicholson, Lewes.*

*** *These essays appear exactly as written —without alteration of any kind.*—Ed.

FOOD FOR COLD DAYS.

THAT was a good housekeeper of whom we read in a certain old book that she was "not afraid of the snow" for her household, because they were clothed with double garments. It does not actually tell us that they were also fed with warming food, but we feel almost sure it was so. All housewives are called upon by Nature to take extra thought and carefulness in the trying weather of winter, and Nature herself takes care to find them in such materials as best suit the needs of the moment.

Roots, cereals, grains, nuts, and oils, are ready to our hand; they replace the green vegetables of summer and the soft fruits which we no longer need. We may study with profit some ways of using these stores.

We must bear in mind that fats produce heat, and therefore a fairly liberal use of butter, dripping, suet, and oil, becomes needful, and there are ways of introducing these which will make them palatable to the most fastidious. Puddings and cakes can contain a large amount of carbonaceous material if we choose, and both of these are in frequent demand.

Potatoes are most "halesome farin'," as they contain many phosphates, and also by their adaptability they are a mine of resource for the cook when other vegetables fail.

Parsnips too are very nourishing, and Jerusalem artichokes extremely so.

Onions should be freely used by all who can eat them; they are an excellent remedy for feverish colds and influenza. Celery, both cooked and uncooked, is a great help in making savoury dishes.

Among winter vegetables, not commonly used as such, are chestnuts; but they are a delicious accompaniment to roast meat, if boiled, peeled, and served in a nice brown sauce; also a most delicious soup is made from them, excellent tea-cakes and cheese-cakes too.

A good housewife will lay in a store of such things as dried peas, haricot beans, flageolets, rice, macaroni, etc.; these are all necessary to ensure that variety in our bill of fare which makes it attractive; all are cheap and do not deteriorate by keeping.

Cold meat is somewhat in disfavour when the thermometer registers a low figure; it is well that we do find it so, as by demanding its presentment in some savoury form we increase its nourishing power.

As it is likely that more meat will be consumed in the winter season than during warmer weather, it behoves us to remember that the cheaper parts contain quite as much nourishment (if rightly treated) as the superior joints, and they can be procured more readily also. Stews of meat with vegetables are most savoury and appetising, if time enough is given to their cooking, and a judicious seasoning of herbs and spices.

We should take soup as a settled item in our winter menus for at least one meal per day; the foreigner thinks it not too much to have it twice. As the kinds of soup we may make are so various, we run no risk of wearying of it as a commencement to our dinner, whether we dine early or late. Next in importance to good soups, rank puddings, light, nutritious and nicely-made, even if but plain.

Take the plain suet-pudding for instance; if a pinch of baking-powder, a little sugar and a beaten egg be added to the ordinary ingredients of suet, flour, salt and milk, and the mixture be poured into a buttered mould and baked until a nice brown outside, you have a result which will do credit to the daintiest table, especially if, as a sauce, you dissolve half a pound of damson jam with a little water and strain it around the golden pudding. Your suet pudding has lost none of its nutritious value, but has gained much in appearance. Nearly all our boiled puddings are strongly to be recommended for winter use; they are liked by the great majority of people, they are satisfying, warming and nourishing, and as a rule are very wholesome. Even plum puddings are wholesome in spite of a theory to the contrary.

Then we have cheese, another excellent winter article of diet. The great cheese fairs used to be held in the autumn months, and after Michaelmas the grocers receive their stocks of ripened Cheddars, Stiltons, Gloucesters, and Gorgonzolas. Good ripe cheese is easily digested, but those who fear its disagreement may try the plan recommended by Mr. Mathieu Williams when he advises the slightest sprinkling of bicarbonate of potash on the cheese itself as it is eaten, or the addition of as much potash as will lie on a sixpence, to the mixture made for cheese *fondues* and *ramequins*.

Dry cheese grated between bread and butter for sandwiches, a little in vermicelli soup, and a great deal for that excellent savoury, *cauliflower au gratin*, makes use of the stale scraps of Cheddar or American that are too often wasted.

Before speaking of cakes let us remind ourselves of those wheaten foods such as the Quaker Oats, H. O. Breakfast Oats, and the preparations of buckwheat sent out by the Hecker Company. Those who do not care for porridge should make a trial of these; if a little cream or butter be eaten with them they make a delicious and delicate breakfast relish. All these are procurable from any grocer, and so also is blue-bell rice, which we strongly recommend for making a light pudding such as will tempt an invalid's taste and delight all tiny people, if boiled as directed on the packets, then mixed with a beaten egg, poured into a buttered dish and baked till brown on the surface. This preparation comes as an exact medium between whole rice and ground, and makes the most delicious cheesecakes imaginable.

The mention of breakfast reminds us that bacon should become a frequent dish on the table in winter-time, as the fat of bacon, so the doctors say, is more nourishing than cod-liver oil, and we all know it is infinitely more palatable. What so appetising as a dish of nicely-grilled bacon and the odour thereof, as we come downstairs on a frosty morning? With bacon we may make little additions for special occasions by adding a few picked shrimps (toasted in the oven), a sheep's kidney cut in slices and lightly broiled, a tomato baked, a few mushrooms or potato-chips, these when eggs are dear. When the latter are reasonable in price, they will accompany the bacon either as poached or fried, buttered or scalloped, as an omelette or scrambled.

Another breakfast-dish, wholesome and good in winter-time, is roasted sausages, and regarding these this wrinkle is worth noting: prick the sausages, and boil them in slightly-salted water for just five minutes after they have begun to boil, then lift them out, and when required for table place them in a Dutch-oven or on the grill, and roast or broil them until crisp and brown outside. If treated in this manner their perfect digestibility is ensured, and they are sooner increased than diminished in size by being cooked in this manner.

A dish of roasted apples, fresh from the oven, is most welcome on the table in winter at breakfast or tea-time.

Brown bread should be as freely used as white, more so, indeed, in cold weather, as it is both nourishing, sustaining, and warming. There are so many varieties of the brown loaf now, that all tastes may surely be suited.

Who will deny the wholesomeness of cake, and especially who will deny its acceptability in cold weather? No cake is more popular than the simple teacake, served hot and buttered, and this may be made at so trifling a cost it really might become a very frequent part of our table furnishing. An ounce of good yeast will work two pounds of flour, and this quantity will make several teacakes, which will keep a few days. If mixed in the morning hours, worked and left to rise in a warm corner, they will be ready for baking after lunch. A very hot oven is best for baking teacakes. A quarter of a pound of clarified beef-dripping, lard, or margarine, as much sugar, a teaspoonful of spice, a little lemon-peel, a little fruit or a few bruised caraway seeds, and one egg with half a pint of lukewarm milk, will prove a good rule for simple cakes.

The egg may be omitted when yeast is used, but when we use baking-powder it is almost indispensable.

"Flapjacks," made from a mixture of equal quantities of fine oatmeal and flour, a pinch of salt, a little dissolved yeast, and sufficient milk to make a creamy batter, then allowed to rise for an hour or two, will make delicious thin girdle-cakes, to butter and eat whilst fresh and hot.

The girdle brings to mind that fritters and pancakes deserve a special mention here, as the very fact of their being fried means that some proportion of fat is absorbed by their cooking, and this makes them the more nutritious.

Wheaten flours, florador, hominy, and other crushed grains make excellent fritters. Some of them, like hominy, require previous cooking. All fritters should be rolled on a sheet of paper that is covered with powdered sugar; some of them may be improved by having a spoonful of jelly placed in the centre, but for others the juice of a lemon or orange squeezed over, and the sugar, are sufficient.

Golden syrup, ginger syrup, honey, candied ginger, some spices, chocolate, etc., all these are valuable aids and additions, and vary our resources, while being of special good in themselves.

Chocolate and cocoa are both more nourishing than coffee or tea, and we should do well to ring a frequent change with them.

Baked milk, that is milk which has been put into a stone jar and baked in the oven for an hour or two, becomes very much enriched, almost as good as cream indeed, and infants, invalids, and all who have weak chests, will find it of great benefit. A tumblerful of boiling milk taken the last thing at night, is the finest remedy for a cold.

Prunes, figs, dates, and all dried fruits must not be forgotten; when stewed for a few hours they become a rich food, soothing, laxative, and also healing, the two first-mentioned especially so. A prune-jelly, with a little cream, is fit food for the gods; stewed figs and custard are the children's delight, and a date- or raisin-roll gives them almost equal pleasure.

Indeed, when we begin to think out our list of winter foods, we find it almost outrivals our summer store. Nature has dealt bountifully and liberally with us, or rather we should say the kind Providence that rules through Nature, has generously thought of, and provided for, every actual and possible need.

LUCY H. YATES.

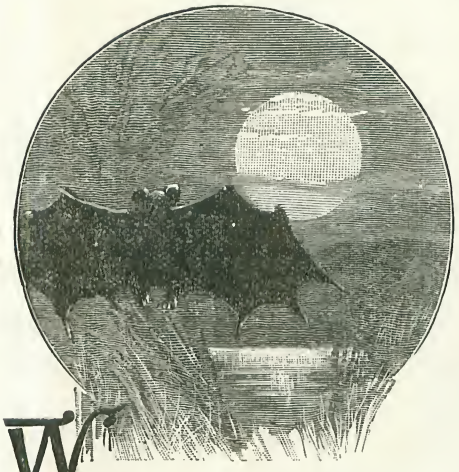
IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART II.

FRIENDSHIP IN THE FAMILY.

"But the fruit of the spirit is love."



WE are going to talk this evening, dear girls, about a subject which lies near my own heart, and which will, I feel sure, have an interest for each of you also, especially if you are members of a large family.

You and I know that we cannot make a new acquaintance, much less form a real friendship, without bringing a new influence to bear upon our daily lives and characters. We must be either better or worse for it.

If we have realised that God is indeed our friend, and that we know Him, in ever so little a way, we shall long for a greater knowledge and closer friendship. The little will have taught us, that the influence of His Spirit on our hearts and lives, must be for our good. In the case of a true earthly friendship, we are never satisfied without knowing more and more of that one between whom and ourselves there is real sympathy and affection.

Friendship cannot stagnate. If there is life in it there will be growth. As our intimacy ripens, our interest in all that concerns our friend will also grow. If we have been brought into contact with a higher nature than our own, we shall want to rise to the same level, so that our friend may have no cause to be ashamed of us.

We shall compare her actions, habits, speech, surroundings and influence with our own. Where the difference is to our disadvantage, we are certain to make an effort to efface it. Love will be the motive for this struggle, and will be our reward also.

To pass from earthly to heavenly things.

If the love we bear to an earthly friend can stir us to self-examination, comparison, and self-knowledge, how much more will all these be the result of knowing God! Can we think of what He is and be satisfied with ourselves? In Christ we have an example given to us, in order that, following in His steps, we may gradually grow in likeness to Him.

A young teacher, who devoted much of her life and gave up what the world calls pleasure, for the sake of benefiting her poorer sisters, was often sorely troubled by their rude speech and want of personal cleanliness. In their homes, they were contented to sit down amidst dirt and disorder which did not trouble them, and they were not ashamed of their neighbours seeing it. Homes were all pretty much alike thereabouts, and nobody had been used to anything better.

The girls loved their teacher. She had nothing to gain by coming amongst them, so far as they could see, but much to lose. What could it matter to her how they lived, or what became of them? In their rough way they wished to please her, and they subscribed hard-earned pence to buy her a gaudy present, which said more for their affection than their good taste. They did not want her to think lightly of it, and they proudly pointed out its many attractions when they presented it. It would have been a treasure to themselves.

The teacher gladly accepted the gift, for she knew that love and self-denial accompanied it. But she wanted a higher reward —the sight of improved homes and habits, and better lives. She resolved to visit them, and her presence made them ashamed of their surroundings. It was no matter what the neighbours saw, but teacher was different. A change began, and, by degrees, something like order and a fair amount of cleanliness were evolved in their homes.

They did their best according to their lights, but when, later on, their teacher took them to her home, they became dissatisfied again with their own surroundings. Shown something better they began to strive for it, and in due time the teacher had her reward.

If our first talk has not been forgotten or in vain, dear girls, you and I must be feeling dissatisfied with ourselves. In contemplating the perfections of our example, we must be longing to resemble Him. Our acquaintance with God as Father, Friend and Guide will not be fruitless.

The very first fruit of our yielding ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, will be overflowing love to our kind.

Doubtless you know that list contained in Galatians v., verses 22, 23. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

"The fruit is," says the text, yet it is made up of many varieties, each so exquisitely precious and perfect in itself. It reminds us of a huge pile of freshly-gathered fruits, grapes, peaches, nectarines, melons, pine-apples, apricots, and the everyday sorts that adorn the cottage garden, apple, pear and plum, massed together in rich profusion, each setting off its neighbour's beauty, each possessing its own special excellences. Fruit, yet made up of many fruits. We cannot give the first place to any; for though some are valued on account of their rarity and costliness, others are more necessary for everyday consumption.

Amongst spiritual fruits, however, love reigns pre-eminent, and home is the place where it should always be in evidence. Not that the spirit of love should be kept exclusively for home use. If it exists there, it will spread outward and onward to bless alike those who possess it, and all with whom they come in contact.

Some of us are apt to take it for granted that the mere fact of near kindred must also include love and friendship. Think, dear girls, whether you can say that this is the case in your own homes.

There can be nothing more beautiful than the sight of a family, where true friendship exists between all its members.

A young man said to me one day, when speaking of his home life, "Putting aside the fact that we are parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister, you would not find a more perfect quartet of friends than we make, look where you may."

These few words drew a beautiful picture of a home in which kindred, affection and friendship were united. There were but four members to make up the family, and these differed widely in age and probably in tastes and habits. The habits of to-day are very unlike those of forty or fifty years ago, and there was more than half a century of difference between the father and the son in the case I am quoting. But they were reasonable and thoughtful in their dealings with each other. True affection made them all ready to yield something for those they loved. They were anxious to preserve their friendship unbroken. Nothing can break the ties of relationship. These must abide, even though parents and children may be widely separated and with little hope of meeting again in this world. The still dearer ties of love and friendship may be sundered, whilst the family still dwell under the same roof.

Home can be the scene of the worst passions as well as of the purest, holiest affections and the most self-denying conduct.

I asked that young man who was able to speak of the friendship in his home with such a bright face and such a ring of gladness in his tone, if no two of that perfect quartet ever quarrelled.

"I don't think we do," he said. "Naturally we do not always think alike. For instance, my dear father has old-fashioned notions about certain scientific subjects. I know that his views were exploded long ago, but he clings to them and cannot believe that they are mistaken ones. Where would be the use of my beginning to argue with him, even though, thanks to his goodness in giving me the opportunity, I am specially well-informed on these very subjects. If I succeeded in convincing him that he is wrong, he would only be hurt; for he is rather proud of his antiquated bit of science. You know the old couplet—

"'A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

So I listen to the dear old father when he airs his old-world theories, and I treat them with respect for his sake. I love him too dearly to pain him by contradiction. Then when I have some new bit of scientific information which will come within his scope, I repeat it to him, and he listens with eager delight and never forgets it. In this way we get new thoughts in common, you see.

"We children were brought up in an atmosphere of trust, and there is perfect confidence in the family. When our letters come, the contents, if likely to interest, are shared by all. We never say, 'Do not speak of this or that, outside;' we know we can trust to each other's common sense, and if we want sympathy, we need not go beyond our home to seek it. Why, when I, a lad of nineteen, had my first love affair which, I am now glad to say, ended in disappointment, I believe my parents felt as much for me as I did on my own account. I shall never forget my father's tenderness; but then he was a man who first of all loved and served his God, and second only to that supreme love and the result of it, was the affection he felt for wife and children."

I always look back on talks with that young man with the greatest possible pleasure, and I have often thought of the home he pictured,



"'WHAT WONDER IF I'M SAD AND SOURED.'"

and asked myself why a like spirit should not pervade every home. One great hindrance is the petty jealousies, born of selfishness. The spirit that cannot endure to see a sister or a brother the object of the smallest preference, but would fain grasp as its own whatever it deems the best, and regards a little extra kindness shown to another as an injury to itself.

This spirit, dear girls, comes from the want of that Christian love that "envieth not," but finds its joy in the happiness of others and specially in doing something to promote it even at the cost of some self-denial.

Irritable tempers, hard thoughts and judgments, boastful and taunting words, love of gossip, which makes us find pleasure in repeating what it would be better to hide, are all things which hinder family friendship and union.

Love, the first of the fruits of the Spirit, comes in as the remedy for each and all of these. It "is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." It, "vaunteth not itself. Suffereth long and is kind."

Christian charity or love goes further still. It finds joy in self-sacrifice. "Seeketh not her own." Is content with even less than its lawful share, so that others may be doubly blessed. When perchance, the return which love wins is not what it might have looked for, it goes on its course of good doing, and still hopeth all things, believeth all things, is happy in giving happiness, and waits God's time for the harvest to come from the seeds which it has sown in faith.

There are many other things which go to make or mar the happiness of home. Love will prompt the former, and prayer will bring more love into heart and life.

A little honest self-examination both in connection with our own thoughts and our conduct towards others, will reveal to us whether our doings are or are not such as make for peace, and show that love is the constraining influence in our lives.

I trust, dear ones, that of your homes it may be said they contain not only kinsfolk, but friends, knit together by Christian love and trust, and that those who see you in them may be able to take up the words of the poet-king, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH."

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Miss Golding of Greenmeadows, near Canterbury, was even more eccentric and difficult to manage, said her friends (when safely out of hearing), than the general run of lonely rich people, which is saying a good deal. She had no very near relatives, having been an only child, and with her various cousins she showed no wish to be on intimate terms. True, they often came to see her, and often sent her pretty presents—"I hope the accompanying little trifle will be of some use to you, dear cousin," etc. The visits she did not return, and for the presents she hardly vouchsafed a "Thank you."

"Why should I?" she reasoned, on an occasion when some of these presents had arrived. "Their visits are not made to me, they are made to my money; their presents are not sent to me, they are sent to my money. I've no wish to be friendly with these cousins of mine. I dislike them—I despise them; and I take no pains to hide my sentiments from them. I have treated them coldly, I have treated them rudely, but they won't take offence. Ugh! Suppose I were a poor old spinster, with barely enough to live upon? Should I be their 'dear cousin' then? Should I be constantly invited to stay with them, though it would then be a treat to me to be shown about London? Not I! They would take care to forget my very existence; and, if I ever presented myself at Cousin George's at Hampstead, or cousin Geoffrey's at Kensington, I should be told, 'Not at home.'"

Miss Golding's remarks were addressed to her companion and secretary, Helen Carmichael, as the two sat one fine spring day in the morning-room at Greenmeadows, a beautiful room, one of its windows looking across the fair green country, the other commanding a distant view of Canterbury, with its grey old cathedral towering heavenwards.

Helen Carmichael, a fine good-looking young woman, with dark hair and a frank attractive face, was seated at a davenport receiving her employer's instructions with regard to the mass of correspondence that had arrived by that morning's post, among which said mass were the letter and present from Cousin George and his wife that had provoked the foregoing remarks from Miss Golding. Miss Carmichael looked towards the white-haired lady seated by one of the windows.

"Well, the answer to this letter and the acknowledgment of the present are not my business—are they, Miss Golding? I had better go on to the next."

"Humph! No, I suppose they're not. And I don't know that they shall be mine either. There'd be a fine fluttering of the dovecots if you began to answer their letters to me. They're jealous enough and uneasy enough about you as it is; you are aware of that, no doubt?"

Helen laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, I could hardly help being aware of that. They think I have been with you far too long."

"Five years! It is a long time—an extraordinary time for a companion and secretary to remain with me; for I'm a capricious old woman, and hard to please; but, then, you're something out of the common run of companions and secretaries, Helen. Oh dear, oh dear, the deplorable experiences I went through before I fell in with you! The poor, timid, obsequious nonentities who hastened to agree with everything I said, sometimes even before I had finished speaking, and were often in quite a panic because they didn't know whether they ought to laugh or to look grave at some of my queer speeches. And the despicable flatterers, full of false zeal and devotion, and overflowing with the miserable, mechanical cheerfulness that was part of their stock-in-trade."

"Poor things!" said Helen pityingly.

"Yes, poor things, indeed! And my loving cousins would wish that I had never met with anything but poor things. Mrs. George and Mrs. Geoffrey would be very glad to see you dismissed. They haven't the power to see that they only raise you higher in my estimation by their backbiting."

"Do they dislike me so much?"

"Dislike you! They hate you, my dear! They're so dreadfully afraid of 'undue influence,' you see. So dreadfully afraid that some of their property, as they consider it, may be willed away to a stranger. Every side of what they suppose to be my nature has been appealed to by Mrs. George and Mrs. Geoffrey in order to part you and me. They have appealed to the primness and severity, which they judge must form part of the character of every spinster of advanced years, by representing you as a flirt, fast, and fond of attracting notice. They have appealed to the suspicion and distrust proper to the lonely and the rich, by representing you as designing, unscrupulous, expectant; they have appealed to the irascible temper which they know I possess, by trying to make me believe that you mock me and speak evil of me behind my back. But I know they lie, and I despise and hate them as I hate and despise the majority of my fellow-creatures whom I have encountered in five-and-sixty years of life."

"It is very sad for you that you have met no one whom you have been able to love and respect!"

"It is! It is terrible! Never wish to be rich, Helen Carmichael. It is a lot that exiles a girl from all that makes girlhood bright and good. Such a girl may truly say to her wealth in the words of the Psalmist, 'Lover and friend hast thou put far from me.' Other girls find friends, she finds only toadies and flatterers: other girls are approached by admirers and lovers, she is approached only by greedy fortune-hunters. Forty years ago I was a comely lass enough, and had my fortune been five thousand pounds instead of two hundred thousand I should have been loved for myself, no doubt. As it was, I was simple enough to think that one of my suitors was disinterested. The wish was father to the thought, for he was the one I loved myself. And what did I find? That, the day before the impassioned declaration to which I had so joyfully listened, he had been down to where the wills are kept and had read the two wills, my late father's and my late aunt's, which had bequeathed me my wealth! What wonder if I am sad and soured, eccentric and capricious, and inclined to hate my kind!" She was silent for a minute or two, during which Helen was looking over the business correspondence, and then spoke again—"So don't build on the real regard which I feel for you, my dear, for I would not impose the misfortune of wealth on anyone whom I wished well."

"I expect nothing from you, madam, except the salary which you pay me."

"That's right; Speak up! *Fière comme une Ecossaise!* You heard from your betrothed this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Helen, with a smile and a blush.

"And how much longer are you going to keep the poor fellow waiting? I hope you're not waiting till your engagement with me is terminated in the course of nature? If it's weary work waiting for dead men's shoes, it's still wearier work, according to all one hears and reads of female longevity, waiting for dead women's slippers! There, now, don't be offended again! Surely a happy young woman, who loves and is loved honestly and

disinterestedly, can put up with a few cranky speeches from a cross old woman! Seriously, how long may I hope to keep you before you leave me for a husband?"

"We have decided to wait until James's salary reaches three hundred a year," answered Miss Carmichael.

"*Humph! Well, that's* sensible enough. And now if we're to get through this dreary mass of letters in time for a stroll before luncheon, we mustn't gossip any more."

The correspondence was in course of time despatched. The daily stroll in the beautiful grounds was taken. Then came luncheon, after which meal the two ladies spent an hour or so looking over magazines and journals or perhaps taking a dose of some of the novels in the newly-arrived library box from town, Helen Carmichael sometimes reading aloud to her employer. A drive followed, which generally included calls upon neighbours. At eight was dinner faultlessly served, a guest or two being present. After dinner in the brightly-lit, tasteful drawing-rooms Helen played and sang, and with conversation the evening passed quickly away.

This was an example of the days passed at Greenmeadows, days in which Miss Carmichael had for five years so satisfactorily filled her difficult post, thanks to her straightforward, independent character as much as to her cultivation and accomplishments, that Miss Golding, in spite of what she had said with regard to Helen's marriage, secretly dreaded losing her.

(*To be concluded.*)

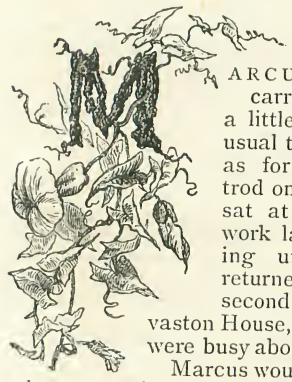
DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

"How pleasant it is to be acquainted with new and clever things."—*Aristophanes.*



MARCUS certainly carried his head a little higher than usual that evening; as for Olivia, she trod on air. As she sat at her needlework later on, waiting until Marcus returned from his second visit to Galvaston House, her thoughts were busy about the future. Marcus would soon have a large practice; it was all very well for Aunt Madge to be sententious, and say that one swallow does not make a spring; but already the second harbinger of good luck had put in an appearance.

There was no fear of parting with Martha now; before long Olivia was building magnificent castles. The house next door to Galvaston House was to let; it had a garden and a small conservatory, and Marcus had once remarked that it was just the house for a medical man; the reception rooms were good and there was a capital stable.

"Supposing we were ever rich enough to take Kempton Lodge," she said to herself.

Marcus threw back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh, when he heard where his wife's imagination had landed her.

"Kempton Lodge—my dear child—why do you not suggest Prince's Gate, or Belgravia. My own thoughts had not gone further than a new great coat this winter. I am afraid my old one is getting a little seedy." And at this remark, Olivia's airily constructed fabric dissolved into nothingness.

To blow bubbles is an enchanting pastime even with grown-up children. The big bright-coloured bubbles soar into the air and look so beautiful before they burst. *One is* gone, but another takes its place, just as rainbow-tinted and gorgeous. There are people who blow endless bubbles until their life's end, who cannot be induced to discontinue the harmless pursuit.

"Life is so hard and dreary," they say. "The wheels of drudgery are for ever turning and grinding; let us sit in the sun a little and float our fairy balls. What if they are dreams and never come to anything; the dreams and the sunlight have made us happy; there is plenty of time in which to do our work."

Marcus laughed at his wife's fancies; but he never crushed them ruthlessly. "Poor little Livy," he thought, "why should she not build her air castles if they make her happy, and perhaps after all who knows," but Marcus did not finish his sentence even to himself.

But the next day when he went to Maybrick Villas to fetch his wife home, he had a good deal to say about his new patients.

"I am in luck," he said as he stood warming himself before the fire, while the two women watched him. "I thought of course when they sent for me that it was because I was the nearest doctor, and that perhaps their own medical man was engaged—in an imminent case like that it is impossible to wait—but no, it was nothing of the kind. Mrs. Stanwell told me herself—she is such a nice little person, Livy—that they have only been a few months at Fairfax Lodge, and that before that they had lived in Yorkshire.

"Being strangers in the place they were sadly perplexed on the subject of doctors, until the nurse told her mistress that she had seen me going in and out of Galvaston House. And this decided Mrs. Stanwell to send for me. As I was able to do the child good, they are ridiculously grateful. I am likely to have another patient there; Mrs. Stanwell has an aunt living with her, and she is ailing. I have only taken a hasty diagnosis of the case, but I am going again to-morrow. I am half afraid the poor old lady is in a bad way."

"It is a long lane that has no turning, Marcus," observed Aunt Madge. "There, you must take Olive away, she has been wearying the last half-hour to get back to Dot!" but as they left her alone in the firelight, she said to herself—

"Dear things, how happy they look, at their age life is so dreadfully exciting. I believe myself Marcus will get on; he is really clever, and never spares himself, but I doubt if Livy or I will ever be so interested in anyone as we are in Marcus's first patient."

Olivia would have indorsed this sentiment readily; before long Mr. Gaythorne became an important factor in her daily life, the friendship between them ripened rapidly.

Olivia, kept to her resolution of never going to Galvaston House unless she were specially invited; but every three or four days a message from the old man reached her.

Olivia, whose only dissipation had been a weekly tea with Aunt Madge, and a biannual call at the Vicarage, with or without tea, according to Mrs. Tolman's mood, found these afternoons at Galvaston House wonderfully stimulating.

At first she was sorry when Mr. Gaythorne gave up sitting in the winter garden, and ensconced himself in the library, but she soon changed her opinion when he began to show her his curiosities and rare prints. He had so much to tell her about the birds and butterflies in the museum as he called the inner room, that the hours flew past as she listened to him, and it was always with real regret that she took her leave when the time came for her to go home.

"Aunt Madge and Marcus find me so much more interesting ever since you have taken me in hand," she said once. "I try and repeat all you tell me, but, of course, I forget half. Very often Marcus helps me to remember—he has read so much on these subjects, you see."

Perhaps it was this artless speech that led to Mr. Gaythorne showing Marcus a case of curious insects, and Dr. Luttrell had been so fascinated, so utterly engrossed that the old man, much flattered, had cordially invited him into the museum. Marcus, who had still much time on his hands, often spent a pleasant hour or two with his patient. Mr. Gaythorne lent him books and gave him choice brands of cigars.

Olivia was highly delighted at these evident marks of favour, but it troubled her that Mr. Gaythorne never liked them to come together. Olivia was always invited pointedly when Marcus's visit

had been paid, and now and then he would ask Dr. Luttrell to have a chat with him after dinner. Once when Olivia had ventured to hint her disapproval of this he had answered with unwonted irritability.

"I like to take my pleasures singly, Mrs. Luttrell. I am sorry if I keep you from your husband. I am a selfish old misanthrope, I am afraid;" but Olivia, alarmed by this decided acerbity, hastened to assure him that her remark had meant nothing.

"It is so natural for me to want Marcus to share my pleasure," she said so sweetly that Mr. Gaythorne was mollified.

Even Marcus noticed a decided improvement in his patient's manner. He was less irritable and contradictory, and was evidently grateful for the relief he had derived from his doctor's treatment. The bare civility with which he had at first tolerated Marcus soon changed into greater cordiality. Dr. Luttrell's intelligence could appreciate Mr. Gaythorne's culture and learning. Before long they were on the best of terms, but it was Olivia who was the prime favourite.

When Olivia's face appeared on the threshold Mr. Gaythorne's eyes brightened under their rugged brows, and his voice insensibly softened. To her, and her only, he showed his real self.

"He has a strange complex nature," she said once to her husband. "He is very reserved, there are some things of which he never speaks. He has not once mentioned his son. I should not have known he had one, only I saw the name of Alwyn Gaythorne in a book. 'I thought your first name was John?' I said rather heedlessly.

"'So it is, John Alwyn,' he returned, 'that book belonged to my son,' but his voice was so constrained that I did not venture to say more. Depend upon it there is a mystery there, Marcus."

"Perhaps Alwyn the younger is the Nihilist," returned Marcus in a teasing voice. "Probably he is at Portland, at the present moment undergoing his sentence. No wonder poor Mr. Gaythorne is such a recluse," but Olivia refused to be entertained by this badinage.

"I am quite in earnest," she returned with a grave air. "So you need not trouble yourself to be ridiculous, Marcus. Why should he talk so much of his daughter and never mention his only son?"

"According to you he is almost as silent on the subject of his wife."

"Oh, that is different," she answered hastily. "He once said to me that he could never bear even to hear her name mentioned, that it upset him so. 'I was a happy man as long as she lived,' he said so sadly, 'but it was all up with me when I lost her. She was a peacemaker, she always kept things smooth, her name was Olivia too.'"

"Poor old boy," was Marcus' irrelevant remark at this.

"Yes, he is a strange mixture," went on Olivia thoughtfully. "He has an affectionate nature, but he is hard too, he could be terribly hard, I am sure of that. And then see how good he is to those poor Travers and to Aunt Madge. Could anyone be more generous. And yet he is not liberal by nature. That very day that he sent Mrs. Crampton to the models with all those good things—jellies and beef-tea and chicken and actually two bottles of port wine, he was as angry as possible with Phœbe, because she had broken his medicine glass. Mrs. Crampton had orders to deduct the price of the glass from her wages. 'I always do that,' he said to me, 'it teaches them to be careful,' but poor Phœbe cried about it afterwards.

"'I call it real mean of master,' Phœbe had said, 'it is the first thing that ever I broke in this house, and it was all through Eros getting between my feet. It is not the few pence I mind, for we have good wages paid down on the day, but I call it shabby of master to be down on a poor servant-girl like that.'

"His servants don't seem to love him," went on Olivia. "They serve him well, because it is their interest to do so, but even Mrs. Crampton, who has been with him twenty years, does not dare to contradict him."

"Anyhow, he is liberal to us," returned Marcus, patting his waistcoat pocket, for he had that morning received his first cheque.

Marcus' first act had been to go to the coal merchant and order in a ton of excellent coal, then he had gone home and told his wife in a peremptory tone to put on her hat and jacket.

"I am going to take you to Harvey and Phelps to get a new dress and jacket," he said severely. "I am not going to put up with that rusty old serge any longer," and Olivia had remonstrated in vain against such extravagance.

It was all very well to blow bubbles and furnish Kempton Lodge from garret to basement, but when it came to spending Marcus' first cheque——!

"Marcus, dear," she said imploringly, "my old dress is quite tidy. I put new braid round it yesterday, and I would so much rather you got a new great coat. Even Aunt Madge noticed that your present one was dreadfully shabby."

"Of course I shall get a new coat too," returned Dr. Luttrell coolly. Then at the thought of this lavishness Olivia was stricken dumb.

Marcus made his purchases with great discretion, the grey tweed and warm jacket to match suited Olivia's tall supple figure perfectly—he had a momentary debate with himself before he ventured on a modest black straw hat with velvet trimmings, but in the end the order was given.

"Oh, Marcus, how could you!" exclaimed Olivia, who was at fever point by this time.

"Hold your tongue, Livy?" returned Marcus good-humouredly. "I mean my wife to be well-dressed for once in her life. Now I must go to the tailor's for that great coat. There won't be much of Mr. Gaythorne's cheque left by the time I get home. We shall want the balance for Christmas groceries."

Olivia groaned in spirit over Marcus' recklessness, but she could not bear to damp his enjoyment. She unburdened her mind to Mrs. Broderick the next day.

"Don't you think it would have been wiser to have put it by for a rainy day?" she said anxiously. But Aunt Madge did not seem quite to share this opinion.

"My dear," she said shrewdly, "I think Marcus knows what he is about; it would never do for him to go to those good houses in a shabby great coat. A little outlay is sometimes a good investment."

"Oh, yes, but I was thinking of the dress and jacket, and that hat, Aunt Madge——"

"Ah, well, we must forgive Marcus that extravagance! It hurt his pride to see you calling at Galvaston House in that old serge dress. He is not really improvident, Livy. You have enough in hand for present necessities, and there will be something coming in next month."

"Oh dear, yes, and do you know, Aunt Madge, they have sent for Marcus to attend the lodger at number seventeen. He is a music teacher and very respectable, and can afford to pay his doctor, so that is swallow number three."

"Then I am sure you can wear your new dress with an easy conscience," and then Olivia's last scruples vanished.

Olivia looked so distinguished in her grey tweed that Marcus made her blush by telling her that she had never looked so handsome.

Mr. Gaythorne gave her an odd penetrating glance when she entered the library.

"I hardly knew you, Mrs. Luttrell," he said dryly, and then his manner changed and softened. "That was her favourite colour," he said. "Olive was always a grey bird; she liked soft, subdued tints, she was a bit of a Puritan, I often told her so."

"I am glad you like my new dress," returned Olivia simply. "My husband chose it for me, he has such good taste."

"You need not tell me that, Mrs. Luttrell." And again Olivia blushed like a girl at the implied compliment.

Mr. Gaythorne was looking over a portfolio of water-colour paintings. Olivia had not yet seen them, and she was full of outspoken admiration, as Mr. Gaythorne placed one after another before her.

"They are all the work of a young artist who died at Rome," he said. "I bought them of his widow. They are very well done; he had great promise, poor fellow. If he had lived, he would have done good work. These were merely pot-boilers as he called them—little things he painted on the spur of the moment."

"To me they are perfectly beautiful," returned Olivia. "Those two are so lovely that I could not choose between them. Please let me look at them a little longer, Mr. Gaythorne, I want to tell Aunt Madge about them." And Olivia, who was always charmingly natural in her movements, propped her

chin on her hands, and looked long and earnestly at the pictures.

Their beauty lay in the soft rich colouring and a certain suggestiveness in the subject.

One was a little grey church on a hillside; the church was ruinous and out of repair, the churchyard full of weeds and thistles; a storm had just broken, and an old shepherd in a ragged smock had taken refuge in the porch, his rough-looking dog at his feet. The bowed figure and knotted hands, and the peaceful look in the wrinkled face were wonderfully striking, the patient eyes turned upwards were gazing at the rainbow. "'Tis a love token, I reckon," were the words written underneath the sketch.

Olivia could almost hear them through the parted lips, ruins, and thistles, and weeds and a broken storm, and beyond them the message of peace, written on the bright tints of the rainbow, for one simple heart to read.

"Aunt Madge would understand that," she said to herself, "she would like that picture best, but this is just as beautiful to my mind."

The second sketch was equally suggestive; it was a cornfield with poppies growing in it, under the hedge in the cool shade lay a brown baby asleep. A dish tied up in a blue handkerchief, and a stone bottle lay beside the infant, an old terrier kept watch over them both.

"Keeping watch and ward" was the title of this picture, it was certainly very well painted. A breeze seemed rippling through the corn in the nook where the child lay; there were festoons of honeysuckle and dog-roses, and long sprays of traveller's joy. The stumpy grey terrier sitting erect at his post of duty was full of significance and individuality. The mother was evidently among the reapers in the far distance.

"One would never be tired of looking at that cornfield," observed Olivia, and though Mr. Gaythorne smiled at her enthusiasm, he would not spoil her enjoyment by pointing out to her one or two defects that he had already noticed.

By-and-by he called her to pour out the coffee—Mr. Gaythorne never indulged in afternoon tea.

"This is not much like Christmas weather," he said, looking out at the cold mizzling rain; "the forecasts promise a change, however. I suppose I must not ask if you dislike Christmas, it would not be a fair question at your age."

"No indeed, I love it dearly. I have only had one sad Christmas—the year dear mother died—it is my birthday too, that makes it doubly festive. I am so glad I was born on such a beautiful day, that is why my second name is Noël."

"And you hold high festival on it?"

"Well, we cannot do much. Marcus and I always go to the early service, that is how we begin the day, and then he always has some little present on the breakfast table. It is the one day in the year we always dine with Aunt Madge; she is such an invalid, you see, that very little tires her; but on Christmas Day, we first dine with her quietly, and have an early tea, then come home; we are generally back by six o'clock, and have a long evening by ourselves. "Do you spend Christmas Day quite alone, Mr. Gaythorne."

"Yes, quite alone," he returned gloomily; "but I have plenty of ghosts to visit me," and his face twitched, and he stooped over the pictures as he spoke.

(To be continued.)



THE ABUSE OF FICTION.

PART II.

INDULGENCE to excess in the pleasure of novel-reading is perhaps the worst, and certainly the most prevalent form of abuse in the enjoyment of fiction. It is hardly too strong a statement to affirm that some people indulge in novel-reading to an extent which reduces it to the level of a positive vice. They practically utilise the power of reading for no other purpose than that of saturating their minds with the weakest fiction—I say the weakest, for the insatiable reader is always likewise the most indiscriminating. In fact, it must be so. Even in the present overstocked state of the novel-market, good fiction is not produced at the rate of a new novel every twenty-four hours, which is the average rate of the omnivorous novel-reader's consumption. And new, in the sense of just published, the work must necessarily be, as witness the perpetual inquiry at the circulating libraries—"Have you got anything new?"—not, be it remarked, anything good, striking, of any particular school, or by any particular author, simply "new." The demand is not an exacting one, and the supply of *olla podrida* is inexhaustible.

It is women, of course, who are the worst offenders in this respect. It is true there are plenty of men whose enjoyment of literature consists entirely in works of fiction, but at least their perusal of the newspapers as well as the routine of their business or profession provides them with a solid substratum of fact, and fiction as a mental food is kept in its properly subordinate position. But for women, particularly of the lower middle class, it too often forms almost their only mental food outside the extremely limited sphere of their personal observation and experience. The result is nothing short of disastrous. Even if enjoyed in moderation such an unsatisfying *régime* would amount to intellectual semi-starvation. Taken in excess it

is even worse. It can, in fact, be compared to nothing more appropriately than to a diet consisting exclusively of the sweetest and frothiest confectionery. The analogy is almost exact. The first effect on the physical digestion would be to destroy all natural appetite for wholesome food, and the second to destroy even the power of assimilating substantial nourishment. Precisely the same effect is produced on the mind of the woman who has fallen a victim to the novel-devouring habit. She soon develops a marked distaste for any kind of solid reading—travels, biographies, popular science, are all too "dry" for her enfeebled mental digestion. Even the higher forms of literature cease to attract her. In process of time her mind becomes absolutely incapable of any mental process involving the slightest exertion. Finally, she arrives at the point of finding tedium even in the more thoughtful kind of novel. Then has she reached the lowest stage of the circulating library "skimmer," the woman who flutters over the pages of the volume handed to her, and then returns it with the remark—"I don't care for that, thank you. It looks dull—not enough conversation."

This is no fancy picture. Such women exist by thousands and tens of thousands in our country, belonging many of them to the so-called educated classes; and every year they are recruited from the ranks of those to whom a semi-education has imparted neither culture nor any genuine stimulation of the intellectual faculties. Reading is to them merely a means of escaping from a reality of idle and useless discontent into an imaginative world more in keeping with their vain and frivolous fancies. To forget life's realities is their chief aim, and novels have for them the fascination which his drug exerts over the opium-eater, answering indeed much the same purpose—the exchange of pleasure for duty, of vague fancy for intelligent thought, of pleasant dreams for this work-a-day world. If such girls had actually never learned to read, their minds would certainly have been clearer and healthier, and their time probably more usefully employed.

Assuredly no one need sink unawares into this lamentable abuse of a good gift. The test is simple enough, the boundary line between use and misuse sufficiently well-defined.

Does my reading of fiction refresh and stimulate my mind, so rendering me better fitted for my life's duty, whether of activity or endurance? Or does it tend to the enfeebling of my mental and moral strength, giving me an added distaste for toil, and a disinclination for any profitable study? To any candid mind the answer will be clear beyond possibility of doubt.

Another frequent misuse of fiction consists, of course, in injudicious selection. On the one hand, as I pointed out in my last paper, one may benefit almost equally by novels which aim at the realistic portraiture of humanity, and by those which invest it with the beauty of idealisation. Yet on the other hand, one must guard against the danger of either a perverted realism or a false and misleading idealism. Some people—I speak chiefly of the young, and more especially of young women, whose knowledge of life is necessarily of a very limited nature—seem to owe to their novel-reading a haziness of mental outlook which is the worst possible preparation for their future. They have formed wholly untrue conceptions of the actual world of men and women, and consequently the most baseless expectations from life itself. This is generally the result of an unwise preference for the fiction of idealism—understanding by that term the novels of all those writers who work more by the light of fancy than by that of truth. The range is a wide one, including at one extreme the puppets of that brilliant writer whose would-be "Society" novels give us only theatrical pictures of titled reprobates and frail beauties, and at the other those impossible heroes of the "goody" novel who obey no law of psychological probability, and belong to no class or description of men ever observed in the flesh. It is hard to say which extreme of reckless misrepresentation is the more likely to work mischief. Both are essentially harmful in so far as they assist in the formation of false standards and impossible expectations.

Some people will defend the indulgence of young girls in the feeblest twaddle of the "tale" order on the ground that such fiction is at any rate "quite harmless." This is a pernicious fallacy. How, in the first place, can anything be harmless which causes such a miserable waste of time as the perusal of perfectly worthless fiction? And it must be remembered that the girl in her teens is unconsciously forming her literary taste for the future. She ought to be bracing and strengthening her mental faculties by literature a little above her present power of assimilation instead of a little below it. The careful writing down to the level of the young is one of the mistakes of our generation. At an age when our grand-parents were delighting in Spenser, Shakespeare, and Scott, our children are still demanding an unceasing flow of little story-books describing with much detail the every-day lives of boys and girls of their own age and class. The result is what one might expect. As they grow older any literature which makes the slightest demand on their attention is considered dry, and is relegated to the rank of a study. Young ladies require the stimulus of Half Hour Reading Societies to encourage them to "instructive" reading, and I heard a clergyman's daughter the other day complain with surprise that her society did not permit her to include Scott's novels in her daily instalment of solid study! What would her grandmother have thought of such a classification?

And it is noteworthy that this declension in literary taste is not confined to the semi-educated. It is not unusual to find girls, educated in our best High Schools, even the holders of well-earned degrees, who, when they read for pleasure and relaxation, select the very silliest and trashiest novels, neither in style nor substance one whit superior to the penny novelette so beloved of little nurse-girls. They must "relax their minds," we are told, much in the same way that the hard-working medical student relaxes his overtaxed intelligence in the light hilarity of the music-hall. Yes, and in both cases it is the source from which recreation is sought which betrays the real inward bent of mind and character. Many complex motives direct the course of our work and study; only the genuine gratification of our real taste dictates our choice of pleasure. "What we like," says Ruskin, "determines what we are." If a young woman's literary taste permits her to find her mental relaxation in novels descriptive chiefly of vapid love-making in a setting of ball-room scenes, we may be quite certain that her mind is essentially frivolous and uncultivated, no matter how many 'ologies she has mastered, nor for how many examinations she has "crammed." And we shall probably not be far wrong in assuming that her want of literary appreciation is due, in part at least, to the fact that through childhood and early girlhood she has been accustomed to look for pleasure, as distinct from study, to that flood of inane trivialities, which too often passes current as stories "so suitable for girls."

Finally, a very conspicuous abuse of fiction calls particularly for notice in the present day—that tendency of recent writers to produce, and their readers to demand, a class of novel or short story which belongs to the worst school of a so-called realism, not the realism of a balanced proportion and sober truth, but that most distorted view of life which consists in taking certain of its aspects—the vilest and most sordid—and presenting them to the reader in such exaggerated proportions that they seem to monopolise the whole field of our mental vision. This is essentially a false and perverted realism, and gives to the reader as erroneous a picture of human life as even the wildest dreams of the idealist. In the world we live in, goodness and purity, thank God, are as much realities as evil and corruption; health of mind and body is as much a fact as disease and madness. A picture of unmitigated evil is as untrue to Nature as it is false in ethics and in Art. Nothing is to be gained by the study of fiction which habitually chooses to represent life only in its aspects of disease and sin. At the best, such pictures can but breed in us that morbid pessimism and disbelief in our fellow-creatures which, as a sign of spiritual decadence, is only second to a disbelief in our God. At the worst, they may win us to that horrible familiarity with the thought of evil which is but a step removed from the condonation of evil itself. Our generation has grown so wise in its own conceit as to ignore or despise the warning in those hackneyed lines of Pope's—

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Yet they contain a truth which we overlook at our peril, and are founded on a knowledge of human nature deeper, perhaps, than that possessed by the so-called realists who have pressed romance into the service of the amateur pathologist, and in the guise of a short story present us with a kind of popular monograph on some problem of physical or mental disease.

Whatever secondary purpose may be served by fiction, primarily it must be regarded as an art, and, like every other form of Art, must have for its first aim the imparting of the highest pleasure by the delineation of the beautiful and the true. Let us see to it that the pleasure we seek therein is of that pure and abiding kind which will stimulate and ennoble our best faculties, not of that baser sort which, by ministering merely to our desire for the sensational and unhealthy, can turn into a poison that which should be a wholesome food or a pleasant refreshment.

To the reader of fiction, as to the student of life, one cannot point out a safer guide than that advice which was given nearly two thousand years ago, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, ... think on these things."

INGRAD HARTING.

Odds and Ends.

"Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"In judging others a man labours to no purpose, commonly errs and easily sins, but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed."

Thomas à Kempis.

"Knowledge is proud that she has learnt so much,
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."—*Cowper.*

America seems to be the country from which feminine initiative springs. In California there are several young women who are successful managers of large grain farms, two women run cattle farms on their own account, and in addition to orange growers, fisherwomen, engineers, and pilots, the State also boasts a woman undertaker. But all these pale before the accomplishments of Miss Rogers, who, although only twenty-three years old, has already made a fortune in the cattle and horse business by being a vaquero. An American newspaper describes Miss Rogers as being "a type that surprises even the west." And judging by the account of her capabilities she is indeed surprising. She rides after her father's cattle and her own on the prairies, and drives them into her ranches, she personally sees to the branding of the animals, and to their proper separation, and is able to plough, to sow, and work a harvesting machine. She also makes all the ploughs for her father's ranche and her own, she has the markets for beef, grain, and pork at her fingers' ends, and conducts all the sales and contracts on the two properties. It is pleasant to learn after this account that "she is not an Amazon," and that she is a delightful hostess, plays the piano well, does fancy work, and possesses a library of several hundred books, and that she won a medal at school for proficiency in English and Latin literature. Miss Rogers would seem to be a female Admiral Crichton.

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant.
Full many a word at random spoken,
May smooth or wound a heart that's broken."—*Scott.*

"Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy."

Miss Kate Colborne of Sunderland is the first girl who has gone straight from a course of tuition at a Higher Grade Board School to the University. She recently took the B.Sc. degree at Durham University.

"Goodness, like the River Nile, overflows its banks to enrich the soil and to throw plenty into the country."—*Collier.*

In addition to other popular superstitions, those regarding babies are particularly curious and interesting. For instance, in the Isle of Man it is firmly believed that a baby will be dwarfed and wizened if anyone steps over it or walks round it, whilst in Scotland an infant is considered to have a lucky future if it handles its spoon with its left hand, and should it have a number of falls before its first birthday it will be perfectly happy and successful all its life. On the other hand, in South America a book, a piece of money and a bottle of liquor are placed before a child the day it attains its first year in order to ascertain its bent in life, it being the superstition that whichever object it grasps first will be indicative of its future career. In the North of England when a child is taken from a house for the first time it is given an egg, some salt, and a small loaf of bread and occasionally a piece of money, to ensure it against coming to want. In Germany the people consider it necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so as soon as it is born it is carried upstairs. If the house is only of one storey, the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant in her arms.

"Great thoughts are the sheet-anchor of the soul, for is it not when we are in company with the purest and wisest of all times that we are also in touch with Him who is the great source of every ennobling aspiration."—*Crocker.*

The destruction of birds for the personal adornment of women still continues, and it cannot be too frequently urged upon readers of The Girl's Own Paper to discountenance all feather trimming of any kind whatsoever, for quite unconsciously and with the best of intentions they may be inflicting untold suffering upon harmless and beautiful birds.

"Too much talk is weakening all round. It weakens the talker, the talkee and the talked about. A reticent tongue covers much. We are too prone to wage wordy battles, which, though they draw no blood, sear the heart with hot irons. Better abjure the use of our tongues altogether if we cannot make them ministers of goodwill and joy. I watched a bird swinging on its perch in the sunshine today, and, although it was a venerable bird, as the age of birds counts, it was as blithe and gay as when it chipped its shell, not a feather had turned grey, not a furrow had channeled its smooth beak. I watched the cat on a rug, blinking and purring her declining days away; not a wrinkle, not a tear mark, not a sign of the withering blight and trouble of old age. I watched the family horse poking his nose outside the bars of the pasture field, as dapper and gay as when he first kicked his coltish heels in the clover. Why? Because to neither the bird, the cat, nor the horse has been vouchsafed the power of speech, and in consequence they are debarred from endless bickerings over trifles and the mischievous warfare of vain disputation. Some eminent authority gives it as a rule, that the three things to be avoided, in order that serenity and beauty may be maintained, both of soul and body, are anger, argument, and avarice."

Mrs. Holden.

"A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty."

"Happiness depends upon the taste, and not on the thing; and it is by having what we like that we are made happy, and not by having what others consider likable."—*Rochefoucauld.*

"The word 'independence' is united to the accessory ideas of dignity and virtue. The word 'dependence' is united to the ideas of inferiority and corruption."—*Bentham.*

"The commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle for."—*Hawthorne.*

The foods of the various classes of a nation were often regulated by law in the past. Two Roman laws, passed about 160 B.C., regulated the cost of feasts at private houses, stating how much was to be eaten, and forbidding the fattening of fowls. Julius Cæsar was very strict with regard to foods, and used to send his soldiers to confiscate forbidden luxuries offered for sale in the market-places, and to private houses to see that the legal dietary was properly observed. These diet laws were probably necessary in ancient Rome remembering the gluttony of the Romans. Coming down to the Middle Ages, laws of Charles VI. of France and of Edward III. of England decreed the diet of the French and English according to their rank, both as to quality and quantity. The Parliament of Scotland in 1433 passed a similar law. In addition to these the laws regarding dress were particularly severe, and it is curious to notice that some of the English sumptuary laws remained in force, nominally, until about thirty-five years ago.

"Language and thought are inseparable. Words without thought are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud. The word is the thought incarnate."

Max Müller

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Tennyson

"Of an idle, unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this."—*Carlyle.*

"To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was meant for refined gold."—*W. Secker.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITH *wishes for the story that forms the basis of Hood's poem "The Dream of Eugene Aram."*

Eugene Aram was the son of a gardener, and was born in Yorkshire in 1704. Having remarkable abilities, he devoted himself to study, and became usher at a Knaresborough school. From motives of jealousy he murdered one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker; but his guilt was not discovered till thirteen years later, 1758, while he was engaged in teaching at Lynn. He was taken to York, tried, and convicted, in spite of a remarkable defence, and was executed, being hung in chains in Knaresborough Forest. His scholarly disposition and learning, together with his good reputation, made the story so sad that Bulwer Lytton's novel, *Eugene Aram*, was inspired by it, as well as Hood's poem. We do not advise "Edith" to dwell upon it.

"PATHOS" *asks us to give her some information about the "Legend of the Christmas Rose."*

The flower that usually goes by the name of "Christmas rose" is the black hellebore, called winter rose in Devonshire, and Christwurz (or Christ-root) in Germany. A mass of legendary lore has collected round about it. Centuries ago it was supposed to be a cure for many diseases, especially for melancholy or madness; and to say to an ancient Greek, "Drink hellebore," was a way of telling him "You are crazy." It was considered a charm against evil spirits, and was gathered with the most solemn ceremonies. A circle was drawn round the plant with a sword, and the seeker then turned to the east and prayed to Apollo, and to Æsculapius, the god of medicine, for leave to dig up the root. If during this process an eagle were seen flying towards him, it was a sure sign that he would die within the year.

The plant was conveyed home with the utmost care, and either strewn about the room, or burnt as a perfume to exorcise evil influences. Cattle were also supposed to be kept free from spells by its means.

This simple flower has a varied and dignified history, for in later days it became dedicated to St. Agnes, and used to be called "the flower of St. Agnes" in some places. This saint was the special patroness of purity, and the delicate white blossoms, flowering near her festival, seemed an appropriate emblem. She was a young Roman girl who suffered cruel persecution, and finally martyrdom, under Diocletian. The feast of St. Agnes (January 21) used to be held as, in a special degree, a holiday for women, and on the eve of St. Agnes, it was thought possible for a girl to obtain, by divination, a dream of her future husband.

"Pathos" mentions a photograph connected with the "legend," but does not describe it, so it is impossible for us to select with certainty from the wealth of flower lore just what she needs to explain her picture. We add a few verses on the "Christmas Rose."

"The garden boasts no beauty now,
Its summer graces all are fled;
Frost glitters on the leafless bough,
And branch and spray alike seem dead.

Yet here, regardless of the chill,
The sternness of the wintry hour,
One pleasing blossom greets us still,
A fair, though unassuming flower.

In changeful life 'tis even so,
False friends fall off when storms arise,
They shared our joy, but shun our woe,
Like plants that fear inclement skies.

And thus the true of heart remain
Without one altered look or tone—
So kind, we almost bless the pain
That makes us know such friends our own."

FLEUR-DE-LYS *inquires: "Would you advise me to learn Greek? I have plenty of time, and am rather fond of languages, but I do not know if it would be worth my while."*

The advantage of learning any language is twofold: firstly, there is the discipline for the mind itself: secondly, there is the wealth of literature to which the student becomes heir. In the case of Greek, the learner not only obtains a clue to the most enchanting poetry, the wisest and deepest thought of bards and sages of old, but is able to read the New Testament in the original, a priceless advantage. To the question then, "*Is it worth while to learn Greek?*" the answer would be: "It *is* worth any labour and any sacrifice, if you feel the prompting and the desire to master it." If you do not, you will certainly let it alone, and advice is unnecessary. It is by no means so alarmingly difficult as has been usually supposed, and wonderful results are often obtained from evening classes of busy people. Sunday School teachers have, of late, been studying the Greek of the New Testament with much success.

Personally speaking, if I knew enough Greek to spell out the New Testament, I would not be satisfied without knowing more, for when the early stages have been once mastered, success is only a matter of time. Proper guidance as to the choice of authors and books is of course necessary, but the benefit of the study of Greek literature is this: that one's mind, as it were, receives a background.

The thoughts found in the Greek poets and dramatists are the thoughts that now influence society. The eternal longings and aspirations of the heart of man were expressed in those days of old, while the gladness of the childhood of the world—a gladness that we know now in youth, and the soft spring days and the beauty of the earth—finds expression in immortal verse:

"Never morn broke clear as those
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,
The deep groves and white temples and wet caves."

Much of the Odyssey is the most lovely and charming reading for any one blessed with imagination. Euripides, too, gives a beautiful picture of a wife, Alcestis, sacrificing herself for her husband. Sophocles shows us the most unselfish of daughters and of sisters, Antigone; and the story told by Plato of the trial and death of Socrates should be familiar to every one. These are just a few suggestions, thrown together at random, of the treasures that lie hid in Greek literature.

It is of course possible to read translations, but it is unnecessary to tell any student of languages that (especially in poetry) the original is to be greatly preferred. We shall be happy to give "Fleur-de-Lys" or our other readers any help or suggestions they may need as to classic study.



MENDING AND PATCHING.

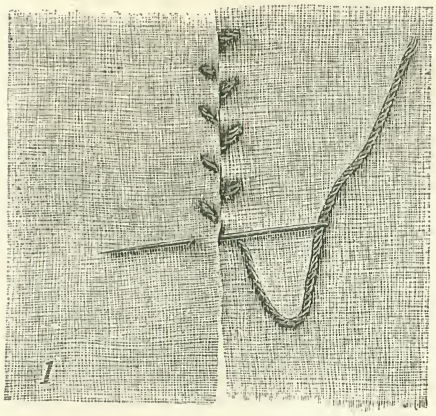
AMONG a certain class of people there obtains the curious idea that there is something derogatory in wearing or using anything which is patched or mended. A tear, they say, looks as if it might just have been done, but a darn or patch is "premeditated poverty." All one can say to these people is that they are very foolish, for a nicely-made darn or patch is certainly more seemly than the hole or tear, which is very likely to increase in size as time goes on; and perhaps I might add, they are ignorant how to patch or mend, and talk this rubbish to hide the fact. It is purposed here to give you a few simple hints about mending and patching, which may be useful to you and to others as well.

If you have a short purse, and have to consider ways and means about your wardrobe, then you may like to know the best way of mending that which needs it, and so preserving your clothes as long as you can. Underlinen is particularly apt to need such repairing, and a tidy girl should always look over her stock constantly, remembering that one stitch in time saves nine.

Should you, on the contrary, have a good allowance of pin-money and a maid to look over your wardrobe, you may say that it cannot possibly be of use to you to know how to mend and patch.

Certainly it may not be necessary for you to patch and mend your own clothes, but you may need to teach others, and this you cannot do unless you are yourself mistress of what they require to learn.

A mothers' meeting may be under your charge some day, or you may now wish to

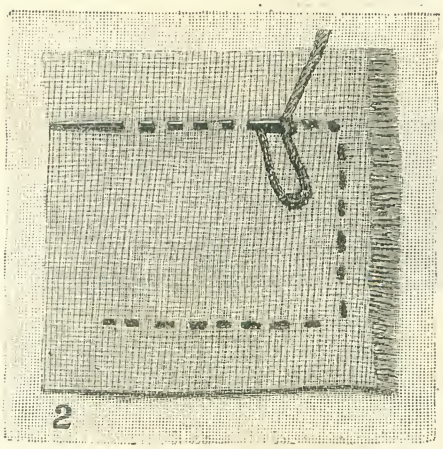

1

assist in a class of girls who are poorer than yourself, and who have never had a chance of learning how to sew properly. If you can teach them, you will be conferring a very great boon on them, and so it is quite worth while knowing how to do this.

A tear in cloth is one of the most difficult things to mend, and yet it can be done in such a way that the repair is not at all visible.

The best way of all is what is called fine-drawing; and as the French excel in all darning, etc., I will quote here what an authority of that country says on the subject.

"Use as fine a needle as possible, and thread it with hair instead of silk or any other kind of fibre. Red and white hair is the strongest, and stronger than the ravellings of the stuff. Of course the hair has first to be carefully cleansed from grease. Pare the edges of the rent, on the right sides, quite clean and new with a razor, so that both rent stitches may be lost in the hairy surface of the cloth. Scissors do not cut so closely, and are liable, moreover, to disturb the nap, and render the darn more visible. When this is done, fit the edges exactly together, and overcast them. Then thread a needle with a hair


2

by the root, and slip it in, two or three millimetres (about a sixteenth part of an inch) from the one edge, and back again, pointed towards you, through the other, so that neither needle nor hair are visible on either side. The stitches should be set slightly slanting, as clearly seen in Fig. 1, and must be quite lost in the thickness of the cloth. The needle must always be put in exactly at the place where it came out, and the hair not be too tightly drawn.

"When the darn is finished, lay the article on a bare table, or ironing-board, cover it with a damp cloth, and iron it. The sharpest eye will fail to detect a rent when carefully darned in this manner."

The first three illustrations show the simplest and I think the best way of putting in a patch.

If the part of the stuff which is worn is too bad to be darned, then you must cut it out very neatly and prepare your patch.

Remember, please, the Scriptural words about not mending an old garment with new material. If you have not any old stuff with which to make your patch, then use something which is not worn, but is thinner than the article itself.

The patch must be of the same shape as the cut-out hole. Square or oblong patches are much the easiest of any to make.

Cut your patch the same way as the stuff—that is the same way as the warp and woof of the material it is to be upon—and let it be an inch or so larger in proportion to the size of the hole it is to cover.

All four sides should be cut quite evenly. It makes all the difference in the sightliness or the reverse of a patch if great care is taken about these details. If there is a pattern in the material, then you must be very careful to lay your patch in such a way that the design is not broken.

Run your patch upon the stuff, as you see in Fig. 2, either on the right or wrong side, as you prefer. There is no rule about this. In Fig. 3 you see the next process, which is to hem down the sides of the patch upon the article to be mended.

The third process is to hem down the sides of the sides of the hole upon the patch, as you see in Fig. 4. Then the tacking-threads can be drawn out.

If you are putting in a flannel patch on a flannel article, then you should not turn in the edges of patch or hole, but herring-bone stitch down the edges as they are.

Now about ordinary mending, which does not need patches. Linen should always be darned with soft *coton à repriser* sold in balls, or else with darning-cotton or flourishing thread, coarse or fine, according to where you are going to mend. For a very fine darn, use the ravelling of the linen. Use darning-needles for the purpose, and always darn on the wrong side of your material.

Take up and leave the same number of threads, or else take up one thread and leave three. Always run your needle all the way if possible up the length of the darn before withdrawing it.

Always go, first of all, the way of the stuff, and when you have finished going up and down in that direction, then go across it.

Go beyond the actual part which needs darning, as that strengthens the darn.

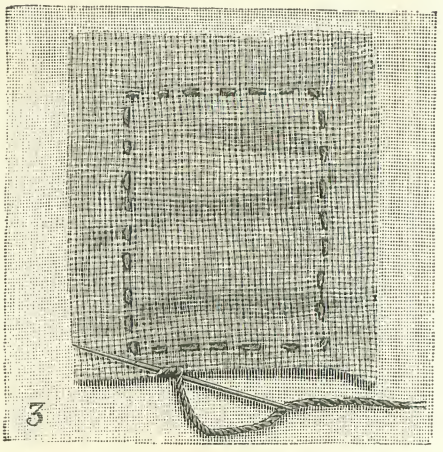
When a tear is uneven and the edges jagged, you should try and darn these with silk before you begin the actual darn.

What are called Irish hoops are capital things for darning with. You could easily make one with two pieces of thin wood about half an inch deep and fourteen inches long, joined firmly together in the shape of a hoop; make one a very little smaller than the other; and when you want to darn, place your material over the smaller and you will find the larger, if it fits properly, will keep the stuff in its place.

When underlinen gives under the arms, or where there is greater stress in the wear, you should mend it carefully with a little piece of linen tape sewn neatly down under the part, or else a tiny patch.

Night-dresses often give way under the arm when the rest of the article is pretty good. If you sew down some tape doubled in the shape of a V, you will find that gives strength, and you can darn down the edges of the rent upon it.

When buttons have torn away from any


3

article, your best way is to remove the button, and then strengthen the place before you attempt to sew down a fresh one.

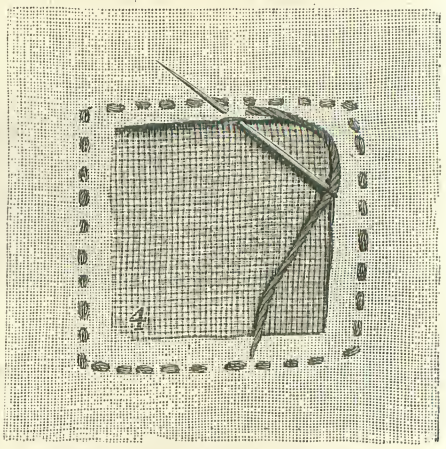
This can often be done with a piece of tape doubled over the edge of the place and hemmed down very neatly, the raw edges of the ends being turned in.

In the same way with strings. Cut the string off, make the place quite strong, and then sew on again a new string, or the old one if that is still serviceable.

Here are a few brief rules with which I shall close this paper.

Use good sharp scissors for working with, and the best needles. The way to tell a good needle is to try and break it. If it resists you and then breaks quite clean in two, you may be sure the steel is good. If the needle bends and does not break, or breaks without resisting you in the least, then you may know that it is bad. Never use a bent needle, as it only makes irregular stitches and ugly work.

Between needles are the best for hemming purposes.


4

People whose hands get hot in working should keep a little powdered alum in a box, and powder their fingers with it before working.

If you are using cotton from a reel, thread your needle with the end that comes from the reel before you cut it, as the other end is very apt to unravel and split.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 883.] NOVEMBER 28, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH."



All rights reserved.]

"'BANK-NOTES!' CRIED JANET, PICKING ONE UP."

CHAPTER II.



A PLEASANT party was assembled at the open bay window of a small house in the outskirts of Brighton, the home of Helen Carmichael's widowed mother and the rest of the family. The sea was visible in the distance, and the breeze of a summer's evening came in at the open window. Helen was spending her annual holiday in her home, and now, in company with "James," who had been able to run down from town for a few days, Mrs. Carmichael and two younger sisters were engaged in a conversation, the subject of which was the wealthy mistress of Greenmeadows.

"Pray don't expect anything of the kind, Janet!" Helen was saying in answer to a remark of her sister's regarding Miss Golding's testamentary intentions towards her companion. "Pray don't 'expect' anything of the kind! The very fact of her being really attached to me, as I believe she is, would prevent her from injuring me, according to her own views, with any of the money which, she says, has made her a lonely and unhappy woman. Besides, I can't bear to hear remarks of that kind, they make me ashamed. Miss Golding gives me a good salary, and that is all I look for from her. Indeed, if I had been naturally avaricious, and I don't think I am, I believe the example she furnishes of wealth and unhappiness would have cured my longing for a legacy."

"Well, I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Carmichael with a little sigh. "To my mind, wealth properly used could never be a curse, could never be anything but a blessing."

"If you heard her speak, mamma, I am sure you would agree with her that great wealth may mean unhappiness. She has never met with a true, disinterested friend; the one man she cared for proved a calculating fortune-hunter, and her relatives, well, I have seen enough of them to know that she is not unreasonable in her dislike of them."

"According to her estimate of money, though," struck in 'James,' "her dislike to her relatives is a good thing for them in a worldly sense. The more she dislikes them, the more likely is she to leave them a good share of the wealth she considers such an evil."

Helen shook her head. "I think she will leave them very little, if anything. My notion, and I'm pretty sure it will some day be proved right, is that she will divide her property among certain charities. She is a great supporter of the Life-boat Institution, and I know she subscribes largely to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the Dogs' Home and to a Home for Horses. She has that passionate and devoted love for animals that I think one often finds in those who have been disappointed in their own kind and who are sad and lonely. She has set up, entirely at her own cost, at the principal Kentish watering-places, shelters where the poor little overdriven donkeys can be comfortably stabled at night, and have a good feed for a nominal sum, during the season."

"Oh, how nice of her!" cried one of Helen's younger sisters. "Poor, dear little donkeys! I love her for that."

"Yes, she is a noble and lovable character under all her capricious and sometimes eccentric conduct. And I should say she was very pretty once. There is a plaster cast of her head and shoulders on a bracket in my room at Greenmeadows; it represents her at the age of eighteen, and the face is a very sweet one, I think. We were talking of it one day and she said jokingly that she should leave it to me, for she believed I should really value it and none of her own relatives would."

Helen's betrothed rose and looked out of the window. "Shall we go for our little stroll now, dear?"

Helen agreed, and after absenting herself for a few minutes to prepare for a walk, the couple started, moving slowly along arm in arm in the sweet summer twilight.

"After this year, my Helen," said James, "I hope we shall see our way to your resigning your post at Greenmeadows and taking another situation as 'companion.'"

And discussing their hopes and plans the lovers strolled on. In about an hour they returned, and were met in the hall by Mrs. Carmichael who held a telegram in her hand. "For you, Helen," she said.

Helen Carmichael took the paper and read:—

"Miss Golding, Greenmeadows, to Miss Helen Carmichael, 3 Windmill Road, West Brighton. I am very unwell. Please return as soon as you can."

CHAPTER III.

HELEN arrived at Greenmeadows about an hour before noon the following day, only to find Miss Golding speechless and unconscious. She had been ailing for some days, it appeared, had felt seriously unwell when she sent the telegram to Helen, and late the same night had been struck with paralysis.

For many hours after Helen's return the mistress of Greenmeadows lay unconscious, but late in the evening, as the former sat alone by the bed in the temporary absence of the professional nurse installed by the doctor, a glimmer of returning life began to shine over the grey sunken face on the pillows. Helen bent forward, and looked into the eyes into which recognition was slowly creeping.

"Dear lady, you know me, do you not?"

After a pause, there was a faint movement of assent. The eyes gazed into Helen's, mutely asking the questions that the tongue was unable to ask. Helen fetched a pencil and note-book, put the former into the feeble hand of the sick woman, and held the note-book open on the coverlet. The feeble hand, after many efforts, faintly traced the words, "Am I——", and stopped. Helen guessed at the conclusion of the sentence.

"Are you very ill, you would say? You have been very ill, but I hope and believe that you are getting better now." She paused, and then asked the question that had been in her mind ever since her return. "Would you wish me to let your relatives know of your illness?"

A few more efforts, and then "No" was written on the white page. Still the pencil was held, and the anxious eyes were fixed on Helen, full of the desire to speak. Presently the feeble hand began to move again. "If I die—I wish—you—to—stay—for—the——"

"I understand," said Helen, "I will stay. But I hope and believe, dear Miss Golding, that you are on the way to recovery."

The hand moved again, but this time more feebly, and the written words came very slowly—

"I—have—something—to—tell—you. I have—made—a—new—will—and—have—left—you——"

The hand stopped, the light of consciousness faded from the worn, weary face, and the professional nurse returned to the bedside.

Helen Carmichael retired to her room and lay down to rest. She slept for two or three hours, and then her anxiety for the sick woman roused her. She left her room, for she had lain down dressed, and made her way to the sick chamber.

The doctor and nurse were both there; the latter came towards Helen as she entered.

"I was coming to fetch you, miss," she whispered. "She has had another seizure, and the end is near. I think, as far as one can judge, that she wishes to see you."

Helen took up her post by the dying woman, and did not again leave her. Once more a glimmer of consciousness and recognition shone in the dim eyes as they looked at Helen, once more there seemed a strong desire to tell Helen something, then the look faded for ever; and when morning came the rich woman, with her disappointments, her bitter memories, her eccentricities covering a strong, tender nature, was at rest for ever.

* * * *

"I suppose, Miss—er—Carmichael, you will be leaving at once? Now that your engagement here is terminated by the death of your employer, there can of course be no reason for you to remain."

The speaker was the lady whom the late Miss Golding had spoken of as "Mrs. George." She and her husband had arrived at Greenmeadows as soon as was possible after being informed of the death of its mistress.

"I am going to remain until the funeral is over," said Helen quietly; "I have reason to know that Miss Golding wished me to remain."

"Oh indeed!" shrill and a trifle angry was "Mrs. George's" tone. "A very singular arrangement! If you are expecting a legacy, Miss—er—Carmichael, it's my opinion you'll be disappointed."

"I am expecting no legacy," said Helen.

* * * *

The funeral was over. In the library afterwards had been read, "the Last Will and Testament of me, Ellen Golding of Greenmeadows near Canterbury in the county of Kent, Spinster," dated only a fortnight previously. The emotions of "Cousin George" and "Cousin Geoffrey" and their respective partners on listening to that bit of reading aloud were such as no words could do justice to. But Miss Carmichael felt no astonishment. The property was willed away much as she had expected. Miss Golding had divided her fortune, including the price of Greenmeadows, which estate and mansion were to be sold, between the charities to which she had subscribed, and which she had founded during her life. To her cousins George and Geoffrey she left a thousand pounds each, "in recognition of their disinterested cousinly affection." And "to my friend and companion, Helen Carmichael, I give and bequeath the plaster cast of my head and shoulders, done in my youth, which stands on a bracket in the bedroom occupied by the said Helen Carmichael at my house called Greenmeadows, believing that she has true affection for me, and will value the bequest accordingly."

"Well, Miss—er—Carmichael, I hope you like what you've heard to-day?" said Mrs. George, bitterly, though her own anger and dismay at the terms of the will had received some slight alleviation from what she imagined must be the disappointment of the "companion": "I hope you like what you've heard to-day?"

"Yes—I like it very well," said Helen calmly; "I had no expectation whatever of a legacy, and Miss Golding was right in thinking I should value her bequest."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. George, convinced at length by Helen's tone and manner; "you're not a relative, so of course you really

had no right to expect anything! But everyone must allow that we have been most shamefully treated! We, her nearest relatives, and always so attentive and affectionate to her! My cousin was a wicked woman!"

* * * *

"Still, my dear Helen, I think she might have left you something! I'm quite aware that you expected nothing, and that you are quite satisfied with things as they are. But she seems to have appreciated you in a way, and to have had some affection for you, and I think the proper way to show it would have been to leave you a nice sum of money. She must have known how acceptable it would be to a young couple about to begin housekeeping!"

The speaker was Mrs. Carmichael. The same party as that of a week or so ago was assembled in the parlour of the little house in West Brighton.

"The young couple can do very well without it, can't they, Nell?" said James who was seated beside Helen on the sofa.

In the meantime one of Helen's younger sisters was holding Miss Golding's bequest in her hands and examining it.

"It's a pretty face," she said; "did you notice, Helen, that it has been broken and mended again? Here's a join running right round the neck."

As the girl approached the sofa where her sister sat, to show her the join she had discovered, she stumbled over a footstool, the "counterfeit presentment" of Miss Golding in her youth fell from her hands to the ground, and its head and shoulders parted company at the place where Janet Carmichael had just noticed a join.

"Oh, Janet!" cried Helen in distress; "you have broken it! Why, good gracious! What's all this?"

Some papers, crisp, small and square had fallen out of the hollow inside of the cast when it broke.

"Bank-notes!" cried Janet, picking one up; "oh, Helen! She has left you a legacy after all!"

A legacy indeed! They raised the broken cast and found the two cavities formed by the head and the bust packed with close masses of bank-notes of high values—bank-notes, which, when spread out and counted by the excited little party, amounted to £10,000!

There was a letter among them dated a few weeks before, at the time Helen had been away from Greenmeadows.

"My Dear Helen,—This is one of the eccentricities of old Miss Golding, and yet not altogether an eccentricity. I am about to arrange my affairs finally, for I have a presentiment that my lonely life is nearly spent, and I mean to leave you a substantial proof of my goodwill. I have a fancy for leaving it in this way, partly to spare you the annoyance you would be subjected to while under the same roof with my cousins after the will was read that should leave you this legacy—partly because it pleases me that the youthful likeness of the cross old woman to whom your companionship has been so pleasant should hold the means to make you comfortably independent. I believe you would have valued the cast for its own sake, or for mine, rather, and that you will still value it apart from what it contains; the girl whom it portrays was never valued for herself, poor child, but only for the bank-notes she contained!

"When I am on my death-bed (which will not be long hence, I feel sure) I shall tell you of this little hoard. I don't know that I should have thought of putting the notes in here, if one of the housemaids had not broken the cast in dusting your room a couple of days ago.

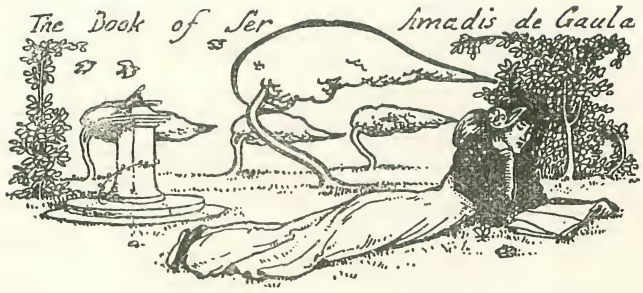
"And now good-bye, my dear. Is it wrong, I wonder, to feel unutterably glad at the conviction that I shall soon die? The dear, oppressed, patient, four-footed creatures whom I have so loved and pitied will miss a friend, but my money will go on working for them; and oh! I am so tired, so tired.

"E. Golding."

There was a babel of talk in the parlour over the legacy just brought to light, but Helen did not join in it for some time after finishing that letter: she sat quite still, and there were tears in her eyes.

Ina Garvey.

[the end.]



REPORT ON HANDWRITING COMPETITION.

We feel happy in finding ourselves in a position to give a report of a commendatory character respecting the specimens of penmanship sent in for judgment by so many competitors. Eccentricities in style, which are much to be avoided, were certainly in a very small minority, and this fact forms a good characteristic, decidedly creditable to the writers.

Certain faults may be stigmatised as vulgar, such as large and fantastic flourishes; some as inartistic and unsightly, such as angularity and departures from "the lines of beauty and grace;" lack of uniformity in the general slope of the letters, and in their shape on their recurrence from time to time. But not only may vulgarity be exhibited in the handwriting, but, what is still more to be regretted, ill-breeding; for all defects which may cause unnecessary trouble and annoyance to the reader, can only be so regarded. Unfortunately this form of misdemeanour is often exhibited by persons well-bred in every other respect, and by no means chargeable with any deficiency in good feeling and polite manners. Amongst the defects which are trying to the reader we may name the separation of the several letters of a single and complete word, and the running of one word into another. The omission of punctuation (which sometimes alters the true sense of the phrase or makes it equivocal), as likewise that of dots and strokes, or their too frequent misplacement; and the indistinctness occasioned by exaggerated tops and tails of letters, which interfere by their length with the letters of the preceding and following lines.

For the most part, the specimens sent in for criticism may be classified under three denominations, viz., the "running-hand," suitable for society; the round, clear-cut, "copper-plate hand" of commerce; and the office of every department; and the only half-formed yet promising youthful hand, slowly and carefully executed, and a good foundation for a fine running society-hand, or for that essentially suitable for business purposes.

We have selected one of these youthful examples, together with some varieties severally representing both the classes before named, for the distinction for which their writers competed. It has been a difficult task to make a fair selection from amongst those of the office-class, as so many must be regarded of nearly equal merit, one with another; and they greatly preponderate in number over those of the society, or "running-hand" order. We should like to admit many more to a participation in the rewards we offer, but the necessary limitation to twelve competitors only, for the adjudication of prizes, obliges us to set aside many very creditable specimens of writing.

We were glad to see that the coarse, "park-paling," "Brobdignagian" type of caligraphy was nearly, if not entirely, absent from the collection; for not only is it very unsightly, but it demands the space of the old-time letter-paper; the possibility of conveying any information to the reader being quite precluded, for two words of such proportions, even one, suffices to fill a line of ordinary note-paper. Viewing the collection as a whole, we congratulate the competitors on the creditable work they have accomplished.

Prizes in books, as announced in the Summer Number, will be sent to the following. Those prize winners who have not already done so should let us know which of the volumes are selected.

Mott, Lillie, St. Kilda's, Victoria.
Tompkins, Lizzie, Thame, Oxon.
Dungey, Lena, Goudhurst, Kent.
Wilcox, Harriet, City of Baroda, India.
Fearnsides, Annie E., Bradford.
Bidmead, Alice, Thame, Oxon.
Rickford, Louise, Barbados.
Journeaux, Elsie M., Jersey.
Brown, Millicent, Hessle, near Hull.
Gissing, Laura, Stratford, E.
Kemble, Edith D., Salisbury.
Watts, Emily J., Leyton, Essex.

Honourable Mention.

Tompkins, Louie, near Thame.
Lusty, May, Ryde.
Miller, M. B. M., Bengal.
Spare, Eveline, Stratford.
Powell, Madeline R., Cardiff.
Spencer, Helen E., Louth.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



A WEEK or so after Herbert's arrival in Oxford, he again met, by accident, the gentleman with whom he had travelled from Bristol. He was rambling into the country, with a book in his hand, and a mind divided between it and his future prospects, when he was diverted from his dreamy studies by the sound of horses' hoofs close behind him. He looked up and saw several horsemen approaching, one of whom, as they passed him, raised his hat, with a smile of recognition. It was his coach-companion. Herbert returned the bow, and continued his musings. After sauntering on for upwards of an hour, building castles in the air, and contemplating the classic waters of the Isis, he again turned his steps towards the town. Once more the quick gallop of a horse induced him to look round, and he saw, from the paces of the advancing animal, that he had become unmanageable, and if not checked, would probably throw his rider. He hastened towards him, and reached him just as the gentleman who rode him had succeeded, by a great effort, in pulling him in, but to so little purpose, that his tricks and plunges rendered the danger much greater than before.

Herbert went cautiously towards the horse, and dexterously seizing the rein, checked him as he was about to rear, and held him in by main force, whilst his rider threw himself off his back. Herbert had been always famous as a tamer of wild Welsh ponies, and the prancing and rearing of the horse made him anxious to try his skill on more difficult ground, so he asked his rider if he would allow him to endeavour to conquer the high spirit of his steed.

"Willingly, if you can," replied Herbert's coach companion.

Herbert was on the horse's back in a moment, and soon displayed that skill in horsemanship for which he had been celebrated amongst his own mountains. Half-a-dozen equestrians came galloping forwards, but dismounted at a short distance from the scene of action, and giving their horses to their servants, walked quickly onwards.

"Are you hurt, Hastings, my dear fellow, are you hurt," was the general cry; succeeded by a "Bravo! capital!" from the group of young men who surrounded their dismounted friend, and watched Herbert's evolutions.

The horse had met with his match. In vain he kicked and reared; fretted and foamed; Herbert did not yield a point to him, but kept his seat as if he were glued to the saddle. At last he started off at a furious gallop, and was soon out of sight of the bystanders. Herbert gave him the rein until he began to flag a little, and then re-commenced the task of correction. In about half-an-hour he succeeded in bringing him back triumphantly to his master, as quiet as a lamb. Had Herbert gained a prize at the Olympic games, or what would have been more to the purpose, taken a first-class at Oxford, he would not have risen so high and so suddenly in the estimation of the strangers who surrounded him, as he did by his success on the present occasion. There might have been a spark of vanity in his wish to tame the spirited animal; there was certainly a feeling of great satisfaction in having succeeded, and of pleasure when he received the thanks of his coach friend, and the warm praises of the other young men. As he dismounted, and gave the horse into the hands of the groom, he stroked and patted him, and called him "a splendid fellow;" then, raising his hat to the gentleman he so opportunely served, he wished him good-morning, and was about to take his departure.

"I hope you are not going to leave us without allowing me to become further known to you?" said the stranger. "I assure you I shall not easily forget the favour you have done me."

"Hastings, you are hurt; you limp perceptibly," said a friend.

"Only a slight sprain," was the reply, "but I believe I must return as soon as possible. Will you allow me to walk with you?" added the speaker, addressing Herbert. "My friends must ride their horses back."

"Willingly," replied Herbert, "but had you not better ride yourself?"

"No more horse exercise for me to-day, thank you: and my sprain is less than nothing."

Herbert and his new friend proceeded arm-in-arm towards Oxford. Benefits conferred and received effectually wear out pride and reserve, and they were soon on an easier footing than Herbert could have thought possible. The stranger was the young Earl of Hastings, and little did Herbert know the envy and jealousy he was likely to excite, by being suddenly elevated into an acquaintanceship with him. He was a leader amongst the young men of rank with whom he associated, and the superiority of his understanding gave him an ascendency over the minds of others, that even Herbert had felt during their brief intercourse, in spite of his resolution not to yield to it. He possessed talents of no common order, but placed by station and fortune above the necessity of any exertion, and left his own master at a very early age, he had no incentive to bring them forth. He cared not to persevere in his studies, or to gain a reputation for learning; and a certain indolence of temperament, that shunned all exertion, mental and bodily, made him heedless of the goodwill or opinion of his fellow-men. He left his mind to nature, or rather principally exercised it in the study of character, of which he was a very nice discriminator. His judgment and wit were both keen, when he chose to let them appear, which was seldom; and from his reserve of manner, and hauteur of deportment, his real goodness of heart and innate talent were known by few. As Earl of Hastings, however, and shortly to be in full possession of a splendid fortune, he did not need the usual accessories of talent and agreeability to obtain him admirers. It was considered a vast honour at college to be his friend, and many flattered themselves that they had gained his confidence; but friendship and confidence were bestowed by him with great circumspection. He had been so flattered and fawned upon from childhood: he had early met with so much deceit, that he was already beginning to doubt whether there were any truth and sincerity in the world; and to content himself with laughing at the follies of mankind, and caring for no one. Generous and sincere by nature, the manœuvres of those who thought they could impose upon his youth and inexperience with impunity, had made him suspicious, opened his eyes to the failings of mankind, and caused him to act and judge for himself. He had long sighed for a true and disinterested friend, but no sooner did he fancy that he had found one, than some trait of selfishness made him recoil within himself, and vow never again to be imposed on by seeming excellence. He had a great contempt for men of inferior understanding and little minds; and a keen sense of the ridiculous placed him in the dangerous position of seeing nothing but the evil and absurd portions of human nature, without trying to discover the good; and whilst he led men by the leading-strings of his own will, despised them as infants for being so led. He was already on the very brink of scepticism and misanthropy: and was satiated, before his time, with the world and its pleasures. He was beginning, also, to take up the young-man notion that there was no religion, because the professions of the hypocrite disgusted him; the disputes of religious parties shocked his sense of what the Gospel ought to produce; and the worldly-mindedness of those who appeared the most devoted to her cause contradicted the truths they professed to teach. The fact was, that he had been thrown into the society of few truly good and single-minded men, his position and age having cast him either amongst those who were seeking amusement as the aim of life, or those who courted because they had something to gain from him.

When he first met Herbert Llewellen, he had liked his open, intelligent countenance, and still more the simplicity of mind and ingenuousness of

expression, which were soon apparent in his conversation. As they now walked together, and finally anchored in Lord Hastings's splendid rooms, he was delighted with the originality of his remarks, and the depth of his well-cultivated mind. He soon perceived that he had seen nothing of the world, and was attracted by his ignorance of things that he had known from childhood, as well as by his clinging devotion to nature and a country life. When they separated, he told Herbert that he trusted an acquaintance so fortunately begun would not be allowed to drop, and Herbert promised to call the following day to see how his sprain got on.

The Earl was lamed by his bruise, and laid upon a sofa for upwards of a fortnight, during which period Herbert was a frequent visitor.

The young men became daily more pleased with one another. They were so much alike in essential points, and yet so unlike in manners and conversation, that they took considerable pleasure in finding one another out. The one was proud and reserved, the other humble and candid: the one looked with a jaundiced eye upon the world, the other regarded it with the clear telescope of hope and warm feeling; the one was careless of all distinction: the other ambitious of literary honours; the one hid his better nature under a cloak of cold haughtiness; the other let his appear through the transparent veil of ingenuousness and simplicity. Both were, however, honourable, free from all narrow-minded prejudices; haters of meanness; lovers of everything noble; and capable of strong friendship.

When Lord Hastings recovered, he insisted upon Herbert's joining his circle of acquaintances, and mixing with the high-born but thoughtless men of his set. This occasioned much jealousy, and Herbert soon found that wine parties, and the excitement of such society, were sadly at variance with regular study. Dr. Marsden also saw, with apprehension, the temptations in the way of his young friend.

"I have known," he said, "many a man ruined at the outset by being cast amongst those with whom fortune would not allow him to compete. He is a wise man who can keep within his own walk in life. It is by striving to appear richer or grander than they really are, that people make themselves ridiculous to others, and useless to their families. If you wish to advance yourself, avoid what is called 'company.' A love for it is the bane of self-improvement, moral excellence, and high intellectual endowment."

Herbert felt the truth of Dr. Marsden's advice, and resolutely refused to enter upon the kind of life to which Lord Hastings, with somewhat ill-judged friendship, constantly tempted him. He always felt pleasure in private intercourse with his friend, but made his studies the excuse for not joining in his gaieties. Lord Hastings maintained that intercourse with the world was the only way to know mankind, and although he cared little for mere dissipation, he mingled in it to obtain the knowledge he desired.

"The proper study of mankind is man," he said one day to Herbert, "and you will never get through the world if you sit boxed up in your rooms all day."

"I must study and labour to live," replied Herbert. "Besides, I have friends who expect me to struggle onward with the hope of distinguishing myself, and how shall I satisfy their expectations, and my own ambitious desires, if I do not devote myself to hard work?"

"Ah! you have too much sentiment for this world. Believe me, you must lock all your feelings up in a strong iron chest which must never be opened except when you visit your relations; and even then you must take care to shut it again before any one else looks in upon you. Indeed, too often it is dangerous to turn the key in the presence of your own connections."

"Morality must be at a low ebb," said Herbert, "when kindred care not for kindred; and if commerce with the world is to blunt our best affections, I would rather keep free of it."

"I hope you will not buy experience by disappointment," said Lord Hastings, "as I have done. But I am afraid deep thoughts and warm feelings have as much to do with the world as sunshine has with night. Is not that Grant's voice? Now, there is a very good sort of a fellow; but one who will never let sentiment interfere either with his pleasures or his interest."

Here Mr. Grant entered; a young man who had come to college for a term, whilst he was wavering betwen the church and the army. He was an early friend of Lord Hastings, and, being very poor, cultivated his friendship by every means in his power. He entertained a jealousy of Herbert because Lord Hastings liked him.

"Well, Hastings," he began, "thanks to you and my uncle I have got my commission; my merits, or my good luck, be praised."

"I congratulate you, the army, and the church," said Lord Hastings. "You on the completion of your wishes, the army on the acquisition of such a fine soldier, and the church on the loss of such a scape-grace."

"You are complimentary," said Mr. Grant, trying not to seem piqued; "but you must come with me. I have a few fellows engaged to do me honour this evening, so let us be jolly. Mr. Llewellen—I beg your pardon—will you join us?"

Herbert excused himself.

"Oh, I forgot!" continued Mr. Grant, "you eschew gaiety. A touch of the new sect; quite right for a parson, I daresay. I am thankful I am freed from those trammels. Come, Hastings."

"I will follow you," said Lord Hastings, who always hated flippancy and familiarity, and who particularly disliked the tone assumed by Mr. Grant towards Herbert. "Llewellen and I were engaged in a conversation that would not interest you, and when we have finished it I will join your party."

Mr. Grant muttered a disapproving "humph," and turned on his heel, adding as he left the room, "new brooms sweep clean."

Lord Hastings and Herbert finished their conversation, but did not agree upon the points they discussed.

They became, before the conclusion of the term, staunch friends, and it was Lord Hastings's pride to declare himself the sincere admirer of Herbert's talents and character. It was agreed between them that Herbert should, during the vacations, become the tutor of Lord Hastings's younger brother, and prepare him for college; and it was generally supposed that his fortune would be made, as there were some rich livings in the gift of the Hastings' family. Herbert, however, did not allow his thoughts to wander much beyond the present. He studied incessantly, and was looked upon by the heads of his college as a young man of promise.

Herbert accompanied his young friend and patron to his splendid home, where he was introduced to his mother and sisters, to whom he was already well-known by name, and installed in the office of tutor to his brother, a youth of most amiable disposition and promising talents. In this family, distinguished alike for virtues and accomplishments, he was soon domesticated, and received as an intimate friend of the Earl. It was a dangerous position for a young man circumstanced as he was. Inexperienced in the ways of the world, unaccustomed to society, and little versed in the subtle distinctions of rank and the niceties of good-breeding, he might have disgusted, by forward manners and display of learning, people predisposed to like him. His natural modesty, however, would have prevented such results, even had he not possessed an innate refinement that no art could excel. He was, moreover, too decided a book-worm to court society. The splendid library of Hastings Abbey swallowed up all his spare time, and he found his pupil almost as eager in the pursuit of knowledge as himself. By degrees Herbert became quite at home at the Abbey, and the rust of country manners, or rather the shyness of a retired education, gradually rubbed off with the friction of the world.

His college career was, as Dr. Marsden had predicted, a brilliant one; for during the four following years every term brought him laurels. To his own great surprise he found himself the writer of the prize poem, and that poem was declared to have great merit. Although it was printed at the university, and delighted his grandfather and Lady Llewellen, and was committed to memory by Gwenllean, he followed Dr. Marsden's pithy advice, and eschewed authorship as a profession.

"Look at these millions of books," said the Doctor, as they walked through the Bodleian Library, "two-thirds of their writers dreamed of fame, wrote for fame, and died of starvation. If you can write a good book, well, write one at your leisure, and publish it, if you can—but never make authorship your profession. You had better go and hang yourself at once."

Herbert passed all his vacations at Hastings Abbey, and resisted every temptation to visit his beloved friends at home, knowing how essential it was for him to assist himself in every possible way. He became every successive year more interested in his pupil, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the Countess was more than pleased with her son's progress in his studies. The whole family, also, grew yearly more attached to Herbert, whose college honours were subjects of sincere congratulation, and whose manly, straightforward conduct gained general esteem. His position at Hastings Abbey was a very dangerous one. He was considered, and felt himself to be, one of the family; and Lord Hastings treated him as a brother, and actually felt for him as such. People rarely think, or seem not to think, that young men and women placed in what are called subordinate situations are troubled with those yielding things called hearts; at all events not such kind of hearts as their richer fellow-creatures are allowed to possess. Certainly the Countess of Hastings, when she permitted her son's tutor to ride, walk, sing, read, and, above all, converse freely with her beautiful and accomplished daughters, did not imagine that he had any heart. And yet he was so conscious of having one that he was compelled to keep a coat of mail over it, to prevent other people from finding out the surprising fact. It was impossible to pass day after day, and week after week, in the society of the sisters of his friend without being conscious that he was on dangerous ground. The Lady Louisa Lovel was just the kind of girl to please a young man fresh from college life, and given to poetry and romance from boyhood. Herbert felt that she pleased him, perhaps, too well. But he sought not by word, look, or action to gain her affections.

Still he had a rival; one who fancied that he perceived a preference shown for him by the Lady Louisa. This was Mr. Grant, who supposed that his fine person and insinuating manners had made a deep impression on her. He was, however, grievously disappointed at receiving a decided refusal to a proposal of marriage, and chose to believe that Herbert was the cause of his disappointment. He determined to be revenged, and when he took leave of the Abbey to make a tour on the Continent, he warned Lord Hastings to watch "the tutor," and see that he was not playing a double game.

Herbert's intense application to his studies at last told upon his health, and when he ended his college course by taking a first class and obtaining a layfellowship, his friends feared that a career so prosperously begun, would terminate in consumption and an early grave. He had laboured to gain a layfellowship, that he might travel with Lord Hastings and his brother before entering the Church; and it was accordingly proposed that they should set out upon a Continental tour, as soon as Herbert had paid his long-wished-for visit to his native valley. Lord Hastings hastened his preparations on Herbert's account, as he felt convinced that nothing but change of air and scene, and total cessation from study, would be likely to retrieve his health.

It was with feelings of almost childish delight that Herbert set out to visit his beloved grandfather after more than four years' absence; and he did so without informing him of his intention, anticipating all the pleasure of the surprise with the joy of a schoolboy.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEKEEPING IN FRANCE.



EVERY year Paris is becoming more and more universally recognised as the centre *par excellence* for the study of almost every subject. The countless public studios with their staff of visiting professors; the conservatoire, and the number of famous music and singing masters; the college and Sorbonne with their astonishing system of free lectures; the schemes of popular instruction organised in every department of the city, and open to foreigners and French alike—these, and other educational advantages, attract eager students from all parts of Europe and America.

Even when the necessity for systematic study no longer exists, there is so much to be learned simply from living in the beautiful city, that it is common to meet with those who have come to spend a few months, and who are still here after the lapse of years.

And the band of foreign students would probably be even larger than it is, were it not that many who long for the advantages of the French capital, are ignorant of the cost and convenience of life there. The casual visitor to Paris finds that the pleasures of the city, if indulged in to any extent, make such inroads on his exchequer that a long stay seems possible only to the millionaire.

And yet, for those who have work, and not luxury, at heart, I believe there is no city where one can more easily combine comfort and economy, than in Paris.

There are, of course, all grades of expenditure to suit all circumstances. There are numberless good *pensions* where one can be comfortable, and even luxuriant, for from eight to twelve francs a day. This is inclusive of everything, except fire and light in bed-rooms, and an occasional "tip" to the *concierge*. The first two extras are higher than in England. The usual price for a small box of coke is one franc, the bundle of twigs which kindles the fire costs fifteen centimes, and if one is extravagant enough to burn wood, twenty centimes a log must be paid for it. Paraffin (*pétrolé*) and methylated spirits (*alcool à lerûler*) are correspondingly dear, even if one caters for oneself in these commodities, *pétrole* costing sixty centimes, and *alcool* one franc twenty centimes a quart.

For a lengthened stay, however, most people prefer to have more freedom and privacy than is possible in a *pension*, and to have more of their own belongings round them. Unfurnished suites of rooms are not difficult to find, and the rents vary according to the size, situation, and elevation. The French servants are, as a rule, good, and capable of more work than the English, but their wages are high.

A *bonne à tout faire* corresponding to our "general" receives from £25 a year, and often ten francs a month for extras. In addition to this, it is the custom for the servant to do the marketing, and her perquisites from the shops amount to five centimes in the franc. This is rather a regrettable system from the mistress's point of view, as it offers a premium on extravagance to all but the most highly principled cooks.

When the household is large enough to require two servants, a man and his wife are very often employed. Men-servants are much more general than with us, and a good *valet de chambre* is invaluable, as there are few things he cannot turn his hand to. The husband and wife plan is found to answer very well when the two are sufficient for the work, but clouds soon gather on the domestic horizon when an outsider has to be introduced.

But as this paper is intended more especially for the students whose classes make too great a demand on their finances to allow of the conventionalities of ordinary English family life, I shall now give some details as to how many of them live. Two friends of mine took a small *appartement* in a side street in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris. They were studying singing, and, realising that in that profession, more perhaps than in any other, robust health is essential to success, they wisely chose this situation as being the healthiest in the city. Their little flat was two stairs up, and consisted of three rooms and a kitchen. The *salon* was a pretty room, furnished with miscellaneous, nondescript pieces of furniture, picked up here and there in second-hand shops. Photographs, flowers, books, a piano, and liberal supply of music gave it the homely look which made it so attractive and cosy. As one was already a singer of some renown they had many visitors, and they were forced to use their other room as a dining-room, and so were left with only one bed-room. It was large, however, and the French furniture is neither so bulky nor so suggestive of a sleeping apartment as ours is. The kitchen was a tiny corner, but so complete and compact as to delight the heart of any housewife.

Standing at the stove, which was new and easily managed, it was possible to reach almost any article on the shelves round the walls, and cooking was a pleasure rather than a task. The rent of this flat, inclusive of all taxes, was £35 a year. The convenient arrangement of everything—for it was a new building—made it quite unnecessary to keep a maid. Every morning the *concierge* did any heavy work that might be required, and three times a week a charwoman came in, who, for thirty centimes an hour, tidied the house generally, and cooked very appetising little lunches for them.

But even the preparation of their own meals was not a matter of great difficulty. The *charcuterie* shops in Paris are full of tempting dainties, which require little trouble to prepare. Cutlets are dressed, and ready for the frying-pan, halves of roast fowls only require to be heated, and there is a veritable *embarras de choix* in the matter of cold viands for lunch or supper.

But to many students such an expenditure would be an impossibility, so we shall turn to another couple, still more modest in their establishment. As they are art students their rooms are in the heart of the *Quartier Latin*, and are on the fifth floor, two circumstances which imply a more reasonable rent. The 250 francs (£10) asked from them reconciles them to their inconvenient elevation, and, for them, the situation otherwise is ideal. Their own clever fingers and fertile brains have made their little sitting-room into a tasteful, cosy, little *salon*, in which as many happy hours are spent as in the most sumptuous apartments. They consider that their food, which they prepare themselves, costs on an average from ten to twelve francs a week, each, so that their annual expense for board and lodging amounts to something like £30.

When it is necessary to have a studio, however, rents are higher, and £18 is no uncommon price to pay for a studio which serves as work-room, dining-room, bedroom, and *salon*. The room is usually large enough to allow of a curtain being hung across, which can be drawn at will, and so divide the studio proper from the living-room. I know one like this which its owner would not change for the most luxuriant quarters. It has the great merit of having three windows overlooking a garden—a rare advantage of infinite value in the exhausted atmosphere of Paris.

An artist is always able to turn her material to the best account, and what, in itself, would be simply a large unsightly room, is, by means of a few draperies skilfully arranged, the proper placing of a bright bit of colour, etc., transformed into an attractive studio, rendered even more so by the evidence of the owner's individuality. For in a studio there is no room for conventionalities, so each is a fresh pleasure as being the expression of an individual nature. The walls are covered here and there with odd lengths of tapestries, which can be had very cheaply at the Bon Marché during a sale, or even on a Friday, which is the *jour des coupons* at the Maison Boucicault. There is no large bed to assert itself prominently, only a delicious broad couch covered with an artistic rug, which is a joy to the tired eyes by day, and to the weary body at night. A curtain arranged across one corner can conceal any toilette accessories better hidden, and when the cooking utensils are arranged tidily on a shelf, they are not obtrusive. A large screen hung with draperies stands ready behind the model's throne, suggestive brocades are thrown over low lounge chairs, from which they can be taken to be used as backgrounds, an old copper dish is placed where the light catches it, a bit of brilliant blue china brightens a dark corner, and an element of artistic disorder is supplied by numbers of half-finished sketches and studies, photographs, old prints, and Japanese panels.

About the month of July it is possible to pick up odd pieces of furniture at an astonishingly small price. There are always a number of students returning to England at that time, and the walls of the public studios are covered with notices of sales. Other students who intend returning in autumn, are often only too glad to find a tenant for their studio during their absence, and anyone who is willing to risk suffocation by stopping in Paris during the summer months can find accommodation practically gratis.

The *concierge* is a Paris institution unknown in England. He is really the resident representative of the landlord's interests, and lives in a room at the side of the entrance-door, from which all who come in can be seen and watched. At ten o'clock in the evening the street-door is closed, and can only be opened by means of an arrangement of wires coming from the *concierge's* bedroom. Everyone coming home after that hour must call out his name as he passes upstairs, so that the *concierge* may be assured that no intruder has gained admission. The *concierge* also collects the rents, attends to the respective behaviour of the various tenants, receives all letters from the *facteur*, keeps the stairs in order, and, in large houses where the whole building is heated by a *calorifère* in the basement storey, he attends to this from November until March. Much of one's comfort depends on the humour of the *concierge*, and so it is customary to secure his favour by a handsome "tip" on taking possession of the *appartement*, and again at Christmas.

There are one or two rules which householders are bound to observe, and the *concierge* receives and transmits any complaints following on their infringement. Pianos are supposed to be silent by eleven P.M—except on special occasions; any shaking of rugs and carpets over the windows must be done before a certain hour in the morning; and there are one or two other common-sense regulations to which it is no hardship to conform.

As to the necessities of life, there is no doubt that they are dearer in Paris than in London. Butter ranges from two francs a pound upupwards; sugar is sixty centimes, bread is dear, butcher-meat is dear, and poultry is ruinous, so that the reason one can live more economically in Paris than at home is, that it is possible to live in quite a different style without losing one's self-respect, or the respect of one's neighbours. In the student quarters, at least, there is no overwhelming feeling of degradation because of having to do for oneself what the neighbours' servants do for them, for there is a *bon camerade* feeling of equality, irrespective of income and establishment. This feeling has a great charm for those accustomed to the limitations and restrictions which weigh upon all provincial life. There is also a certain congeniality of intercourse which is unusual in ordinary society, for all are working, and nearly all have common interests. Those who have passed through a period of student life in Paris with all its discomforts—which are sometimes great in cold weather—its discouragements, but with its concentration of aim and freedom of action, have never two opinions to give as to its value and its pleasures.



THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

371. How many epistles are included in the New Testament which were written by St. Paul, and bear his name?

372. Give a list (in order of time) of those unquestionably written by him before his first imprisonment at Rome, and state where they were written.

373. Give a list of the epistles written by him during and after his first imprisonment, and state where they were written.

374. What do we know of the Church in Rome up to the date of the epistle addressed to it by St. Paul?

375. State what appears to you the main purposes of the epistle. By whom was it conveyed to Rome?

376. Into what three divisions may the epistle be classified? Indicate any links of connection between the three, and what scheme does it embrace?

377. Who was St. Paul's host at the time that he wrote this epistle? Mention what is known of Priscilla and Aquila.

378. State what you understand about the disputes between the Jewish and Gentile converts.

379. How are the privileges of a Roman citizen illustrated by the case of St. Paul?

380. Did his protest against the breach of the law obtain him justice?

THE DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE apparel of to-day must be held to include all the novelties and changes, not only in fashions, but also in people's opinions about dress, and the various attempts made to guide them in sanitary and wise directions. So I must begin by mentioning our old friend the "Healthy and Artistic Dress Union," which last month issued its Sixth Annual Report. From this it appears that the Union is making steady progress, though somewhat slow, and that it has at present two hundred members. A review of the magazine, *Aglaia*, published by the Union, has already been given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and the committee are anxious to issue a fourth number, which they cannot do while they are hampered by want of funds.

The objects of the Union are to promote all improvements in dress, so that it may be at once consistent with health, comfort, activity, and grace. The main principles advocated by the Union are the abolition of the corset, the adoption of light petticoats and low heels, and the discouragement of extravagant expenditure in dress, and the needlessly frequent changes of fashion. The yearly fee for membership is 4s., and the address of the Hon. Secs. of the "H. and A. D. Union" is 32, Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, N., from whom all information may be obtained.



WINTER JACKET AND CAPE.



THE BUTTERFLY SLEEVE.

Photographs of the costumes, specially commended by the Dress Committee, can be obtained. So our readers can judge for themselves of their appearance and probable effect.

One cannot, of course, pronounce what influence has been at work, but there is no doubt that the extremely-small and much-compressed waist has not only gone out of fashion, but has gone one step further, and become vulgar. The ordinary waist is about twenty-four inches for a woman, or girl of five feet six inches, and anything much under that looks deformed. Of course cycling has done much to cure us of our vitiated taste and fancy for tiny waists, as well as for high and narrow heels and heavy skirts. But, though we have got rid of these forms of ugliness, we are overwhelmed and horrified by the superior young woman, who votes a reasonable time and thought bestowed on her toilette absurd; and cutting her hair short, or twisting it into a bun at the back, she clothes herself in manly garments of cloth, a short coat and waistcoat, diminished skirts, and an uncompromising felt hat. In this unattractive garb she dwells by day and evening, and all observers are at once prejudiced against both her and every cause she espouses. It is not difficult to bear in mind that, even though we may not be beautiful, we can still be attractive and pleasing in our appearance, and that we owe society this much, at least, if not more.

And now to turn to the day's apparel which, as one looks at it, seems to offer but little that is really novel, though some things perhaps have changed their form. Hats are of the tallest; in fact, the new high crown, if worn by a tall woman, makes her look a perfect giant. Some one playfully inquired the other day, "What was the fashionable height for girls?" and the answer was "five feet seven, or eight." And one cannot help noticing how very tall the English girls of to-day really are, whatever we may think of their height being "fashionable" or not. The late Mr. Du Maurier is said to have been the originator of the very tall girl, by his portrayal of her in the columns of *Punch*, and we suppose she must have "grown to order." The Tyrolese hat, with its pointed crown, which is sometimes six inches high, has the effect of increasing people's height to a marvellous degree. Some of the felt hats have very tall round crowns, which are trimmed with high bands of white, or cream-coloured velvet; and these have plumes of ostrich feathers, and large coloured rosettes on one side, and gold and silver embroideries are often seen on them. White felt hats trimmed with black velvet and black cocks' feathers are very elegant; and I notice that the hats are worn a little higher above the eyes, and not quite so straight as they were worn in the summer. "Toques" are so very becoming and comfortable, that they are always a delightful form of headgear, and so I am glad to see they are quite as fashionable as they were; but the velvet crowns are more voluminous; and I do not much admire the use of flowers of pale hues in the winter. The white veil, in every form, retains its popularity, and all hat veils require to be gathered for a length of about four inches in the immediate front, in order to make them drape over the brim in the orthodox manner. The hair is much waved, but not so finely *crêped* over the face; and the standing-out twist at the back is still worn. While some people have begun



CLOTH DRESS WITH VELVET BANDS.

to wear the hair very much on the top of the head, I notice that others have lowered it nearly to the nape of the neck; so we are, I suppose, in a state of transition, as the winter season can hardly be said to have quite set in till Christmas gaieties have begun.

Amongst the winter materials, plush is the most fashionable for capes, mantles, gowns and coats. For little children's coats plush, especially in white, seems almost the only material for this winter; but, of course, beaver-cloth, poplin, and box-cloth are seen for less grand occasions. Children's out-of-door mantles are loose, as they were last winter, and the little Puritan bonnets are as much worn; two kinds, however, being seen, the close and simple, and that with a plain front, and high full crown, like the very old-fashioned widows' caps of the last century.

For evening-gowns, picture dresses are much in vogue. These resemble those seen in the Venetian pictures of the seventeenth century, and those of Spanish beauty, of the same period. The front breadth of nearly all the new evening-gowns is of a handsome brocade; and the sleeves are often slashed with the same.

I hear of an immense revival (owing to the last two months of rainy weather) in the waterproof trade; and the stocks in London have actually run out.

Skirts, although not quite as wide as they were, are quite as much stiffened, I think, and hang in the same regular folds. There is more fulness at the back than there was in the summer, and the fronts are fitted with extreme accuracy. Some are trimmed, but I do not know that this style will take. Certainly, silk skirts can bear a deep flounce, but cloth and serge can only adopt bands and flat trimmings. Velvet and silk are quite revived as materials for indoor dress; and amongst the most beautiful of the winter materials are the printed velvets, the *moiré* brocades, with *chiné* designs, and the lovely jewel-embroideries. For blouses we have Paisley patterned velvets and velveteens; silks of all kinds, especially striped ones, and some few tartans have made their appearance. "Vyella" and other kinds of printed flannels are very warm and look neat when made with white linen collars and cuffs. Blouses of light-hued flannels have neckbands and waistbands of coloured velvets, and are worn with dark skirts; and some of the silk blouses of a smarter kind are trimmed with both fur and lace.

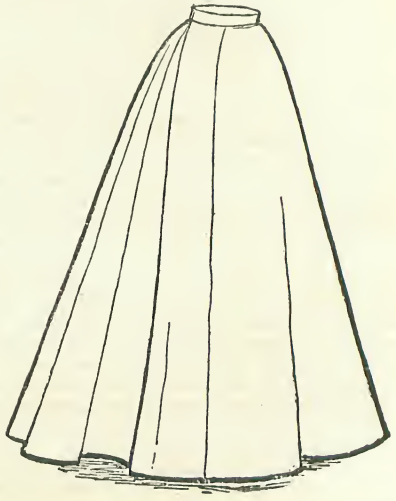
The illustration gives the newest shape of the butterfly sleeve with a rosette; a buckle is sometimes used to replace the rosette, but whatever it is, the effect is graceful and new. The bodice worn by the other figure is a cross-over bodice of Paisley-patterned velvet, of very elegant cut and make, with jewel-embroidery. The cloth dress with velvet bands has a short basque at the back, ending in a rounded form on each front, a band of velvet which goes round the waist; and there are *brételles* of velvet which reach to the end of the basques at the back, leaving an opening in the centre. The sleeves of this dress are rather novel. They are coat sleeves of a very plain cut, with a piece of material put on as a sort of cape. The front of the skirt of this gown was trimmed with bands of velvet.

The jacket in our illustration is one of plain seal-plush, with fur trimmings, and the cape is of printed velvet, with a stand-up collar of ermine and a lining of ordinary grey fur. Capes seem quite as much in favour as jackets, and one of the West End houses has made a speciality of red capes, which look stylish and very comfortable.

The new jackets of the winter are double-breasted in nearly every case, and have very handsome buttons of various kinds. In many cases the backs are loose like the sack-backed coats of last winter. Another new style is quite short, with full basques, but not fluted, and bishops' sleeves. The waist is finished with a handsomely-beaded belt, which has a large-sized buckle in front. With these short jackets, and equally fashionable, we find very long and magnificent mantles, reaching to the hem of the gown, for carriage wear. These are so handsome as to be suitable only for the very rich, and are generally too heavily trimmed to be worn in walking.

The pattern selected for the month is that of a winter skirt, with six widths; the backs of skirts, being still of the fluted order, though not so wide, must be stiffened, and very carefully lined and made-up. Short skirts are still in fashion, and will be most convenient for the winter, when the days, if not snowy, are usually muddy and dirty, and a lifted skirt is a fatigue and a worry.

All patterns are of medium size. No turnings allowed. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.



NEW SKIRT FOR WINTER. (*Paper pattern.*)

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"'TIS A LOVE TOKEN, I RECKON."

"It is in men as in soils—where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of."—*Dean Swift.*

"MARCUS, I have an idea."

Olivia had been sitting for some time in a brown study, staring into the red caverns, where the yellow fire-elves were beating out their rainbow gold on their glowing, hissing anvils.

It was in the gloaming, and the little sitting room was warm and cosy. Dot was on her mother's lap, toasting her pink toes gleefully, and chuckling over them in baby fashion. And Marcus, who had finished his day's work, had left off trying to read by the light of the flickering flame, and was indulging in a furtive doze. He roused up when Olivia's clear voice broke the silence.

"Marcus, do you hear me? I have such a nice plan."

"Is it a riddle?" he returned lazily. "I give it up." Then he contemplated his small daughter with much satisfaction. "I wonder none of you advanced women have ever turned your attention to baby-language," he observed presently; "we are studying the ape-vocabulary, you know. Dot has got quite a little language of her own. As far as I can make out each sentence is finished off with a 'gurgle-doe.' Something between the 'gobble, gobble' of a turkey and the coo of the ring-dove. I suppose it all means something."

"Means something!" and Olivia kissed the little rings of curly hair with passionate fondness. "Of course my girlie means something! I understand her as well as possible. She is scolding the fire, because it has burnt her dear little toes. Look, she is showing them to me. Naughty fire, to burn my baby." And thereupon followed one of those maternal and infantine duets, which appear such hopeless jargon to the masculine mind.

To Marcus it had a lulling effect, his eyes began to blink drowsily again, but Olivia, who had passed a solitary day, was not disposed for silence.

"You are not a bit curious about my plan, dear," she said presently. "I have been thinking so much of that sad, sad speech of Mr. Gaythorne's yesterday. I cannot bear to think of him alone all Christmas Day, with only the ghosts of happier years to haunt him."

"There is no need for him to be alone," returned Marcus coolly. "He could invite us to supper. Why don't you propose it, Livy? You seem to say anything that comes into your head. I would undertake to amuse him, and drive all the grey and black spirits away." But Olivia only looked at him rebukingly.

"Marcus, it is so tiresome that you will always joke when I want to be serious. Now, do give me a straightforward answer, if you can. Shall you have any visits to pay on Christmas Day?"

"My dear child, how can you expect me to answer in that off-hand way, and without consulting my visiting list? Well, if you must know," as Olivia uttered an impatient exclamation, "I shall have to go up to the models after tea, to see that poor woman who was confined yesterday. The baby is not likely to live; and then I shall look in on Travers. I don't suppose I shall be out more than an hour."

"Oh, that will do nicely," returned his wife in a satisfied tone. "Marcus, do you know I have made up my mind to pay Mr. Gaythorne a surprise visit on Christmas evening. We are always back by six, and I know he does not dine until half-past seven. Do you think I dare venture? You see, I have never been without an invitation yet."

"And you actually mean 'to beard the lion in his den, and Douglas in his hall,'" spouted Marcus. And then in his ordinary voice, "Well, you might try it, if you like; but I should not be surprised if you got snubbed. Christmas ghosts have a ghastly effect, and rub a man up the wrong way."

"Oh, I will take my chance of that," returned Olivia cheerfully. "Now I will put Dot to bed, and leave you to finish your nap in peace."

"Thank goodness!" was on the tip of Marcus's tongue, but he refrained and only curled himself up afresh in his easy chair. He had sat up late over his books the previous night, wasting lamp-oil and coals, as his wife had remarked rather severely, and the cold air, with a touch of frost in it, had made him sleepy.

Olivia had been bristling all day, like a blissful porcupine, with little plans and surprises: first, she had actually saved out of Aunt Madge's Christmas gift enough money to buy Marcus another of Thackeray's novels; last Christmas she had given him *The Newcomes*, and this year she had fixed on *Esmond*.

Marcus was devoted to Thackeray, and thirsted for a complete set of his works, but at present only *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* were on his modest bookshelves. Neither the husband nor wife thought it right to spend even those few shillings on the purchase of books, when they could make use of the Free Library.

The new copy of *Esmond* looked decidedly inviting, with its clean, uncut pages, and then there was really a handsome work-bag for Aunt Madge, fashioned by Olivia's skilful fingers out of a yard of cretonne. Olivia had already received her Christmas presents and had nothing to expect. Her new outfit, and Dot's pelisse, and Martha's wages were all birthday and Christmas gifts. Nevertheless when Marcus came on Christmas Eve to hang up their scanty store of holly, he was met by his wife's excited face.

"Oh, Marcus!" she exclaimed, "I thought you would never come home; there is such a hamper from Galvaston House, and I am waiting for you to open it. And oh! do you know, dear, Aunt Madge has sent us some of her delicious mince pies, and a Christmas cake!"

"She is a good old soul," returned Marcus fervently. "By-the-bye, Olive, could not we have supper earlier? for this sharp air—and it is freezing hard, let me tell you—has made me as hungry as a hunter." And as Olivia conceded this point graciously, he was induced to follow her to the small kitchen, where Martha, all smiles and excitement, awaited them.

Martha had her best dress on, for she was going round to her mother's presently, with her little store of Christmas gifts: a red knitted shawl for her mother and half a pound of tea, a comforter for her father, and some warm cuffs for the boys, and gingerbread-nuts and some oranges for the children, to which Olivia had added a bag of mixed sweets.

Martha's round eyes widened with amazement when the hamper was opened, and a plump turkey, and a fine York ham came to view; there were also half-a-dozen bottles of old port-wine for Dr. Luttrell, with Mr. Gaythorne's compliments, and a box of candied fruit and a jar of preserved ginger for his wife.

"Oh, Marcus! is not this kind?" Olivia's voice was almost awe-struck, her acquaintance with turkeys had hitherto been strictly limited to a partial view of their limp bodies as they dangled above her in the poulterers' shops, now her little larder would be filled to overflowing.

"Shall I step across and thank him, while you put those things away?" suggested Marcus. And as Olivia agreed to this, he caught up his hat and vanished.

When everything was safely stowed away, and Martha had been made supremely happy by the gift of two mince pies for her mother, and had trotted off red in the face with excitement, Olivia busied herself in getting the supper ready. The unsightly remains of a cold shoulder of mutton had been transformed into tempting rissoles. Olivia always treated her husband to a hot supper on Christmas Eve. Potatoes cooked in their coats, and a couple of Deborah's mince pies, finished off the *menu*, to which Marcus did ample

justice. Afterwards he hung up their holly, and then Olivia fetched her work-basket, and Marcus went on with the novel that he was reading aloud, and both of them looked at the clock in amazement, when Martha's modest ring told them the evening was over.

When Marcus put on his new great-coat the next morning, he shrugged his shoulders as he opened the front-door. Instead of the frost he had expected, the icy coldness of the air and the heavy aspect of the wintry sky were premonitory signs of a snow-storm.

"It is hardly fit for you to go out," he said as Olivia joined him, but she only smiled at him, her vigorous young strength was proof against the cold.

"We must hurry, Marcus," she said briskly, "or we shall be late, and I want to enjoy my Christmas service," for she had already arranged to take care of Dot during the morning, while Martha went to church. Marcus had his rounds, and would fetch her in time for the early dinner at Maybrick Villas.

The quiet service in the warm, well-lighted church was very soothing and refreshing. As Olivia knelt beside her husband, her heart swelled with thankfulness for countless blessings. "I have not deserved to be so happy," she said to herself, as she thought of her two treasures.

Martha had breakfast ready for them on their return, and Olivia hurried upstairs to take off her hat. She was just stepping into the dining-room, when Marcus caught hold of her, and blindfolded her playfully.

"No, you are not to look yet!" he said teasingly. "There is a surprise in store for you." But as he took his hands from her eyes, she uttered a little cry of ecstasy.

On the breakfast-table, propped up with books, was a small framed picture, the very cornfield, with the brown baby asleep under the hedge, and the old terrier guarding it, that she had so admired. A card, with Mr. Gaythorne's compliments and Christmas greeting, was beside it.

"What do you think of your friend now, Livy?"

But Olivia seemed to have no answer ready, her lips trembled, and the tears gathered in her bright eyes. Marcus, who was almost as pleased as she was, patted her on the shoulder kindly, and bade her pour out the coffee, but for a long time Olivia could not be induced to go on with her breakfast.

"If only I could take it to show Aunt Madge!" she said at last. But Marcus negatived this at once; the picture was heavy, and the damp, cold air might injure it.

That was a happy morning to Olivia, as she played with Dot, and then sang her to sleep. When Marcus came home he told her to wrap up as warmly as possible. "The damp quite gets into one's bones," he said; and even Olivia owned that it was disagreeably cold.

Aunt Madge received them with her usual kind welcome, but she looked at her niece with a queer expression.

"Livy," she said, "I feel as though I were living in the days of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. I had to pinch myself this morning to be sure I was not dreaming. What do you think our dear old magician has done now?" And as she pointed to the table beside her, Olivia saw the picture of the ruined church, and the old shepherd in his tattered smock. "'Tis a love token, I reckon," repeated Aunt Madge, but her voice was not quite steady. As for Olivia, the tears were fairly running down her face.

"Dear Aunt Madge, I do love him for this. What do you think, he has sent me the picture of the cornfield that I described to you, and such a hamper of good things!"

"Yes, and a brace of pheasants have come to me. Livy, do you know what that picture means to me? I have just been feasting my eyes on it all the morning. I mean to get an easel and stand it at the foot of my couch, with that Indian scarf of mine just draped over it; won't it cheer me up on one of my bad days when I can't read or work, and even thinking is too hard for my poor head? 'Tis a love token, I reckon,' I shall just say that to myself."

"Marcus, I shall have to pay that visit," observed Olivia desperately. "Oh dear, if only we could do something in return for him! Don't laugh at me, you tiresome boy; it is all very well for you, you are doing him a good turn every day, that is why it is so grand to be a doctor, but Aunt Madge and I want to have our share too."

"Take off your hat, Livy," interrupted Aunt Madge, "for I hear Deb dishing up the dinner, and Marcus looks blue in the face with cold and hunger." And at this reminder Olivia hurried.

Mrs. Broderick always gave them the same dinner, a roast fowl and a piece of boiled ham, with plum pudding and mince pies to follow, but Deborah's cookery always gave it a different and most delicious flavour.

When dinner was over they sat by the fire and roasted chestnuts, and talked softly to each other, while Aunt Madge dozed. She roused up when Deb brought in the tea-things, and chatted in her old bright way, but Marcus's professional eyes detected lassitude, and in spite of her entreaties took his wife away rather earlier than usual.

"Livy," observed Aunt Madge as her niece stooped over her to kiss her, "I have not been able to write a note of thanks to Mr. Gaythorne yet, but will you tell him that I have not had such a Christmas gift as that since my husband left me, and that I have been praying for him off and on all day, that he may have his heart's desire—there, tell him that——" And then she sank back wearily on her pillows.

(To be continued.)

"CÆSAR'S MILK-WHITE DOE."

WHERE fancy leads, there wanders she,
Without restraint, unchecked and free,
Through stately streets, through Forum wide,
Or down by yellow Tiber's side;
Not greenwood cool, but ancient Rome
Her haunt, a palace is her home.
A dainty creature, stainless white,
Her form with wreaths of flowers bedight
While round her slender neck she wears
A golden band that on it bears
Great Cæsar's name.

No fear she knows, her timid heart
Is ne'er distressed by sudden start
Through wanton sport; her eyes' soft light
Is never dimmed from wild affright.
All unmolested and secure
She roams abroad from hill to shore,
While dainty nibblings, here and there
She takes from herb and flow'ret fair.
There's none in Rome who doth not know
'Twere death to harm the milk-white doe,
And certain shame.

Thus, gentle maidens, may ye too
The perils of the world pass through,
With milk-white souls and hearts of gold,
With eyes that may their King behold
Undimmed by fear, while here ye roam
As pilgrims towards your heavenly home;
Sweet fragrance scattering everywhere
From virtue's flowers that make ye fair.
To all the world your mark reveal
The Master's name and Royal Seal
Which guards your fame.

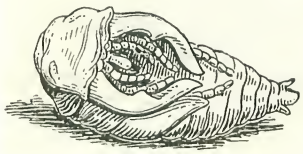
E. C. S.

ANCHOR.

A STAG-BEETLE STUDY.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

People in general do not consider a beetle an interesting pet. A butterfly or moth may be tolerated, a grasshopper may have some redeeming qualities, a certain tame wasp has received much public notice, and ants are positively fashionable as subjects for study;



STAG-BEETLE CHRYSALIS.

but a beetle is generally characterised as "horrid," and anyone liking such a creature is at once considered eccentric. Nevertheless I am prepared at all risks to say a good word for my pet stag-beetle, and shall endeavour to create a sympathetic interest in an insect which I, at any rate, have found worthy of attention and study.

It has never been my lot to reside where these beetles are found; they only occur locally, and yet in certain counties they seem to exist in abundance. A fine male specimen, with well-developed horns, was forwarded to me from Kent, but, unfortunately, it arrived when I was absent from home. As no one in my household seemed to covet the task of caring for the beetle, a council was held, and it was decided that the insect should be again committed to the tender mercies of the post, and forwarded to me in Hampshire.

I feared that thus having had to travel through no fewer than four counties, I should find that the poor beetle had died on the exhausting second journey, but, on the contrary, when I opened the box he lifted up a formidable pair of antlers, and surveyed me with a glance of inquiring surprise.

The most important matter in keeping a pet animal is to ascertain its congenial food, and endeavour to make it as happy as possible in captivity. Insects in this respect present a peculiar difficulty, as one hardly ever obtains any help from books. One may take down a scientific work on beetles, for instance, and find *Lucanus servus*, the stag-beetle; there will follow a full description, probably in



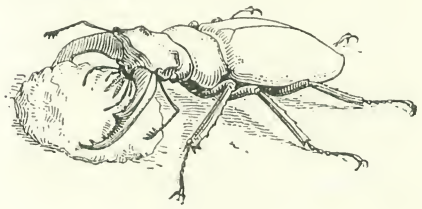
STAG-BEETLE FLYING.

Latin, of all its parts, and some slight sketch of its life-history, but about its daily food a discreet silence is sure to be maintained. This is probably on account of the difficulty of obtaining exact information upon that point. This difficulty is increased in the case of nocturnal insects which, like the stag-beetle, fly about in tree-branches where, no doubt, they find some sort of food when they are far beyond our reach and sight.

All I could do was to offer my new pet one thing after another, in the hope that I might at last hit upon a diet suited to his taste.

He very decidedly disapproved of meat, insects, bread or grain, so I was puzzled to think what next to offer. Having read somewhere that the horns of this creature are said to be used for piercing the bark of trees in order to obtain the sap, and supposing it might be of a sweet nature, I thought that possibly sugar might be acceptable; a small lump was moistened with a few drops of cream, and for half an hour I could see the beetle's mouth-apparatus sucking in the sweet food with great apparent relish.

He lowered his horns so as to hold the sugar firmly between them, and seemed quite intent upon this dainty, which he certainly must have tasted for the first time in his life. After a time I discovered that strawberry jam or a piece of banana served with cream and sugar, entirely met the taste of this highly-refined and luxurious beetle.



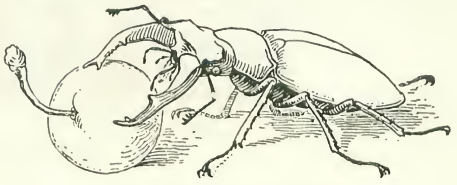
ANCHOR FEEDING.

Now occurred the necessity of finding a name appropriate to the new pet, and it was soon suggested by one of his personal habits. It is needless to say the creature possesses six legs, and each leg terminates in two curved hooks; by all these twelve hooks the beetle clings with might and main to whatever it is resting upon. I could not help frequently remarking, "Here is this creature anchored to my shawl again," and in this way the new pet obtained his name of "Anchor;" I must admit that ever after he lived up to his title.

The stag-beetle's name and diet being settled, a home was the next thing to be arranged. For the first few hours the creature roamed about upon the table and kept appearing in unexpected places, greatly to the terror of the hotel maid-servant, who dared hardly enter the room to lay the cloth for luncheon; her first sight of Anchor's uplifted horns evoked such a loud scream from the poor maiden, that I was compelled to devise some method of keeping the beetle in discreet custody. A glass box, with one side left open for air, enabled me to watch his habits when at his ease, and formed a travelling-cage in which Anchor reached The Grove in safety.

It may be of interest to my readers to be told something of the life-history of this, the largest of our English land-beetles. The stag-beetle is a member of the *Lamellicorn* family of beetles, a word signifying "leaf-horned," a term applied to those beetles whose antennæ is composed of a series of flat plates, or leaves. The male alone possesses the antlers, from which the species takes its name; the female has small but powerful jaws, with which she can bite severely, and is on that account a more formidable insect than her mate, who, as far as my experience goes, never uses his horns offensively.

My specimen is rather more than two inches



ANCHOR INVESTIGATING.

in length, of blackish-brown colour, holding his well-armed head erect, as if he felt himself a very king amongst other beetles. Some decaying oak or willow trunk is chosen by the female beetle as a nursery for her eggs, which she deposits in a little hole dug out by her powerful fore-legs. Several writers appear to think that the larva of this beetle was the *cossus* of the Romans, which they regarded as a delicacy. Even without the fattening process to which it was subjected in those olden days, it grows in the course of four or five years into a huge ungainly grub, with legs which are so short that it cannot walk, it only rolls sluggishly along upon its side, feeding upon rotten wood. When full grown it builds a cocoon out of chips of the decayed wood around it, and turns into a strange kind of chrysalis, in which the form of the future beetle can be distinctly traced. The insect in its perfect state does no damage to tree-trunks, seeming to prefer abiding amongst the upper branches.

My interesting captive proves to be very fond of water; plunging his head below the surface he will continue drinking for a minute or more, and when thus engaged, or sucking up his sugary food, his horns are always kept closed, at other times they are slightly apart, but if at all irritated Anchor holds himself very erect, with the horns widely opened in a menacing attitude; it appears, however, to be only a menace, for he has never attempted to use them defensively, or laid hold of my finger when I lifted him out of his box.

Only once did I see Anchor really use his horns in any way, and that was in a grotesque sort of fashion, for he caught up his lump of



ANCHOR ANGRY.

sugar and flung it up two or three times, playing ball with it, as if in a merry mood.

I should much like to see the gauzy pair of wings that I know are lying, neatly folded, under his black wing-cases, but nothing will induce Anchor to unfold them. No doubt, were he to find himself in the dusky twilight of a warm June evening on the topmost bough

of an oak-tree, he would soon take flight and join his kith and kin, as they sail heavily to and fro on work or play intent. On the inner side of each fore-leg there is a patch of yellow down, which, when examined with a lens, is seen to be a little velvet brush, and with this the beetle is able to cleanse its antennæ. I often watch Anchor doing this, drawing his antennæ completely back, so as to bring them in contact with the yellow brush on each fore-leg, until every speck of dust is removed.

When I had fed and tended Anchor for about a month, I became absolutely certain that the creature knew me, for if placed on the lawn he would follow me in any direction; as I went to the right or left, so he altered his course, not as a mere accident, but invariably. How long this curious insect may survive his artificial life I do not know; now, at the end of five weeks, he appears to be in excellent health, and enjoys his daily exercise and repasts of sweet food.

In studying my stag-beetle's habits, I have become more than ever persuaded that, even in forms comparatively so low in the scale of life as the insects, there is much of personal and characteristic habit to be observed by those who will give close and patient attention to these humble forms, not mouldering in a glass-case transfixed by a pin, but in a living captivity, made agreeable for them by a careful consideration of their needs and probable pleasures.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "ON SHOOTER'S HILL."

SOLUTION.

ON SHOOTER'S HILL.

RONDEAU.

O, life is sweet on Shooter's Hill
With may-bloom and the daffodil!
O paradise 'twixt earth and sky—
A portal whence you may espy
Both country, town—and take your fill.

Pulsates on right the city's thrill,
Upon the left sleeps country still,
And as between the two I lie,
O, life is sweet!

On clover beds I watch the mill
And hear the ever-babbling rill,
While ozone from the Thames hard by
Supports lone lovers as they sigh,
Yes, here—where work and care would kill
O, life is sweet!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Maud L. Ansell, The Woodlands, Ongar Road, Brentwood.
Rose D. Davis, St. George's School, Roundhay, Leeds.
Lilian Holloway, Thame, Oxon.
P. L. Moore, 177, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.
Violet E. Reynolds, The Paddock, Thetford.
Chas. D. Stephens, 38, Ridge St. Landport.
Constance R. Tasker, Friary Rd. Handsworth, Birmingham.
L. M. Todd, North Petherton, Bridgwater.
Hubert Tutte, 10, West St., Fareham, Hants.

Very Highly Commended.

Margaret Archdale, E. H. Brookfield, Mary I. Chislett, J. S. Clemens, Mrs. Hill, Grace E. Hunt, "Iseult," Edith Ison, Annie G. Luck, Miss Stevenson, Eleanor Taylor, Florence Whitlock, Josephine Woodrow.

Highly Commended.

Margaret Bailey, Mrs. L. A. Belling, Mary Bolingbroke, Agnes B. Chettle, Catherine Collins, Helen M. Coulthard, Herbert V. French, M. C. I. Frood, Mrs. Gotch, Mrs. Harris, Rhoda Harrison, Julia A. Hennen, Rose A. Hooppell, Mrs. Hopewell, J. Hunt, Mildred M. C. Little, Mrs. Donald McAlister, Mrs. C. T. McCready, E. T. Macnaghten, Milly Merritt, Miss F. Miller, E. A. O'Donoghue, May M. Oliver, Laura Pickworth, F. A. Powell, Ellen M. Price, C. H. Row, Florence E. Russell, Gertrude de Saffery, Amy Seaward, Fanny Shepard, Violet Shoberl, Ethel Tomlinson, Mrs. Watherston, A. T. Watson, G. S. Wilkins, Richard T. Wood, Alice P. Wotton.

Honourable Mention.

Miss Arrow, Edith Ashworth, Annie E. Atkinson, Dora Barling, Edith Bell, Rev. S. Bell, E. Benson, E. Blunt, Mrs. Burney, Rev. Wm. Butcher, A. C. Carter, Mabel Collard, M. A. C. Crabb, Margaret Craven, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. Cumming, Beatrice Dorrell, Hilda Dring, Leonard Duncan, Wm. Eden, M. Grundy, Henry Hayward, Jennie B. Hill, Lizzie A. Hooper, Mrs. Illingworth, Mrs. Johnson, Walter C. Jones, Fred. T. Joy, Evelyn Long, M. Loraine-Grews, E. Mastin, Wm. H. Mugford, Margaret Oliver, Carlina Leggett, Mrs. May, F. A. Powell, Mrs. Prestige, Mildred Richardson, Mrs. Janet Scott, Ethel J. Shepard, Helen Shilstone, Jenny Smedley, Ellen C. Tarrant, Violet C. Todd, Mrs. Trenfield, Kate Underwood, Miss A. Whitley, Susan Whitlock, Florence Wood, Louise Wotton, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

According to all tradition, an owl is a hooter, and if one owl is a hooter two owls will be hooters. Following this line of thought it is clear that s *owls hill* becomes Shooter's Hill, and it is seldom indeed that the connection between ornithology and topography is so clearly and beautifully shown.

And who has not heard of Shooter's Hill in the county of Kent, with London on the one hand and the "Garden of England" on the other—to say nothing of the "Thames hard by"? Truly we did not know it possessed all the charms attributed to it by our poet, and probably they exist only for those happy mortals who can read into Nature a good deal that is not there, but it is at least a hill, and its situation might be worse.

Naturally enough, many solvers, whose geographical knowledge falls something short of perfection, converted s owls into souls. The rendering is such excellent Irish, that we should have looked kindly upon it had it not left the first line a syllable too short. Another reading, "Swallow's Hill," is more difficult to understand, but it comes from such an expert solver, that we are sure there must be some mysterious explanation.

There is little to say about the puzzle as a whole. Nearly all of it was solved by a very large majority of competitors. Line 3 was the real difficulty, but the right solution was constantly given. In line 4 "gateway" was adjudged to be equal with "portal." The clover seems to have baffled many, the reason being that, in most instances, the solver guessed at "tulip" without a thought. We admit that the drawing is of an exceptionally fine variety of clover, but that ought not to have been a serious difficulty. Furthermore, the grass and the presence of the characteristic three-fold leaf (indistinct but *there*) ought to have put tulip out of court. And, after all, it is not at all usual to lie upon a tulip bed, even under the influence of much greater excitement than that afforded by watching a mill.

The supports in line 13 were generally identified, but here and there among the solutions we found "braces," and once or twice "railing." Now ozone, especially Thames ozone, has many peculiar properties, and it is well able to support, or brace, even a lonely lover; but one must surely be a lonely lover indeed to imagine that the very ozone was railing (scoffing) at him. Still, a sensitive lover's imagination is a very impressionable thing, and in the way of flights of fancy little comes amiss to it.

But we have said enough; it is really astonishing what food for reflection on all kinds of topics these puzzles provide!

With our next report will be published the award of the consolation prize for the year 1895-6.

A BAD SERVANT.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Very Highly Commended.

Edith McLeod Hayne (Montreal), Clara J. Hardy (Melbourne), Edith L. Williamson (Calcutta.)

Highly Commended.

Louise Laurie (Barbados), Lily Lindenberg (Cape Town), M. D. M. MacLaren (Italy), Mrs. Morison (Manitoba), Violet Nixon (Beyrout), Mary Ruttonji (India), Florence Stephenson (South Africa).

Honourable Mention.

Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Elsie Hayne Fox (Rangoon), Olga Seifert (Barbados).

Not one solution was equal to those which obtained prizes in the home competition, but the first three were almost perfect.

SUMMER SPICES.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Very Highly Commended.

Florence E. Bapty (Bombay), A. Stewart Campbell (Detroit, U. S. A.), Iola Tuck, (British Columbia.)

Highly Commended.

Fanny Ada Edmonds (Malvern, Australia).

Honourable Mention.

Lily Anderson (Neuchâtel), Nora Crawford (Bengal), Miss M. Gabbett (Rangoon), Mrs. E. J. Jones (Bombay), Katherine J. Knop (Madras Pres.).

RULES FOR PUZZLE POEM.

*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed :—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.

3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.

4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be January 16, 1897; from Abroad, March 16, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN SHOES AND STOCKINGS.—1. The expression "French leave" appears to have arisen from the ancient custom of French armies on their marches taking whatever they required without payment, or even leaving any promise of it.—2. You should say, "May I introduce Miss Smith? Miss Smith—Miss Brown;" or, if a case of married and unmarried persons, introduce Miss Smith to Mrs. Brown.

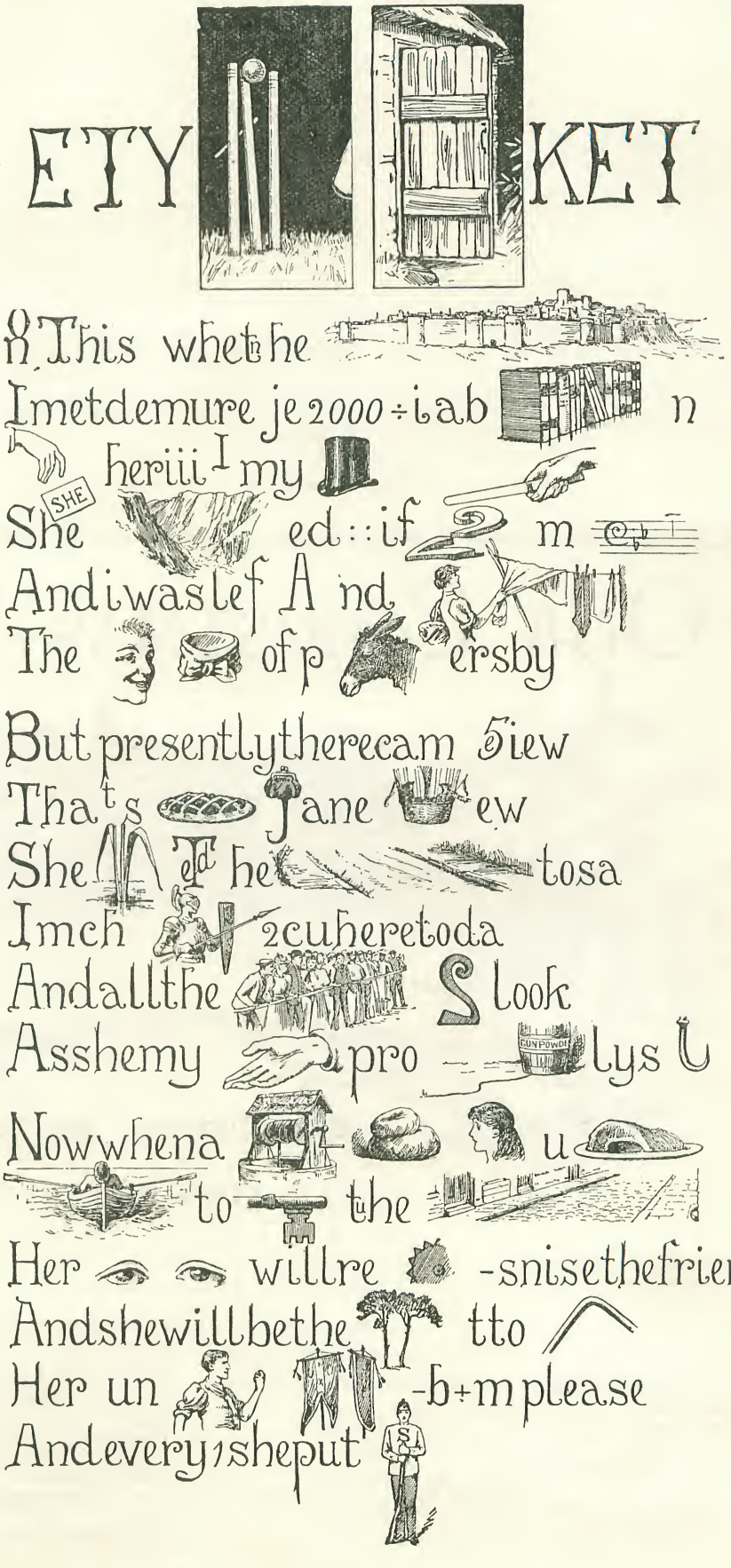
AURORA.—To clean and block a hat. First procure a jug, jar, or bottle, the end of which fits into the crown of the hat to be cleaned; and when so placed, scrub with a soft nail-brush, using a mild solution of chloride of lime and water—a teaspoonful of the former to half a pint of the latter. Should the hat be much sunburnt or soiled, use a little stronger solution. Be careful not to damp the hat too much. When the cleaning is thoroughly done, turn the hat crown downwards upon a clean cloth (the jar still inside it) to dry. This process should be slowly effected, and away from the fire, so that it should not become warped.

ANXIOUS.—We should consider that the responsibility of the teacher ends when once the child has left the school and gone into the street. Then the parent should look after it, and should, if anxious, both send and fetch the child to and from school. We notice that this is constantly done in France, where a servant is usually sent with them.

M. L.—No, not of American origin, save that the word "skid" is used out there, and is applied to a piece of timber used for supporting anything, or along which something is rolled or moved. The past participle is skidded, present, skidding. Dickens uses the word skid, and applies it to a piece of wood with which wheels were checked in going down hill. The word is very ancient Anglo-Saxon, in fact belongs to all the Northern tongues. It is *shide* in Anglo-Saxon and *skid* in Icelandic. The word in German is *scheiden*, to separate, or divide; and may mean a billet of wood split off, or a splinter, and as such it is used in provincial English. We do not get *all* our new words from America, many of them are "as old as the hills."

M. CARR.—There is a Home of Rest for Nurses and others at Ilfracombe—Pano Chung. Write to the Secretary, Miss M. E. Smith.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



CHURCH BELLS.—Fair people are becoming more and more scarce of late years. In all countries, and in all ages, it is and has been the man that pays his court to the woman, not the woman to the man. To break through this universal rule would be to show a grievous lack of that maidenly reserve and delicacy, as well as dignity of feeling, that should be prominent characteristics in a woman's character. The result would be disastrous to future happiness. A man does not value what can be *obtained so cheaply*. Is not the common phrase familiar to you (of application to such a case of lack of self-respect in a girl) "she threw herself at his head?" To show a man that you reciprocate his affection when he has asked you to be his wife, is quite a different matter.

LOLA.—The hour said to be "between the dog and the wolf" is the "Vesper hour," at twilight; for it is then neither day nor night. The phrase may have been suggested by the sea-term "dog-watch," beginning at 4 A.M.

MYSIE.—Twist your hair loosely at the back of your head at night, and give it a slight touch of "brilliantine" to add a little glossiness to it. We are glad you think our magazine "perfect."

ALICE.—On no account "rub carbolic acid into your face." Wear a veil, and use a parasol when in the sunshine. Freckles are often natural and constitutional; and nothing of a harmless character will remove them.

A. L.—We think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might obtain this information for you. There is also one specially on behalf of the birds killed wholesale for their plumage, of which no doubt they could give particulars.

WILLING TO LEARN.—We do not recommend quack patent medicines. How could you expect us to do so, when we do not know what they contain? Consult a medical man if out of health.

SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.—1. Except when the name is given in print, on some educational advertisement, or a book of which the individual is the author, it is not usual to add "M.A." after the name; but "D.D.," "M.D.," or "F.R.S." might be written on an envelope addressed to them.—2. If you wish to make *Potpourri*, see vol. xvi., page 560.

C. E. A. (Nova Scotia).—The name Belvoir, is pronounced Beaver; Beauchamp, as Beacham; Dalziel, as Dal-zel: Colquhoun, as Co-hoon; Wemys, as Weems; and Cholmondely, as Chumley.

ERNEST F.—Every one has not a gift for teaching. It is an art; and one unqualified would rather tire and discourage the scholars. But you might sit by a good teacher and learn what to do. Set the texts and the hymns to be learnt, and hear them next Sunday. You could get a small Child's Catechism, and ask questions out of it, and set the mistakes of the children right from it. Do not give up your meetings, but continue to work as before. Above all, ask for Divine teaching and a blessing on all you endeavour to do, and do not feel out of heart.

BEARD.—We can only recommend the use of tweezers, and gentle rubbing, when you soap your face to wash it, with pumice-stone.

ESSEX.—There is an art-work depot for ladies' work at 251, Brompton Road, S.W. Address, Lady Eden; and there is another at the Crystal Palace; Hon. Sec., Miss Mercy, Thornhill House, Dulwich Wood Park, S.E.

R. O. B.—We do not recommend patent medicines. You had better consult a doctor. If the eruption be accompanied by irritation it may be occasioned by acidity in the system. Perhaps it is nettle-rash, and you need advice such as we are neither authorised nor capable of giving, as we do not know from which of two causes it proceeds in your case.

CATHERINE S.—We do not see the connection between type-writing and piano practice. How could you imagine that the latter art would assist you as a type-writer?

MILLINER.—We are very glad that our paper helps you so much in your daily life. Some likenesses of a few of our writers, and contributors of music and illustrations have appeared in our volumes. See the binding of last year's volume, when we gave about twenty portraits of contributors.

COUNTRY GIRL.—The Flower Mission may be heard of from Miss Twisaday, 13, Eastbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W. Write to her. We think that gifts of flowers would be very acceptable to the Society of Watchers and Workers for Invalids. Secretary, Miss A. Randolph, Bayford, Hertford.

G. L. G.—Your mode of addressing farm-labourers and villagers depends upon circumstances. You should speak to the wife as "Mrs. So-and-So;" and of her to her husband as "your wife." If you have known them very well for a long time, you might speak to the man by either of his names, and to the wife about him as "your husband."

MADGE.—A hair specialist might do something to arrest the coming of grey hair; but we are unable to help you. It may be hereditary; and, at least, it is far better to be grey than bald.

NOW READY. **Copies should be ordered at once, as the Number will not be Reprinted.**

OUR CHRISTMAS WREATH.



BEING THE

Extra Christmas Number

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1896.

CONTENTS:—

Frontispiece: CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The Result of a Song. By ELLEN A. BENNETT, Author of "Aunt Jane's Turkeys."
The Weary Week: 'Twixt Christmas and the "Guid New Year." By "MEDICUS."
Christmas Music. A Poem. By SARAH DOUDNEY.
A Mad Prank. A Complete Story. By E. M. DOBINSON.
Lines from Shakespeare Designs by G. E. MOIRA.
Christmas. A Poem. By the Rev. JOHN HUDSON, M.A.
A Supper Party, and What to Prepare for it.
A Track in the Snow. A Short Story. By FRED. WHISHAW.
Domesticated. A Story. By AMY IRVINE, Author of "A Married Girl," etc.
Cheap Christmas Comforts. By Mrs. ORMAN-COOPER.
To a Redbreast.
The Little Black Dog. By the Rev. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.
The Snow. A Poem.
"So Pleasant." By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married."
Dulce est pro Patria Mori.
The Study in Grey. By ELLEN AUBERT.
Endymion. A New Song. By MYLES B. FOSTER.
Clarice. A Complete Story.
Understood at Last. A Story in Four Chapters. By LA PETITE.
A Gift for Each. Fancy Work. By LEIRION CLIFFORD.
A Clever Girl. A Story founded on Fact. By Mrs. FRANK W. W. TOPHAM.
For the New Year. A Poem. By H. M. M. SANDS.
Kitchen Preparations for Christmastide. By LUCY H. YATES.
Our Puzzle Poem for the Christmas Holidays.
Varieties.
Some Puzzle Quotations.



GIRL'S OWN PAPER. ORFORD SMITH, L^D ST ALBANS. LONDON

A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE.

From the Painting by GIORGIONE.

BY THE GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 884.] DECEMBER 5, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

"This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain;
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain."
Longfellow.

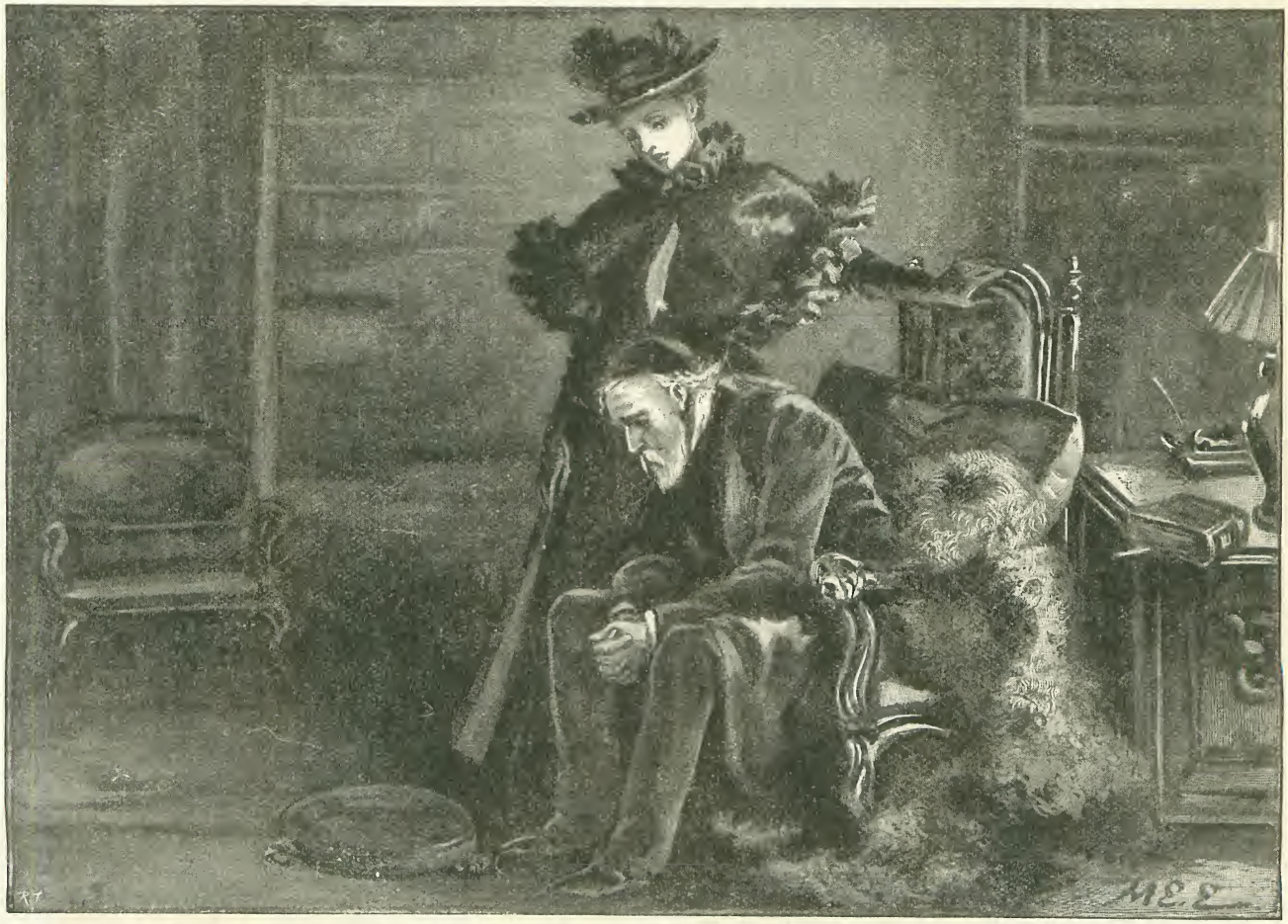
OLIVIA felt a little nervous as she sent in her name by Phœbe; the girl had looked at her dubiously.

"I am not sure whether master will see you, ma'am," she said. "He never sees anyone on Christmas Day; and Mrs. Crampton says he is but poorly," nevertheless, at Olivia's request, she had taken the message.

After a brief delay she returned. Her master would see Mrs. Luttrell; but Olivia's heart beat a little quickly as she entered the library. For the first time she was not sure of her welcome.

The grand old room looked unusually gloomy. The tall standard lamps were unlighted, and only the blazing fire and a small green reading-lamp made a spot of brightness. Deep shadows lurked in the corners, and the heavy book-cases and window recesses only seemed to add to the gloom.

Mr. Gaythorne sat in his great ebony chair—with its crimson cushions. His face looked more cadaverous and sunken



All rights reserved.] "'YOU ARE VISITING A HAUNTED MAN.'"

than usual; the fine features looked as if they were carved in old ivory, they were so fixed and rigid; as he held out his hand to Olivia, there was no smile of welcome on his face—the melancholy deep-set eyes were sombre and piercing.

"This is indeed a surprise, Mrs. Luttrell."

"I hope you will not think it an intrusion," she returned, a little breathlessly. "I wanted so much to see you and to give you Aunt Madge's message. Somehow I could not bear to think that we were so happy, and that you were sitting alone and feeling sad. Are you vexed with me for coming?" she continued, in her winning way; "I can see you are not a bit pleased to see me."

"My dear Mrs. Luttrell," he said, in his harsh, grating voice, "it is one of my bad days, and nothing on earth would yield me pleasure. I gave you warning, did I not? You are visiting a haunted man! The Christmas ghosts have been holding high revel this evening; one of them has been pointing and gibing at me for ever so long: 'You are reaping what you have sown,' that was what it said. 'Why do you grumble at your harvest—there is no ripening without sunshine? Young hearts must be won by love and not severity; it is your own fault, your own obstinacy, your own blindness'—that is what it has been saying over and over again."

He shivered slightly as he said this, and held out his thin hands to the blaze. He had not asked her to sit down, but Olivia drew a small chair forward and seated herself.

"Do not listen to them any longer," she said gently. "You are ill and sad, and so everything looks black and hopeless—let me talk to you instead: I want to tell you how we have spent our day."

Olivia had a charming voice. As she went on with her simple narrative the muscles of Mr. Gaythorne's face insensibly relaxed; hesitation, nervousness, a touch of self-consciousness even would have repelled him; but her gentleness and child-like directness seemed to soothe him in spite of himself. And as she repeated Mrs. Broderick's message, though he shrugged his shoulders and muttered "Pshaw," she could see that he was gratified; and even his remark—"that Mrs. Broderick must be a very emotional person"—did not daunt her.

"If Aunt Madge is emotional I am too," she said softly. "Do you know what I said when I saw that picture of the old shepherd looking at the rainbow? 'I love him for this,' and, dear Mr. Gaythorne, I meant it."

"Tut, nonsense!" but as Olivia took his hand and held it in her firm grasp, there was a sudden moisture in the old man's eyes.

"No one has loved me since my two Olives left me," he muttered. "If only one had been spared to me, only one; but I am left here alone with my sorrow and remorse."

"You are not really alone," she returned soothingly. "Why do you speak as if your wife and daughter had ceased to love you? Do you imagine for one moment that they forget you? It would do you good to talk to Aunt Madge; she has such wonderful ideas about all that. Some people, people like Mrs. Tolman—our vicar's wife—laugh at her and call her fanciful, but to me she is so real. Why should it not be true?" she went on, with gathering excitement, "nothing that is good can die! Love is eternal, and it is only pain and grief and sin that can come to an end. That is what Aunt Madge says, and she does more than say it, she lives it. Of course she misses her husband dreadfully—they were everything to each other—but he never seems dead like other women's husbands, if you know what I mean by that. She seems to keep step with him somehow, and think his thoughts. I have heard her say once that it is just as though a high wall separated them. 'I cannot see him or hear him, but I know he is just the other side of the wall; only he has all the sunshine, and I have to grope alone in the shadows.'"

"Oh, she is right there; I know what it is to grope among shadows. My dear young lady," laying his hand heavily on her arm, "Mrs. Broderick must be a wonderful woman, and I hope to see her some day; and I am not above caring for a good woman's prayers, but our cases are not exactly similar."

"I dare say not," returned Olivia hesitatingly.

"No, indeed"—and Mr. Gaythorne's heavy eyebrows drew together. "Look here, Mrs. Luttrell, what sort of comfort do you suppose a man can have in thinking of his wife, when he knows he has acted contrary to her desires, when he has failed to carry out even the wishes expressed on her death-bed. What would you say to that man?"

"I would say that he must be very unhappy, and that no doubt circumstances were too hard for him. Perhaps he did his best; but it is not always possible for dying people to judge rightly, they may make mistakes."

"No, it was I who made all the mistakes," and there was such anguish in the old man's eyes as he said this, that Olivia almost started; "but God help me, if it were to come over again I should do the same. Mrs. Luttrell, you do not know me; it is my whim to be generous now and then. I like to give and it costs me nothing, but I am a hard, domineering man; when people oppose and anger me, I can be relentless; it is not easy for me to forgive, even when the offender is my own flesh and blood, and I am no hypocrite. I must speak the truth at all costs."

"And yet we expect our Father to forgive us," returned Olivia almost to herself, but Mr. Gaythorne heard her and a strange expression crossed his face.

"That is what she always said—my Olive, but it never seemed to make any difference to me. Ah, well, it is no use talking, some spirits refuse to be laid, but this is poor entertainment, my dear, and on your birthday too!"

"Please do not say that. I should love to stay but I must not; it is late now, and Marcus will be waiting for me," and Olivia rose as she spoke. "And now before I go may I ring for the lamps to be lighted; there is something uncanny in this darkness, and the fire is getting hollow too."

"Well, well, do as you like," was the abrupt answer. "I am going to have my dinner here to-night, it is warmer," and so Olivia had her way. As she bade him good-night, he said a little wistfully, "You can come to-morrow afternoon if you like. I have those views of Venice and Florence to show you. I had an old Florentine palace for six months, the year before my little Olive died; that was our last happy year."

"Of course I will come," she replied smiling at him. But as she left the room she sighed; had she really exorcised those evil spirits? or would they return again, with tenfold force? "remorse;" that was the word he used, this was the canker-worm that was robbing him of peace. "'It is not easy for me to forgive even if the offender is my own flesh and blood.'" How sad it was to hear him say that.

"I think after all I did him some little good," she thought as she groped her way cautiously through the dark shrubbery. "That hard, rigid look had quite disappeared before I left. I have a feeling somehow that one day he will open his heart to me and tell me his trouble. Every now and then he drops a word or two; perhaps this evening if I had not been so hurried he would have spoken out."

Olivia's warm heart was full of pity for the lonely man sitting beside his desolate hearth, but she was young, and as the heavy gate closed after her, and she hurried across the road a sudden vision of her own bright little parlour with Marcus waiting for her rose blissfully before her.

Marcus would have returned long ago and would be wondering at her delay. She knew what he was doing—cutting the pages of *Esmond* for their evening reading. How charmed he had been with her gift, although he had pretended to be angry at her extravagance.

A few particles of snow powdered her as she rang the bell. Marcus answered it himself.

"Livy, my dear child," he said quickly, "what an age you have been. Come into the kitchen a moment, I want to speak to you, and Martha is upstairs. No, not there," catching hold of her arm as she absently turned the handle of the parlour door. "I said the kitchen."

"Oh, Marcus, what is it?" in an alarmed voice, as she suddenly perceived his grave, preoccupied look, "there is something wrong—with baby," but his smile reassured her.

"Nothing is wrong, I am only a little perplexed. Dot's all right, and the house is not on fire, and Martha is enjoying her usual health, but we have got a Christmas guest, that's all."

"Marcus, what can you mean when we know no one here. Is it one of your old hospital friends? And why may I not go in and see him?"

"So you shall, but I must explain matters first. I have a poor fellow in there whom I picked up off a door-step.

At first I thought he was drunk, and I meant to call a policeman, but I very soon found out my mistake. The poor wretch had fainted from cold and exhaustion, he was simply starving."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Olivia much shocked at this. "Have you given him some food? But why is he not here instead of in the sitting-room. Martha has a capital fire."

"Yes, she has been making him some tea, and luckily there was some cold bacon. He has had nothing but a penny roll and some coffee since yesterday morning. Another night of exposure and want would have killed him. I took him into the parlour because the couch was handy, but directly he spoke I saw he was a gentleman—at least an educated man, but his clothes are threadbare. He has parted with his waistcoat for food. Now you know why I brought you in here, to save you a shock."

"But, Marcus, what are we to do with him?"

"Ah, that is what puzzles me. I have fed and warmed him, and could give him money for a night's lodging, but he is not fit to move. When he tried to sit up just now, he nearly fell back from exhaustion. I should say from the look of him that he has been ill, perhaps in some hospital, and has not got up his strength. And he is quite young too—not more than five-and-twenty, I should say."

"May I go and look at him first, and then we will think what is to be done."

"Yes, dear, that will be best. But, Livy, I really cannot wait just now. All this has hindered me so that I have not been to the Travers'. I shall not be long—not more than half an hour."

Olivia looked rather troubled at this, but it was no use making a fuss. Marcus must do his work, but her vision of a cosy evening was sadly marred. Instead of listening to *Esmond* she had to interview a strange man.

Directly Marcus had gone she went into the sitting-room; the couch had been drawn near the fire and Marcus' easy chair was pushed back, and there in the warmth and firelight, with an old plaid thrown over him, the forlorn wanderer lay sleeping as placidly as a child.

Olivia trod on tip-toe as she crossed the room and stood beside the couch, and studied him attentively.

Marcus was right; of course he was a gentleman in spite of his emaciated appearance, and poor threadbare garments, this was evident; the features were well-cut and refined; the wasted hands bore no signs of manual labour, and the filbert nails were carefully tended.

Some poor prodigal fallen to low estate lay before her, and yet he looked so boyish and innocent in his sleep, that Olivia's heart grew very pitiful over him.

Turn him out in the winter's cold, and on Christmas night too; when all the merciful angels were moving betwixt heaven and earth. When the bond of brotherhood that linked human beings together was drawn closer, and the rich man's gift and the widow's mite were paid into the same treasury of love, it was impossible!

How soundly he was sleeping, poor fellow, lulled by the very fulness of comfort, his sick hunger appeased and his bones no longer aching with cold. A fair moustache covered his mouth, but Olivia, who prided herself on reading character, soon decided that the chin and lower part of the face showed signs of weakness, but as the thought passed through her mind a pair of deep blue eyes opened full on her face, and gazed at her in bewilderment.

"Where am I," he said feebly; "oh, I remember, I fainted on a doorstep, and some good Samaritan carried me in;" then in the same weak voice, "Forgive me, madam, but I am afraid to rise."

"Lie still—please lie still until my husband comes back," returned Olivia a little nervously. How ill he looked—the eyes looked preternaturally large in the wasted face. "It is sad to see anyone in such distress," she continued gently, "and on Christmas night too."

"Yes, I am down on my luck," returned the stranger; but even in his feebleness he spoke a little recklessly. "I was always 'Murad the Unlucky;' it would have been all over with me in a few hours if the doctor had not found me. I was just at the end of my tether,"—but here a hard cough seemed to tear him to pieces.

"Lie still and try to sleep again," returned Olivia hurriedly; then she went out of the room and summoned Martha.

When Marcus returned and went in search of her, he found her airing some sheets at the kitchen fire.

"Marcus," she said, "Martha has been lighting a fire in that little empty room, where the iron bedstead is; there are the mattress and the two blankets Aunt Madge lent me when I was ill; I am going to make up a bed there for to-night."

"You think we ought to keep him then," returned her husband, looking at her questioningly. "To be sure, I hardly know how we are to turn him out; but if he falls ill on our hands, eh, Livy?"

"If he be very ill, you would have to take him to a hospital," she returned quickly. "We have not got the cruise of oil, remember, and as Aunt Madge says, we must be just before we are generous—but he has such a terrible cough, Marcus."

"Oh, that is from cold and exhaustion, and as I told you before, he has evidently recovered from some severe illness, probably pleurisy or pneumonia. Well, Livy, I think you are about right, we must do our best for the poor beggar, now and then one must help 'lame dogs over stiles,'" and Marcus, whose bump of benevolence was largely developed, and who believed in practical religion, was sincerely grateful that his wife had fallen in with his views.

"I think you were sent to him to help him," returned Olivia softly. "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren.' Oh, Marcus, you know how that finishes," and Marcus smiled back at her as he left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

No Royal Road.

Euclid, the famous Greek mathematician, was asked one day by King Ptolemy, whether there was not a shorter and easier way to the knowledge of geometry than that which he had laid down in his Elements.

"No, indeed," said he, "there is no royal road to geometry."

In the same spirit, when Alexander the Great wanted to learn geometry by some easier and shorter method, he was told by his teacher that "he must here be content to travel the same road with others, for all things of this nature are equally difficult to prince and people."

Fidelity.—"Nothing is more noble, nothing is more venerable than fidelity: faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind."—*Plato.*

She Knew Little of Country Life.

Uncle Tree-top: "That heifer is two years old."

City Niece: "How do you know?"

"By her horns."

"Oh, to be sure; she has just two."

Vacant Apartments in Italy.—They have a novel way in Italy of advertising vacant apartments. In place of the placard inscribed "Rooms," "To let," or "To be let," which adorns the windows of English houses, a white cloth, about the size of a napkin, flutters from the casement, intimating to the passer-by that the rooms can be rented.

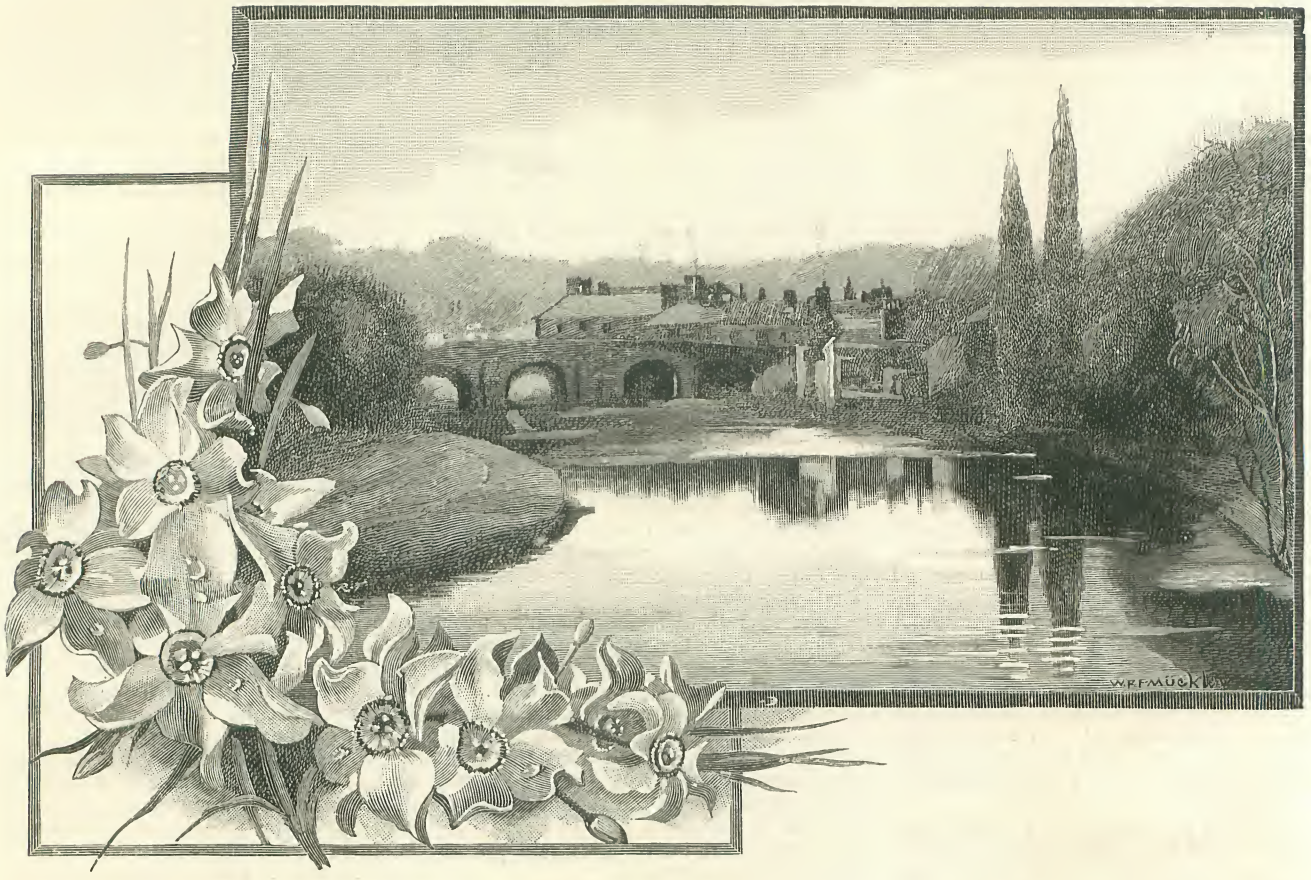
An Active Mind.—Mental activity is better than mental fulness. An inquiring mind is worth more than a mind that is satisfied with its attainments.

Favoured by Fortune.

The following well-authenticated anecdote furnishes an instance of a person attaining to wealth by what is called a "lucky" accident:—

A poor old woman who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her ball of worsted, found it to be wound on a piece of newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read. To her astonishment and delight she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property which, had she been unable to read, she might never have known anything about.

Lead us Not Into Temptation.—"No one can ask honestly or hopelessly to be delivered from temptation unless she has herself honestly and firmly determined to do the best she can to keep out of it."—*Ruskin.*



CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATIONS.

To decorate the house for the Christmas festivities is always a pleasing task, cheerfully undertaken by the junior members of the family, and very clever and ingenious are the designs into which they not infrequently weave the somewhat heavy winter greenery. This year, however, their task will be lighter, and its effect gain in brightness from the masses of berries with which the holly branches are clothed. Not for many years have we had so plentiful a store; even the hips and haws still remain a glowing crimson on their bare branches, while in some places the leaves of the holly can scarcely be seen, so covered is it with berry. Whether or not the old saying that this plethora portends a hard winter be true or not, it is certain that it will be productive of great joy amongst those who are mainly responsible for the effective decoration of the home, the church or the Sunday school.

Yet perhaps in the zeal which is expended upon the transformation of the hall, staircase, sitting-rooms and dining-room walls, it may happen that the table itself is somewhat neglected. The menu, of course, has received the greatest care and forethought, and been in preparation for some days; possibly also a few of the choicest sprays of berried holly or blooms of chrysanthemums have been reserved for the vases which usually adorn it, but this is scarcely enough, for the gaiety and merriment of the Christmas feast will be greatly enhanced by the cheering influence of a bright and harmonious setting.

It is true that nowadays at this time of the year we are able to procure a profusion of foreign flowers for a very moderate sum, narcissi, violets, hyacinths, roses, tulips, etc., but the old familiar evergreens are the most appropriate to the season, and carry our memories back to Christmases of long ago. I will give you one or two suggestions which will be a variation to the vase arrangement.

On the fine damask cloth a strip of crimson satin should be laid down the centre of the table, and round the edge may run a border of small trails of the clinging variegated ivy, the sharply-pointed leaves of which will embrace many shades of colour, from white to tender green and brown. If there are no silver bowls we may take china flower pots and arrange in them branches of berberis, holly or mistletoe, to look like miniature trees sprinkled with snow. To do this, when the bowls are arranged, we take a fine-rosed watering can and dew them over with weak gum and water, and when it has drained off a little we dredge them over with the finest white flour and afterwards with sparkling salt. Both the salt and the flour must be well dried and sifted before using. The bowls are placed down the length of the table on the crimson satin, the spaces here and there being filled with little silver or china holders for sweets and fruits, and a tiny spray of mistletoe is placed in each dinner napkin.

Care must be taken that the lights burn brightly, whether they be candles or lamps, and that the shades should harmonise with the scheme of decoration. Red shades are always cheerful in winter time, and red candles add another touch of colour. If the table is very large and this does not seem to be enough, a wreath is easily made of sprigs of berried holly fastened on a slender wire which can be wound in and out amongst the smaller dishes. This kind of wreath is most useful for twining around picture frames which are too valuable to warrant the intrusion of a nail or tack.

A more dainty and delicate combination of colour for those to whom the above may seem too vivid can be carried out with the time-honoured mistletoe alone. This too will require a table centre to throw up its subtle colouring, but it should be of a delicate leaf-green satin, with a pattern of gold and silver running through it, such as Liberty so frequently shows us. A border of Christmas roses will be very effective if they can be procured, if not the ivy trails are always at hand and are easy to arrange. A copper bowl hung from a tripod of wrought iron, with similar smaller ones, stand upon this groundwork, and are lightly and gracefully filled with branches of freshly-cut mistletoe arranged to spread outwards in light feathery masses. The sweetmeat holders should if possible be of copper, and a similar wreath made of mistletoe sprigs may be twined in and out amongst them if necessary. If the lamp or candle shades are of a reddish pink they will cast a rich warm glow over this delicately-tinted table. Where copper receptacles are not to hand, some good old brass, well-polished, produces an almost equally good effect, and failing that, the blue Delft ware or green Nuremberg glass will best harmonise with the tints of the mistletoe.

An original and inexpensive decoration for an oval table can be carried out with a centre strip of crimson cloth, rather wide, and bordered with the motto "Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year;" the letters, about three inches long, are cut out of brown paper and covered with leaves

of the variegated holly sewn on, they are then sprinkled with gum and water and afterwards with frosting powder. A tiny wire must be placed at the back to raise them a little from the table so that the motto may be more easily read. In the centre of the cloth a large bowl should be filled with frosted branches of berried holly, with smaller bowls on either side, and the candlesticks of white china holding red candles and shades are arranged on the crimson cloth. The motto and the bowls could easily be prepared a day or two beforehand if they are kept in a cool place where the leaves are not likely to shrivel, and indeed they may be used on more than one occasion, being easily adapted for the decoration of a long supper-table if need be.

Speaking of supper-tables reminds me that if the table stands back against the wall its front should be ornamented with trails of greenery and loops of ribbon. High handled baskets filled with flowers and tied with bows to match are a favourite decoration, although there is now a new design which is very charming and is specially arranged for supper buffets.

It is a light stand made of gilded wire, in various heights, tall and slender, its top branching out in sprays holding little tubes which are filled with flowers. When lightly arranged with a mixture of flowers, grasses, and trails of fine green they closely resemble a miniature waterfall and are very graceful; their height too is a great advantage, as they are well above the dishes on the table. These wire frames are also made in other designs, arches, columns, towers, etc.

For the decoration of a supper-table for a children's party nothing will delight them more than tiny Christmas trees. They should glitter with "frost" and be well lighted up with candles fitted to their branches, but they need not have many ornaments except coloured sweetmeats and oranges.

There is a very quaint custom in vogue in the north-country at children's birthday parties which might with advantage be more generally known. The birthday cake—with the child's name and age engraved thereon in sugar—is placed in the centre of the table and surrounded with lighted candles, the number corresponding to the age of the child. Much merriment is caused by the efforts of the guests to count these twinkling lights, and the child feels great with the importance of an added candle at each recurrence of its holiday party. This same custom was recently carried out with intense delight at a gathering of children, and children's children, to celebrate the birthday of a great-grandfather. The ninety dazzling lights seemed to illustrate with peculiar force the long, long road of life which he had trodden.

But whatever suggestion we may adopt let us not forget the true spirit of Christmastide—love, peace and goodwill—to one another.

DON'T TAKE THE WRONG TURNING.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.



"LIFE is a journey; on we go, through many a scene of joy and woe." So says some poet or other; we forget his name, but that is of no consequence, for it is true enough, whoever said it.

And if life is a journey, it is right that we, who are the travellers, should know something about the road.

If it were an easy, simple road—with no ditches, no stumbling-blocks, no uncertain places—we might go along comfortably without being in the least anxious and without inquiring the way of anybody. But it is quite otherwise. It is a dangerous sort of road at the best, and we have good cause to be afraid of many accidents and misadventures.

Above all things, girls, as you go along don't take the wrong turning. Be very wide-awake about that, for there is no destiny so unhappy as that of being a wanderer from the right way.

In the fairy-tale when the queen's daughter had any doubt about how she should go she blew up a feather or threw down a twig, and as the feather was wafted, or as the twig fell, so she went. But that trick does not answer in real life, and when we are in a difficulty about the direction, we must get out of it by other means.

The worst of it is that on the paths of life there are no finger-posts. What an improvement finger-posts would be. If only, without any chance of mistake, we could read, "This is the way to ill-health," "This is the way to poverty," "This is the way to lasting unhappiness," how we would shun these paths. And how we would flock where the notice was up, "The way to the happy land," "This road for the prosperous country," or "The way to joy and peace."

Someone however may say there are finger-posts. In a sense perhaps this is true, and indeed you can look at many things from different points of view. But whether there are or are not, it is certain that the road is a perplexing one and that we who walk on it are sadly in need of a guide.

And a guide there is. There is one to whom we can say, "Lead me!" knowing very well that if we only say that, He will be as good as His promises and will take us by the hand and conduct us just as we ought to go.

Domine dirige nos is a safe motto for all who are afraid of wandering. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path"—never forget that saying. The path may not, as the world estimates things, be either brilliant or successful—it may be far from that sometimes—but it will always be the one best for us.

And besides this guidance from on high there is something we are bound to do for ourselves. We are bound to exercise prudence and common-sense. Many a girl takes a wrong turning from pure stupidity. She ought to be discreet and she is not discreet. She ought to be foreseeing and she is not foreseeing. She ought to be reasonable and she forgets reason and is as wrong-headed as can be.

When we come to a turning we should pause and think, Is it wise to go on? The folly of many a course is plain to all who can put two and two together, and what girl would go headlong into folly when she might be saved by a few minutes of reflection?

Sometimes nothing more is needed than to look at the faces of those already pursuing the path we are tempted to follow. With half an eye you can tell they are not desirable company. Wrongdoers carry their deeds in their countenances and wear an expression which says, If you want to be happy don't come where we are.

Then we should be willing to take advice from those who are older and, it may naturally be inferred, know more about life than we. There is often antagonism between youth and age, age being of opinion that youth knows nothing, whilst youth holds that age is officious, and that it knows quite enough. The right thing, however, is for sensible age to speak, and for sensible youth to listen.

"It is the duty," says William Cobbett, "and ought to be the pleasure of age and experience to warn and instruct youth, and to come to the aid of inexperience. What person of common humanity, having by good luck missed being engulfed in a quagmire or quicksand, will withhold from his neighbours a knowledge of the peril without which the dangerous spots are not to be approached?"

What a happy thing it would have been for Hilda, for example, if she had only listened to the warnings of those who were older and wiser than she, when she took the wrong turning years ago that led her to be what she is now, a quarrelsome young woman with whom it is no pleasure to live. That was a bad turning, Hilda. It began by indulgence in only a slight display of temper: and the first few grains of snappishness might to the unobserving almost have passed for vivacity. But now, alas! if ducking in streams were still the punishment for vixens and scolds, the stream that flows by your father's house would frequently cool your fiery tongue.

Girls, don't take Hilda's wrong turning. Resist the first temptation to quarrel, and the second, and indeed all temptations, and keep your breath for laughing, for which in this funny world you will often have occasion.

Then there are the three sisters, whom perhaps some of you know, whose names are Emma, Georgina, and Betsy. They all took wrong turnings early in life, but whether they were warned or not we never heard, and so cannot say. Their own common-sense however might have given them a hint in time.

Emma went astray by beginning to give too much attention to "Number One," and the habit of thinking about herself and looking after her own interests grew and grew, till at last you heard nothing but "I" in her conversation and saw nothing but "I" in her actions. No one loves her, for nobody can feel affection for selfish people to whom it is clearly a matter of indifference who sink so long as they themselves can swim.

The wrong turning taken by the next sister, Georgina, is that which leads to the land of discontent. It is not that in her circumstances she has anything to complain of, but having begun by allowing sour thoughts—very likely about nothing—to lodge in her mind she has grown to be a grumbler by habit. To see her gloomy face is more depressing than being at a funeral, and is enough to scare anyone away

from the road which she travels back to the sensible paths where people jog along with light hearts and joyful minds.

But the worst turning is that taken by Betsy the youngest sister. We may overlook selfishness, which is a stupid failing; and put up with discontent which is foolish; but it is impossible to tolerate untruthfulness, which is wicked. Betsy and truth have parted company, and when she says anything you have an uneasy feeling that whether it is a fact or an invention is quite uncertain. Her manners are attractive but her untruthfulness spoils everything. She took this wrong turning early, for she has been so ever since we remember. One who knows her well says she started by trying irrationally to please everybody and get in favour with everybody. Poor Betsy! why did she never see that it was a miserable triumph to win the goodwill of people by telling lies to them.

"Would you gain an angel's days
Be honest, just, and wise always."

A wrong turning which many a girl takes, is when she comes to dispose of her affections. She sets her heart on someone who is not worthy; perhaps he has a bad character, perhaps only a weak one. She loves, she marries and she walks in sadness for the rest of her days.

Now it is often said that marriage is a lottery, and that when you put your hand into the lucky bag you sometimes draw out a prize, and sometimes not. Don't believe it. It is no more a lottery than any other incident of life.

Look at Alice. Before she made any promises she looked at the subject all round, wisely resolved to love only one deserving of being loved, and when she married, her own good sense, backed up by a chorus of friends, said she had formed an alliance with a man who was prudent, industrious, saving, and everything else that a good husband ought to be. And from Land's End to John o'Groats you won't find a happier couple.

Her schoolmate, Clara, on the other hand, disregarded the counsel of all who were interested in her welfare, and shut her own eyes, refusing to see that an impecunious lover means an impecunious husband, and an idle lover an idle husband, and that frivolity and unsteadiness will certainly not be transformed into all the virtues by a man merely saying, "With this ring I thee wed." Everyone knows what happened. The bailiffs were in the house before the honeymoon was well over, the husband out of a situation, and Clara in tears, sitting looking at him from the other side of an empty fireplace.

The wrong turning in marriage is often one that leads out of a wrong turning in choosing our acquaintances. And for that reason, if for no other, girls should be much on their guard as to those with whom they associate. There is a natural craving in us all for society, but better live like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, than go with those whose influence is not to be for our good. Only the other day we two were talking of Bertha, and remarked how she had steadily deteriorated ever since she began to be intimate with Charlotte, who is as wayward and cunning a piece of baggage as ever existed.

We wonder how many girls have only themselves to thank for taking the wrong turning that leads to bad health. Everyone knows, too, that our friend "Medicus" stands at that turning, saying, "Don't go this way," and giving reasons for it, which ought to convince all who come along. But we fear it is a case of "in at one ear and out at the other." Were it not so you, Eliza, would be without that pale face, which is really caused by wilful disregard of the simplest laws of Nature. And, Florence, there is no doubt that dyspepsia is the matter with you, and as little doubt either that you did not even know what the word meant, till you began to be devoted to pie, pastry, and ice-cream.

If girls choose to be stupid, why should they grumble at not reaping the reward of wisdom? If you take little exercise, eat too much, sit up late, have an over-anxious mind, and prefer to go fashionably, rather than warmly, clad, what can you expect? You will certainly then feel more than "a little bit poorly," and as for good looks, there will soon be few of them left.

A fatal turning often taken is that which leads to laziness. It is a great temptation to go that way; it looks so inviting. The path lies all down hill, away into the slumberous region of Drowsyhead, where hammocks are hung from every tree, and hansoms and wheelbarrows are provided for those who have no energy left to walk.

Maud and her sister Laura have encouraged each other in following that idle course from girlhood, and they are now, little as they like it known, near thirty years old. The leading idea of their lives has been to shirk work, either physical or mental, and what have they gained by it? Nothing worth having. They are landing themselves in a dull old maidenhood simply because they have failed to see that the blessings of life are only to be had by those willing to exert themselves. That they have not married is what one might have expected; men of sense do not want to be tied for life to lumps of lead.

There is a better account to be given of their cousin Flora, who for a long time was a match for them in laziness. It looked as if the failing ran in the family. A novel and a rocking chair, that was Flora's style. But one fine day, and at a time too when we thought her a hopeless case, an anonymous friend sent her the present of a scrubbing brush. She showed her good sense by not taking the gift amiss; she turned over a new leaf, and only last week we heard her mother say that for helpfulness and activity it would now be hard to meet with her equal.

But, girls, this is a rare example. Once you take a wrong turning it is hard to go back, and the farther you go on the harder it grows. An occasional act becomes a habit, and habit once formed is second nature. We have been wisely warned against the first beginnings of evil, and when a girl comes to a wrong turning she is much mistaken if she thinks she can safely go—by way of experience, or to gratify curiosity or for any other reason—even a few steps down that road. Not a single step! Only then are you safe.

Much more remains that might be said. But half is often better than the whole, and if we say everything, those who wish to think will have nothing left to exercise their brains upon. We therefore here lay down the pen on which there is just ink enough left to repeat what we said in the beginning—Life is a journey and as you go along, girls, whatever you do, don't take the wrong turning.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART I.



IN the year of our Lord, 1767, a little girl was born in the house of her grandfather, Mr. Elers, of Black Bourton in Oxfordshire, and it would have surprised no one so much as her modest, retiring self, to be informed that Sir Walter Scott, the great Wizard of the North, would in years to come own to having been stimulated by her example to try to achieve for his fellow-countrymen what she would do for hers in Ireland, or that the greatest minds of her time would reverence her influence as a writer, and claim for her the honour of giving to the world a literature—first for the youngest and then for readers of mature age—fresh, pure, and bright, so simple in her child stories as to be dear to all the little ones who could enter into the sorrows of Lame Jervas and Simple Susan, yet, in the *Tales of Fashionable Life*, etc., powerful to interest the most critical readers.

Maria Edgeworth's ancestry was first mentioned as being settled on their estates of Edgeware—so called now, though it was then called Edgeworth from their family estates there—near the great North road, where armies marched and battles were fought long ago. Her ancestors were brave and rich men who, in the time of King Henry VIII., settled in Ireland and lived there ever since. Their family letters and histories are full of adventure. There is little space here for the bright incidents which are recorded in them. One anecdote of a Lady Edgeworth is so striking that it must be mentioned. It was war time, and more gunpowder was wanted. Lady Edgeworth went up to the garret at top of the house by night with a servant girl, who followed her with a bit of candle (without a candlestick) between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half-way downstairs again, she observed that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it. The girl recollected and answered that she had left it "stuck in the barrel of black salt." Lady Edgeworth bid her stand still and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was, found the candle as the girl had described, put her hand carefully underneath it, carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs dropped on her knees and thanked God for their deliverance.

Another of the Edgeworths was saved by the loyalty of a servant when the castle was besieged by the rebels and taken; the lady was stripped and forced to fly naked, hiding under a furze bush, while her little son fell into the hands of the rebels and would have been killed, when the wild Irish kern, who had served the family, snatched the child away from the rebel, who was swinging him by the leg to dash his poor little brains out against the castle wall. "That's too good a death for the little heretic," he shouted out. "Give him to me, I will drop him into the bog, and the crows shall pick his eyes out." So he rushed out with the baby and did plunge him into the bog, but took particular care to notice where he was, and after the rebels had

gone he came back and packed the little one in a basket, under hay and fowls, and carried him so hidden right through the rebel camp, and made his way through a thousand dangers and obstacles to Dublin, as the poor stripped mother had done. This little child grew up to be a handsome and distinguished gentleman, but the mother did not live long after her escape. About this time Robert, a younger brother, became the head of a branch of the Edgeworth family which is endeared to lovers of history, because the Abbé Edgeworth was born to take up a heroic life of danger and loyal service to Louis XVI. when in utmost peril. The king, permitted at last to receive the religious service of a priest before his death upon the guillotine, asked the Abbé to be his friend and confessor, and though apparently there was no hope of escaping with life or freedom from such a service, the king received the noble message that till death the priest would serve and be loyal to him, and it needs little telling how that promise was kept. All history glows with the image of that scaffold, that one man beside his sovereign, and the noble sentence which burst from him in that supreme instant, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." *

He escaped as it were by a miracle, for the multitude, silent and awe-struck, made way for him down from the scaffold, and though large rewards were immediately offered for his head, he made his way through a thousand dangers to Coblentz, to give the verbal message (for he durst not carry any writing) of the dead king to his brothers—a message like that to his son, whom he charged with an oath, in his last interview, not to revenge his death.

To return to our little heroine, whose first remembrance was being brought for a last kiss to her dying mother, Anna Maria Edgeworth, who died young, after a few troubled years of marriage, leaving four tiny children to be cared for by her successor, Honora Sneyd, who, though so beautiful that Maria's first glimpse of her seems to have startled the child into an exclamation, "Oh, how beautiful!" yet devoted herself, with a most highly cultured mind and love of art, to the minute and conscientious care of the little children, which were not her own. Those children never, when there were others to fill the country home, were allowed to know any difference in the love and care of their stepmother. Reading minutely and carefully the letters and memorials left of Maria Edgeworth's home seems more like an ideal picture of an ideal family than a real description of what has really existed.

Maria used to say that her habits of order and exquisite neatness were due to the care and teaching of her stepmother, and they were of use to her all her life, though the stately and lovely "mother" who had implanted them did not live to enjoy the benefit of her instructions. On her death she begged her husband, who was devoted to her, to marry her sister Elizabeth Sneyd, who was, she said, even more fitted than herself to give him a blessed home, and to his numerous children a devoted mother.

One can realise her power and influence over those who loved her when one remembers that Mr. Edgeworth by no means sympathised with her wish, and that her sister Elizabeth had another preference. But the marriage turned out most happily, and two other sisters of Honora, who were asked in troubled times to take sanctuary at Edgeworthstown, never left it, but stayed to old age to be the helpers and friends of the home; even when there was much danger in Ireland, and Mr. Edgeworth offered to convey them safely to their English relations, they preferred sharing the troubles and dangers of the home where they were so loved.

Honora Edgeworth had left one son and one daughter, and her sister Elizabeth added six to the family circle, so it was a home of ten children to be educated and cared for.

We have had to notice the beauty of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, but that seems to have been an old inheritance of the family for many years before; when Lady Edgeworth was presented at the Court of King Charles II. her unusual attractions so interested the monarch that she told her husband she would never go to Court again. She was very young and beautiful, but she kept her resolution, and lived a quiet, country life, though a very busy one, as there were no factories then to make jams and pickles, no foreign tinned meats to keep in store against a sudden rush. There was the still-room to keep busy with the making of wines, essences, etc.; the dairies for the provisioning of the castle with cheeses, butter and cream; the laundry where all the linen, napery and clothes were monthly brought, and the housekeeper's room, where domestic affairs were ruled over.

These labours and many others continued in the home where the little girl grew up, learning, besides housewifery, to write a beautiful hand, to be mistress of accounts and book-keeping, to embroider exquisitely, and over and above all this, to take the greatest interest in the life around her, the peasantry on their estates, and the flowers and kitchen garden, which furnished so much necessary food to the home.

Her beautiful needlework was a talent we have noticed in many eminent women, Mrs. Somerville for example, and to the last her love of flowers remained almost a passion, for she used even in old age to come into breakfast from her early walk her hands full of roses.

Another characteristic was the intense love and confidence which united father and daughter.

It is true her father was a remarkable man; young, rich, and handsome, he had devoted his rare powers of mind, his personal influence, which was extraordinary, his time and energies, to the education of his family, the happiness of his home, "and the improvement of the people and the estates from which," as he said, "he drew his subsistence."

It was not from want of other interests and pursuits, for he was an inventor of great power and success. In the time of the French invasion he first organised a system of telegraphs which would have saved the country much disturbance and the troops harassing counter-orders and night marches. The list of his patents and inventions is too long for us to dream of inserting them here, but he made them a comfort to his home and the labourers on the estate, and making his children confidants in all he did, inspired them with a love of learning and interest in mechanics which was a great source of occupation and interest.

Mr. Edgeworth had also a rare talent for appreciating and taking good advice. When he was a very young man, going along a terrace in Bath he heard an old gentleman say, "There goes a clever young fellow, but he will dissipate in a few years all his guardian has been saving so carefully for him."

The "clever young fellow" resolved to disappoint this prophecy, and on coming of age spent his large income in restoring the comfort and beauty of his home and thoroughly helping his people.

He was so young a father—marrying when he was nineteen—that there was the sympathy of youth as well as that of intense affection to bind together father and daughter.

There was no want of occupation or interest in that country house. Besides the various departments of gardens and fields, laundry and stables, dairy and still-room, preserves, bakings, and brewings, there were other absorbing inventions going on, in which the family took their part and a great interest. Maria writes to her cousin, Miss Sophy Buxton—

"Edgeworthstown, July 2, 1794.

"Having the honour to be the fair day of Edgeworthstown, as is well proclaimed to the neighbourhood by the noise of pigs squeaking, men bawling, women brawling, and children squealing, etc., I will tell you what is going on, that you may see whether you like your daily bill of fare.

"There are, an' please you, ma'am, a great many good things here. There is a balloon hanging up, and another going to be put on the stocks; there is soap made and making, from a receipt in Nicholson's *Chemistry;* there is excellent ink made, and to be made, from the same book; there is a cake of roses just squeezed in a vice by my father, according to the advice of Madame de Lagarage, the woman in the black cloak and ruffles, who weighs with unwearied scales in the frontispiece of a book, which perhaps my aunt remembers, entitled, *Chimie de goût et de l'odorat.* There are a set of accurate weights, just completed by the ingenious Messrs. Lovell and Henry Edgeworth, partners, for Henry is now a junior partner, and grown an inch and a half upon the strength of it in two months. The use and ingenuity of these weights I do, or did understand, which is great; but I am afraid of puzzling you and disgracing myself attempting to explain it, especially as, my mother says, I once sent you a receipt for purifying water with charcoal, which she avers to have been above or below the comprehension of any rational being. . . . And my aunt would like to see the new staircase, and to see a kitcat view of a robin redbreast sitting on her nest in a saw-pit, discovered by Lovell, and you would both like to pick Emmeline's fine strawberries round the crowded oval table after dinner, and see my mother looking so much better in the midst of us.

"'If these delights thy soul can move,
Come live with us and be our love.'"

Later on she writes: "My father has made our little rooms so nice for us; they are all fresh painted and papered. O rebels! O French! spare them! We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves . . . God send the French may soon go, and that you may soon come . . . The arts of peace are going on prosperously; the new room is almost built, and the staircase is completed; long may we live to run up and down it . . . I will treat you, my dear Letty, like a lady for once upon blue-edged paper, because you have been ill; if you should be well before you receive this I shall repent of the extravagance of my friendship. I believe it was you or my aunt—the teller of all good things—who told me of a lady who took a long journey to see her sister, who she heard was very ill; but unfortunately the sister was well before she got to her journey's end, and she was so provoked that she quarrelled with her well sister and would never have anything more to do with her.

"Anna was extremely sorry that she could not see you again before you left Ireland, but you will soon be in the same kingdom again, and that is one great point gained, as Mr. Maver, a travelling astronomical lecturer, who carried the universe about in a box, told us.

"'Sir,' said he to my father, 'when you look at a map do you know that the east is always on your right hand and the west on your left?'

"'Yes,' replied my father, with a very modest look, 'I believe I do.'

"'Well,' said the man of learning, 'that's one great point gained!'"

(*To be continued.*)

* "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel."

JANUARY.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

VICTORIOUS on the utmost crags of time,
From the dread conflict of the midnight sea,
The first-born month draws near with song and chime,
A monarch great and free!

In the red storm-light of the wintry dawn
We see him stand, austere and tempest-crowned,
With sword and spear on many an ice-field drawn
To work his will profound.

His chariot is the north wind that hath crossed,
By leagues of drift and berg, the Polar main;
His sandals are the ploughshares of the frost
That rend the clods in twain.

His rod of iron, outstretched upon the land,
Arrests the stir and music of the rills;
Again the rushing rains of his right hand
Lay bare the lasting hills.

Yet fear we not this warrior, fierce and bold,
The year has turned, the light shall lengthen soon;
The onslaught of his keen, relentless cold
Shall make straight paths for June.

His ways are stern, his meanings are benign;
Behold, unharmed, the snowdrop on his crest,
While the gold splendour of the celandine
Shines starlike on his breast!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

"I SHAN'T be here long, I tell you. I am not going to be talked to like a little schoolgirl, or held in leading-strings like a baby, by any mistress living. I had enough of that sort of thing when I was at home with mother. I came into service to get rid of it, and now I'm lectured 'for my good' worse than ever. I was forced to put up with it at home, but I didn't come here to get another dose of the same sort."

The speaker was a girl of eighteen who would have been very pretty and pleasant to look upon, but for the angry expression on her fair face. She was speaking her mind to a fellow-servant who was about four years older than herself, and who could scarcely help smiling as she saw the indignant toss of Mary's head, whilst she held forth on the score of her many grievances.

"What is the matter now, Mary?" asked the elder.

"Oh! Matter enough. I was out last night, it was my turn, you know, and I was a bit late. I had no idea it was half-past ten instead of half-past nine. Time flies so, especially when you're in pleasant company, and after I got to the door I stood talking, for I never thought it was so late."

The girl gave another toss of her head as she alluded to the "pleasant company," but it was accompanied by a laugh this time, not by a frown as before.

"You must have been very late then," replied Lucy, with a grave face. To her, the idea of being seen gossiping on the doorstep so late at night seemed anything but pleasant or creditable.

"Well, it was late. I own that, but I never meant Mrs. Lane to know. I meant to slip in so quietly that no one would hear me; but the door was fast, and when I knocked quite gently, there was the mistress, looking as black as a thunder-cloud. You had gone up stairs, and I think it was very mean of you, Lucy, when you knew I hadn't come in."

Like most people who feel themselves in the wrong, Mary was determined to prove that all the world ought to share in the blame.

"The door is always fastened at a quarter to ten. You know that. Cook locks and bolts it. She is very particular about attending to the mistress's rules."

"Oh yes. She's particular enough, seeing that the rules don't touch her. As if she hadn't a sweetheart of her own. She might have a bit of feeling for other people."

"Cook is going to be married in three months and to a real, good, respectable man. They've been engaged three years and will make a real prudent start in life," said Lucy. "Besides, cook is a good many years older than you, and has lived here a long time."

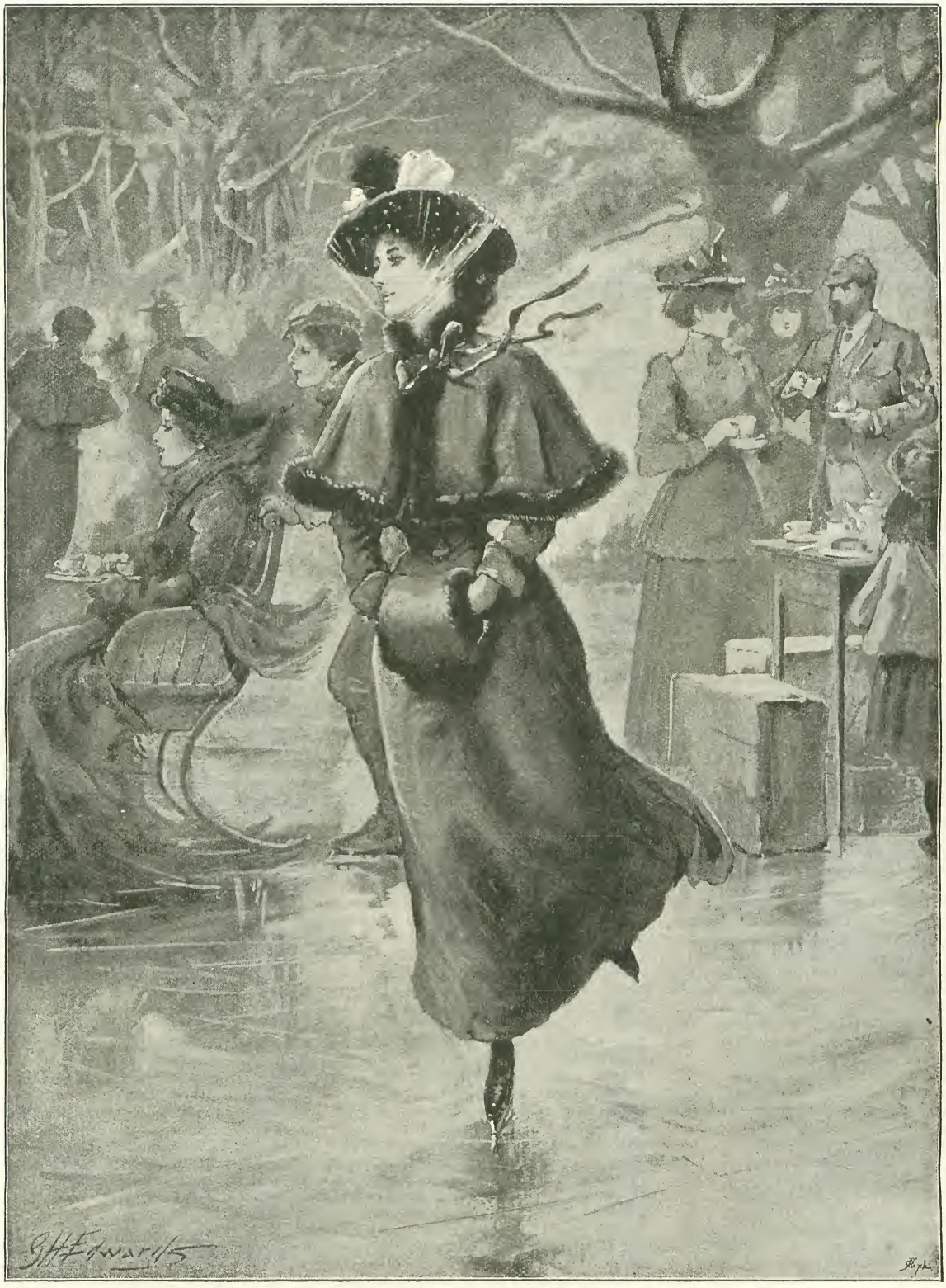
"I should think she is a many years older. Why, she must be thirty if she's a day, and she looks it. As to living here a long time! There's no fear of me following her example. I wouldn't—no, not for twice the wages, and mine are not bad either. I wouldn't have gone into service if I had thought I shouldn't be free to please myself when my work was done."

"I thought you told me that, being the eldest, and so many younger than yourself, you were forced to turn out and do something."

Mary coloured and hesitated a little.

Lucy was so unpleasantly blunt in meeting what she had to say, and seemed to have a disagreeably good memory.

Here she was turning her own words against her in the easiest way possible.



"HIS ROD OF IRON OUTSTRETCHED UPON THE LAND."

"Of course I had to turn out, but there are more things to be done besides going to service. There's dressmaking and——" Mary paused.

"But you hadn't learned dressmaking, and you said your mother could not afford to put you to it."

"There are ways; but I'm not going to bother about going into every little in and out of things. I am in service, so there's an end of it. Mother wanted me take a place in the country so that I might be under her eye for a while, but I knew better what I wanted, or I thought I did, till the mistress began preaching to me just in the old way. I shall not stand it, I can tell her; and as to you, Lucy, I shall owe you a grudge for sneaking off upstairs and leaving me to get in the best way I could."

"I thought you had come in and gone straight upstairs till I went up and found you were not there. I was in the kitchen at a quarter past ten, and how could I suppose you were out when half-past nine is the time, and Mrs. Lane is so particular? She says that is late enough for young girls, and it is," said Lucy with decision, "at least if they have any respect for themselves."

"Cook is always allowed till ten."

"But she is not a young girl, and besides she has her own home to go to, and a mother and brothers and sisters in it."

"And her young man. Dear me no, he's not a young man. I forgot. Still, it is all the same thing."

"Not quite," persisted Lucy, but with a good-tempered smile. "Ten years in age should make people wiser. Cook is twenty-eight and her young man—for he is a young one, is three-and-thirty. A real sensible age to get married at."

"Catch me waiting ten years if I have a good chance of a husband, when I'm twenty or thereabouts. But it's no good talking to you, for you always go against me and side with the mistress. I was late last night, and I wouldn't have minded owning that, only what business had Mrs. Lane to begin catechising as to where I'd been, and who had been talking with me on the step for ever so long? Mean old thing. She must have been watching and listening, or how could she have known. Calls herself a lady too. I wonder what she would say if she caught me peeping and prying or listening when she was talking to anybody."

"I don't think there was any prying in it," replied Lucy. "You know Mrs. Lane's rules, and when you took the place you agreed to abide by them. A lady is bound to be mistress in her own house, and we need not come into it unless we like. You seem to forget that."

"No I don't. And I remember too, that if I have come to a place I needn't stop in it any longer than I like," said Mary with another toss of her pretty head.

"Of course not, but stick to the bargain you have made whilst you are here. Your wages are paid to the day: you have better food than you ever had in your life, and more room to move about in, and——"

"You needn't go on," retorted Mary sharply. "Pray, how do you know I have better food here than I had at home?"

"Because you told me so when you first came, and seemed so pleased at the change. I knew pretty well by what I had been used to. Working folks' cottages are only little bits of places as a rule, and they are mostly tight packed when there is a large family, though some of 'em may be little. You were better off than a many, I daresay, having a couple of cows and some grassland and a good garden. But you told me what hard work your mother had to make ends meet, with your father's small wages and only one boy bringing in something. As to meat. Don't I know that it's mostly bacon, and not always much of that, and a bit of fresh meat for special times."

Mary felt quite angry with herself for having spoken so frankly when she first came. In the pride of her heart and triumph at having secured such a place for her first, and in town too, she had been ready enough to exult in her new surroundings, to speak pityingly of those she had left behind, and to compare her parents' cottage with the house in which she now found herself, greatly to the disadvantage of the old home.

"You might put the whole cottage in one of these big rooms almost," she had said. "I wonder how I ever lived in such a little poky place. I know this, I'll never go back home again to stay there. My mind's made up."

Already the girl had pictured herself paying visits to the little country home, and astonishing those who were in it with her improved appearance and manners and greater experience. Only three months had passed and she was murmuring at her present surroundings, though the only thing she could complain of was, that her mistress took too great an interest in her well-being.

For a moment, Mary was silenced by Lucy's ready replies. She was beaten by the weapons she had herself furnished.

"I hate to be sent to bed at a regular time like a child," she said, after having ransacked her brain to find another grievance.

"The hours would seem rather early to those girls that had always lived in a large town and been in places where a great deal of company was kept, but I should have thought they would seem late to you. Don't you remember, you told me how soon you went to bed at home? That your mother got up at daylight and went to rest early to save candles?"

That "Don't you remember?" of Lucy's was so provoking, and all the more so because it reminded Mary of her own exact words. In her own mind, she said, "I wish I had bitten my tongue through, instead of telling her so much. I shall know better when I go to another place."

The two girls were busily engaged in cleaning the plate, and as this was work which allowed of quiet talk during its progress, they had chatted whilst they worked. Lucy was house-parlour-maid, and Mary was under-housemaid, but helped to wait at table, having been instructed to do this by the elder girl, so much of their work was done in company.

Lucy felt unwilling to let the subject drop without a kindly word or two for her junior's benefit, so she added:

"I think myself lucky in having such a place, and I mean to keep it whilst I can. The hours are early; but if you had lived in such a house as I once did for six months, you would know the difference. Mrs. Lane cares about us. We have good beds and rooms. She says, as we must rise early we ought to go to bed in reasonable time. Unless there is company, what quiet evenings we have; plenty of time to keep our clothes in order and to read the books she lends us."

"Too quiet and too much time," retorted Mary. "My clothes are never ragged. I was taught to keep them tidy before I came here. I never let them go to wrack and ruin."

"So was I," replied Lucy, "and I do it, but if I have a spare hour I can always do a bit of stitching or knitting for mother. There's a lot of us, same as at your house, and her hands are over-full all the time. I just love to send a parcel of little things home for her and the children now and again. Socks are always useful. You see, I'm the eldest, same as you."

"They may knit that like," replied Mary. "No sister did it for me. Let the young ones shift for themselves. I had enough of them when I was amongst them all. Nursing and patching were never done. I was tired to death and glad to turn my back on the lot."

Then Mary stopped suddenly and her face flushed crimson. She was making another admission which might be used against her some day. Oh, dear, that tongue of hers! Lucy would store up the unlucky remark and begin again with her "Don't you remember?"

"I always feel that mother has the hard work. I do care about all the others, but I think of her most of all."

Mary might not have heard this last remark. She had resolved to change the subject, so she asked:

"What sort of a place was that other you were talking about? If it was a lively one it might suit me. I don't mean to stop here, and when I change it shall be to see a bit more life."

"I hope you will never see life in that way," said Lucy earnestly. "There, nobody thought of anything or anybody but pleasure, as they called it, and themselves. They sat up late, servants were up later still. Breakfast on the table for hours, sometimes till noon. No getting the bed-rooms done in proper time, and always a rush to have places tidy and lunch on the table at two o'clock. Work could not be well done in the time we had, and yet there were sharp words enough if anything was missed or done badly.

"The family were going out or having company all the while. They were late up, and servants were later, as I said, for there was a lot of waiting to be done, when I was so tired I could hardly put one foot before the other. As to getting time to sew; it was just impossible, and when one had a chance to go to bed, why, all one could do was just to undress and sleep. I used to feel as though I had only just lain down when I had to be up, and I never knew what it was to be fresh and bright for my work in the morning.

"I am not fond of changing places often, and I stood that place for six months. But I never was so glad in my life as I was when I got into this quiet home again, and under a God-fearing mistress such as ours is. Here one has a chance both for soul and body. Mistresses that care about good things for themselves never want to keep them to themselves."

"What do you mean by good things?" asked Mary. "I mostly find that everybody wants the biggest share to put in his own pocket, or, if you mean good clothes, for their own backs, whether it's a master or mistress."

"I neither meant money nor good clothes, though they are both right enough in their way. I was thinking of better still, Mary; you know what I mean."

Yes—Mary knew. Conscience said "Don't you remember," this time, and she pictured again the cottage home under whose lowly roof her mother was wont to gather her children round her and speak to them of the Saviour Who lived for their sakes, Who blessed the little ones, and Who, as the Good Shepherd, laid down His life for the lambs of the flock, as well as for the elders.

Mary knew too, she could not doubt it, that her rich mistress and her lowly mother shared riches of the best kind; that they had the same faith, the same love in their hearts, and rejoiced to serve the same Master. Memories of a mother's teaching restrained Mary's tongue. She could not speak lightly or pretend to be ignorant of what Lucy meant by the good things alluded to, so she did not answer.

The plate was finished by this time, and the work of the two girls lay apart, so Lucy, having spoken her mind honestly and simply, left Mary to think over their conversation and judge for herself.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



IT is a warm evening in June. Gwenllean is returning from a visit of mercy to a poor cottager, and is seated beneath the shadow of a projecting rock, to rest awhile, and avoid the still intense heat of the sun. She has taken off her hat and laid it, and her little basket, by her side, whilst the wild flowers that she has carelessly gathered as she walked along are as carelessly strewn upon her lap, or fallen upon the sands at her feet. She leans her head upon her hand, and rests her elbow on a portion of the rock. Her long, fair hair is pushed from off her face, and falls in rich luxuriance down her back and shoulders. Her dark blue eyes are fixed upon the waves, so intently that you think they will never turn away their deep, sad gaze. With his head resting on her knees, and his eyes fixed wistfully on her face, sits her father's faithful old hound, poor Fleet; who sometimes moves his tail uneasily, and utters a low whine as if to attract her attention from those slow creeping waves.

Gwenllean has grown from a mild, delicate child, into a thoughtful, beautiful woman. Almost ethereal in figure, and transparently fair in complexion, there is a spirituality about her whole appearance, that would make one think her rather the creation of some poet's fancy than a child of earth already bowed down by the cares and anxieties of existence.

Had she soliloquised aloud, she might have spoken something to this effect.

"The waves ebb and flow for ever and for ever; the sun makes as bright a path upon them now, as when years ago I first watched them when we came to live at the cottage. Their music is as sweet, if more melancholy; their white foam as light and sparkling; their colours as varied and beautiful. Yet it is said that the ocean is like life. Not in its present placid state: but perhaps when it is moved by winds, and darkened by clouds. Oh, that I could have such a light thrown across my path, to lead me through the difficulties that thicken around us, as the sun is now casting on the waters. My poor mother! It was hard for her to be taken from her beautiful home, and brought to this lonely place. But oh! it is much harder to be deprived of the pittance that was left to her, either by the dishonesty or failure of those to whose trust it was committed. More than half-a-year has now passed, and we have received no remittance. But for dear kind Mr. Lloyd we must have starved. I am sure he suspects our circumstances, or why should he so often, and by so many strange devices manage to give me money! And our darling Lizzie is not well. Her little, short cough alarms me. She ought to have good and nourishing food that we cannot afford to procure for her. Herbert, too, will return and find us sad, instead of happy and rejoiced to see him. At least I have done his bidding. His grandfather has been cared for, and I have tried to be his right arm. I must now do more than I have ever done. I must not lead an idle life. I must endeavour to earn my bread, and help my mother. Surely the accomplishments she has laboured to teach me—the languages Mr. Lloyd has made me learn—the reading I have gone through—the talent God has given me for music—all this may be turned to account. Had I but a helping hand! Mamma hates applying to old friends, or they might assist me. Perhaps Herbert may do something for me. All seems so dark and uncertain, that I know not where to turn. How happy that seagull is! Now he skims the waves—now he bathes his wings in the cool water—now he flaps them in the sun—now he soars away—away—far out of sight. He has no cares—everything is provided for him. Oh! how I murmur. Everything is provided for him! And will not all that is necessary be provided for me—for us? Has not our Heavenly Father watched over us hitherto, and will He not do so still? Have we not seen His guiding hand in all the events of our lives—and ought we not to be thankful for past mercies? Oh, my God! do thou direct my steps, and forgive my murmuring, discontented thoughts."

Deep in communion with her God, and fervently praying for support, direction, and enlightenment, her face is buried in her hands, and the long hair now falls over it, as if to hide, even from the rocks and waves, the outpourings of the soul. Long does she remain in this attitude of self-abasement, and much, doubtless, of calm contentment and resignation is poured into her heart by that Spirit who alone can quiet the troubled mind, and give peace to the weary doubting children of earth. When Gwenllean once more raises her head, and casts those harmonious glances upwards, the tears are dried, and a tender softness overspreads her countenance. Nature, again, inspires her with pleasure—the fond caresses of her dog are returned, and a soft musical call brings the seagull to her side. She is about to rise, when a sudden joyful bark from Fleet makes her look round, and she perceives David the harper approaching, carrying his harp with weary step. He had been absent for some weeks, and Gwenllean greeted him with delight.

"David, dear David," she said, "I am so glad you are come. I thought you would never return again. Come and rest a little while, and tell me where you have been, and what you have been doing."

"I must not stay long," said David, seating himself on the rock by her side, "because I have many things to do, and I must be off again to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Why?" asked Gwenllean, sorrowfully. "Not so soon, David, I hope, for I have so very much to say to you, and so much to consult you about."

"I shall only be absent one day, dear Miss Gwenllean," said David. "But there is a very large Eisteddfod at the county town to-morrow, and I mean to become a candidate for some of the prizes. It is supposed that it will be the largest and best attended meeting ever held in South Wales, and the prizes are to be numerous."

"And who are to be the competitors?" asked Gwenllean, with interest, "and what the style of music?"

"The competitors will come from all parts of Wales," replied David, "and will be of all ages, and both male and female. I do not know them all myself, either by name or reputation, but they will be very skilful musicians, and very numerous. There is to be a committee of all the principal people in the country, and everything will be very grandly managed. Prizes will be awarded to the best musicians—the most clever composers both in music and poetry—the most accomplished singers—and the readiest Penyllion performers; in short, the assembly is intended to encourage every species of Welsh minstrelsy."

"What kind of prizes are to be awarded?" asked Gwenllean.

"They will be of different kinds and value," replied David. "Welsh harps—medals—and sums of ten, twenty and thirty pounds."

Gwenllean's eye brightened, and she half started from her seat on the rock, as laying her hand on David's arm, she exclaimed—

"Thirty pounds! who will be likely to win such a sum? Will the younger competitors have any chance?"

"Oh yes! I have known a young girl scarcely older than you are, carry off two or three prizes in different branches of our art."

"But I suppose she must have been a most superior player," said Gwenllean.

"Yes, certainly, she came nearer to you than any one I ever heard."

"What!" exclaimed Gwenllean, with much surprise. "Do you really mean to say that any girl who played as I do ever gained a prize."

"Not as well as you, Miss Gwenllean, since few have your natural or cultivated taste."

"Do you think, then, that I could win a prize, if I were to try for one?" asked Gwenllean.

"Yes," replied David, smiling, "if you had the courage. But I have seen you tremble before Mr. Lloyd's friend, Mr. Evans, the clergyman, and I scarcely know how you would perform in a public meeting."

"That is true," said Gwenllean, thoughtfully; "still I should like to enter the lists."

"You! Miss Llewellen," said David, lifting up his hands and eyes with astonishment; "you play at an Eisteddfod, with a number of Welsh harpers! You may as well talk of accompanying me on my rounds."

"Even then, I should be only following the example of the wandering minstrels of old. But I am serious, and if you will assist me, I will go to the Eisteddfod and try for a prize."

Had Gwenllean—the modest, bashful, and highly-bred Gwenllean, said she was about to make a proposal of marriage to a prince of the blood-royal, David could not have looked more petrified with surprise. But there was no hesitation in her manner; she was not jesting, on the contrary she was calm and composed; and he soon perceived, when she spoke again, that she was in earnest.

"David," she said, "you will believe that I have no wish to be thought a fine musician or singer; to display myself before strangers, or to gain applause; but twenty or thirty pounds! If I could obtain that sum I should be the happiest creature in the world."

"I will strive to get it for you," said David.

"Thank you, my dear David, for many, many favours and kind offices," said Gwenllean; "but that could not be. Only promise to assist me and keep my secret, and I feel assured of success. You need not fear anything wrong. I will tell mamma all when it is over, and would tell her at once, did I think she would listen to my plans. Will you help me?"

"Bless your sweet face, my dear young lady," said David with undisguised astonishment. "You know I would do anything you like. If you asked me to follow you through the world blindfold, I could not refuse you. But you cannot be aware of the difficulties of your undertaking."

"I shall be directed and supported," said Gwenllean with enthusiasm; "the idea did not spring up in my mind causelessly. Promise that you will assist me!"

David looked perplexed, but the appealing glance of his dear young friend was irresistible, and he promised everything she required.

Gwenllean, as David said, did not know what she was about to attempt. Every obstacle seemed to melt before her, in perspective, and she was convinced that nothing would be too difficult for her to accomplish for her mother's sake. New thoughts came rapidly into her mind; so rapidly, and so strangely, that, like Joan-of-Arc, she almost believed herself inspired. She arranged her plans with a precision that left David nothing either to say or to suggest. She would go to the Eisteddfod in a peasant's costume, which would effectually prevent her being discovered; and would borrow the holiday attire of a little, dapper country damsel of her acquaintance, who, she knew, would do anything for her. To hinder her pure English accent from being heard, she would speak Welsh if required to speak at all. They could set off at day-break, by the earliest vessel, which would enable her to change her dress before the meeting, as it was not to begin until one or two o'clock, and they could return in the evening, by nine at the latest.

David suggested, that as she had not obtained her mother's consent even to go as a listener to the Eisteddfod, she was rather premature in making such decided arrangements. She was sure of that, she said; and off she flew like a bird towards the cottage, without pausing to consider what she was about to say, or how she could proffer her request. David remained behind, deep in thought, revolving the proper measures to be pursued, and the probable consequence of so singular a scheme. When Gwenllean hastily entered the drawing-room, she found her mother alone, with the traces of tears on her face. She had been grieving over their uncertain circumstances; and those tears gave Gwenllean redoubled courage, and determined her to persevere. With a flushed cheek, and trembling voice, she told her mother that she wished very much to accompany David to the Eisteddfod.

Lady Llewellen was surprised at a request so unexpected, and would probably have refused it, had she not remembered that Gwenllean seldom asked a favour, and that her means of enjoyment were limited. She tried, however, gently to combat her desire, but saw, from her embarrassed manner and anxious countenance, that her very soul was set upon the expedition. She could not refuse her, though she felt compunction in giving her consent. She did not like trusting her in so public a place without her protection, although she knew David would take every care of her; but she remembered that Gwenllean, in her simple straw bonnet and morning-gown, would not require the chaperonage of the young lady of fashion. She would have accompanied her herself, had she not feared being recognised by some old acquaintance.

Whilst she was hesitating, David appeared. He finally overruled her objections, by assuring her that there was a small private room, appropriated to his use, in a friend's house, that Miss Llewellen could have at her disposal; and that he would see her so placed at the Eisteddfod as to prevent her being annoyed. Lady Llewellen knew that if she acquiesced with reluctance, Gwenllean would accept her consent with pain, or, probably, relinquish the expedition altogether; she endeavoured, therefore, to yield to the proposal readily, and told David, with a smile, that he must place Gwenllean in some quiet corner, where she would be unnoticed, and must not lose sight of her for a moment. David promised everything, and Gwenllean, whose courage was beginning to fail when she saw her mother waver, thanked her with rapture when she assented, and soon left the room, fearing to be further questioned.

Lady Llewellen found all the finery she possessed scattered about her room, and Lizzie engaged in entreating Gwenllean to put it on. But Gwenllean persisted in choosing a plain white morning dress and cape; and the only point gained by Miriam and Lizzie was permission to tie down the cottage straw bonnet with handsome pink ribbon, and to add a pale-pink scarf to the white dress, which, Miriam said, would "set it off wonderfully, since Miss Gwenllean was so determined not to wear what would suit her a million times better." Her mother perfectly agreed with her, and Miriam had the dissatisfaction of finding that Gwenllean would "go like a shopkeeper's daughter;" though very few shopkeepers' daughters, nowadays, would condescend to dress as simply as Gwenllean.

Scarcely was the first streak of light tremulously reflected by the ocean from the eastern sky, when the whole household at the cottage was astir, and by six o'clock Gwenllean and David were on board the packet that was to convey them, in a few hours, to the town in which the Eisteddfod was to be held. There were a great many passengers, but Gwenllean avoided observation by keeping close to her protector, and drawing her veil over her face. They met with no adventures and landed at an early hour, so that there was time before them for Gwenllean to rest and change her dress. David hurried her from the quay to a small house without the town, in which dwelt a friend of his, and where, as he told Lady Llewellen, there was always a room at his service. He had given Gwenllean's bundle and his own harp to a boy to carry, and when they reached the house he took them in his hand, and opening the door without knocking, preceded Gwenllean into a small apartment, which, fortunately, they found unoccupied.

Here he left her, whilst he went in search of the mistress of the house, to beg to have the entire disposal of her parlour for the day, a request which was readily granted him. He then returned to Gwenllean, and having placed a very small bottle of wine and some biscuits on the table and taken a wine-glass from a cupboard, told her that he would leave her to arrange her dress, and come back for her in about half-an-hour. Gwenllean locked the door as he quitted the room, and took the bundle in her hand to unfasten it.

It was not until this moment that she felt sensible of what she was about. When she unfolded, one after another,

the articles of wearing apparel that her friend, Ann Jones, had lent David for her use, and began to think of attiring herself in them, the weight of her undertaking fell heavily upon her mind. She saw all its difficulties at a glance. Slowly she separated the clothes, and sadly she mused as she did so. Long she stood motionless before the table upon which she had placed them; but, at last, gathering courage, she took off her bonnet and dress, and prepared to put them on.

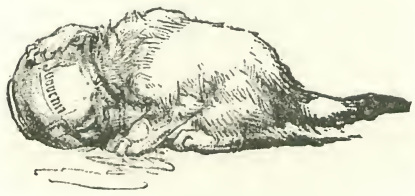
A burning blush rushed to her very temples, as, with a trembling hand, she folded the blossom-white muslin neckerchief over a neck almost as white, and tied on the black-and-white flannel skirt, beneath which her heart beat almost audibly. She took up the striped red-and-black Welsh flannel jacket, or open gown, and put it down again. She trembled so much that she thought she should never be able to fasten it on. She did so at last, and it hung in a not ungraceful loose skirt behind, being drawn into folds beneath the strings of a linsey apron. The black worsted stockings were very large, but she put them on. The shoes were out of the question, for her feet danced about in them, so she was obliged to have recourse to her own small, but thick, walking-shoes. This part of her dress completed, she paused again. It was a hard struggle to overcome those feelings of bashfulness, but she forced them down, and went towards the small glass that ornamented the mantelpiece.

She brushed her long curls smoothly from off her face, and, for the first time, fastened them together with a comb behind. She placed over them the broad-bordered, snow-white cap, that might have become a plainer face than hers, but which, resting on cheeks that varied from the purest white to the deepest carnation, made her look the loveliest of country girls. The smooth, high crowned, black beaver hat, drawn as far as possible over her forehead, and the toilette was completed. And beautiful she looked in her present costume—most beautiful!

Poor Gwenllean! she little thought of the misery it would cause her. She sat down, and covering her burning face with her hands, tried to conceal her shame and confusion, even from herself.

"No! I cannot go," she said; but her mother's pale face and anxious eye came before her, and she nerved her trembling spirit. She thought of her best songs—her most effective pieces—they had vanished from her memory. She could not recall even the words of those she loved best. She must fail; it would be useless to try. She had better change her dress again, and go as a listener; she had neither strength, nor power, nor courage; her beating, agitated heart told her she had not; she must relinquish her enterprise—give up all—but then, her mother!

(*To be continued.*)



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If the hands are stained with fruit juice, do not wash in hot water and soap, but only rinse in cold water, when the stains will disappear.

The best way to light a kitchen fire, is to pack the coals and cinders carefully and closely, and then light it on the top with a fire-wheel or wood and a little small coal. This will then burn downwards and make a glowing fire which will need no further attention for a long time. If the bottom of the grate is not fitted with a shaped piece of tin or iron to stop the bottom draught, a piece of brown paper should be cut to shape and put in position before the coals are laid.

To cut a piece of indiarubber easily, wet the knife with water before using it.

Whalebone may be very easily cut if warmed first over a lamp-glass or by the fire, when it will become quite soft.

To remove fruit-stains from linen, pour boiling water over the stain as soon as possible.

When passing a bad smell in the road, do not open the mouth to speak of it, but close it immediately and pass quickly on. Children should be taught to do this.

When making an open treacle tart or tartlets, mix two tablespoonfuls of very fine bread-crumbs with the treacle. It makes it much nicer and prevents the treacle soaking into the paste and making it sodden.

Stewed fruit is nicer if a small quantity of sago is boiled separately and then mixed with the stewed fruit before sending it to table. The proportions should be two ounces of sago boiled in a pint of water to a quart of fruit.

Eggs that are to be kept should be stood on the small end of the egg, and not the broad end.

To prevent made mustard from drying and caking in the mustard pot, mix a little salt when making it, and it should always be made with boiling water.

Chamois leather should never be washed in hot water, which hardens it, but in cold water, with either a little ammonia or a lather of soap.

Boots and gloves wear longer and better if kept for some time before wearing them. It is well to have a pair or pairs of each kept for some months before use.

Suet puddings are much lighter and better if plunged into boiling water if they are to be boiled.

To keep the feet warm in cold weather, cut a sole to the size of the boot or shoe in thick brown paper and wear it.

Baking powder of superior quality can be made of three ounces of tartaric acid, four ounces of carbonate of soda, and half a pound of ground rice. Pound the tartaric acid in pestle and mortar till quite smooth; do the same separately with the carbonate of soda; mix all three well together in a basin and keep in a close-fitting tin in a dry place.

A tear in a dress, or the worn seams of umbrellas, may be neatly and effectually mended by bringing the edges together and putting over them on the under-side a piece of sticking-plaster, or tissue made for the purpose, cut in a strip to the size of the tear. In the case of thin muslin being torn, only gum or thin paste need be used.

Flannel should not be used in needle-books for sticking needles into, as flannel is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles; a piece of fine linen or chamois leather is better.

The best lemonade is made with one lemon, one quart of water, and ten lumps of sugar. Peel the lemon, taking great care not to get any of the white under-skin, cut the lemon in half, take the pips out and squeeze out all the juice, add the sugar, and pour the water over it quite boiling, adding the thin yellow peel at the last. This can be drunk hot or cold.

Aberdeen sausage is a very nice breakfast- or supper-dish, made according to the following recipe:—One pound of lean buttock-steak, half a pound of fat bacon, two small teacupfuls of grated bread-crumbs, one dessertspoonful of Harvey or Worcester sauce, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. The beef and bacon to be finely minced and well mixed, then add the bread-crumbs and other ingredients, and lastly the egg. Form it all into a roll, not too long, and boil in a floured cloth tied at the end (not too tightly) for two hours. When done, cover it while hot with crisp bread-crumbs, and serve cold at the table.

When hanging meat in the larder, it is well not to put the metal hook through the meat itself, but through a loop of string tied on to the joint.

Too much care cannot be taken about constant changing of the water in which cut-flowers are placed in rooms, as also to empty out and clean the ornamental china bowls in which flower-pots are placed, and these should always be a couple of sizes larger than the pots, so as to allow of free ventilation; they are non-porous, and are not good for the plants unless there is room for ventilation. Plants should never stand in stale water.

To keep off rats, put tar round the holes they come out of. They are very clean creatures, and will not tolerate anything dirty or sticky on their fur.

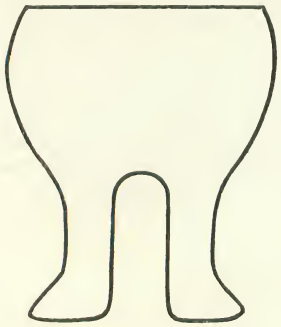
QUEEN BABY AND HER NEEDS.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART II.

Short Clothes.

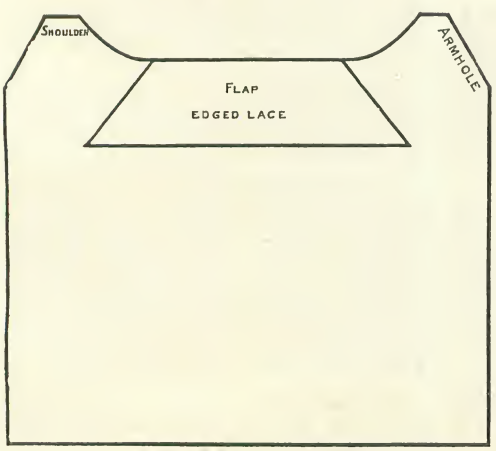
"Blessed is the babe that is born in the spring, for she shall be short-coated in the summer," is a favourite beatitude with mothers. They think an infant must take cold if translated from long robes into "scutty" garments,



WOOLLEN DRAWERS.

except in the dog-days. Now, I have had December, May, and July babies. They were "shortened" respectively on an east-windy Easter Monday, a wet August morning, and a foggy November day. They never, any of them, caught cold in consequence. Of course if you curtail petticoats, cut off long sleeves, and open neck-bands at the same time, pneumonias and influenzas and congestions must follow. Common sense guides us here as well as in other instances. But, if the readers of The Girl's Own Paper will follow my suggestions, I think they need not fear frost or snow or rain for their tender, wee nestlings.

To begin with. Baby must not as yet discard her flannel binder. Those large enough for the first three months should now be discarded for strips of flannel half a yard wide. Buttons and holes may be substituted for needles and thread now, and will not try the tiny queen's patience. Measure the size of her white fat body, and sew linen buttons at the exact spot. Then work three buttonholes at the other end, and baby will bless her mother. Over the binder still draw a soft woven or knitted Shetland vest. Then, if you wish it, a little soft silk chemise.



CHEMISE.

I give a pattern of this garment, and it should be trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Do not put any sleeves into this or any other of the under-garments. However small you may make them, they cause much misery and discomfort, "rucking" under the arm-pits and fraying the tender skin. As they are useless for warmth—indeed often impeding circulation—abjure them completely, I advise. Soft frills of lace are all that is necessary for beauty. Even these should not reach beyond the curve of the arm-hole.

I do not generally use the chemise at all. But, right over the dainty vest, button a high double-flannel quilted bodice. This is the easiest thing to make. Turn in both edges all round, tack together carefully, and machine with fine silk. A line of feather-stitching adds to the look of these flannel bodices, which should take the place of all usually used linen stays or stiffened belts. Baby will feel like a bundle of soft wool if she wears these bodices, instead of being starched and stiffened like a little board.

Three linen buttons should be sewn on the left hand, and three corresponding holes worked in silk, on the right.

To this bodice our queen's flannel-petticoats will be attached, either by tacking or (a better way) by sewing six buttons on it, and making five or six reversed button-holes in the band of the tiny skirt.

If the flannel bodice, which, like the white knight's pudding, is my own invention, with a foundation of experience instead of blotting-paper, is cut according to the diagram, all the delicate part of queen baby's chest will be covered. The cavity of the lungs, both back and front, the bronchial tubes, and the sensitive spot on the spine, will have a breast-plate over them, and be impervious to chills. I have found this bodice of inestimable value. Winter and summer my babies wear it, reducing, or adding to, other garments according to weather.

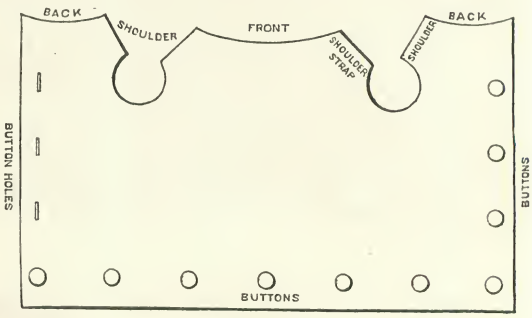
The flannel-petticoat itself uses up two plain widths of narrow flannel, or one and a half width of wide. Be sure you ruthlessly tear off every bit of the enticing pink selvedge. It looks anything but pretty when herring-boned down the seams and showing through the fine woven wool. The petticoat should be fourteen inches long, so you must add enough to allow for a wide hem and a tuck. After feather-stitching both of these, lay a half-penny on the hem and pencil scallops all round. Work each in button-hole stitch with thick white crewel-silk, increasing the length of stitch at the points. Satin-work a tiny spray of foliage in each circle, and you have a dainty, comfortable garment.

Finish by pleating into a straight, inch-wide band of calico. In this, as said above, button-holes are ready for attaching to bodice.

Queen baby is now thoroughly cased in wool, and we may allow her the one bit of cotton in her clothing, *i.e.*, a white petticoat.

This should be of the simplest make, and, as it is nice to have this well starched, it should be made of fine long-cloth.

Tear off a nine-inch strip of the calico, and cut according to diagram. You will notice



BODICE.

the neck is slightly hollowed both back and front, and the shoulders joined by a wee seam. Turn up a half inch hem at the bottom through which a narrow tape will pass. It is a good plan to make tiny eyelet-holes for the drawstring instead of leaving the ends open. They look so much neater. Now face the neck curve with a cross-piece of cloth and put another tape through that. Hem the armholes and trim all round with Valenciennes. The skirt will take two straight widths of Horrocks. It should be fifteen inches long, with a wide hem and a few tucks to beautify it. For the best petticoats a strip of rather wide Valenciennes or Torchon lace may be added. Now gather this wide skirt carefully, gauge it, and divide accurately into four. Pin on to the bodice and oversew it strongly and evenly. Lumps of gathers are unsightly and apt to bruise the tender waist of our princess.

For short frocks, there are only three admissible fabrics. I put them in order of merit. Silk, wool, cambric. There is nothing so dainty, or so really economical as the first-named. It gives almost everlasting wear. Does not shrink like flannel, and keeps clean longer than cambric. Each short frock costs about 4s. if made in washing silk. About 3s. 6d. in white winsey, and from 3s. to any



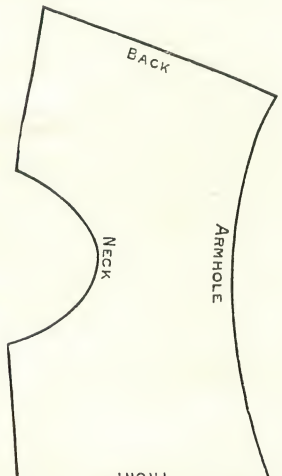
FROCK.

amount if made of cambric and trimmed with lace. Silk is very warm; quite as warm as wool, and before I close this paper, I will tell you how to laundress both in your hand-basin. Cotton frocks must go to Mrs. Jones or the steam laundry. For the silk dress you will need two and a half yards of Pongee or Surah. Cut according to diagram, and neatly sew in the sleeves. The garment will be like a Chinaman's blouse, utterly shapeless. But do not despair. Turn down rather a wide piece to form a neck frill, and gather finely. Make about an inch of these shirrings. Then draw up to the size of baby's neck and strengthen with a tape hemmed on behind. The sleeves have the edges done in the same way, and a soft fall of wide Valenciennes, narrowed a bit at the bend of the elbow, drapes over the dimpled arm. It is wonderful how becoming this sleeve is, and it does not offend even the lovers of extreme simplicity. The waist line may be left undefined, or a row of shirrings about an inch wide looks neat and natty. At waist and neck sew on two pearl buttons opposite each other and make loops of silk to attach the same. A wide hem daintily feather-stitched completes this little frock.

If baby's mother can smock so much the better will baby look. Instead of the gathers put equal depths of elastic honeycomb, and no prettier decoration could be found.

I have found that white winsey is a most delightful woollen material for use in the nursery. It costs from 1s. 8d. a yard, and can only be got from Aberdeen. Or nun's veiling is a splendidly cool stuff and wears well. Gathers or pleats of wool round our baby queen's neck would be clumsy, so these frocks must be made with a yoke. Cut it all in one (I give a pattern), and avoid seams on the shoulder. Line with soft cambric. Hem each end and fasten with buttons and holes.

Take one and a half width of materials and join, leaving a placket-hole right in the centre of the back, and two slits for sleeves. Now honeycomb the centre breadth until you have a piece of smocking about three inches square, and the two backs in proportion. Put these into the yoke, hemming the cambric lining over so as to finish neatly.



YOKE.

The sleeves are a long square if there be such a thing; the under-side slightly hollowed, the wrists deeply smocked; gather or smock them into place. This is a very nice uncommon little gown. A bib always covers the bosom of an infant's frock, but the smocking placed beneath the yoke shows off to the best effect.

For cambric frocks, the ready tucked stuff (as recommended for monthly robes) is very satisfactory. The skirt needs nothing then but gathering into the bodice. This should be trimmed with a deep frill of Edelweiss at neck and elbows. Or, if preferred, a plastron of pillow lace, as described in a former chapter, can be readily fixed.

These are three ways of making up three different materials. All of them are easily made, easily washed, and easily replaced. Pinafores are some of the daintiest additions to our queen's wardrobe. For morning wear, ordinary pin-head diaper or lustre is usual. They should never measure less than twenty-three inches. The simplest is cut as per diagram. A straight piece of the material, edged with lace, made to fall over the top line, forms a frill and shoulder-piece at once. No waist-line, and a single draw-string.

More elaborate pinafores can be made from fine cambric, or hail-stone muslin. Run three tiny tucks above the hem, which is edged with real lace. For the top feather-stitch some lace insertion, and gather above it narrower lace to match. Another pattern gathers the front under a band of insertion, and adds broad sash ends of cambric.

An almost endless variety of changes can be rung on the above lines. But a mother should always remember that fine material and delicate sewing, are far more fit for the garb of our home rulers, than any amount of ornament. A baby's garments are so continually in and out of the wash-tub, that elaboration of detail is most unwise.

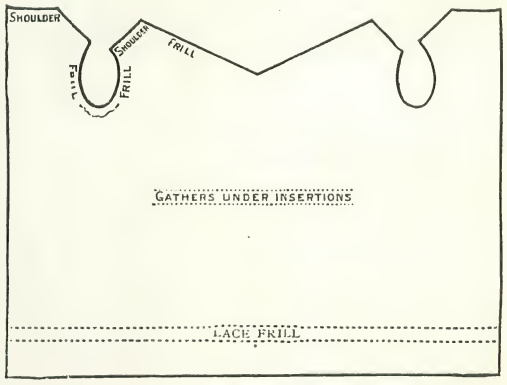
I must give my formula for washing the dainty "Liberty silk" smocks I have recommended. Squeeze, and souse gently in soap-suds and warm water. Do not rub. Rinse out (if pure white) in slightly blued water, in which a teaspoonful of diluted gum-arabic (proportions, one ounce to a pint of water, kept ready in a well-corked bottle) has been put. This will take away from the wispy look of all washed silk, and give the slight stiffness observable in newly-bought stuff. Iron on the right side, whilst still wet, over a fold of muslin or fine handkerchief. Pull the smocking into shape, and air well. The above will keep our baby queen in continually freshened clothes.

Her woollen frocks (if such be preferred) must be soaked for an hour in warm water, to which some soap-jelly has been added and a spoonful of liquid ammonia. Cover the pan carefully, and be sure every inch of material is soused, or it will shrink. Rinse, and dry in a cool windy place, not in the sun or too close to a fire. Iron whilst still damp. Winsey or flannel treated thus will never shrink or lose its colour until it be in rags!

I must not omit to mention pelisses and bonnets. The latter should always be bought. Untrained milliners fail here. But the pelisse can be made at home. I have one that has given everlasting wear. It is made from white Aberdeen sheeting, at 4s. a yard, and looks like extra good woollen serge. I will not give diagrams for this, as patterns are always being improved upon, and can be bought for 6½d. One thing only I would advise, have double or triple capes made separately; then, according to weather, queen baby can wear either one, two, or three thicknesses over her little shoulders. Each one should be finished on the wrong side with silk galloon, and have wide woollen lace gathered round it. Even in summer one such cape is often necessary, especially to a carriage child. It is easily carried, so there is no excuse for baby ever getting a chill.

Now, if you have followed my directions so far, you will have samples of suitable short clothes for the tiny monarch. Of binders you will need three, of woollen bodices two, flannel petticoats four, white petticoats six, of silk dresses four, of woollen ones four, of cambric ones six, of pinafores ten, of vests four, and of chemises, if worn, six. With this, the list of her wardrobe is complete.

We still have foot-gear to consider. I was once asked, "——, dear, do your children wear shoes and stockings in Ireland?" To which I gravely answered—ignoring the implied reproach—"Sometimes, dear aunt." But, I must confess, that whether I am in England or Ireland, my *babies* never wear them! As long as woollen booties are desirable, queen baby possesses the softest,



PINAFORE.

whitest, daintiest of foot-coverings. But as soon as she pulls those off, I let her go bare-foot. I will not compress those dainty, pink, shell-like toes into cardboard and leather. So, until baby can walk, she pounds on lap and knee and carpet and cushion, with rosy soft heels and soles. Her tiny toes curl up for her constant amusement, and are her best plaything. As soon would I encase a kitten's tail in a sheath, as bind up those delicate, strong, sturdy little ankles in buttons and laces. Of course I have to apologise, and constantly, for the bare ten toes. But baby would miss many kisses bestowed on those dear little "puds" if shoes were worn, and we should lose some of her prettiest tricks. If the plan of letting our wee queen go bare-foot is considered a "catch-coldy" one, buy Pinet's dainty little shoes. They are square-toed, and made of the softest leather. They are made in half sizes, and can be bought in white or bronze or black. Socks then should be always white, and changed every day. They can easily be rinsed out in mother's hand-basin, and so kept sweet and clean.

Whether queen baby wears hosen and its appurtenances or not, she should be provided with thick knitted drawers for going out in. The diagram will show how they should be made, to cover thighs, knees, calves, ankles, and toes. I draw mine over booties and pilche, tying them round the rolypoly waist with wide ribbon. Like an Esquimaux the baby looks when she is thus rigged up, and there is no fear of a chill to the child even in the coldest of weather.

Opinions differ as to whether a veil be a comfort or not. My daughter settles the matter by refusing to wear one. And she is right! God's fresh air blowing on the soft round cheek may roughen it a bit, but vinolia is a splendid emollient, and the wind brings roses there as well. It may cause the bright eyes to water occasionally, but it also throws golden dust from "sleepy winks" bag into them.

Crown the queen's head with a bonnet. Cover her serene highness with wool from neck to toe, but let the royal little face be free to the winds of heaven. Then send her forth without fear. She will not catch cold.

(*To be continued.*)



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

"California."—We are greatly interested in your letter, and thank you very much for writing to us. You must have had many strange and sad experiences, and we are glad to know that through them all the "G.O.P." was a link that bound you to your old home across the seas. It is a pleasure to feel that we can help "our girls," and that they are sure of our interest and sympathy. We shall always be delighted to hear from you.

Albecq.—The lines you quote—

> "The night has a thousand eyes,
> And the day but one."

are from a poem entitled "Light," by Francis W. Bourdillon.

Poeta.—We are sure from your frank letter that you are not "a fancied genius," and we feel very much sympathy with you in the burden you have to bear. It is natural that you should try and alleviate it by expressing yourself in verse, and the specimens you enclose are not by any means "rubbish," although real poetry can be achieved but by the few. This is the best verse from "The Spirit of Time"—

> "Who art thou, phantom of shadowy form,
> Why callest thou me thus by name?
> Art thou the spirit that bids the storm
> Its mighty and wondrous deeds perform
> By the light of the lightning's flame?"

Read as much good poetry as you can, and be very careful not to mix your metaphors; for instance, a "barbed shaft" does not cut a "feeble thread." Remember Milton's words, describing Atropos, the third goddess of Fate—

> "But—the fair guerdon when we hope to find—
> Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
> And slits the thin-spun life."

Elspeth.—1. As you invite our criticism of "Love's Golden Gate," we must frankly tell you that it is not poetry at all, or even verse. The lines are of irregular length, and obey no rules of metre or indeed of composition.—2. The lines you quote—

> "His promises will ripen fast
> Unfolding every hour,"

are from Cowper's hymn, beginning—

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

You will find it in almost any hymn book. We thank you for your kind wishes.

Grace.—1. The lines you quote beginning—

> "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break"

are from Robert Browning's "Epilogue." It is the last poem in his last volume "Asolando," and is a brave and splendid utterance, very significant as being the great poet's farewell to his friends, for it was issued on the very day of his death, Dec. 12, 1889.—2. You should consult your own doctor.

Eva Brown.—We are sorry that we cannot insert your story, "Only a Match Girl," as we accept the work of none but experienced writers. You are too young to hope to "see yourself in print" yet awhile.

Katharine Charlton.—Your sketches are so good that we should strongly advise you to study under some competent teacher. The best drawing is that marked "Part 191." No doubt you know that there are a number of Metropolitan District Art Schools in the various parts of London. We hope you will work hard, and wish you all success.

Maida Vale asks us to mention that she is establishing three societies for reading, music practice, and junior and senior French, to which she hopes to add one for German. The address, from which all particulars can be obtained, is "Leonora," 10, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. We cannot accept any responsibility with regard to recommending private societies of this kind, as we are not in a position to acquaint ourselves with the practical method of their working.

A. L. H. asks us to mention her Half-hour Reading Society, the Rules of which, price 2d., may be obtained from 2, Headingley Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.

Scotch Heather.—We wonder why our contributors of "sweet seventeen" so often choose grave and mournful subjects! Death, the fading of the leaf in autumn, the meaning that lies hid in trial and sorrow, are favourite themes. Can it be that "our girls" write poetry when they are unhappy and need an outlet for their trouble? or are they a trifle—just a trifle—morbid? They should not, from personal experience, know much as yet of the sad side of life which they love to dwell upon. We do not mean to laugh at you, dear Scotch Heather, for our own earliest attempt at composition, written at the age of nine, began—

> "I am an aged woman now,
> The springtime of my life is past."

After this digression we may say that your verses are above the average of those sent us for criticism. You should try not to say what others have said before you, but to draw a little on your own thoughts, and should be careful as to the accent of your rhythm. We quote one verse—

> "Ah, yes! His ways are very far from our ways,
> And higher than the clouds above the land,
> We cannot understand them now, nor shall we,
> Until we all in His blest presence stand."

In the first line the necessary emphasis on "our" is forced. Cultivate your ear by reading good poetry.

W. E. C.—1. We can give you the address of the Secretary of the St. George's Oral and Correspondence Classes, Miss Murray, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh, from whom full particulars may be obtained. You might also apply to the Secretary, Association for Education of Women, Clarendon Buildings, Oxford, for details of instruction by correspondence. Amateur societies of the kind you need are very often mentioned in this paper, though we cannot accept any responsibility with regard to them. You will perceive the address of two below. R. G. P., 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, London, S.E., gives lessons by correspondence. We know of no society exclusively for governesses.—2. Possibly the *Rayon de Soleil*, price 2s. 6d. a year, would suit your daughter as an inexpensive French monthly periodical.

E. H. Hathway asks us to mention two long-established amateur clubs for correspondence. Address for the one, Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.; for the other, Miss Davies, Habberley Villa, Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

B. L. G.—The author of the book you mention is still living, or was, at the date of your letter, and she is thought to be engaged in teaching. If you wish to communicate with her, the best way is to write, addressing to the care of her publisher.

The Secretary of the National Home Reading Union asks us to mention that a new Reading Season is now beginning. The regular courses on English Literature and History will be continued this year, embracing the period from 1780 onwards, and the "special course" section will include as additional subjects Browning, The British Colonies (Australia and Canada), and Botany. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. We cordially recommend the Reading Union to our subscribers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Gwennie."—The person who told you that you were "getting quite a woman," merely intended to say that you were "nearly grown up," and had attained to your full height and complete development. There was nothing rude in the remark; and when the word "woman" is used, it does not mean that the person is approaching old age. "Manliness" is by no means a flattering characteristic in a woman. A "manly woman" is a monstrosity—a poor imitation, when she might be a genuine specimen of what is beautiful and attractive; if not in mere form and colour, at least in expression and manner.

"Beauty" (?)—We give no answers to questions on the subject for which you wish for instruction. In the verse in which you say, you

> "See no light a-head to cheer you on,"

you do not speak as one who has the blessed hope of a child of God. For such a one there is plenty of "light a-head;" and even now, in the midst of sorrow, there may be the presence of Christ, realised in the soul, that affords comfort and support. See Psalm xxiii. 4, and St. Matt. xxviii. 20. The stanza is incorrect, and the rhymes are lacking. The other verse is better; but it is not desirable to express all your private feelings in that way; and, as Shakespeare says, to "wear your heart on your sleeve for daws to peck at."

Rosanna.—We must refer you to our Indexes for what you require, we cannot continue to repeat ourselves. The earliest enactment in reference to publishing the banns of marriage in the English church, dates back to the Synod of Westminster, A.D. 1200. The eleventh Canon decrees that no marriage shall be contracted without banns being three times published in the church. This decree was again promulgated by the 62nd Canon of the Synod of London, 1603-4; the banns to be published in the church or chapel where the contracting parties were in residence. It was the custom of the primitive church to give public notice of intended marriages, as recorded by Tertullian, who died A.D. 240.

Honnor.—The quotation is from Tennyson's poem on Sir Richard Grenville's famous sea-battle (with but one ship and a hundred men, against the Spanish fleet of fifty-three men-of-war)—

> "We die—does it matter when?"

On being severely wounded, he desired to sink the ship rather than be captured; but the Spaniards boarded her, and greatly praised his heroism, before he died. However, his ship was never a trophy for the enemy, for the *Revenge* was wrecked in a storm, and never reached Spain. This splendid exploit took place in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Carmen (Mexico City) "*Dieu et mon droit*"—"God and my right"—was the ancient English war-cry. It was assumed as a motto by Henry VI., and has been retained as such to the Royal Arms. The order of "the Garter" was instituted by Edward III. in 1344-1347 or 1349. Opinions differ as to the exact date. Boutell's *English Heraldry* would give you much information on these subjects in a small compass. The other royal motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," "Shame to him who evil thinks," was adopted as such from the words uttered by the king on gallantly picking up a garter dropped by the Countess of Salisbury, and fastening it as a decoration round his own leg. This story has long been generally received, though now discredited by some writers.

Forethought.—Money paid for an annuity is sunk, and your capital is sold to obtain the extra amount of profit—or interest—from it. Of course, therefore, it cannot be left by will, but belongs, at your death, to the association in which you insured. You could obtain information at any District Post Office, or might write to Mr. John Munro, Secretary of the "English and Scottish Life Assurance Association," about endowments for women, and provision for later years of life. City office, 3, King Street, Cheapside, London. Also, you might obtain advice from Miss E. M. Maskell, Secretary of the "United Sisters Friendly Society," Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.

Frances.—The author of the poem entitled, "Bingen on the Rhine," was the Honourable Mrs. Norton; but like a great many other well-known poems, the authorship has been claimed for and by others.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 885.] DECEMBER 12, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW I WAS PRESENTED AT COURT.

BY LA PETITE.

I DO not think that I really quite took it in when this important ceremony was first talked about.

Of course I had always known it would happen some day, and used to watch my mother go, and wonder how I should look in that sort of costume, but somehow I could never picture myself in a long train with plumes on my head.

I remember once when I was quite small that one Drawing-Room day after mamma had departed in all her splendour I got a duster, pinned it on to the bottom of my frock and flirted up and down our long drawing room like a very tiny, but very vain peacock trying to imitate my mother's stately progress and beautiful curtsies, much to the amusement of a lady visitor who had to play the part of Queen, and that was the nearest I ever got to it.

Well! the days of the duster were over apparently, and I began to think it was serious when I was borne off to the Court Dressmaker to choose the dresses.

As Presentation dresses are always white it was merely a question of style and material as regarded mine, in which I let my elders have it all their own way, but when it came to the flowers to be worn, I put in a word for my favourite lilies-of-the-valley, and I was allowed to choose those for the occasion.

My costume was to be a wonderful mixture of satin, *crèpe-de-chine*, tulle and lilies-of-the-valley, and my mother's was heliotrope velvet and silk, yellow satin, orchids and big yellow marguerites, all of which was not arrived at without long and mature deliberation.

After this mamma, deciding (as all mothers do) that nothing was too good for her child, settled not to present me herself but to ask a titled lady of high rank (herself a contributor to our dear "G.O.P.") to perform this office, and, the request being made and granted, the next step was taken.

As a matter of fact the lady presenting a *débutante* has nothing to do and need not even be present at the same Drawing-Room, but in this case, our friend, who had known me all my life, took a great interest in me and was going herself.

Our names had been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain in due form, and copies of the regulations were sent us, together with two pink cards on which my name and that of the lady presenting me must be written. Mamma simply had plain white cards.

Now a lull set in, during which I went quietly on with my studies as if nothing were going to happen, and was only reminded of the

All rights reserved.]



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS I SAW HER.

impending event by having to go to a preliminary fitting on of the dresses, which seemed the least interesting part of the proceedings.

In this interval also the Court curtsey had to be practised with the peculiar glide sideways which accompanies it, but I found it easier to master than might have been expected, and it soon ceased to worry me.

At length it came to a week before the important day, and we went for the final trying on of the costumes. This was literally the most trying of all, for every detail was attended to, plumes, veil, flowers and train, and I got thoroughly tired out.

In fact presently I collapsed altogether in a little heap of white satin, and the dressers had to run for water and smelling salts while I was propped up on the floor and brought round!

I was very much ashamed of myself, but it often happens with delicate girls who cannot stand the hours of posing before a long mirror while flowers are tried first on one side and then on the other, and trimmings are arranged and rearranged to obtain the best effect possible.

At length all was ready, and the only disappointment in connection with it was that the Queen was not going to hold the Drawing-Room in person.

We did not know it for certain till the night before, but it made an important difference to me, as *débutantes* kiss hands if the Queen be present, but simply curtsey to any of the Princesses.

I felt rather injured, I fear, and did think the Queen might have made an effort when she knew I was coming, but I was consoled on hearing the Princess of Wales was to hold it, and decided to make the best of it.

The night before we went to bed early to prepare for the morrow, I feeling not a bit nervous but expecting to be so when the actual moment arrived; however, I slept well and woke feeling none the worse, ate a good breakfast, and was ready for the hair-dresser at a quarter to ten.

At that time my hair was short and curled all over my head, so he had rather a business to fix securely the erection of veil, feathers and flowers, but it was done at last, and I was ready for the next step.

A dear old friend who had known me since I was five years old, insisted on coming up from her seaside home on purpose to dress me (which she did under the superintendence of the Court dressmaker), so loving hands were busy about me preventing my feeling strange or frightened, and, except that it seemed odd to be dressed like that in the day-time, I took it all as a matter of course and soon quite forgot myself and my dress.

By half-past eleven we were ready, mamma looking magnificent in her handsome dress, while mine was deliciously pure and simple, but instead of my gaining in dignity I looked strangely childish, and people laughingly said I should be turned back at the Palace as being too young.

When we came downstairs we found our drawing-room full of friends who had come to criticise us and have a private view, and by twelve o'clock the carriage had drawn up with the coachman and footman adorned with huge bouquets of yellow Marguerites, and a crowd had begun to collect outside.

We took a hurried lunch and then put on our wraps, which were large soft shawls of fine white India muslin edged all round with lace, as anything heavier would have crushed our finery.

A crimson carpet was put down over the pavement and we walked out through what I fondly hoped was an admiring crowd and entered the carriage, our trains being arranged on our laps after we were seated and filling up all the available space.

I was still waiting for what I supposed was the inevitable fit of nervousness, but I may as well say here that it never came, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself from beginning to end.

We had not long to wait in St. James's Park where, it being a wet day, there were fewer people than usual, but this I was glad of, for the few there were came close up and glued their faces to the windows, making audible comments on our appearance exactly as if we were wax figures.

I remember they all seemed much struck with my apparently extreme youth, and made some very diverting remarks thereupon. "I say! don't she look young with them there feathers on her 'ead!" and other remarks of a like nature. Some ladies had brought books to read, and others were taking a picnic-lunch or talking to friends, but I enjoyed watching the beef-eaters file past in their quaint, picturesque costumes, and the Horse-Guards on their beautiful chargers escorting the various Royalties, till presently we drove through the gates and beneath two arches to the entrance, where we dismounted and entered a lofty hall with pillars springing up to the roof and a grand staircase at the right-hand side. We walked straight across this to a side-room where a number of the Queen's dressers were waiting to arrange our veils and take our wraps, and I was sorry to notice how white and ill some of the *débutantes* looked instead of enjoying it as I was doing.

Evidently some of them wished themselves at home again, and even at the last minute would have gladly escaped if they could.

When we were pronounced ready our trains were deftly folded lengthwise into three and laid over our left arms, so that we could carry them without injury or trouble, and we sailed up the grand staircase. Half-way up was stationed one of the Queen's pages, to whom we each gave one of our cards, while he ran his eye sharply over our dresses to see whether they were within the regulations, for at this point one is liable to be turned back if a dress is too high or too low, a train not of the prescribed length or a plume out of place.

I breathed a sigh of relief when he let us pass without comment (though I knew we were all right) and on we swept through many rooms all brocade, mirrors, and exotics, looking out on the gardens, till we came to one filled with rows of chairs, where we sat down and waited.

A barrier divided it from the next room, guarded by an officer, a certain number being admitted at a time, and here we remained for half-an-hour so I had leisure to look about me. My Court sponsor, in black and vieux-rose, presented another girl besides myself, who was charmingly pretty, also in white of course, but with white acacia and orchids for flowers, and, as she was as free from self-consciousness and nervousness as I, we sat together and compared notes.

Huge fires were blazing in all the rooms, being early in May and chilly, but many were trembling so that their teeth chattered and they could hardly stand.

One poor bride (presented on her marriage) was leaning up against the mantelpiece shivering in spite of the fire that was almost scorching her dress, and muttering at intervals to her husband, "How much longer will it be? Will it never be over? If ever I get home safely I'll never come here again!" while he vainly tried to console and encourage her.

A girl, nearly crying with fright, was almost incapacitated altogether by her mother who, to hide her own nervousness, kept whispering sharply, "You are stooping dreadfully. Do hold yourself up properly. Don't tread on my train whatever you do. Mind you remember what I said about your curtsey!"

and so on till we sympathised heartily with the unlucky daughter whose misery was pitiful to behold.

At last the officers raised the barriers and we crushed through (receiving not a few ugly scratches from sharp bracelets and tugs at our veils) into another room all blue brocade, where we waited again gazing at each other and admiring the lovely colours, beautiful jewels and shimmer and sparkle, for one could see better here.

Yet again we were admitted into another smaller room whence we could see into a picture-gallery where those who had the *entrée*, as it is called, and those who had already passed were strolling up and down, and then thirty of us were admitted into the last room of all! At length I found myself waiting at the barrier. We took our turn, my Court sponsor first, white acacia next, I third and mamma last.

When I stood forward two pages took my train off my arm and laid it out full length, and, as it was longer than I was tall, the spotless, shining folds were heavy to draw after me, but it was not far that I had to go. I had no time to think, for I found myself walking past a row of officers with drawn swords uplifted, reminding me irresistibly of the old nursery game of Oranges and Lemons, especially the last line but one, "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

They stood on my right, and on my left was a huge mirror running from floor to ceiling; but I had been warned of that glass and told not to look into it, for many a girl had done so to her own discomfort, seeing something fatally wrong perhaps about her hair or dress and knowing there was no chance of remedying it.

So I kept my head resolutely the other way and walked on, past the stalwart scarlet and gold giants, with their glittering swords, a small curly-headed person in white, with childish face and shining eyes, who looked as if she had strayed into that distinguished presence by mistake! I stepped on solemnly and gave my second pink card (which I had been holding all this time) to the Lord in Waiting, who called out in stentorian tones, "To be presented. Miss —— by Lady ——," and it seemed to me as if all London would hear him.

The next few minutes passed like a whirlwind. I found myself sinking mechanically to the floor while the sweet face of "our own Princess" flashed a smile back at me, and then I had a confused recollection of making five more curtsies, and of some prince, next the last princess, smiling as I went by, and then my train was caught up by two pages at the end, bundled after me and I backed out. This struck me as the least dignified part of the proceedings, for the pages, in their hurry to dispose of you and be ready for the next comer, roll up your precious train and fling it at you anyhow without looking, while you may or may not catch it in your excitement, or it may (as sometimes happens) catch in the ornaments on your head, to the detriment of both. However I was prepared for it, so promptly caught it, and, while waiting for mamma, had leisure to notice the reason of the hum of conversation that had filled my ears ever since entering this Throne room. The Royalties were all standing side by side across the room and, facing them, stood a row of soldiers behind whose shoulders stood and peeped all those who had passed through before.

Of course not a word is supposed to be spoken, but, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to enforce this rule though the Queen, when present, frequently sends messengers to stop the laughing and talking that goes on.

Naturally the very nervous people make awkward mistakes sometimes, and the others,



who have passed through safely, forget their own blunders and criticise very unkindly; but this is the way of the world.

When mamma joined me she comforted me by saying I had done very well, though I had made only six curtsies and ought to have made eleven, as there were five princesses and six princes present, but still very few people manage to curtsey to every individual royalty, so I did not mind.

As we made our way down she asked me how I had felt, and I said, "Not one little bit nervous, but only inclined to laugh at the vision of the ladies in front of me bobbing along!"

We were some time getting our wraps there was such a crowd, and then we had to wait for our carriage, and I was amused at the frantic efforts of the beef-eaters and their officer to keep the ladies quiet lest the Princess should hear the noise they were making! It was no good; they stopped for a minute perhaps and, when his back was turned, were as bad as ever, till his face of despair was comical to behold.

At last we got to the door, where a crowd of footmen were collected laughing heartily at the stentorian announcement of "The Bishop of Gibber-raltar's carriage!" which certainly sounded rather funny, and then ours drew up and off we drove home. Friends were waiting for us, so we could not go off to any Drawing-room teas, but I was not sorry to be quiet to think it all over.

The soldiers with their drawn swords and splendid band, the beef-eaters in their quaint costume, the variegated and beautiful colours of the ladies' dresses, the gorgeous uniforms of the gentlemen, the jewels, the flowers and the lofty rooms all made it seem like an Arabian Night's Dream, and indeed when it was over I could hardly believe it was true. I was so happy and enjoyed it all so much, only I could have wished it had lasted longer, it was so very soon over! Of one thing I am certain, namely, that however often I go I shall never forget How I was Presented at Court.

VARIETIES.

HEAVY BURDENS.—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

DUTY.—"There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duty done."—*Jean Ingelow.*

SMILES AND FROWNS.—God will not smile on us while we are frowning on a brother.

SPIDER'S WEB.—Enough spider's web to go round the world would weigh one half-pound.

PREPARING TO ENTER THE THRONE ROOM. (*Drawn by Arthur Hopkins, A.R.W.S.*)

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER X.

A GENTLEMANLY TRAMP.

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."
Timon of Athens.



WHEN Olivia had finished her preparations she summoned Marcus upstairs, and with an air of housewifely pride showed him all the arrangements she had made.

In his bachelor days Dr. Luttrell had been in the habit of picking up all sorts of miscellaneous articles at sales, that he thought might be useful some day, and though Olivia had often laughed at his purchases and called them old lumber, they had often proved serviceable.

The strip of faded carpet and shabby little shut up washstand intended for the surgery, and a couple of chairs, had been put into the empty room, and though it looked bare enough to Marcus' eyes, and in spite of the bright little fire terribly chilly, it would doubtless be a haven of refuge to their miserable guest.

"He says it is just beautiful," observed Marcus when he came downstairs to his wife; "the night before last, poor beggar, he was in the casual ward, and last night he had a few hours in some refuge. 'Fancy the casual ward for a gentleman's son,' he said to me so bitterly, 'and there was actually a barrister there too, and we fraternised.' It is just as I thought, Livy, he was discharged from the hospital about three weeks ago, and has been roughing it ever since."

"Did you ask him his name, Marcus?"

"Yes, and he hesitated; I don't believe Robert Barton is his real name; the way he gave it looked a bit shady; he is a good-looking fellow, and I can't think he is vicious, but he is one of those weak fellows who get led away. If we are to help him, he must tell us more about himself.

Olivia found her hands full the next day; when Marcus went up to see Barton, he found him flushed and feverish, and complaining of aching in his limbs.

"It is only a bad chill," he said when Olivia looked grave at this report; "but unless we take care of him well for a day or two, it will be pneumonia or congestion of the lungs. I shall be pretty busy for the next two or three hours, and am afraid I must leave him to you and Martha. Don't let him talk, and keep the fire up, that room is still like an ice-house. Are you sure you don't mind the bother, Livy."

And though Olivia was too truthful to answer in the negative, she promised to do her best for Marcus's *protégé*.

Robert Barton looked more to advantage lying in bed in Dr. Luttrell's old red striped blazer, than he had done in his threadbare shabby clothes the previous night; indeed Olivia quite started when she saw him; he was certainly what Marcus called him, a good-looking fellow, the dark blue eyes were beautiful and full of expression; he flushed as Olivia asked him kindly how he felt.

"I feel pretty bad," he returned, "and the doctor says I must lie here. I used not to think much of the story of the Good Samaritan, but I believe in it now. Oh, if you knew what it was to feel clean linen about me again."

"My husband says you are not to talk," replied Olivia gently, "so I must carry out his orders; there is some medicine you are to take, and by-and-by I shall bring you some hot broth; if only your cough were easier you would be able to sleep, but perhaps the drops will do you good.

"Thanks awfully; if you will put them down by me, I will take them, but please, please do not trouble about me, I am not worth it. I never was worth anything;" he sighed and there were tears in his eyes; but Olivia took no notice, she put things straight and then went about her business. On her next visit she found him sleeping; but as she put down the cup of hot broth beside him he half woke.

"Mother," he said in a hoarse voice, "I never did it, I swear to you, on my honour; I was never as bad as that; ask Olive, she believes in me, she knows I could not be such a low cad."

"Mr. Barton I have brought you your broth, will you please take it before it gets cold," and Olivia's clear voice roused Robert Barton effectually.

"I was dreaming," he said, looking at her rather confusedly. "I thought I was at Medhurst, in the old library; oh, what a fool I am," and there was almost a despairing look in his eyes.

"You are weak, or you would not dream so, and yet it must be natural to dream about your own people. I am so glad you have some one belonging to you; last night we were afraid that you were quite friendless," then she stopped as she remembered Marcus's injunctions.

"No, I am not friendless," he returned, raising himself with difficulty, and coughing as he spoke. "Even the prodigal son had relatives, you know—a father and an elder brother; but he was better off than I, for he knew where to find them"—but here such a terrible fit of coughing came on, that Olivia forbade him to say another word.

"You shall tell us all about it when you are better," she said kindly, "perhaps, who knows, we may be able to help you find your friends; we are poor people ourselves, my husband is only just beginning to make a practice, so there is not much that we can do."

Then as she stooped over him and wiped his brow, she was almost startled by the sweetness of the smile that crossed the young man's face.

"Not much," he reiterated; but Olivia shook her head at him to inculcate silence, and carried away the empty cup.

When Marcus came home at dinner-time, she proposed sending a note across to Galvaston House to tell Mr. Gaythorne that she could not leave home that afternoon, but to her surprise Dr. Luttrell objected to this.

"You know how crotchety Mr. Gaythorne is," he said quickly, "and it will never do to disappoint him; he might be a bit touchy. Barton will be all right, and I shall be in myself the greater part of the afternoon." And then Olivia's scruples vanished.

She felt Marcus had been wise when she entered the library. Mr. Gaythorne was evidently expecting her; he had a large portfolio open before him. As he held out his hand to her without rising—for he had still great difficulty in moving—there was a brighter look on his face.

"We must make the most of the daylight," he said, and the next moment Olivia found herself in Venice.

The views were so beautiful and Mr. Gaythorne's descriptions so interesting, that, as usual, the time passed quickly. It was not until they were drinking their coffee in the pleasant firelight that Olivia found an opportunity of narrating her husband's strange adventure of the previous evening.

Mr. Gaythorne listened with his usual air of half contemptuous amusement; but before she came to the end of the recital he turned upon her quickly.

"Do you mean that the tramp is actually in your house at this moment!" he asked indignantly.

"Oh, please don't call him that; he is a gentleman, he speaks in quite an educated manner, and his ways are so refined, Marcus saw that at once."

"Pooh, nonsense! My dear Mrs. Luttrell, a gentlemanly tramp is the worst kind; it is generally drink and profligacy that have dragged them down. You will be robbed or burnt in your beds!"

Olivia could not conceal her amusement. A vivid remembrance of the flushed, weary young face of the wanderer rose before her; it was so boyish-looking with the fair hair and golden brown moustache.

"I am sure he does not drink," she returned, trying vainly to suppress a smile; but this contradiction did not please Mr. Gaythorne.

"How can you know anything about it?" he asked testily; "from your own account he has told you nothing except

that he has been in a hospital and a casual ward—they have plenty of cases of delirium tremens in both places. To think of it! and I thought Dr. Luttrell was a sensible man. This is the way he takes care of his wife and child, harbouring a frozen-out tramp."

"Dear Mr. Gaythorne," returned Olivia pleadingly, "just put yourself in my husband's place. Marcus found the poor young fellow on a doorstep in Harbut Road, not a dozen yards from his own door. Being a doctor he saw at once that he must be warmed and fed or life would be endangered, and Christmas night of all nights. How could he forbear in sheer humanity to take in the poor creature, and then when he found how weak he was, how was he to turn him out into the streets again?"

"He might have sent for a cab and had him driven to a hospital."

"No—Marcus said it was no case for a hospital, at least at present, they would not have admitted him, indeed—indeed he could not have done otherwise—I told him so at once. What is the use of going to church and saying one's prayers if one shrinks from such a clear duty as that? Why, we should never dare to read St. James again!"

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Because we should have set our faces against his teaching. Oh, you know what I mean, Mr. Gaythorne," and Olivia repeated the text reverently. "'If a brother or sister be naked and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them go in peace, be ye clothed and fed, and yet you give them not those things needful for the body, what doth it profit?' Marcus does not only profess his religion. Oh"—finished Olivia, with sparkling eyes—"I did feel so proud of my husband last night."

"Well—well; if you choose to be Quixotic it is your own affair, not mine," but Mr. Gaythorne spoke with less irritation. "Now shall we go on with the portfolio, or do you want to go back to your gentlemanly tramp," then Olivia begged to finish the pictures.

"I have nearly half an hour before Dot's bedtime," she said cheerfully, "and then I must go," and so harmony was restored.

When the half hour had passed, Olivia took her leave, but before she reached the door, Mr. Gaythorne called her back and thrust something into her hand.

"That will help you to provide for your tramp," he said, hurriedly, "and prevent him from eating you out of house and home. Mind you repay yourself before you lay out any for him: do you suppose," in a cynical tone, "that your husband's income will bear the expense of such an inmate as that?" and Olivia to her intense astonishment found the two crumpled bits of paper in her hand were five pound notes.

"Oh, there is no need for this," she said in distress; "have you forgotten the turkey and all those good things Aunt Madge sent us;" but Mr. Gaythorne waved her away.

"Nonsense," he said crossly, "do you suppose a trifle like that matters to me. Why, I am not spending half my income, if you want any more you can just let me know; but if you take my advice you will get rid of that fellow as soon as possible."

Marcus smiled when Olivia showed him the money. "Put it away for the present," he said, "it will buy Barton some warm clothes; we can afford to give him his bit and sup for a few days; he is stone broke, as they call it, and a few pounds may be just what he requires, and put him on his feet again."

When Mrs. Broderick heard of the strange guest at No. 1, Galvaston Terrace, she was deeply interested, and warmly commended Marcus's philanthropy.

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully after a few minutes' silence, "whether any of Fergus's things would fit him; you know what a foolish body I have been, Livy, to keep them all this time, and it gives Deb so much trouble to preserve them from moth; but there, we all have our crazes.

"I have been meaning to part with them for a long time, and this seems a good opportunity; it does seem such a pity to touch that money, it would set him up to have a few pounds in hand."

Olivia could not deny this, and in her secret heart she thought Aunt Madge could not do better with her dead husband's things.

"It will be a real act of charity," she said frankly. "Oh, Aunt Madge, if you could only see his clothes, they are so worn and threadbare, and when Martha washed his shirt and socks she almost cried over the holes; and then his boots!"

"Say no more, my child, it shall be done, and at once," and Mrs. Broderick's mouth looked unusually firm.

The very next day Marcus carried a big parcel upstairs and opened it before Robert Barton's astonished eyes.

Mrs. Broderick, who did nothing grudgingly, had put up all she thought requisite, a warm suit, and a great coat, a pair of boots, some coloured flannel shirts, and warm under-clothing.

"It has upset him a bit," Marcus said when he re-entered the parlour, "he is still so weak, you see. He fairly broke down when I showed him the things. He is very grateful; by-the-bye, Livy," sitting down beside her as he spoke, "he has been telling me more about himself to night; not much, certainly, he does not seem to like speaking of himself, but he gave me a brief outline.

"He has relations, only he has not seen them for some years; it appeared he quarrelled with them or got wrong somehow; in fact he owned he had been a bit wild, and then things went from bad to worse with him, and he had a run of ill-luck.

"It seems he is an artist and rather fond of his profession, but he hurt his hand, and blood-poisoning came on, and for some time he was afraid he would lose his right arm; for months he could paint no pictures, and so all his little capital was swallowed up."

"But why did he not write to his people, Marcus, and make it up with them?"

"So he did, but his letters never got answered, and he got sick of it at last. When he was pretty nearly at the end of his tether he came back to England. I think he said he was in Paris then, or was it Beyrout; well, never mind, he went straight to his old home; but to his horror the house was shut up, and to let, and the caretaker told him that no one had lived there for years, and that she believed the party who had owned it was abroad, he could get nothing more than that out of her.

"He put up at a little wayside inn that night, meaning to make inquiries in the neighbourhood, but the next day he fell ill, and after a bit they took him to the hospital, and since then he drifted up to London, hoping to see his father's old lawyer and glean intelligence from him, but he found he was dead. His fixed intention was to go down again to the place and see the vicar and prosecute his inquiries in person, but ill-luck pursued him; he was robbed in some wretched lodging, and soon found himself in actual want; 'but I mean if I die for it to get to Medhurst somehow,' he said to me. 'I could have found someone to identify me there; not that we had been there long, for my people mostly lived abroad, but there must be some friends who could tell me about them.'

"It is a queer story altogether, and yet not a wholly improbable one; but there is a mystery somewhere, Livy, and I am sure of one thing, that his name is not Barton. I hinted as much, but he only flushed up and said nothing."

(To be continued.)





WHAT GIRLS MIGHT DO IN DECEMBER.

By "MEDICUS."

"The wintry west extends his blast,
An' rain and hail do blaw,
Or, the stormy north, sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
An' roars frae bank to brae;
An' bird and beast in covert rest,
An' pass the heartless day."—*Burns.*

It is hardly yet the end of autumn, and very early on a wild wet morning, still I have found my way through the dripping jungle to my wigwam, and have got my war-paint on. Why? Did you ask why? I put on my war-paint to write to you, and give you some advice suitable to the dreary month of December. My war-paint, girls, is simplicity itself, and consists merely of an excise ink-bottle, which wouldn't spill, you know, even if you were to turn it upside down over that pretty blouse which becomes you so, an excise ink-bottle slung to my button-hole, and a penny pen-holder. It is not always in my wigwam, however, that I write my monthly sermon to my lassies of the grand old "G. O. P." No, for in fine weather, even in winter, I cycle away to the woods, where there is nothing to disturb me and everything to soothe. The mournfully monotonous croodle of the wood-pigeon or purring of doves from a neighbouring thicket, or the flap-flap-flap of their wings, as the male birds fly away to bring food to their pretty mates, is only music to me. In the silence of the woods if tired I can sing myself a song with none to listen, or snatches of many songs. The Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee, for instance, a beautiful Scottish love-lilt, that teaches kindness to birds. Here is a wee bit of it—

"Far down thy dark green plantin' shade,
The cushat croodles amorously,
The mavis in thy buchtin glade,
Gars * echo ring frae † tree.
Awa' ye thochtless murdering gang,
That tear the nestlin's ere they flee,
They'll sing you yet a canty song.
In the bonnie woods o' Craigielee.
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielee,
In thee I've spent life's early day,
An' won my Mary's heart in thee!"

The music is sweeter even than the words. In those woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom enchants the soul, I can never feel lonesome, for to say nothing of the companionship of my St. Bernard "Lassie," *alias* "Fair Helen of Troy," is there not the great book of Nature spread open before me.

O the wonderful little mites and midgets and hoppers that fly on to my paper, and everyone of them has a little story to tell me, although I have to look at some through a huge magnifying glass. So minute are my little visitors at times, that the stroke of the letter "t" forms a river they dare not ford. For example, one alighted on a fine summer's day right in the centre of a capital "O" which I had just written. The ink was not yet dry, so he walked round and round inside, feeling here and there with one little foot for a place to get out. This he kept up for fully half a minute, then he sat down to think and ponder for another half minute, after which he tried again. By this time the ink was dry and the tiny prisoner escaped. And now he raised his elytra—the little blouse he wore—and shook from under a pair of bran-new transparent wings and darted off away into the glad sunshine. Now, girls, listen, this little visitor was one of a species all too well known to us cyclists, because when we ride under trees one often gets into the eye, and if we can't wipe it out we've got to weep it out. But the specimen who found himself imprisoned in the letter "O" with a dark rolling river of ink all around him, was no bigger than the tail of a comma (,). But perfect in shape, head, limbs, body and wings. And he had a life and existence of his own, as well as you or I have, ay, and duties to perform also and probably connected with these duties and his home-life a good deal of worry and care. For mind you this, God makes not even a midge in vain.

None of us, for instance, cares much for a rat, or blue-bottle, or mosquito, and these pests are usually killed on sight. And yet the rats are the best scavengers of sewers, and of badly-kept farms and piggeries in the country; the blue-bottle is so useful that, but for them, plagues would oftener break out in large cities of the tropics such as Zanzibar, while in malarious districts life would be impossible to mankind were there no mosquitoes to devour the microbes.

Sitting silently in the woods, I see droll things at times. I generally choose a glade with an oak or pine tree over-shadowing one end of it. Here Lassie and I are so quiet and still that the denizens of the woods soon take us for part and parcel of the scenery. A weasel popped out of a furze bush at the other side of the glade one day and stood on its hind legs to study us. Then came a few yards nearer and stood up again. Lassie looked up with one dark eye, but never moved. She was asking me to let her go for the weasel. I lowered my brows and that meant, "No, certainly not."

Back went the weasel now to the bush and presently re-appeared and crossed the glade with five wee baby-weasels all in a row, but close behind her. A wild-eyed rabbit will sometimes hop into the centre of the sunny glade, and sit down to wash his face in the sunshine. If either Lassie or myself makes a move, he stamps his hind legs angrily on the ground and darts off.

One day something stirred in the withered grass close beside the bank and tree-foot. I thought I could throw out a beautiful glittering grass or ring snake. I darted my hand quickly down and brought up, only a poor mole. Of course I apologised and let him go. But he looked as savage as only a mole can. This snake—the one I expected to capture—is called also the green snake, water snake—they can swim well—or hedge snake, and in the Scotch highlands, where they grow to an immense size, they are often known as the heather snake. I have seen specimens on the Grampians and in Skye little short of six feet long.

I am telling you all this, readers, because I wish to interest some of you, at all events, in the most charming and intellectual study in the world—that of natural history. Those who attempt such a study in schools, only throw away precious time and money. At schools and universities they teach this science as they do French, by beginning at the wrong end. French must first be studied in the simplest conversational way; if a young girl can at first get hold of the names of things around her, with adjectives to suit them, and a knowledge of the simplest verbs, such as "to give," "to make," "to take," "to be," etc., she has made a good beginning; next in importance is accent, next may come orthography, and, last of all, learned composition and grammar.

It is the same with natural history, professors, as they are called, simply sicken their pupils with long-winded Latin words and classification, and a march through a fusty old museum completes the nausea. I am certain that during my university career, as a gown student, I never learned anything from the dilapidated old fossil who occupied the Natural History chair. I had begun my studies long

* Gars = makes.
† Pronounce "fray," the æ in all Scotch words is pronounced like the ay in "way."

before then, when only four years of age. I began by lifting big stones or pieces of old wood in meadows, and studying the life-stories of the creeping things that lived thereunder. Then the birds and the beasts of the woods and moors became my study, and all the wildlings of Nature became my friends, and are to this day. Yet the longer I live the more I seem to have to learn; I may often forget, too, and all my knowledge seems but like a drop of rain in the ocean of life everywhere around me. But yet I am happy, inexpressibly happy, in my studies. It is a joy that is pure and unalloyed. The only thing that does hurt and annoy me is to foregather with some young idiot who is "making a collection," and thinks himself a naturalist, because he pins down a hundred moths and sticks up as many unhappy beetles, with Latin names (generally wrong) beneath. From such an awful individual I make the speediest escape possible.

Well, now, in the month of December, and dreary it usually is, despite the fact that Christmas comes in towards the end of it, I should advise my kindly-hearted, thinking readers to try to get a little nearer to God by studying some of His most marvellous works. If you read and study the little books I'm going now to recommend, you will be able, by the time the year begins to open, and Nature unfolds her hands, while the earliest spring brings bud and burgeon to the trees and songbirds to the woodlands, to take charming country walks, and just feel yourself part and parcel of all the love and light and beauty you see around you.

Study the life-story of the trees and shrubs for instance. Take one or two of the simplest of these that happen to grow in your immediate vicinity, or not far away, and write in a note-book an account of a visit to them, say, once a week, and for the whole year from the end of January, until the tree again falls into the dead, deep sleep of winter. If to this story of a tree* you add the life-story of the visitors or a few of them that you find therein or thereon, then in a twelvemonth's time you will have gained knowledge far in advance of the ordinary fossil who dubs himself a naturalist.

Or take up with ants or earwigs as a study. The latter I do not love, and this year they swarm everywhere. Nevertheless, having already made a few guineas by studying their tricks and manners, with more perhaps to come, I must not grumble, despite the fact that I often find one in the oatmeal "brose" I have for breakfast. But there is no insect in the world with which I am acquainted that is more wise or more affectionate in their family relations than the earwig. The knowledge of the lives and ways of earwigs, or of any other insect, is not to be found in books. You must find this knowledge from your own careful study, experiments, and observations.

Well, the little books I should propose your studying are those of my late friend and true naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood; and I think they are published by Routledge. *Common Objects of Country Life* for instance, *Common Objects of the Seashore*, etc. Anyhow, you have only to write to this publisher to get a list, and the books cost but a shilling each.

Our publisher at 56, Paternoster Row, has also many most interesting and intelligible handbooks on butterflies, moths, beetles, etc., and there are books on woodlands and hedgerows also. But here is a hint to you or rather a bit of advice, while you study trees and insect life, etc., take lessons at the same time in drawing and in water-colours. Then, you see, you needn't make a collection or stick the beautiful things up, you can just paint them and let them go home to their wives and families. Beneath each drawing of, say, a moth or beetle, write a brief description, of where you found it, the tree or shrub on which it was, the scenery around, the weather, etc. And what sunny memories of pleasant rambles these will afford you in after life!

You see then that I not only wish to have a few of my readers studying natural history as it ought to be studied, but that I wish them to begin in drear December.

The age of specialism is, I am happy to say, now drawing towards us. When the noon of this glad day arrives, there will be a revolution in school-teaching. We will no longer have girls learning a smattering of everything that appears to be an accomplishment. All will learn to read and write and talk well, but painting, music and literature, to say nothing of natural history, shall be taught only to those who have a bent in those directions. To give just one example and with this I must close my paper. Every girl sent to a boarding-school nowadays is supposed to learn music, and afterwards every girl thinks she can play piano or fiddle. Well, they may bring out the notes and *strum* on the instrument, but only a girl with music and poetry in her soul —one in a hundred perhaps—can ever learn to play with true taste and feeling. And yet every girl has a talent for something. Why not cultivate *that?* I pray for the speedy arrival of specialism!

* The title, *The Story of a Tree* is my own copyright.

GLUE.

Broken desks! Broken chairs! Pieces of veneer broken off furniture! What household, no matter how well conducted, is free from such ills? I know a household that has been plagued for months with a broken chair-back. You do not notice the break till you sit down, when it tears your dress. A pennyworth of glue, properly applied, would remove this constant cause of annoyance. But, although possessed of a glue-pot, no one in the house knows how to use the glue.

Do you know how to use glue? If not, the following hints may be useful. To begin with

The Glue-Pot.—The best form consists of two iron pots placed one within the other, so arranged as to leave a space for hot water between them. It should not be too large, one in which the inner pot holds about a quarter of a pint is a very useful size. Always keep both pots very clean, and before putting away, after use, empty the water out of the larger pot. Never allow cakes of hard, semi-burnt glue to accumulate on the sides of the inner pot. Never allow cinders, ashes, or soot to find their way into the glue. I have seen a girl trying to mend a small, well-made box with glue, of which about fifty per cent. consisted of the above-named adulterations. As the best cabinet-maker in the world could have done nothing with such filth, it is perhaps needless to say that the amateur failed. She finally had recourse to tacks, which split the wood to pieces. Dirt in the glue is one of the commonest causes of failure. If the glue is in a bad condition, the pot should be thoroughly washed out with boiling water and the glue freshly made. The best way

To Mix the Glue is to put some lumps of it in the inner pot, and let them soak till quite soft. Sufficient water should be left in the pot to just cover the lumps of jelly thus formed. If there be more, pour off the surplus into the sink. Now pour some boiling water into the larger pot, about a quarter full will be the right quantity, but to judge exactly carefully insert the smaller pot, and drawing it out equally carefully note how much of the pot is wetted. The water should have risen to about the middle of it. The water in the outer pot is, firstly, to prevent the heat applied to the glue from rising above the boiling point, and thus burning it, and, secondly, to keep the glue in proper condition while using it. Re-insert the smaller pot and place on hob, or, better still, on a gas-stove. The glue will melt quickly, and is then ready for use.

Another common cause of failure is that the glue is made much too strong. In this case it is impossible to obtain a thin flat coating, as the moment it touches the wood it settles in leathery lumps, which crumble under the brush. To be of the right strength the glue, when hot, should be of about the same consistency as salad oil. If it be thicker, add a little boiling water and stir well.

To Use the Glue.—Apply an even thin coating to both surfaces to be joined, and press them firmly together as soon as possible till the glue has "set," which will take a minute or two. Remove the glue which has been squeezed out of the joint about an hour afterwards with a blunt knife, and wash with a rag dipped in hot water and well wrung out. The glue will take from one to three or four days to dry in the joint.

Under certain conditions the adhesive power of glue is enormous. The hardest woods will fracture before the join gives. These conditions are, firstly, that the surfaces to be joined fit one another exactly; secondly, that they be free from dust and grease; and, thirdly, that the glue be rightly applied. If the surfaces be not in contact, a thick layer of glue will be enclosed, which after a time shrinks and breaks away from one surface or the other. For this reason any lumps of old glue must be carefully scraped or filed away. When the joint has been badly glued before, this will be very difficult to do, but it must be done thoroughly. Dust and more especially grease prevent the glue from gripping the wood.

A good example of gluing is to be seen in the back of a violin, which is composed of two pieces of wood joined down the centre. When well polished it is almost impossible to discover the join, except for the fact that the grain of the wood reverses. English cabinet-makers have made gluing almost a fine art from ancient times. In the Public Record Office is preserved a document containing a complete list of the expenses of the materials used in building St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, dated twenty-fifth of Edward III. (1352). In the accounts for the stalls is the following:—

"Paid to Thomas Motte for forty pounds of glue bought at fourpence per pound, 13s. 4d. Paid to Thomas Atte Lee for twenty-five fish soundes bought for the same, 2s."

Glue is also mentioned in several other places in the same document.

Enormous quantities of glue were used in making mediæval reredoses, and even where the wood is worm-eaten and rotted, the glue still holds firmly.

POINT DE HONGROIE.

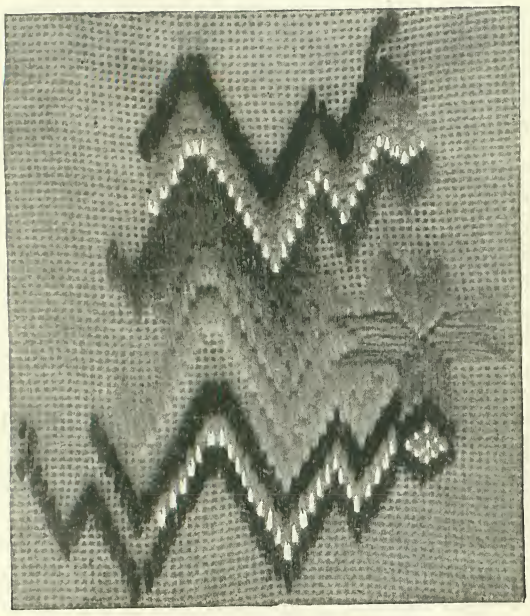


FIG. 2.

THE easy yet most effective kind of embroidery known as point de Hongroie, or punto Ungaro, is now again very popular, and the modern forms of it show but little variation from those early examples whose origin is lost in antiquity and legends.

Point de Hongroie may be roughly divided into two varieties, the one executed with wool upon coarse congress canvas being adapted for large pieces of work, such as cushion-covers; the other upon fine canvas and with silks, being sufficiently dainty to serve for book-covers, and similar small pieces of work.

As an example of the coarse style of this kind of embroidery, we give a design for one side of a tea-cosy (see Fig. 1). This is worked with tapestry-wools and *filoselle* silk upon congress canvas. Although the fact may not be very plainly obvious from the illustration, it must be borne in mind that the chief feature of the work is the amount of shading introduced into it. The piece now under consideration is worked in only three colours of wool, but of each colour there are five shades, carefully graduating and merging one into the other. At the top is a band, shaded from brown to cream, through yellows; in the centre, one from sap to willow-green, and at the bottom the zig-zags are in reds, ranging from crimson to the palest pink. In addition to this, the outlines are traced out with a double line of black, enclosing one of white. White also occurs as a dividing band above the darkest shade of every colour wool that is used.

The peculiarity of the patterns of point de Hongroie are their real or apparent irregularity. However the stitches and colouring may be arranged, these must always be kept in zigzag up-and-down lines of the most "thunder and lightning" description. In the cosy cover before us, the pattern it will be observed is a repeat one, and by no means so informal as it at first sight might appear to be. For the more complete comprehension of it, reference should be made to Fig. 2. Here is to be seen one of the large silk stars, which should be worked first at equal distances apart, to serve as guides ensuring the exactitude of the woollen stitches. Three strands of *filoselle* silk are taken together to work these stars, each stitch of which extends over eight strands of the canvas; in the model they were bright-blue, to form an effective contrast to the colours of the background.

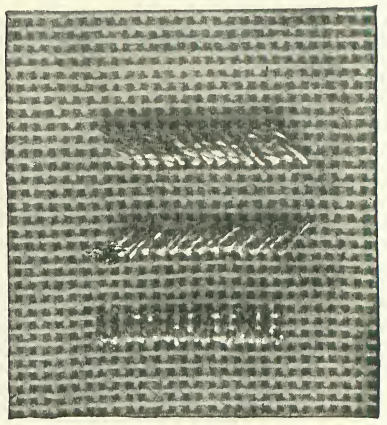


FIG. 3.

The stars completed, the black and white guide-lines should next be sewn; these are shown in the Figure, wherein, as will be seen, the position for the next star above and at the side of the one worked is indicated. Just below the upper line of black stitchery is one of *filoselle* silk; this must be green, red, or yellow, according to the colour of the wool-work below it, and in tone midway between the darkest and palest used in the wool.

The stitches used in punto Ungaro are exceedingly simple; they are shown at Fig. 3, where one row is upright, and the other two slanting in directions opposite to each other. In some patterns horizontal stitches, such as are seen in the side rays of the blue stars, are

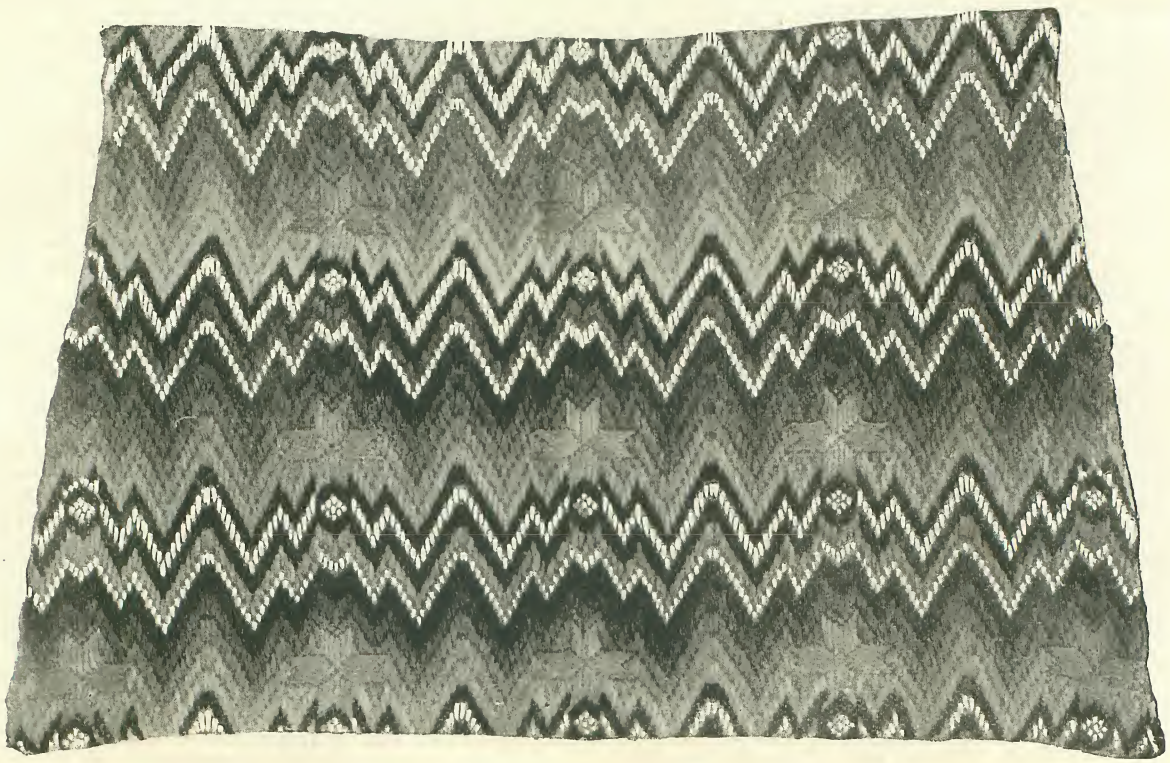


FIG. 1.

used; these are too simple to need further explanation.

Petit point, an important feature in point de Hongroie, need not be illustrated. It is a stitch exactly similar to those already described, and owes its name to the fact that in working it the wool is carried over exactly half the number of strands of the canvas as were covered by the full-sized stitches. The greater part of every pattern is worked with stitches carried over four, six, or eight strands of the canvas, according to the coarseness of that fabric and to that of the wool used upon it. Consequently *petit point* covers two, three, or four strands.

From the cosy thus elaborately described, the embroideress will see how many patterns are open to her, when once the few and easy rules of the work are well understood. For those who cannot thus arrange designs for themselves, many varied ones can now be purchased from the leading fancy-shops, and some few favoured persons may have in their possession patterns or actual specimens of the work, done of old by their forerunners.

A word or two about this thick kind of punto Ungaro, before speaking of the more delicate variety of it. When executed wholly or chiefly with wool—tapestry, crewel, Andalusian, or single Berlin wool, according to the canvas and the stores, taste, and purse of the worker—it is as cosy and soft as a luxurious carpet. The uses, therefore, to which it can be put are many. Among the articles which may be ornamented may be mentioned cushions, hassocks, kneelers, chair-backs, bracket- and basket-drapes, foot-warmers, and ottoman tops. There are, doubtless, many others, but these are the first which come to mind.

Fig. 4 is a fair sample of point de Hongroie, executed entirely in silks and on a fine background. The pattern is a most typical one, consisting as it does of up and down lines, no two of which are of the same height or depth. When working it, care should be taken to get one row of the stitchery quite correct before working another. This because, though irregularity is the rule, it must not verge into eccentricity or be wholly without reason, as (for instance) would be the case if one upward slant were so sharp and long as not to come down again within a reasonable space.

The little key- or bonbon-bag here shown is worked in crewel-silk, blue, red, and green,

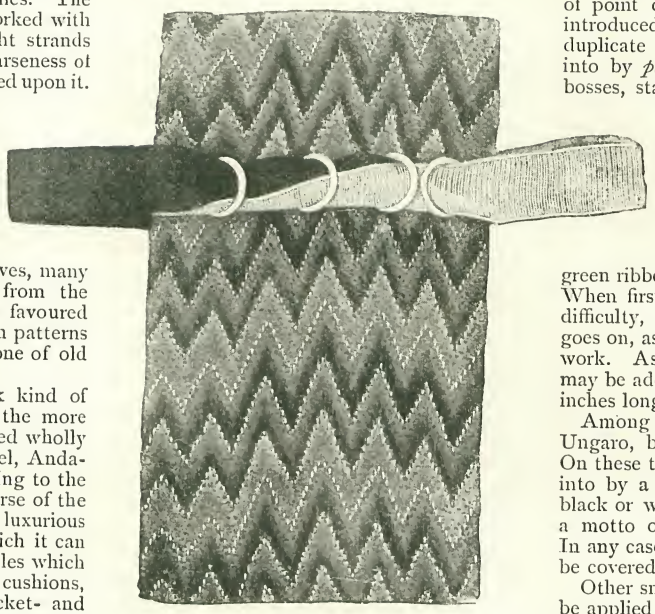


FIG. 4.

three shades of each colour repeated in the above sequence from the top to the bottom of the bag. Instead of the black, which in the larger specimens separates the bands of colour, fine gold Japanese tinsel is here used, threaded through a large-eyed needle (in short needlefuls) and arranged to form *petit point*, or half-stitch as some call it.

The silk stitches are in this example carried over four strands of the canvas, the shorter ones, therefore, over two only. In this pattern every row is an exact copy of the first one made; this greatly simplifies the work, as but little counting is required, and the least error is at once detected by the manner in which the stripes are thrown out by it. In specimens of point de Hongroie where more variety is introduced into the pattern, there are fewer duplicate rows, and these are often broken into by *petit point* of different kinds, and by bosses, stars, crosses, and other powderings, worked either in wool or silk. The tea-cosy is an example of a design so treated.

To return to the little bag. When the canvas is covered with stitchery it is to be made up into shape, lined with green silk, and drawn up with a crimson and a green ribbon run through outside bone rings. When first new it will close with some little difficulty, but more and more easily as time goes on, as is proved by old specimens of the work. As a slight guide to the worker, it may be added that this model measured seven inches long by four inches wide.

Among dainty trifles made with fine punto Ungaro, book-covers take a foremost place. On these the set-pattern is sometimes broken into by a shield-shaped space, outlined with black or with tinsel, and displaying within it a motto or monogram on a white ground. In any case, every thread of the canvas must be covered with stitches.

Other small articles to which the work can be applied include trinket-trays, wall-pockets, reticules of various sizes, tidys, screens, blotters, and mats.

The silk, which can be afforded for this miniature kind of the embroidery, gives to it a rich appearance, which is enhanced by the tinsel. So in the larger articles does the wool give warmth and softness, while the sharp black and white outlines add character and effect to the pattern.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.



THE CHOICE.

THE stately Margaret snapped her thread and cried,
"The man I love must prove perfection's test,
In limb, in face, in manner dignified,
And show an ancient lineage by his crest."

"Go to," said Lizzie, with defiance bold,
"My man needs none of these himself; in *me*
He must a goddess true and rare behold,
And bend the knee in all humility."

Then Ellie said, "Ye all will old maids die;
Aspire to nothing more than precious gold,
Which, with its magic, you may all things buy,
Producing ease and comforts manifold."

"Ah! when *I* love," said Clara, with a smile,
"If bliss so great should ever be my lot,
Our loves will all the after years beguile,
If he be perfect, handsome, rich—or *not!*"

"Yes," slowly said the gentle grey-eyed Blanche,
"True love no wealth can buy, and looks are naught;
Only when reason and pure love prove stanch
Shall marriage e'er monopolise my thought!" C. P.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.



LATER in the day, Mrs. Lane spoke to Lucy about her young fellow-servant. The girl had proved herself so steady and trustworthy, that her mistress was not ashamed to ask her help in influencing Mary for good. She had already spoken to the latter, using no hasty words, but in a tone so expressive of kindly interest that the giddy girl had been unable to answer after the manner she had intended. Pert, defiant words died away on her lips and she listened in silence, though with a rebellious feeling which showed itself on her face at first. It was something gained that Mary listened at all. She had foreseen Mrs. Lane's "scolding," and had prepared a prompt reply to it; she meant to be defiant, to let the mistress know that there were plenty of good places to be had by girls who knew their work, and to tell that she should leave on that day month.

In spite of herself, however, Lucy's words and reminders of her own early experiences would keep coming to mind. More than that, the haunting inquiry, "Don't you remember?" repeated itself again and again and forced her to look back on many another home scene, and to listen, whilst memory repeated her good mother's words, warnings and prayers for her children.

So Mary listened to the real, present warnings of her mistress, and, though pride would not allow her to show that they touched her heart, she left Mrs. Lane without having uttered a defiant word or giving the month's notice which had been so carefully rehearsed. Moreover she shut the door gently behind her.

Mrs. Lane smiled at this last sign, which to her was not without significance. She had much experience in the ways of young girls. Much patience and sympathy too in dealing with them. There were wives and mothers in happy homes to-day, who looked back and thanked God that they had served under her roof when young and giddy, and when such an influence as that of their mistress had saved their lives from shipwreck. Her interest in them had not died away, and Lucy knew, from the lips of some of them, how much they owed to Mrs. Lane's wise guidance. It made the girl glad and proud to be called upon to help her, whilst her modesty rendered her doubtful of her own power to be of use.

It turned out that Mary had foolishly allowed a stranger to join her in the public park, to walk with her there, to persuade her to stay out beyond her proper hour, and to stand, still longer gossiping on the doorstep.

Mrs. Lane knew all this, for Mary had been obliged to acknowledge so much the night before, and had owned that her companion was really unknown to her.

"She is so young and pretty, and knows nothing of the dangers which beset country girls in a large city," said Mrs. Lane. "If she served in a house where the mistress gave no heed to her servants' doings when out of the house, I should fear for Mary. I felt most anxious not to irritate the girl by sharp fault-finding. Besides, those who restrain themselves, help others to do likewise, and age should set an example in this respect to youth."

Lucy smiled and answered simply, "I have often heard older people talk as though all the battling down of bad tempers should be done by the young ones, ma'am. It's wonderful how many people think it's right for them to get angry and say hard words which even the little ones would be punished for."

"That is true enough, Lucy, more's the pity. Mary, I am glad to say, showed much self-control, for she only looked angry and sullen, and she did not slam the door. I am hoping she will understand my good will and cease to feel angry too. She is so clever and capable at her work. She must have had a very good mother. Help me to keep her and to influence her for good, for her own sake and for the sake of the mother at home who prays for her absent child under the old roof-tree."

Lucy raised her honest eyes to those of her mistress as she answered, "If I only could be of use to Mary I should be so glad. But I am only a girl, and a very weak one, always wanting help and coming short when I try my very hardest."

"We are alike in that, Lucy. But we know where the help is to be had and whose grace is sufficient. There are lessons spread all round for us to read too. Have you noticed that you hold one in your hand at this moment?"

Lucy was very tasteful at table decoration, and guests often noticed, not only the beautiful clearness of the glass, and sheen on the well-kept silver, but also the grace with which flowers were arranged. Not a bud was lost, not a spray of ivy or leaf changing its hue beneath the autumn sky, but was made to play its part in making the table attractive to the eye.

At that moment the girl held in her hand some trails of smilax, and was looking admiringly at the slender stems and bright-green leaves, and wondering how it was they grew unsupported to such a length and remained unbroken. She looked up from them inquiringly at Mrs. Lane, but did not speak.

The latter took one of the trails of smilax and showed Lucy what she had never noticed before, often as she had used similar trails for decorating. The stem of the creeper was twined round and round a slender thread, and Lucy found that not one of the stalks was without a like support.

"See, Lucy," said Mrs. Lane. "Here are two weak things rendered safe by the support that one gives to the other. The smilax must have something to cling to, or it would hang draggling on the ground, or be trodden on, broken, or form a mere mass of intermingling leaves and stems, which your skilful fingers could never unravel. A very slender thread is enough. Come with me and see the plant growing."

Lucy followed Mrs. Lane into the fernery, which was very cool, pleasant, and refreshing to the eye, clothed as it was with greenery in every niche.

"See how beautifully the smilax garlands the pieces of rock," said Mrs. Lane; "but every stem twines round its thread. The threads too, do not hang loosely. They need to be fastened at the ends or the plant would not get the needful support."

"I think I know what you mean," replied the girl as a look of pleasure and intelligence lighted up her face, not pretty like Mary's, but good and true. The weakest can do something to help the other weak ones, but each and all want help for themselves."

"'Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe,' is a fitting prayer, Lucy."

"I often think it when I am going about my work. Mother taught me the text when I was a little thing at home."

Here the talk between mistress and maid ended. When evening came and the two girls were sitting quietly at their work, and with no other listener, for it was cook's night out, Lucy found Mary in a much softer frame of mind. The girl had been touched, in spite of herself, by her mistress's patience, and felt that she had not merited such considerate treatment.

"If the mistress had stormed at me, I should have answered back and given notice, for I always was quick-tempered and bad at ruling my tongue. But I couldn't help feeling that I hadn't done quite right, and 'Don't you remember,'" she added, imitating Lucy's question and grave tone, "what a sermon you had preached to me whilst we were cleaning the plate? Oh, I'm not so bad as you think. I huff a bit, but when folks mean well I cool down again, and if I can see that it was for my sake, and not for any good to themselves that they preached, I'm not above owning I've been wrong."

Lucy hardly knew how she ventured to ask the next question, but it came out.

"If you feel like that now, don't you think it would be nice to tell Mrs. Lane so? One has to be brave to go of one's own accord and 'own up,' as our boys say, but it makes one happy after."

This question brought a new view of the matter before Mary, and she did not at once answer.

"I've always thought it was brave to stand a thing out, whether you were right or wrong, when you'd once made up your mind to it; but after all I'm not sure that it is. One can be stubborn easily enough. That comes natural to some people, me for one, but I can see that it is pretty hard to own that you are wrong, even when you are sure of it,

A few more gentle words from Lucy, not without a spice of humour in them, and Mary's mind was made up. Mrs. Lane heard a little tap at the door of her room, and when she called "Come in," Mary entered. Something in the girl's face inspired the mistress with hope, and she asked kindly, "What is it, Mary?"

The bright colour on Mary's cheek became brighter, but not with shame for what she was about to say. She looked bravely up, and began—

"I want to tell you, ma'am, that I know I was wrong to stay out so late last night. I am sorry I did it, and I hope it won't happen any more."

Mrs. Lane could scarcely believe her ears. She had been troubled and anxious about the girl, and was thinking of her at the moment she came to the door. The confession was quite unexpected, but how glad she was to hear it.

"You are a brave girl, Mary, to come of your own accord and tell me this. It has given me more pleasure than I can express. If we once find out where we have made a mistake, it makes us more watchful against falling into the same error again, does it not? We will say no more about your having been late. I shall have no fear when you go out in future."

These were pleasant words. No half-and-half forgiveness. Surely she who spoke them

could never have been guilty of prying or listening, or have deserved to be called "mean!" Mary felt ashamed that she could have so misjudged such a kindly mistress. She had something more to confess, however, and she frankly told Mrs. Lane what had passed between Lucy and herself, and, that though she felt she had been wrong before, it was through her friend's words that she had come to her mistress.

"Lucy helped me to be brave. I used to think it was brave to say a thing and stick to it, no matter whether it was right or no."

"You have been braver still to own your fault, Mary, and give your friend the credit she deserves. Now you have shown yourself truthful and courageous, I want you to be—what shall I call it—proud? No, that is hardly the right word, self-respecting will be better."

Then Mrs. Lane told Mary something of the risk she had run, in allowing a man of whom she knew nothing to join her in the park, and to remain with her on the step at such an hour. The previous talk had disposed the girl to listen respectfully and patiently, and she not only did this, but told Mrs. Lane enough of the conversation to prove that the lady's anxiety was not causeless.

Mary's face was hot with shame when she realised how foolish she had been, and she left her mistress's presence grateful for her warnings, and resolved to profit by them.

"She's good, and she means well by me, I can see. I've got a lesson or two that I shan't forget," said Mary, as she joined Lucy in the kitchen.

Lucy could not resist a little joke, and asked with a smile—

"Then you haven't given a month's notice, I suppose?"

"Not exactly! I feel like that old man somebody told me about, when he got notice to leave his place. He said if the master didn't know when he'd got a good servant, he knew when he'd got a good place, and he meant to stay in it."

The girls laughed together at the well-worn story, which suited Mary's present frame of mind exactly. They had more talk together, especially with regard to Mary's unknown companion of the previous evening, and Lucy was able to strengthen the other's good resolutions. She, too, had a story to tell, by way of illustration.

"I knew two gentlemen," she said, "who lived together. They were not married, but one was quite young, and the other was four or five-and-thirty at the time. They had just two servants, aunt and niece. The aunt was cook-housekeeper, a staid woman of fifty, and the niece was the same as me, parlour-housemaid. Besides the home in London, they had a beautiful little cottage in the country. At least it was in a beautiful place, though the cottage was just a simple, cosy little spot, with a nice garden about it. The elder was the master, as you may say, and he was one of the sort that like to share all good things with as many people as possible, 'specially with those that didn't get too many in a general way. He didn't need to take his servants to the cottage, having some on the spot in charge, but he used to think, 'The fresh, pure air, and trees and flowers, that are so sweet to me will be sweet to them,' and every now and again he took the two to the cottage for a change, and left somebody else in charge at the other house.

"One of these times it happened that a young man was staying in the neighbourhood. He had no regular work, and was an idle fellow, given to drinking and hanging on his relations as often as he could. He noticed the pretty face of the young girl, Ellen, and began to hang round the cottage and follow her about by way of pastime. She, poor thing! was pleased with his talk and the compliments he paid her looks, and so on, and she began to walk about with him in the lanes and paths through the wood. Her master was like our mistress. Though he was a young man, he cared about his servants, and looked well after them. He knew more of the ways of the world than Ellen did, and he spoke kindly to her, and warned her against her worthless admirer.

"She was cross of course, and tossed her head and said Joe Benton was a respectable man, and he was going to see her safe to church and back on Sunday evening.

"The church was a good three miles off and a lonely road led to it, if you took the short cut through the woods, which made it somewhat less.

"The master knew that the last road Joe Benton was likely to take would be to church, if he had to walk there alone, but with pretty Ellen as a companion, he would have been ready to walk further. He knew the girl would be in no safe company, for it would be dusk before service ended and most likely no one but themselves would be on that lonely road."

"I suppose the master couldn't make her stay from church," said Mary.

"No. But he told her that he felt responsible for her safety, and that if she persisted in going, he and his friend would go too.

"Ellen was determined and so was the master, and when she started, the two gentlemen started too, only they walked a few yards behind all the way.

"At the stile, where Joe Benton was to have joined Ellen, he was not to be seen. At least, she did not see him, for she was ashamed to let the master know that she was on the look-out for him, and so she never turned her head that way. But both the gentlemen noticed him stealing away with a scowl on his evil face and muttering something that was no blessing on those that had spoiled his plans, one may be sure. *So right on to church* walked Ellen, and just the few yards behind marched the two gentlemen there and back, taking good care of her in spite of herself."

To Mary the story had its amusing side, and she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"That was a good joke," she exclaimed, "and it was good earnest as well. Silly as I may be, I hope I should have known better than to go such a walk in a country place like that, and in such company. How mortified Ellen must have been; Joe's sneaking off and never coming near told a plain tale. A good man would have been glad and proud to walk beside the girl he really cared for, whoever might walk behind."

"As to that master! Well, it seems to me that every girl should pray, 'May God bless him for his watchfulness over his young servant, and may other gentlemen learn a good lesson from his example.' There are not too many such masters in the world."

Mary nodded assent. "It was just splendid of him," she said. "I shall tell mother that tale some day, she will like to hear it."

It proved a happy thing for Mary that she had such a fellow-servant as Lucy Waters, and Lucy gained also through having such a bright companion. Years passed over their heads and found them still under Mrs. Lane's roof, but the friendship between the girls brought about a closer connection. Once they were able to take holiday together, and each spent part of the time under the roof which was home to the other. Lucy's brother a fine steady young fellow, two years younger than herself, and just as much older than Mary, fell in love with her, and decided that such a face would be the best ornament for his modest home. After a reasonable time he asked Mary to be his wife, and she consented.

"To think we shall be real sisters after being like sisters to one another for seven years," she said to Lucy. "Well, I've not been in any hurry to get married, and now I am five-and-twenty, I feel that it is quite soon enough. I have plenty to learn yet, though when I was eighteen I had made up my mind to marry as soon as I got a chance. But at eighteen I fancied I knew everything, and wanted no teaching. Don't you remember?",

USEFUL HINTS.

Rhubarb Meringue Tart.—Have the rhubarb ready cooked and cold; it should be cut into inch lengths and cooked in sugar that the colour may be kept bright, add a drop or two of cochineal when the fruit is cool, if not sufficiently red.

Cover a flat tartlet tin with a sheet of puff or good short paste, crimp the edge and bake carefully to keep it from rising in the centre. When cool slip it on to a dish, place the rhubarb with a little of the juice in the middle, and heap upon it a meringue of the whites of two eggs beaten up with castor sugar, a drop of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of cream.

Green Gooseberry Tart is excellent if made in a similar way to the above, cooking bottled gooseberries beforehand with sugar and covering the crust with them afterwards. In place of the meringue a thick custard made with the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of cornflour and half a pint of sweetened milk, will be found preferable.

Cherry or raspberry tart may also be made after the same plan, and a custard made with custard powder goes exceedingly well with these, as its slight flavour of almond accords with the natural flavour of the fruits.

Chocolate Baisers.—Place the following in a mortar: Eight ounces of sugar, two ounces of chocolate which has been softened in the oven, two whites of egg. This must be pounded together for quite half an hour, until it is the thickness of jam, and must not on any account be so liquid as to run. Make with this paste small round heaps on a baking-tin, which you have previously waxed. Bake in a moderate oven until done through.

Cheese Toasts.—Take the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, pound it with the same quantity of fresh butter and double the quanttiy of any crumbly kind of cheese, add salt and cayenne pepper. Cut some neat squares of thin toast, spread the mixture on them about the eighth of an inch thick, put the toasts in a dutch-oven before the fire to brown a little, and serve hot.

Small Tea-Cakes.—Two teacupfuls of flour, one teacupful of ground rice, a pinch of salt, half a teacupful of soft sugar, three ounces of butter, two eggs, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, and a very little milk.

THE SECOND COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£2 2s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

I have been thinking since I read your last Daily Round Competition letters that I should like to let you see a lace workers daily round, which work I have to earn my living by,

The summer is my busy time and I rise very early and get my little oil stove ready and make a cup of tea and ready to sit down to work by 5 oclock sometimes earlier than that. I live quite alone in a little cottage facing the sea and cliffs, and as the days are so hot I like to have the early morning as I have to keep my work very clean so that it does not have to be washed before I sell it. I am to day doing point lace cuffs, and I work for the village shop people who give out the work ready tacked to the pattern they require, which first I draw around with needle and fine cotton in every pinhole of the braid; the pattern is covered with; then if we require a new pattern to work on again I place a sheet of paper over the work drawn and with a piece of heelbore, it is called, rub and the black marks comes on the clean paper, and then we have a new pattern, to begin another time, then I do a lot of buttonhole bars and pretty stitches which we have learnt, then the last stitch is called pearling; which is done with a coarser cotton, on the outside edge then we rip it off the paper; and take it to the shop, where I get things to make use of as we are not paid money there;

I sit to work untill 8 oclock then I get my breakfast and put my house tidy and if I have any dinner to cook I get all ready. I sit to work again by half past nine or ten sometimes then work untill 12 oclock, and if very busy for post as we call it, that is the work we are asked to do by a certain time; I do not stop only for a bread and cheese dinner and a cup of tea or an egg for we cannot afford meat dinners, every day I get fish and things very cheap in our village so it helps one a lot where we have not much money to spare, so after having my bit of dinner if not busy I take my book and sit down in the fields or indoors in my hour we have for dinner, Sometimes there are two of us have a piece of work between us so then I take my piece to a friends house to work alike or they come to mine and it is nice to have company at times so I get to work again and work until 4 oclock and then put on my little kettle on my oil stove which saves coal in Summer; and get my tea then sit to work until 8 o clock then I leave off and if I have not finished my peice; I then take my can to fetch my water and do any odd jobs I find to do; take my little can to a neighbours for her little girl to fetch my milk at the farm in the morning then I fetch other things I may want for my use and if I have time to go to see a dear old woman, who I call granny and who loves to talk to me, and then I go to see how much work my girl friend has done and then go home to my supper and book for living alone I love books they are my friends now I have lost my mother, Then I go to bed and before retiring I thank my Heavenly Father for his mercies which I enjoy which are many I am glad to say then if I am spared I begin my daily round each day but often get weary but glad to be able to get work to do The lace work is very trying to the sight and I am often very glad of an order from Ladies who pay money and a better price than what the shop people do for after working all day as I have said I earn but bare 7d and then only taken out in the shop

Ladies often send their Honiton Lace to be cleaned and put on new net; which is called transferring and then it will look like new lace; and that is real pillow lace which I have learnt; but it went down in price years agone and now if wanted they don't pay the full price for so the Point lace is done quicker and then we get really more for it We used in the village to have schools for teaching children the work but it does not do now they have to keep to the daily school and then they go to service, I have learnt all the different sorts and find it most useful now as I cannot live in service my knee gives out so glad to come home to the lace work.

A pair of cuffs takes two days and we get 1/2 for them or the worth of it in goods, so I hope if ever my daily round should be in print it will help to show the readers how hard some have to work to earn a shilling before they can spend it if we want clothes we have a book at the shop and they buy us what we want and we work on until we have paid for it.

All these statements I declare to be perfectly true—

"PRIMROSE."
Branscombe
Nr. Axminister
August 11th. Devon

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I thought I should like to take advantage of your competition in, "The Girls Own Paper," for those who work with their hands, and in case you should think my, "Daily Round," is very easy and not worth writing about, I will just mention that I am afflicted with a very bad lameness, and nearly lost the sight of one eye, so perhaps you will understand then that my place is by no means easy to me, whatever it may seem to others, I am a general servant and I have been in my present situation, (indeed I have been in no other) eleven years, I must say; I have a very kind, considerate, mistress, or perhaps I should not have been able to stay so long. My day's work begins at seven in the morning, when I rise from my bed and dress, strip my bed, open the window top and bottom, come downstairs, and clean the kitchen grate, then light the fire, and clear up generally, Then the dining room as to be swept, grate cleaned, and the room then dusted. By that time, my mistress being a great invalid, I get breakfast ready, and take her's up to her in bed. I then come down, and have my breakfast, when I am allowed to sit over it nearly an hour, so as I do not take a quarter of that time to eat, I generally have a book, I like reading my Girls own paper, then, or I do a bit of knitting, or needlework, after that my time being up I go upstairs & bring my mistress's tray down, and arrange her room ready for her to rise, wash supper and breakfast things up together, then clean my front steps, After which I go upstairs again, help my mistress to finish dressing, & then make the beds &c, take up the pieces off the floors (bedrooms) dust the rooms, and then by that time my mistress being downstairs I go into her to see about dinner, when she tells me what we are to have, after that, I commence to turn a room out, and I begin by moving everything I can out of the room, I can sweep so much better when it is clear, after it is swept, I thoroughly clean the grate, fire-irons, windows, & glass, and well dust the venetian blinds, then by that time, as I am rather slow through my lameness, I return to the kitchen and look to see that my oven is getting hot. & pots beginning to boil, I then prepare the vegetables, and whatever sweets there are to be eaten, and then get my joint into the oven or in the pot, I then go back to the room & return the furniture ornaments &c to there right places, polish up furniture, and finish dusting, then go and see my dinner is getting on alright, take all the lamps out, and properly trim and refill them by that time there are generally some letters ready I slip on my hat and run out to post them & then come back to my next task, which is generally some brass, or bright cooking utensils, to be cleaned, for as I like them always to look nice, but have a great dislike to this particular kind of work, I do a few each day so that I do not notice it so much, as making a morning's work of it as I am supposed to do, or was, when I first came. By that time dinner is ready to be dished up, so I go into the dining room and lay the cloth, take dinner in, and as I have mine at the same time, my mistress cuts it off, & so I have it nice and hot, which I think is very nice, as it is so tantalising I think after one, as had all the trouble of preparing the food to have it (as I know so many girls do) nearly cold, after the family have had theirs, especially if it is mutton; After dinner of course, there are all the plates, dishes, &c to wash up, knives to clean, whatever silver, as been used, to rub up, and then clean up the kitchen grate, and tidy up, On Fridays I clean all the passages and stairs, silver, Saturdays is the easiest day of all, (excepting of course Sundays) as I only have my kitchens to well clean out and any little thing to do that I have not done during the week, This is a nine roomed house and there is enough to keep me going always, & then of course when visitors are staying in the house there is more to do, and washing week, to, especially as up to now I have had all the starching, ironing &c to do by my self of course; I am not able to do my work all so smoothly as I have written it down here there are so many interruptions, and answering the door is the worst of all, one as to go every quarter of an hour sometimes oftener & to a lame leg it often means terrible aches. And there are so many little things to do that one scarcely remembers before or after the time they have to be done, Well, after I have tidied up the kitchen I go up to change my dress, and then as we have a large dog, I take him for a run, come home and get tea by 5 o'clock, clear away, wash up, and then if there are any errands I go and do them, When I come home, there is generally some needlework to do or knitting heels to be set or toes to

finish, and as my Mistress is a very charitable Lady, I generally have plenty of that to do, I also do all the cutting out of the Material she gets for that purpose which is a great deal in the course of a year, I also do all my own needlework and make most of my own dresses, as I cannot afford to put them out only about one in two years, I only have fourteen pounds a year, and not that until last year, I also like to do a little on my own account to make up a small parcel by the end of the year for the poor little children, Then at nine o'clock we have a light supper, I then clear away once more, leaving the washing up until morning, We then have prayers, and go up to bed, for which I am quite ready, I expect my, "Daily Round," does not look very hard to my other hard-worked sisters, but it is so hard to me for I have the greatest difficulty to get up and down on my knee (I have only one). I have tried other work, dressmaking, and Furriers before I tried service but sitting so long did not suit me and so I had to try the very work I hated so and never shall like it try as I will, althro I do my best and pray God to help me, and he as been very good to me, making the rough ways smoother, and helping me wonderfully, I hope dear Mr. Editor if you should think this paper worth printing that it will be the means of helping some one else to have courage and work and hope on, who have as great disadvantages to contend with as I have, perhaps greater. And now once more we have got to Sunday, and all is bright and clean, for that beautiful day of rest, what should we do without it, How it freshens one us each up for Monday and, "Our Daily Round," once more.——I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"BEGONIA"

Mount-Pleasant Road
Hastings.

July 20th. 1896.

*** These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THERE was a tuning of instruments, and a buzz of many voices; there was a crowd of people of every rank and condition, and there were hearts beating with hope and expectation, and faces beaming with gaiety and excitement. Gwenllean sat in the old hall unconscious of the scene that was passing, and without venturing to uplift her face to the gaze of the stranger. David was beside her, and they were stationed, with the other performers, upon a platform overlooking a large room filled with company. But she heard nothing—saw nothing; she was scarcely sensible of the grand flourish of trumpets that heralded the performers, and did not even perceive that the hum of voices gradually ceased; that an old harper began to run over the chords of his instrument with a fearless touch, and to play a piece of music, the air of which she must have known well. Even the welcome burst of applause that greeted him was unheeded. She sat with her head bent low, totally lost in the confusion of her emotions, whilst the musicians, one after another, awoke the strings of their harps with the touching airs of their native land; some warlike or heroic, others sentimental; adding to them variations frequently of their own composition. When David's turn came, however, and he whispered to her that he must leave her side, she started, and listened with breathless attention. She had never heard him play that favourite Welsh air, "The march of the men of Harlech," with his own original variations, so well before, and her heart beat when the well-merited "encore" followed, and he repeated the piece.

Still she listened with trembling, for a young girl, about her own age, advanced and seated herself at the harp. She appeared almost as timid as herself, but gradually recovering her self-possession, she executed a piece with some skill. Gwenllean felt conscious of superior powers, and tried to summon courage for her approaching ordeal. She had come unprepared by practice, but at home neither her memory nor her finger ever failed her, therefore she hoped they would still stand her friends. There was one piece that everybody liked. It was an arrangement of Welsh airs that she had made with the assistance of David, some years ago, and to which she had since added variations of her own. Whilst the performers continued to play with more or less success, she was going through this piece in imagination.

At last her turn came, and when David led her forwards, and left her alone a little in advance of the other musicians, she thought she must sink to the earth. Her confusion increased, when, by way of encouragement to one so young, and evidently so unaccustomed to public performance, the company welcomed her by clapping of hands. She sat down by the harp, and the cheek that had been blushing like the rose, became pale as the lily. Her head sunk upon her breast, and her hand refused to produce a sound from the chords over which they were accustomed to run with such wild ease. She would have wholly failed, had not a vision of her mother, pale and anxious, presented itself to her mind's eye, and carried her back to the cottage, recalling, as it did so, the circumstances that had brought her to the Eisteddfod. She made a violent effort, and succeeded in striking a few faint notes of prelude, and then she began the first air of her piece "Nos Galan," or "New Year's Night," which every one present knew well.

It sometimes happens that persons, whose minds are agitated by fear, or any other emotion, perform mechanically the music which they have been used to play. This was something of Gwenllean's case. Oppressive timidity and shame almost deprived her of consciousness; still her fingers ran over the strings without effort, and when the first difficulty of the commencement was mastered, she went from air to air with great effect and perfect correctness. There was not, perhaps, all the soul and fire of genuine genius that she threw into her notes when playing to her mother at home; but yet they were so exquisitely thrilling, that she was listened to with mute delight and astonishment by all. Nothing like it had been given before. There were those present who had heard Bochsa, and the other celebrated performers of the day, yet whose very souls were entranced by the simple and expressive music of the young girl, who sat trembling before them. Even the oldest harpers leant their heads upon their hands in deep attention, whilst many of them felt their eyes moistened, and their hearts beat

quick, as the harmony mingled, so it seemed, with their very being.

The pastoral airs were arranged first, then the martial, each with appropriate variations: then came the pathetic and sentimental, which finally concluded by one of the most touching of the Welsh melodies, "Ar hyd y Nos," "All through the night." Here the small and delicately-shaped hand that had flown over the strings in light variations in the pastoral music, and had called forth soul-awakening sounds in the warlike, seemed to creep half silently along the chords, melting them into exquisite pathos, and restraining the breath of the listeners by the dying fall of the scarcely audible notes. Towards the close, Gwenllean awoke from her dream, and calling up her courage and native power to her aid, lent her very spirit to the harp, so that the melancholy air seemed gifted with a voice and words that spoke plainly to the heart. Not a sound, not a breath broke the enchantment, as the last variation mingled with the air, and both slowly, softly, tenderly, gradually melted away together into sustained, deep, mellow, half-audible chords, that finally faded, like evening losing itself in night, into the most subdued and solemn silence.

Little did Gwenllean know what an effect she had produced. Her hands fell from the harp she had touched so delicately, and she lingered a few moments by its side, as if to recall the realities of the scene, during which short period the deep silence remained unbroken. But when she rose to retire, a deafening burst of applause ascended gradually from the stillness, and by restoring her to herself, brought before her all the truth of her position. Her white cheek again flushed crimson, and an overpowering sense of the publicity of her situation rushed upon her.

She would have hastened to a seat amongst the musicians, but the rapturous "encore" obliged David, scarcely less agitated than herself, to remind her of what was expected. She reseated herself, and bending low over the harp, once more awoke its strings. The applause redoubled, and although she felt ready to sink beneath the weight of its praise, she was encouraged to proceed with more nerve than she had done before, and, consequently, succeeded still better. Every one was in raptures with the Welsh harpist, and acknowledged that a refined, cultivated taste lay hid beneath the peasant garb. All tried to obtain a glance of her face, but her head was bent so low that nothing but the varying flush of her fair cheek was visible, though many whispered that so slight and elegant a form had never been seen in such a dress. Again and again as her turn came round she played with still greater effect, gaining courage by the repetition, but still she ventured not to look around her at the crowd in whose heart she was exciting an interest.

When the "Pennillion" singing was to begin, she found herself unequal to take a part in it, never having been accustomed to sing with numbers, and feeling assured that were she to make the attempt, she should fail to remember any of the old Pennillion stanzas, much less to have the self-possession to improvise new ones. She therefore sat down whilst this very ancient trial of skill was made, and was, perhaps, more the object of attention to the English portion of the audience than the performers themselves.

The Pennillion is one of the few remnants of bardism, and is not unlike the singing of the Italian Improvisatori. On the present occasion, our friend David was seated at the harp, and the candidates for Pennillion honours were placed around him.

He began the air "Merch Megan," or "Megan's Daughter," upon which one of the singers instantly commenced a "Pennill," or stanza, suitable to the tune. This ended, another took up the measure, and produced a second Pennill, apposite to the first, but not in continuation of it. One after another followed, in quick succession, the singers calling forth with singular rapidity and correctness, from their well-stored memories, verse after verse of these Pennill. It seemed as if their resources were inexhaustible, for amorous, warlike, satirical, or jocular stanzas, were sung to the enlivening sounds of the harp in endless succession. The same Pennill was never twice repeated, and some of the most skilful of the competitors, when their memory failed them, were able to produce original verses extempore, suited to the measure and occasion. Hundreds of these verses were sung without intermission, and to those who understood the language, were not without interest, being neither devoid of poetical beauty, point, nor sentiment.

The Pennillion concluded with deserved applause; and as Gwenllean had not joined in it, she was called upon to sing the first song. She thought it very dreadful to be obliged to sing first, but so it was arranged, and the favourite of the Eisteddfod, as she touched her harp, was hailed with delight. But there was a feeling of suffocation in her throat, and a giddiness in her head, that made her turn pale as death, and fear that she must faint. This was not unperceived by the patrons and supporters of the meeting, who sat beneath the orchestra. A young lady who had been looking at her changing countenance, turned to a gentleman next her, who instantly left the room, and quickly returned, bringing a glass of wine and water, which he offered Gwenllean. She drank it, and it partially revived her.

With a voice scarcely audible, she began a song, to which Herbert had written Welsh and English words, the latter of which are subjoined.

WELSH AIR.

CODIAD YR HEDYDD.

The Rising of the Lark.

Come, my love, the lark is rising,
Earth and heaven with song surprising,
  Herald of the day;
Ever higher, higher soaring,
Ever richer music pouring
  To each new-born ray.
Shame to be thus idly sleeping,
  When such music waits thine ear;
Twilight her last tears is weeping;
Sunbeams from their beds are leaping,
And the breeze their paths is sweeping,
  To entice thee here.

Ah! that's well! the door uncloses—
Fresh as one of summer's roses
  Comes my love to me;
Not the birds above us chaunting;
Not the breezes round us panting,
  Are more gladly free.
Let us scale the mountain, dearest;
  Morn has crowned its brow with light;
Nought of ill with me thou fearest;
Think the truest heart is nearest;
Emulate the lark thou hearest;
  Mount the airy height.

The air of this song was light and graceful, and as Gwenllean gradually recovered voice enough to make herself heard, her sweet tones touched every heart. As she proceeded, the ringing notes of her melodious voice rose into distinctness, and a recollection of the desired prize once more gave her courage. Like the nightingale's her notes were Nature's own gift, and, as has been before said, little cultivated; but they were sweet, clear, and refined. Her taste was pure, and enabled her to give the proper expression to the different words, a power as rare as delightful.

The simple ballad she sung, though in itself of no peculiar force, was rendered peculiarly beautiful by the bird-like clearness of her cadences, the unaffected simplicity of her style, and the thrilling sweetness of her tones. Even the occasional tremulous sound of her notes added to the effect she produced; for it was impossible to look at her flushed cheek, and observe the quivering emotion of her whole frame, without feeling conscious that she was suffering painfully from the excessive timidity of a sensitive nature. When she had completed the first verse, the universal feeling of admiration soon found vent in loud applause, and she was so confused that the words of the second wholly escaped her memory.

A voice from the crowd suggested them. Who could know those lines but herself? she thought, as for the first time she ventured to look towards the place from whence the sound proceeded. She saw a mass of people, all gazing upon her, and her eyes again turned towards the ground. Her voice trembled perceptibly as she began the second verse of her song, but she got through it with less difficulty than the first. Still she felt as if her heart must burst, it beat so rapidly. A low, soft cadence, then a full, sustained note, then a flute-like shake, and the ordeal was past—the song was sung, and she once more sought a refuge from her new emotions, by David; but she was not to escape thus easily.

It was cruelty, worse than cruelty, to encore her; but the thoughtless multitude overruled the thoughtful few, and Gwenllean was again brought forward.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A Lover of Nature.—Your poem is correct as to metre and rhyme, and the sentiment is pretty, although we are not as a rule able to make any use of amateur contributions. Your best verse is the last:—

"Grant, dearest Lord, when Autumn round us lowers,
And we, like leaves, are withering from the tree,
That we may die, to live again like flowers,
Blooming in Heaven's eternal spring with Thee."

If, as we judge from your name and letter, you are not English-born, the composition does you great credit. We should advise you to persevere, and above all things to continue to study nature lovingly and conscientiously.

Friend of the "G.O.P." (G. M.).—Your verses beginning:—

"Out in the fields where the violet blooms,"

show a real love of the country, with which we sympathise. The rhymes in the fifth verse are incorrect—"casts" does not rhyme to "grass," nor "lights" to "bright," and the fourth verse is ungrammatical, for you say:—

"Where every eve *as* the sun sinks to rest
* * * *
And many a lover comes to sigh."

and do not tell us what happens under those circumstances. If you left out "as" the sense would be complete. Read and study good poetry if you have the opportunity.

Syncopation.—We do not quite understand your question. The shake (*tr.*) when placed over any note, no matter whether it be a quaver or not, simply means that the note and the one above it are played as often as they can possibly be repeated in the time of the note. When a triplet of semiquavers in one stave has to be played to four demisemiquavers in the other, the proper way is to practice each hand separately, counting until perfect time is secured, then play both hands together in the same manner, still counting, and the notes must fall into their right places. After this has been practised several times, it becomes easy to render such passages, but they are puzzling at first.

A Lover of Music.—We cannot discover that there is a Conservatoire of Music in Brunswick, but as you inquire for one "on the Rhine," there is a Conservatoire at Cologne, and one at Frankfort-sur-Main, which is close to the Rhine. Probably you know that Berlin and Leipzig contain the most celebrated Conservatoires in Germany. But in almost any well-known German town you will get excellent musical teaching.

Scotia.—The conduct of which you complain certainly appears very strange. Many editors do not return rejected MSS., and it is always wiser for the author to keep a copy; but as a promise was given in your case, we should advise you to write again, and if no reply comes after a reasonable time has elapsed, to get a respectable solicitor to send a letter demanding attention. Possibly the delay may mean intention to publish in due course.

Chacoune.—1. The best way to acquire the art of reading music at sight is to practice reading as much as possible. Devote a certain time each day to playing what you have not seen before, not staying to practice, but going straight on. It is of course best to choose easy music for the purpose. A distinguished musical professor also recommends the frequent copying of music. If this is done intelligently, the mind grows to connect sound with the notes as they are copied down. Your difficulty is a very usual one, but you will find it grow less with perseverance.—2. We think your dress should dye well, but you had better show it to a good dyer, or send him a piece of the stuff by post, and ask his opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Red Rose.—To preserve the natural colours of flowers you must first carefully arrange the petals and leaves between sheets of blotting paper, and lay a moderate weight on them, changing the paper till all moisture be removed from them. Then lay them on a sheet of stout paper or card-board, covered with a layer of fine sand, and cover them with another, and place them in a slow oven for an hour or two. But experience, and the nature of the flower must determine the length of time required. The reason your water colours sink into the silk or satin is, that you have neglected to use "Turck's Medium."

H. M.—One of the simplest puddings for children can be made by grating a sufficient quantity of stale bread to fill two breakfast-cups, to pour one teacupful of boiling milk over it, beating the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one well into the mixture, together with a little sugar and a slight flavouring of cinnamon or vanilla, if desired.

E. A. J.—We advise you to make all such inquiries at an art embroidery shop, as we cannot give you trade addresses, nor the prices of machines, nor other appliances. Wherever you purchase the materials for your embroidery you could obtain the requisite addresses.

St. Crumnalthie.—Arrangements for the protection of emigrants during the voyage, and for their reception on arrival are made by the "United British Women's Emigration Association," at the Imperial Institute, S.W., Secretary, Miss Lefroy. Satisfactory references must be given by the applicant. There you can obtain printed papers respecting the openings and advantages offered in various colonies.

Georgie.—Certainly, there are birds that do not build nests, besides the cuckoo. Many aquatic birds lay their eggs on the rocks, such as the guillemot, puffin, tern, sea-swallows, skua, and black-throated diver. Amongst land-birds, such as the goat-sucker and stone curlew, who simply lay their eggs on the ground, and sometimes move them from place to place. A starling's eggs are sometimes found on the lawn, from which she will carry them to her nest as she builds one. But she is not a very reliable mother, for she occasionally forgets all about them. Other birds do not build nests, but avail themselves of holes in trees, that answer the purpose equally well.

Huguenot.—Doubtless the immigration of your people into Great Britain gave a wonderful impetus to the woollen manufactures and improved them greatly. But the woollen trade, for example, carried on at Winchester, flourished at the time that it was occupied by the Romans. It was the capital of England during the Saxon period. The Ancient Britons carried on both the arts of spinning and weaving; and it is recorded of Boadicea that she wore a many-coloured, checked tunic. The Romans improved the woollen trade; but it rose to its greatest importance in the reign of Edward III., whose wife Philippa—herself from Flanders—formed a colony in England of Flemish weavers.

Jump-Joy, Pansy, and Devotee of the "G.O.P."—1. Take the coins to any dealer or goldsmith. You will often see coins exhibited in their shop windows; or you might advertise them in the *Exchange and Mart*, and obtain what price you can for them. Although said to have a special value you may find no purchaser; and the goldsmith must deduct his own profit from what he will pay you. In the London Directory you may find addresses given under the head of "Medallists." "Jump-joy" might obtain £1 5s. for her coins if in good condition.—2. To be "of age" means that you have had your twenty-first birthday, and have ceased to be a "minor" in the eye of the law. It is not desirable to marry till you have attained your majority.

Perseverance.—We always refer our readers to either the "National Home Reading Union," Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C., Secretary, Miss Mondy, or to the "Home Education Society," 102, Eaton Terrace, S.W., Hon. Secretary, Miss Ralfe.

A. E.—You had better have the cats washed and treated by a veterinary surgeon, and then apply some insect powder. After getting a lesson your maid will be able to keep the cats clean and free from fleas in the future. We had no trouble with our Persian cat.

Désirée.—1. Your father is your heir-at-law if you die a minor; but you could leave a letter expressing your last wishes, and asking the favour of his disposing of certain things as you could and would have done had you attained your majority. In any case, if so early failing in health, you are at liberty to bestow little tokens of remembrance now amongst your brothers and sisters, or intimate friends.—2. To make "apple snow," you would require about four large apples; bake, take out the cores and peel them, and place in a large basin; add the whites of two eggs, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, as much of powdered alum as will lie on a sixpence, and whip the mixture for three-quarters of an hour. Make a custard of three yolks of eggs and the white of one; sweeten, and flavour with vanilla. Lay this custard under the whipped "apple snow."

Louisa.—1. You need only to refer to our indexes to find our directions for cleaning off the rough, dark-coloured exterior coating of shells that have a mother-o'-pearl interior. It is by the application of muriatic acid with a camel's hair brush. Have a saucer of water by you in which to dip the shell continually, or you may make too deep a burning and produce holes. You may also need to dip your fingers in the water, as the acid will make any little scratch to smart.—2. You ought to use a softer pen, and write copies daily. Your pen seems to have a nib like a pin's point.

M. W. Brown.—We have pleasure in drawing attention to your North India School of Medicine for Christian Women, of which we have received the interesting report. We also note that you are in need of increased school and hospital accommodation, and of another lady-doctor. We give your address as Hon. Secretary, 23, Cameron Road, West Croydon.

A. K. A.—There are schools in England for the special benefit of those who stammer, or have a hesitation in their speech. We do not give such addresses, but any doctor could give one. Such a defect should have been treated in childhood. When you read aloud you should beat time, and learn, as in singing, to take your breath at certain intervals, filling the *lungs well. It is because of* this beating time, and taking breath at certain times, and filling the lungs each time, that stammerers in speaking can sing without any difficulty or hesitation.

Robina.—We are not aware that the name "earwig" owes its origin to any special attraction to a human ear in the species of vermin so called. In fact, friends of ours have found them in their hair, when in places infested with them, but never in their ears—although the French name for them has likewise a reference to the ear. Should you ever have the misfortune to get any insect in the ear, lay your head on one side, and get someone to drop some sweet-oil into it, and the intruder will at once rise to the surface. In the cruet-stand you are sure to find some. But if in a mountain *châlet*, where they sometimes swarm, owing to the character of the wood with which the house is built, you had better put a piece of cotton-wool in your ears at night (not pressed in very far) to relieve all anxiety.

Rhoda.—Sometimes the so-called "regard-rings" are selected for "engagement-rings," the initials of the several stones spelling the word desired, *i.e.*, ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, etc., arranged in a double row if not very small. But the oldest "betrothal-rings" are set with rubies only, as the love-tokens of long ago. That stone is credited with being what is called "lucky," and is said to drive away sadness and evil dreams. There is a pretty legend about the ruby, viz., that Noah had one of marvellous brilliancy; "the light which it emitted being sufficient to illuminate his chamber in the Ark!"

C. S. Goldsmith.—For the answer to your first question, see vol. i., page 576. As to the second, you may make your mind easy in receiving the judgment, and following the practice of the universal Christian Church from the times of the Apostles, in reference to the observance of the "first day of the week," and that of the seventh or last day of the week. Your writing is scarcely formed, and might be much improved.

Poppy had better send her light-coloured suède gloves to a cleaner. Home-cleaning is rarely satisfactory.

A. D.—Many of the worst colds are caught in warm weather, just because people come in overheated and remove their outer wraps at once, or sit in a draught. It is well to throw some light shawl over the shoulders when sitting down to rest after a hot walk, to prevent a too speedy evaporation, and the chilling of the surface before the quickened circulation has abated in speed. The same principal acts, in a reverse manner, in the case of chilblains, which are produced by suddenly heating the surface before the blood has thoroughly resumed its circulation and heated the substance underneath the skin. No better remedy could be used for your cough than a teaspoonful (three or four times a day, and in the night should you waken) of equal parts of glycerine and brandy shaken well together (even "teetotalers" may take the latter as a medicine).

Dolly.—1. If your mother failed to cure you of a bad temper, or of insubordination, by the time you were three years old, of course much was left to you to do, and we are sorry for you; but by prayer for Divine aid, and earnest endeavour, you will attain to greater self-control before long.—2. The very best thing, but very little known even to medical men, is to use a spray of "essence of peppermint" upon a burn or scald. If there be cracks or rawness of surface in any part of the burn, anoint them first with oil or glycerine, and then use the spray over all; apply it as fast as it dries for about twenty minutes, and all pain will be removed. This remedy we have employed many times, and always with the most complete success.

Ella.—It would be useless to send English stamps to any correspondent abroad for the purpose of receiving a reply; but it would remunerate them for the foreign stamp required, as they could enclose a note so stamped inside a home letter for posting to someone else in England.

Marjorie.—To remove the marks produced by standing hot jugs and dishes on a stained oak table, you must get a little tripoli, from any chemist's, and wet it, and rub on with a flannel. Do it delicately, and with care, as all these small household operations should be done.

June.—We thank you for so kindly writing to thank us for the help you derive, as well as the pleasure our paper has given you from its first publication. We sympathise with you on having been confined to your bed for eighteen months, and agree with you about the comfort of our "Invalid Library," which ought to be more widely used. We trust your restoration will be more complete than you expect.



AFTER THE PRESENTATION.

(From a Sketch made at Buckingham Palace.)

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 886.] DECEMBER 19, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THAT DEAR OLD SONG!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

AH! that dear old song comes back, love, thro' the long departed years,
When the springtide, ever welcome, in its loveliness appears;
It is whispered by the blossoms, and is murmured by the streams,
Till its echoes sweet awaken olden mem'ries from their dreams!
It was in the spring you sang it, ere we breathed a last good-bye,
And it told the old, old story, that your love could never die;
That the flight of time would find it still immutable and strong,
And I thought that truth was present in that dear old song!

Ah! for all I know you sing it in a region far away,
Where the ears of others listen, and are won by it, to-day;
But, oh, never will its music, tho' to many you may sing,
Find a heart so true as that to which you sang it once in spring!
Well I know I am forgotten, and 'twere wiser to forget,
But the past will still be present till the sun of life shall set;
And, altho' no golden mem'ries to its promise should belong,
I must ever, when I hear it, love that dear old song!

All rights reserved.]



"THAT DEAR OLD SONG!"

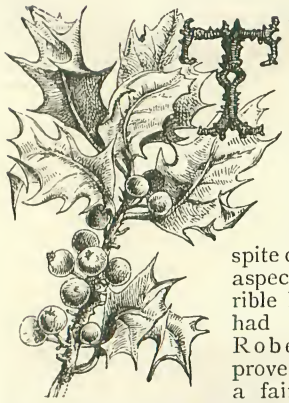
DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT BELL RINGS.

"A bad beginning leads to a bad ending,"
Livy.



THE next few days passed quietly. Dr. Luttrell professed himself perfectly satisfied with his patient's progress. In spite of his delicate aspect, and the terrible hardships he had experienced, Robert Barton proved that he had a fair amount of recuperative power. Perhaps his youth was in his favour, and it was soon evident that he had a naturally sanguine temperament. His nature was singularly ill-balanced, he was always in extremes—either in the depths of depression or else unaccountably excited. Olivia would sometimes find him crouching over the fire with his head between his hands in a state of morose misery. And at other times she would hear him whistling a few bars from some opera in quite a light-hearted way.

"If you do not mind, Olive, I think that Barton had better come down to-morrow afternoon," Marcus observed one evening. "He will get on all the faster." And as Olivia made no objection to this the matter was settled.

Marcus secretly wondered how Robert Barton could take things quite so coolly. Perhaps it might be partly owing to his enfeebled state, but he certainly did not seem to trouble himself much about the future. "I feel as if I should pull through now," he said once. "I only wanted a helping hand to lift me out of the slough of despond. When I am a bit stronger, doctor, I must paint a pot-boiler or two," and Marcus had quietly assented to this.

"I have made up my mind what I must do, Livy," continued Dr. Luttrell later on that same evening, when he had arranged that his patient should come downstairs. "You know that nice Mrs. Randall in the models, well, she has a lodger, but she expects that he will leave her in a week or so, as he has work at a distance. I might take the room for Barton, it is a clean, tidy little place. And Mrs. Randall is a motherly sort of woman, and will look after him."

"Oh, what a good idea, Marcus."

"Yes, it came into my head when I was leaving the models yesterday. And I had half a mind to go back and ask the price of the room, but I was in such a hurry. I would pay her a month in advance, and we would use some of Mr. Gaythorne's money in buying him what he wants for his painting. I have no idea what sort of an artist he is, but it seems the only thing he can do."

"Oh, how pleased he will be, poor fellow," exclaimed Olivia, "but surely he is not well enough to leave us just now, and in this weather?" for a hard frost had set in.

"Not for another week perhaps, but we must not let him think himself a fixture here. We have had him ten days already."

Marcus had not repented of his philanthropy, he was too highly principled for that, but though he would not have confessed it to his wife for worlds, he was a little alarmed at the responsibility so suddenly thrown on him.

Barton seemed such a happy-go-lucky, casual sort of person. The gentlemanly tramp was not a bad name for him. He was not quite open either. In Dr. Luttrell's opinion he ought by this time to have confided in them fully. "He is a bit shifty and hazy about things," he said to himself, "and I shall be glad when Livy and I have the house to ourselves."

"Ten days," repeated Olivia thoughtfully, "is it so long as that, Marcus! How time flies when one is busy. Do you know, dear, I have such an odd feeling sometimes. I feel as though that poor fellow was sent to us for some special purpose, that we had a sort of mission towards him. It is not that I want him, for of course his being here makes so much work for Martha, but all the same, I do not wish you to lose sight of him."

"My dear child," returned Marcus rather impatiently, "am I likely to lose sight of him when I am at the models at least three times a week?"

"No, but we can see to him so much better under our own roof," she replied quietly. "We must not get tired of him too soon. Yes, you are tired, dear," laying her hand affectionately on his. "Do you think I do not know that, although you are so good about it, and never grumble, but it will be trying to us both when he comes downstairs."

"Yes, and one hardly knows how to treat him," returned Marcus, feeling it a relief to utter his thoughts. "He is clever and refined, and I suppose we must allow that he is a gentleman, but it is impossible somehow to trust him, or to feel at one's ease with him. There is something that fascinates and yet repels one."

"I know what you mean," replied Olivia thoughtfully, "but somehow I like him in spite of everything. Marcus, what a blessing it is to think that I went to Galvaston House this afternoon, and so I shall be free to-morrow," for Olivia's sunny nature always looked on the bright side of things.

That night a wonderful thing happened. The night-bell rang.

That sound so dreaded by the hard-worked doctor was like a triumphal *reveille* in Marcus' ears. And Robert Barton's muttered "poor devil" as he turned on his pillow would not have been endorsed.

Olivia indeed had been alarmed for a moment by the unaccustomed sound, and thought drowsily that the house must be on fire, but she was soon wide awake and hushing Dot.

"Go to sleep, girlie, it is only someone come to see dada," she said rocking her little one. Dot had been startled and was cross in consequence, and it was some time before she could be pacified.

The next minute Marcus came back fully dressed. "I must go round to 15, Brunswick Place," he said hurriedly. "Don't expect me back till you see me," and then she heard him running downstairs.

"He expects to be detained, so I suppose some poor baby is to enter this wintry world," she thought as she composed herself to sleep, but she little guessed the terribly hard work that was before Marcus.

It was early morning, and Martha had already crept softly past her door in her stocking feet, as she would have said, so as not to wake Miss Baby, before Dr. Luttrell let himself in with his latchkey.

He looked sadly jaded, but utterly refused to lie down and have a nap. "I will have my tub and some breakfast instead," he observed. "They gave me some hot coffee a couple of hours ago. My word, it is freezing hard still. Tell Martha to give us a good-sized rasher of ham."

"Is the poor thing all right," asked Olivia presently, when they were seated at their breakfast, with Dot crawling between them. Then for the moment Dr. Luttrell looked puzzled.

"What poor thing—oh," with a laugh, "I see what you mean now, but it was nothing of that sort. I have not had such a business since my hospital days," he went on; "poor Livy, you would not have slept so comfortably if you had known. It was a case of delirium tremens; an elderly man too, and his poor daughter was frightened out of her wits; but she behaved splendidly; you women have pluck; I must tell you that she actually helped me when the man-servant was afraid to come near his master."

"Oh, Marcus, he might have hurt you," and Olivia turned pale—perhaps it is as well that doctors' wives know so little about their husbands' experiences.

"Oh, we had plenty of that sort of thing at Bart's," he returned coolly; "but I shall have to get him a nurse. I must see after one at once, or poor Miss Williams will be worn out; will you give me another cup of tea, Livy?"

"Are they new people too, Marcus, like the Stanwells;" but Dr. Luttrell shook his head.

"No, they have lived in the place for years, but Mr. Williams quarrelled with Dr. Bevan, and his daughter dared not send for him, and as I was the nearest medical man, the servant came to me; it was just a fluke, that's all."

"Is there only one daughter, Marcus?"

"Well, my dear, it was not likely that I questioned Miss Williams about her family, but I imagine she is the only daughter; poor girl, I felt sorry for her; there have been plenty of briers besetting her path, I should say, as the poet writes so feelingly, she has had more kicks than halfpence," and as usual when Marcus began to joke, Olivia took the hint and left off questioning him.

The little parlour looked a haven of comfort to Robert Barton's eyes as he entered it that afternoon, leaning on Dr. Luttrell's arm.

Olivia was sitting at needlework as usual, with Dot playing at her feet, and sprawling on the rug in exact imitation of Jet the black kitten; she rose at once with a bright welcoming smile, and arranged the cushions in the easy chair.

"I daresay you are glad to be down again," she said kindly, as Barton sank back in them rather heavily; "but you must be careful, you are far from strong yet."

"Thanks, I am tolerably fit," but the weak shaking hand rather contradicted this.

"Oh, what a pretty child, I should like to make a sketch of her. Will you come to me, little one." And Robert Barton's smile was so winning that Dot crawled to him at once, and hauled herself up by the help of one finger.

Olivia gave her husband a quick glance which he quite understood; "there cannot be much harm in him if he likes children," this was what her look meant, and even Marcus was touched and surprised when he saw his little daughter put up her round face to be kissed, and then make playful dabs at him.

"What a darling she is—rather like you, Mrs. Luttrell, but she has a look of the doctor too. I have always been fond of children, they are never afraid of me," and this speech completely won the young mother's heart.

"He is really very distinguished-looking," she said to herself, as she watched him playing with Dot; "he is dreadfully thin, and, of course, Uncle Fergus's clothes are too big for him, but no one could help seeing that he is a gentleman."

They began to talk presently in quite a friendly way, and after a time Olivia said quite simply—

"Your name is not really Robert Barton, is it." She had blurted this out almost without thinking.

"Well, no," he returned, reddening a little, "but I have been calling myself by that name for the last month or two, it was handy," and his face twitched; "I did not care to carry my father's name into the places I have been obliged to frequent lately."

"You have a father then, Mr. Barton," in an interested tone.

"Oh, yes, and a mother and a sister, though I have heard nothing of them for half a dozen years."

"Oh, not so long as that, surely," and then Olivia looked at him with kindly gravity. "Why, you could only have been a boy when you left home."

"I am older than you think, Mrs. Luttrell—I shall soon be eight-and-twenty—but I was young enough certainly when they shunted me off. Confession may be good for the soul," he went on with a reckless laugh; "but it is not particularly pleasant. As I told your husband, I quarrelled with my people. It was my own fault in a great measure; but I do not mean to take all the blame; if they had treated me differently, things would not have come to this; but this is all ancient history; if a man sows thistles he must expect a harvest of the same. I have had my evil things certainly, and perhaps I deserved them."

"And you wish now that you had acted differently;" then such a look of intense pain crossed Robert Barton's face that Olivia was quite startled.

"I would give my right hand if those months could be blotted out," he said vehemently. "You know the proverb, Mrs. Luttrell—'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him'—well, they were for hanging me, I mean figuratively, so I took the bit between my teeth and bolted."

"It seems to me, Mr. Barton," she said thoughtfully, "that your one chance to retrieve the past is to find out your own people. I suppose"—hesitating a little—"that they are in a position to help you?"

"Most certainly they are; we lived mostly abroad, but always in good style; the house we had at Medhurst was only taken on lease for a short time; it was my father's fancy never to stay long in one place; he was fond of travelling; when I am strong enough to brave the weather, I will go down to Medhurst and hunt up an acquaintance or two, there must be someone who knew him; but the doctor will not give me leave yet."

"Did my husband say anything to you about the future?" asked Olivia tentatively; then Robert Barton's face that had grown suddenly old and haggard, brightened up.

"He told me some old gentleman—a friend of yours, had been awfully kind, and that he would be able to take a room for me for a month, and get me some canvas and colours. If I only had my tools, I could take a sketch of your little girl at once, just as she is now with the kitten. I could call it 'Play-fellows,' just a small thing you know, but it would be sure to take. I do not paint badly, although I have not made my mark yet, but I have sold two or three small pictures besides pot-boilers. I could begin to-morrow if only I had my easel and palette," and his tone was so eager, that Olivia promised to consult her husband, and if he approved, to go herself for the necessary things.

When Marcus came in he told them at once that he had been round to the models. "The room will be vacant next Tuesday, Barton," he said briskly, "and I have settled with Mrs. Randall that you will take it for a month. It is a poor place, of course, but in my opinion it is not so bare as your present diggings, and it is very clean and comfortable, so you may be sure of board and lodging for a month. You will have to be careful, you know," he went on, "as long as this weather lasts. You must not think of moving about the country just yet or you will be laid up again," and then Olivia chimed in, and after a little consultation it was arranged that Olivia should go to the picture-shop at the corner of Harbut Street the next morning.

Robert Barton made a list of things required. He was in such good spirits all tea-time, and told such amusing stories of his life in Paris, that even Marcus, tired as he was, was much entertained.

"He really is a well-informed fellow," he observed when Barton had retired. "I am not so sure that we shall find him in the way, after all. He told us that story about the artist's model in quite a racy fashion. He seems to be up to date in his notions. I am a bit curious to find out if he can paint or if it is only tall talk, but he certainly seems bent on it. Now I must turn in, for I am dead beat. Oh, by-the-bye, Livy, I told Miss Williams that you would go round and see her to-morrow afternoon. It would really be a charity," as Olivia seemed very much astonished at this. "The poor girl is so lonely, she has no brothers and sisters, and as far as I can find out no friends either."

"No friends, Marcus—and they live in one of those nice houses in Brunswick Place, and keep a man-servant."

"Oh, I daresay they have a few acquaintances," returned Dr. Luttrell with a yawn. "Most likely it has been impossible for her to have friends. When I proposed sending you to cheer her up, she looked quite grateful. Poor soul, you will like her, Olive. She is just your sort, no nonsense about her, plenty of feeling, but nothing hysterical."

"Marcus," observed Olivia slipping her hand through his arm, and speaking very deliberately, "do you not think we had better have those cards printed, our visiting acquaintance is so much increased," and then Marcus laughed and turned down the lamp.

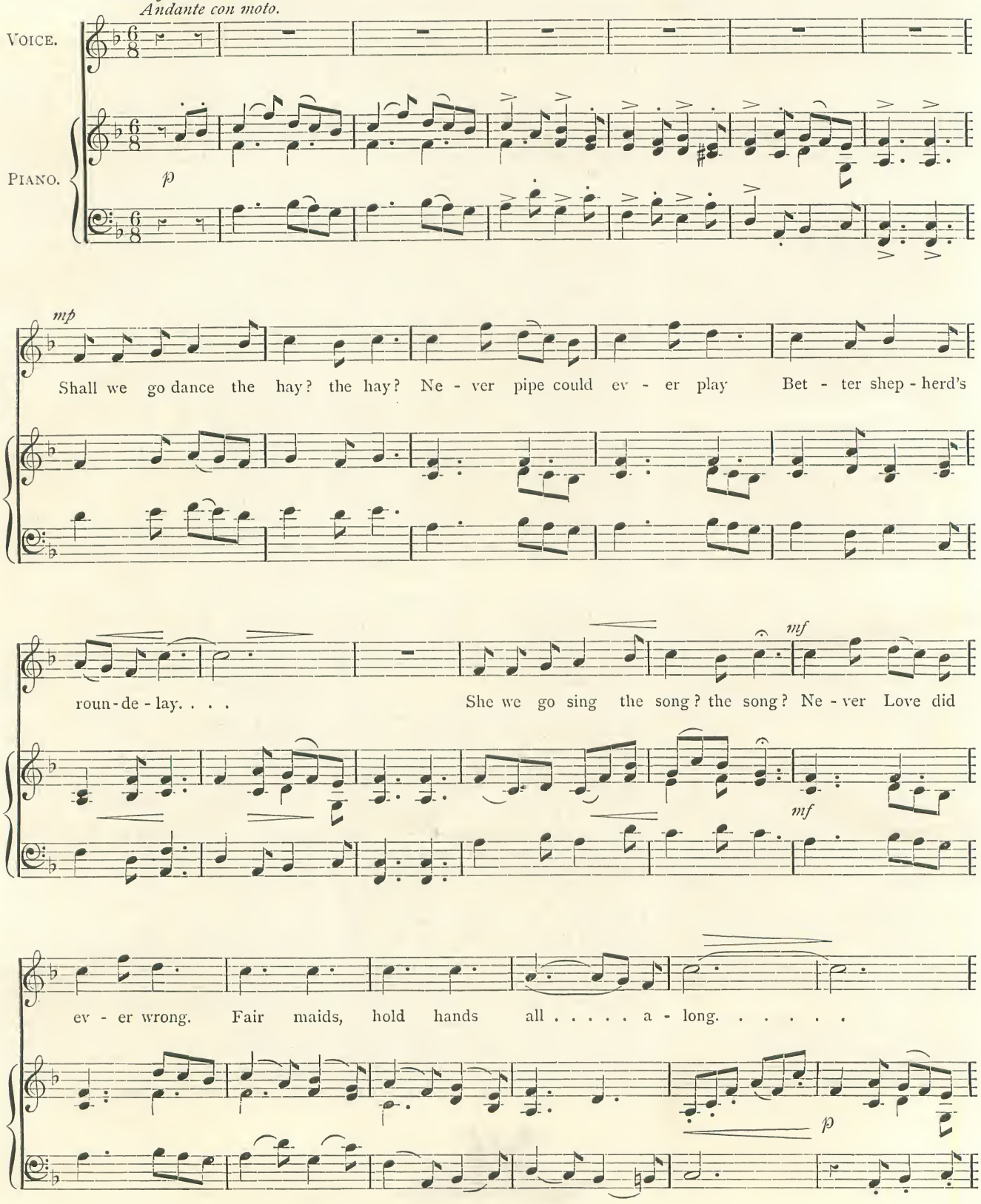
(*To be continued.*)

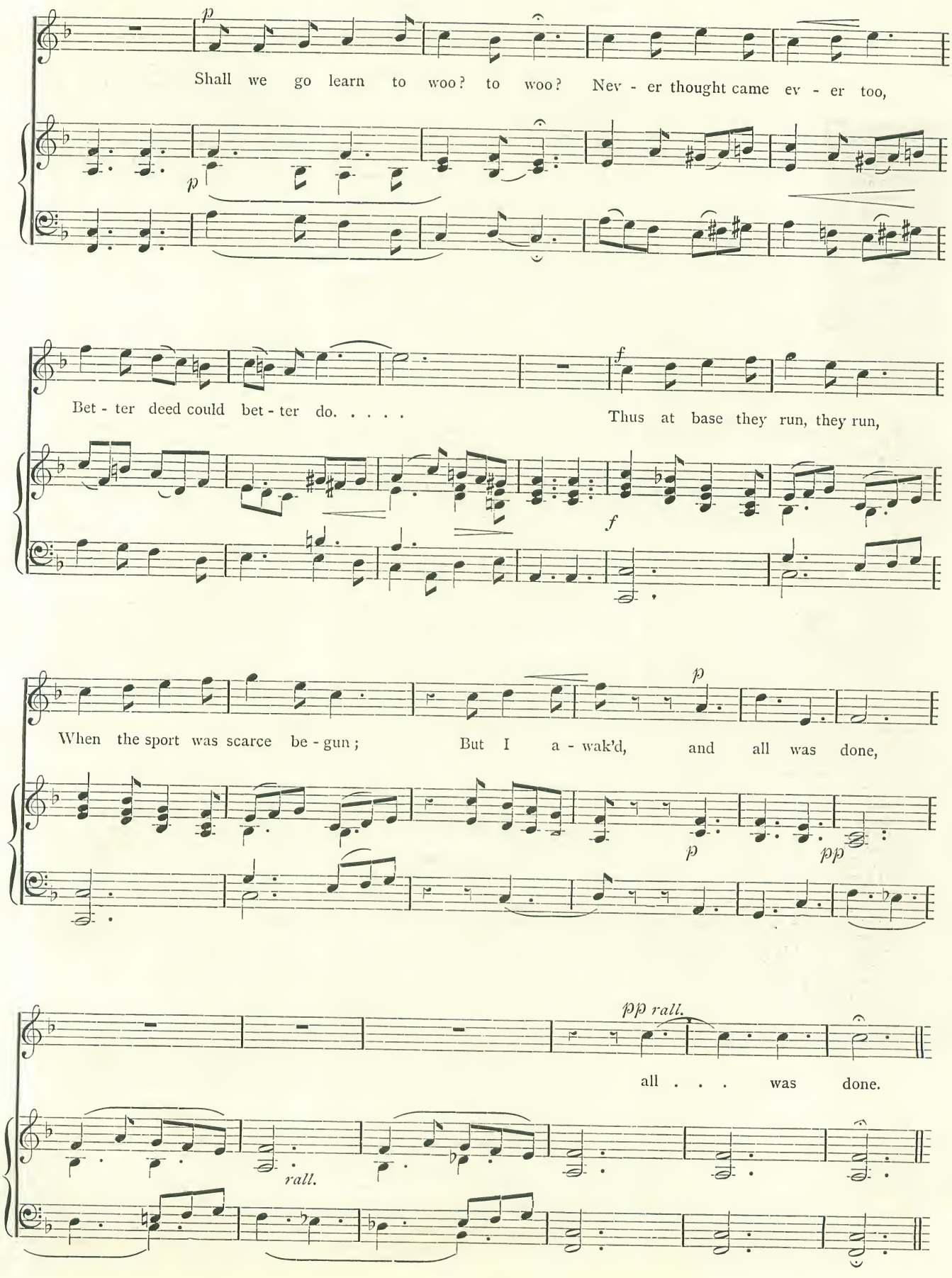


A SONG IN A DREAM.

Poem by N. BRETON. *Set to music by* C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

Andante con moto.




p
Shall we go learn to woo? to woo? Nev - er thought came ev - er too,
p
f
Bet - ter deed could bet - ter do. . . . .
Thus at base they run, they run,
f
p
When the sport was scarce be - gun;
But I a - wak'd, and all was done,
p
pp
pp rall.
all . . . was done.
rall.

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

III.—THE ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF THE PASTIME.



DVANTAGES and pleasures! We might converse upon them by the hour together and not exhaust the subject. An old lady, whom I had the pleasure of meeting whilst resting for a few moments at the house of one of my wheelwomen friends, considerably amused me by remarking, after expostulating with me for my rank enthusiasm—"But, there, you cyclists have always something to talk about in your world of wheels; whether it be the formation of your tires, the brilliancy of your lamps; some exciting adventure or a thrilling escape, and you all get so deep in it one cannot get a word in edgeways!" "You've just hit the mark," I replied; "we have no time to quarrel, or to talk endlessly about bonnets or other finery. One of the chief advantages of our cycling is, that it takes us out of ourselves; gives us something to think and talk about."

The never-ending round of trivialities, even of our school-life, to say nothing of those precious years during which we are entering the precincts of womanhood, are seldom sufficient in themselves to develop our highest nature. Outside the home sphere, there is the afternoon walk, not a romp, or a career through the fields, or the woods, where we can commune with nature, for these are more often than not miles and miles away, but a mild detour through the streets, in the parks, or in the public highways. Now, every girl no matter of what age she is, has the rudiments of a very fine disposition. She possesses that primitive but exalted sentiment of ideality, which renders her an enthusiast, which gives warmth to language, energy to action, and fires with rapture and exultation, and creates poetic imagination, fancy or inspiration.

At this point, the cycle comes in, and introduces to her the world which has hitherto rested at her feet, unseen, unrecognised and unappreciated. Her afternoon walk is nothing to a spin on her wheel. Why, by the aid of her cycle any girl of moderate powers can, with perfect ease, explore all the beauties of her neighbourhood in a few months, and these previous opportunities may eventually lead to a complete evolution of character undreamt of. Cycling not only can be introduced as a pleasant and harmless recuperative exercise, but as a means of awakening and developing all that is good, noble and refined in our girls.

Too long have our lives been narrowed and restricted by the limits of civilisation. The dormant capacities latent in our womanhood have seldom had a chance of being awakened. The cycle allows us, in a perfectly womanly—for I like that word better than "ladylike," for it betokens something grander, nobler—manner "to let ourselves go." How many of us really know the powers of our nature? But the cycle appeals to our active propensities by affording us a means of whizzing through the air, satisfying our physical nature by rapid locomotion; it awakens our mental nature by compelling us ever to be on the alert for danger ahead, and soothes, delights, and enlivens our appetite for the beauties of nature.

To enjoy ourselves to the full, we need not have special literary, artistic, philanthropic or athletic powers, but we need only be the average girl, for there must be something latent in our nature which cycling will revivify. To be free is to live, in the fullest sense of the word, and until a girl realises what freedom is, it is not possible for her to be womanly. "To paddle her own canoe," and to do it wisely and well, requires the concentration of her best powers. Why should not these powers be awakened, and brought into play? Our first hill, with what pleasure it is we negotiate it! Let it be either up or down, it matters not; there is a peculiar delight experienced when we reach our goal, and our mind recalls that splendid poem of "The Blacksmith," as we murmur "Something accomplished, something done." Our masterful nature has asserted itself, and we are conquerors! Is it not wiser to strengthen this inclination we have, undeveloped though it may be, to control, conquer and have dominion over something, rather than allow it to run to waste, or to be an inconvenient nuisance to ourselves and to others? A masterful spirit may be utilised by a glorious spin on the cycle, by which we are able to show our dominion over hills and dales, the elements and space,

Let us also consider the advantages of the cycle in the educational world, as well as for the building up of character in the most pleasurable manner possible. Take only two subjects, history and geography, supposed to be so useful to our girls. No matter where you reside, the history of your nation lies at your feet, and by so many revolutions of your wheel it is possible for you to abundantly feed your mind with the data of national glories and follies. Get a good map of a fifty mile radius of the district in which you reside, study it carefully, and mark out ten, fifteen, or twenty mile routes, according to the number of miles you can ride comfortably in an afternoon or evening, and in a month or so you will take such a deep interest in the vicinities in which you spend so much time and thought, that what seems to be a new country will gradually expand itself, for your delight and intellectual amusement. How many sweet spots of Nature's best painting await you within a mile or so, of which you have been lamentably ignorant simply because your cycling days had not commenced.

By the aid of your wheel, you can supplement your historical and geographical knowledge, and be inspired to take a more searching interest in the doings of your countrymen, of the present, of the past, and of the future. We all live close to historic centres, and near to the most interesting geographical strata, to say nothing of the botanical specimens, of which there is such a splendid choice a few miles from our very door. Domestic and political economy, too, are branches of learning which can be studied by trips to our far and near neighbours, who are day by day adding items of knowledge for us to study. By making excursions past the very doors of the palaces, the castles, the houses, little and big, and the workshops and factories, in which our fellow-countrymen live and work, we unconsciously learn the modes and customs of our national life, and, indirectly, the domestic and political history of our country.

But, above all, we are introduced to the grand and inspiring world of Nature; drink in her beauties and revel in the myriad joys she so generously showers upon us. Within a few miles of every house there is some spot of beauty which, sooner or later, will be the delight of our soul and the joy of our life. After a rapid whirl on our wheel, a little tired and dusty, perhaps heated and restless, we alight, forsaking our mount for the nonce, and flinging ourselves down on the grass, we yield to the sublime thoughts which ever overtake those who are receptive. A love of Nature has the power to rid our brains of all cobwebs, whether they come from the schoolroom, the nursery, the drawing-room, the dining-room, or the domestic cares of the kitchen; all can be swept away if Nature-worship is innocently pursued. How calm and peaceful it is! By communing with Nature, alone in her glory, we chase away all trivial and mean thoughts, all meagre and unsatisfying desires and aspirations; nature, with all her sublimity and beauty, fills us so completely as to leave not a vestige of sorrow or littleness of thought. We are not worried by trains, or what bus or tram we shall have to catch to arrive home in time for tea. Our steed is ready when we are; it is absolutely at our disposal to go whither we will, or to remain patiently waiting until it is our pleasure to start. By coming on our cycle to study and revel in the glories and beauties of nature, we are the better prepared for her lessons and gifts.

Let us also not despise the physical advantages and pleasures of our wheel. How does it affect our health? Provided the cycle is used as a health-preserver, and not as a health-destroyer, the nerves are quietened, the energies are awakened and quickened, the muscles rested, the circulation is stimulated, and the feeling of physical satisfaction which pervades the system insures calm and invigorating sleep. Within moderation, i.e., when the powers are never over-exerted, but properly exercised, cycling strengthens and invigorates the system. Directly it is followed by loss of appetite, restlessness, and sleeplessness, the limits of healthy cycling have been exceeded, and an immediate rest is imperative. Provided also, that we preserve that equilibrium of balance that renders cycling so enjoyable, i.e., our five points are properly adjusted, and we sit at our ease, we shall receive nothing but lasting benefit from the pleasures of our wheel, but directly our saddle is either too high or too low, our handle-bars too close or too far away, and our pedals beyond a comfortable reach, we may receive injury, and, possibly lasting damage to our immature forms. It is also inadvisable to get over-heated whilst riding, for this is very injurious, and may cause ill-health.

A new world awaits us. It is for us to use or abuse it. If we are worthy of our privileges and freedom, we shall revel in endless delights, but, by either a reckless waste of our energies, or by a timid reluctance to avail ourselves of them, we may only live to regret the day we joined the happy throng of wheelwomen.

In order to thoroughly appreciate the innumerable pleasures and advantages of the wheel, we should get in form, i.e., let us not be content only to be what is commonly termed butterfly riders. Half-an-hour spent daily in cycling will be far more enjoyable than three or four hours weekly, just when the weather suits our fancy. In cycling the elements have to be mastered; the oppressive heat borne, strong winds conquered. Spasmodic cycling irritates rather than strengthens

the constitution. If daily exercise cannot be enjoyed, it is better to determine to cycle, say, twenty miles per week, despite the fickleness of our climate. In this manner new experiences caused by climatic changes will prove themselves to be most charming. One day a stiff head-wind will seek to arrest our progress, but "to stoop is to conquer." Whilst cycling over the Scottish moors, for fifteen miles I had the most formidable head-wind against me, which at first completely baffled all my efforts to drive through it, but the combativeness of my nature came to the rescue, and stooping, until my nose almost touched my handle-bar, I steadily and slowly pursued my way. True, it was up-hill, and it took me over four hours of heavy plodding ere I reached my destination. Fifteen miles in four hours! Not quite four miles per hour, despite the fact that I never left my saddle, and did not stop for one moment's meditation; why, I could have walked it quicker!

In my opinion it is the ever-changing conditions of cycling which render the pastime so enjoyable. To misquote Cowper, I would say—

"Variety's the very spice of cycling,
That gives it all its flavour."

There is variety in the atmospheric fickleness, in the undulating roads through which we have to travel, in the folk we meet *en route*, in our thoughts and moods which for ever govern and misgovern us, and in the reception awaiting our return.

Of monotony there is none. It is impossible to repeat a ride. Many and many a time have I tested this point, and have been compelled to confess myself beaten. Summer riding is all very well, but, for my own part, I revel in the joys of the winter jaunt. To the slumberer, of course, there is the bogey lion in the streets awaiting to devour her, but not for me, thanks, let the winds blow in blustering squalls, the air be bitter and raw, what do I care? Give me my cycle, my fur coat, my hat and my gloves, what pleasures there await me! Cuddle over the fire, if you like, but I prefer ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and jubilant spirits, for I am healthy, vigorous, and happy! Ah, the greatest pleasure and advantage of cycling, I think it must be acknowledged, is the acquisition of developed physical powers, firm muscles, bright eyes, clear skin, and a mind which is healthy and susceptible.

By the aid of your wheel, you can choose for yourself—"To be, or not to be?"

"Mother Nature in her beauty woos us thither,
Ere the summer tints begin to fade and wither;
With congenial comrades vying,
Pedals rhythmically plying,
O'er smooth highways, byways, flying,
How we compass swift the ground,
Phantom-like and without sound;
Sylvan glades and shades, and woodland glories, seeking,
Till with purple bars, the sunset sky is streaking.

In the springtide, summer, autumn—e'en in winter,
Ancient hamlets gladly greet each cycling sprinter,
Healthy minds and tempers bringing,
Merry moods around them flinging,
Ere they're off again, and winging,
Fast their flight to other scenes,
Where old towers in fair demesnes,
And cathedral spires to the heavens glowing,
Noble works of man, 'mid Nature's spells are showing.

With the rhythm of the air-shod cycle thrilling
Our ardent souls and joyous spirits filling,
From the city's fretful flurry,
From its toil, its moil, and worry,
And from its incessant hurry,
From its darkness and its night,
To the sweetness and the light
Born of Mother Nature—we are ever fleeing
As to founts of our existence and our being."

TASTY DISHES.

Fricasséed Rabbit.—Cut the rabbit into neat joints and wash well in salt and water; drain, then roll the pieces lightly in seasoned flour, and fry them in beef-dripping until a nice brown all over. Lay them in a stewpan, and cover them with clear stock made from bones and trimmings. Add an onion, a piece of celery, a carrot, and some strips of smoked bacon, a pinch of pepper, or a few peppercorns. Cover closely, and let the stew simmer for an hour; then remove the rabbit on to a hot dish, and cover at once. Strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour, put in a tablespoonful of tomato sauce and one of walnut ketchup, add more seasoning if required, then boil up and pour over the rabbit.

A Game Pasty.—The crust for this should be fairly rich, and requires to be mixed with an egg. To a pound of flour put ten ounces of Brittany butter, and make a stiff paste with a beaten egg and sufficient ice-water. Roll out twice, the second time divide the pastry, then roll out again the exact size and shape of a shallow baking-dish, keeping a small portion of paste from which to stamp ornamental leaves, etc.

The filling for the pasty should have been previously prepared by stewing for a long time any pieces or trimmings of venison, game, rabbits, hares, or whatever may be available. When thoroughly tender, remove all bones and skin, also all superfluous fat, and cut the meat into pieces as nearly equal in size as possible. Lay the meat on the lower crust. Season the gravy highly, colour it with browned flour, a pinch of mushroom-powder or a spoonful of ketchup, and pour over the meat as much as the depth of the dish will allow it to contain. It will be better to have dissolved a little gelatine in the gravy, in order that it may be a jelly when cold. Cover the pasty with the upper crust, wetting the edges that they may adhere, then ornament according to fancy. Let it bake in a moderate oven for upwards of an hour, shielding it if inclined to burn. When nearly done, brush it over with beaten egg to give a fine glaze.

Game Cutlets (imitation).—Fry in a little dripping a quarter of a pound of lean bacon or ham, then half a pound of calf's liver, cut into thick slices. When the latter is done, drain, and put both together in a chopping-bowl and mince them until very fine indeed, adding to them any scraps of meat or poultry you may happen to have. Add half the quantity of stale breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of dried and sifted mixed herbs, a teaspoonful of salt, half a one of black pepper, a pinch of mushroom-powder, and mix the whole with a teacupful of good brown gravy. Shape the mixture into small cutlets, coat them with beaten egg, and cover with fine brown raspings, fry them on both sides in a little boiling fat; let them be crisp, but not too dry. Drain them, place a tiny piece of macaroni at the end of each to imitate a bone, and serve them hot with thick gravy if liked, or with a well-dressed salad.

Ham Savoury.—Cut a slice of stale bread half an inch thick, trim off the crust, and make rounds or triangles of the crumb. Fry these on both sides in a little butter, when lightly browned drain them. Spread each one with a very thin layer of mango chutney. Cut some raw ham into very thin slices, fry these quickly that they may curl up, and place one curled piece on each crouton. Serve hot. These are a delicious dinner savoury.

Cheese Savouries.—Line some small tins with short pastry; make a light mixture with two beaten eggs, an ounce of grated Parmesan or two ounces of Cheddar cheese, an ounce of stale bread-crumbs, half an ounce of butter, and a pinch of cayenne with half a teaspoonful of salt. Put a spoonful into each case, bake them in a very quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes, then serve hot on a d'oyley.

Apple Syllabub.—Pare and core, and cook with a very little water, six sharp apples. Cook them quickly that they may make a white froth. Set this aside to become cold, then whip the whites of two eggs, and when these are firm whisk the apples with sufficient white sugar to well sweeten them, and afterwards lightly whisk in the whites of egg. Place a little bright-coloured jelly at the bottom of some wine-tumblers, fill them up with the syllabub, and serve with sweet biscuits.

Cottage Pudding.—Beat together two eggs and two ounces of castor sugar, add to them two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three ounces of flour, one ounce of rice-flour, and rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder into the last; mix with a little milk if needed, but the batter should be rather stiff. Pour into a well-greased mould, and cover with a buttered paper. Steam the pudding for an hour and a half. Turn it out when required for table, and pour around it a sauce made by dissolving half a pound of jam, with as much water, boiling it for a minute or two, then pouring through a strainer.

Orange Salad.—Choose thin-skinned, rather sour oranges, slice them evenly through, removing the pips. Lay the slices in a shallow dish, sprinkle with castor sugar, and let the salad "lie" for an hour before it is required for the table. Serve this with

Roast Wild Duck.—A simple stuffing of potatoes boiled and mashed is the best for this. Baste the duck freely while it is cooking, as this is a bird with drier flesh than the tame species. Cover with buttered paper while it is cooking, and give a rather longer time than for the ordinary kind.

There is more flesh upon all game-birds than is usually imagined, so that they are profitable to the housekeeper, although somewhat high in price.

A Roast Guinea Fowl is an excellent dish, a nice salad accompanying it well, with gravy and brown crumbs.

Browned Bread-crumbs, the usual garnish for all game, are made by grating some stale white bread on to a tin, placing bits of butter amongst them, and putting the tin in a very quick oven. Stir the crumbs frequently, that they may brown all alike.

L. H. YATES.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROBIN.

THE PLEA OF THE MINOR POET.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

NIGHTINGALE.

PEACE, homely bird, fear'st not the world will weary
  Of listing aye thy small persistent voice?
Why pipest thou when earth and sky are dreary?
  No flowers or sunshine bid thee to rejoice.

ROBIN.

I cannot still my notes as thou would'st have me;
  No soaring song is mine, yet sing I must
With such small voice as the Creator gave me,
  Nor hide my tiny talent in the dust.

NIGHTINGALE.

I sing when earth has donned the garb of May-time,
  June's sweet roses hang upon my notes;
Through all the fragrant gloamings of the hay-time,
  O'er the dewy meads my music floats.

ROBIN.

I pipe for simple folk; my song rejoices
  Simple hearts, and gladdens homely ears
So often unresponsive to the voices
  And soaring music of my poet peers.

NIGHTINGALE.

Why lavish, then, the song upon the dun-light
  Of these darkling days of mist and rime,
That might gain strength and sweetness from the sun-light,
  And gracious perfumes of the singing-time?

ROBIN.

Ah, master mine, the angels sing in heaven
  Round the new-born King these wintry days,
And I, with such weak notes as God hath given,
  Join with them in songs of love and praise.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART III.

SOUTH WITH THE SWALLOWS.

WITH what delicious thrills of anticipation and excitement I packed my doll's clothes on the eve of our journey! I had a little tin trunk with a real padlock; I have it still, by the way, only now it holds old letters and a bunch of violets, and a few other little worthless things that I do not often have the courage to look at nowadays. It is battered now and the paint is worn off; but then it was fresh and shiny and I packed all the doll's clothes in it with a light heart.

I don't remember anything about our leaving home, or saying good-bye to the boys; so I fancy that they must have gone back to school some time before; but I remember the night passage from Newhaven to Dieppe far too vividly to care to describe it. I was a very worn-out little girl indeed when we reached Rouen and I lay for the first time in a little white French bed.

My mind was, I suppose, a little upset by my soul's sorrows at Stamford and my body's unspeakable discomforts on board the channel boat, and I was seized with a horror of the words *Debit de Tabac* which I had noticed on our way from the station; I associated them with the gravestone of my father, I don't know why, I can only conjecture that the last syllable of *Débit* being the same as that of our name, may have had something to do with it. I lay awake in the dark, the light from the oil lamp in the street came through the Persiennes and fell in bright bars on the wall. As I grew drowsier I seemed to read there in letters of fire "*Debit de Tabac.*"

Then I fell asleep, and dreamed that my father's ghost came to me, and implored me to have the horrible French inscription erased from his tomb—"for I was an Englishman," he said.

Then I woke, rigid with terror, and finally summoned courage to creep across the corridor to my mother's room and seek refuge in her arms. I am particular to mention this dream because it is the first remembrance I have of any terror of the dead, or of the supernatural. I do not at all know how it had its rise; perhaps in the chatter of some nurse-maid, long forgotten. By-and-by I should like to tell you about some of the things that used to frighten me when I was a child; but just now we are at Rouen where Joan of Arc was burned, and where the church of St Ouen is. Even then the beauty of that marvellous Gothic church filled me with a delight none the less intense for being incomprehensible to me.

We went too, to St. Catharine du Mont. The ceiling of the church was blue, with gold stars. I thought it very beautiful. It was very windy on the mount, I remember, and the sky outside was blue, like the church ceiling, with white clouds instead of gold stars.

There was a stall a little way down the hill where a white-coifed woman sold crucifixes and medals and rosaries and pictures. My mother bought me a little painting of the church in an alabaster frame. It was for a long time one of my chief treasures.

We went on to Paris. It was very hot and very dusty. It was the Exhibition year. I went to the Exhibition which seemed to me large, empty and very tiring. I saw the Emperor and the pretty Empress driving in a carriage with their little son. The boy was about my own age, and wore a velvet suit and an embroidered frilly collar. The crowd cheered them with wild enthusiasm. Three years later—— But this is not a history-paper.

The pleasantest part of our stay in Paris was the time that my cousin Fred spent with us. He lived in Paris, and knew that little girls like sweeties. Also he sang the comic songs of the day, "Kafoozleum" and "It's really very unpleasant," and taught me their long and dreary words. He was very kind to me, and I remember him with tenderness though I have never seen him since. On the whole, though I had a real silver daisy brooch bought at the Exhibition, and more toys than could conveniently be carried in my tin trunk, I was glad to get away from Paris.

As this is not a guide-book I suppose I must not tell you about Tours, and the Convent of Marmoutier. I expected a convent to be a dark and terrible place, with perhaps a nun or two being built into the wall, and I was relieved to find a trim, well-kept garden and a pleasant house, where kindly-faced women in black gowns and white *guimpes* walked about breviary in hand. Nor must I linger at Poitiers, where we saw gloves made, and I, to my intense delight was measured for a small pair of bright blue kid. I liked Poitiers—especially the old Byzantine church now used as a stable. I picked up a bone there, and treasured it for months. It was human, I was convinced, and I wove many romances round the little brown relic—romances that considerably embittered the reality when I came to know it.

"What's that?" Alfred asked picking the bone from its resting place in cotton-wool in my corner drawer months afterwards.

"A human bone," I said gravely.

Alfred roared with aggravating laughter.

"It's only half a fowl's back—you little silly."

Ashamed and confused I flung the bone into the inmost recesses of the drawer, and assured him that he was mistaken. But he wasn't.

We went from Poitiers to Angoulême—how often in school I have got into trouble for tracing that route on the map of France when I should have been tracing Cap Griz Nez, or the course of the Rhone! And so, by easy stages we reached Bordeaux.

Bordeaux was *en fête*—the great annual fair was in progress. The big market-place was covered with booths filled with the most fascinating objects.

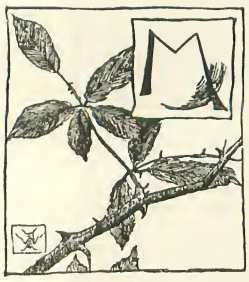
I was very happy at Bordeaux until it occurred to some one to take me to see the mummies. After that, "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content." And here I cannot resist the temptation to put a long parenthesis in my traveller's tale, and to write a little about what used to frighten me when I was little. And then I shall tell you about my first experience of learning French.

(*To be continued.*)



"WHEN FATHER'S AT THE WAR!"
(*From the painting by W. A. Menzies.*)

WITHOUT REWARD.



MISS HICKS lay dosing in a garden chair on the terrace walk at Oakleaf. Even a faded face is not quite out of harmony with the June roses, when a quiet peace rests upon it, and Theresa coming up the garden walk, with Crusty at her heels, planned a little poem of contrast and resemblance. She drew the shawl closer over her old friend, and lightly touched her wrinkled hands without rousing her. And the corner of Miss Hicks's dress being quite the place for a tired and panting dog who wanted shade, Crusty laid down there. Crusty was the baker's dog, who at an early age had chosen Oakleaf as a place of residence, and had declined to leave it. So Theresa had adopted him, and altered his name. What could it be but Crusty, coming from a baker's shop?

"Theresa," called her father.

The study window was open, and Theresa stepped over the low sill into the sanctum of books, stuffed and skinned birds, and fishing-rods. Mr. Arlington had a paper in his hand—a blue paper—and with that colour went an habitually deepened frown.

"Theresa, I have lost money; old Hicks must go."

"Hicksey! where is she to go, father?"

"You must settle that. I can't keep a useless old woman; why, she can't earn her salt, and she totters about like a workhouse hag."

"She is getting old, and she can't keep herself," said Theresa.

Her eyes were full of tears.

"Well! I can hardly keep myself," said Mr. Arlington. "There's scarcely a concern one puts into that is not rotten."

Theresa knew nothing of speculation but from its results, and those were felt in kitchen and garret. She went up to her room and sat down by the window which looked over the moor. The white roses clustered round the window, roses as white as Theresa's cheeks, save for the dash of colour that had no place on the latter. Poor Hicksey! From five years old, Theresa had known her as governess, friend, adviser, and housekeeper. She had put a little money—her all—into an investment recommended by the brothers Arlington, and had lost it. She stayed on for love of Theresa, and because she saved Mr. Arlington the salary of another governess.

Theresa shut her eyes and reviewed her accomplishments. But they had no power of bread-winning. Talent is broad-cast, not so the something more that makes talent a power, to be used at will. She could sing, she could paint, she could write little poems, but not one of her talents could keep an elderly, ailing woman out of the grip of poverty. Yes, one. She could work, and for the next few weeks the early summer light found Theresa sitting up in bed, with delicate embroideries growing apace under her slim fingers. The day was her father's. He wanted a companion at golf, at tennis-parties and flower-shows, or melody in the intervals of tending his roses, for this "strange mixture of a man" loved music. And meanwhile Miss Hicks, ageing daily, though she was barely fifty-eight, tottered about the house, trying to help Theresa, and keep down expenses, with a pathetic reflection of a smile through lines of pain.

"Hicksey, are you ill?" cried Theresa.

"It's the weather, dearie, and a bit of rheumatism."

The morning work came to an end. Theresa's eyes rebelled, and the first and last piece of work was sent away. The two guineas it brought in lay in Theresa's "occasional" purse, but that had to be broken into for Hicksey's present needs. The cruel sunlight showed up the thin places, and the rustiness of her old merino, and Mr. Arlington had a fling at the inmate he had helped to make a pauper.

"What are you about, Theresa? The old woman must be made decent as long as she is here, and I'm sure you've pocket-money enough."

And he flicked the pony's ears, and drove off, straight as an arrow, to the station. He could afford a pony-cart and a boy, and excursions to London, but he could not keep broken-down Hicksey.

The afternoon was Theresa's. She arranged Hicksey comfortably in the garden's patch of shade, and went away on to the moor with Crusty. A light air made the sunshine bearable, and Theresa went, as if by instinct, to her favourite nook. The tall trees screened the sun, and the lovely landscape of the Sussex weald lay before her. How often she had sat there! How seldom had she carried there so aching a heart as she did to-day. Her eyes were watering, that was the result of the fine stitches and the careful shading, but not all the salt tears were due to that cause.

She never blamed her father. Hicksey had brought her up, almost slavishly, on the fifth commandment, but she did feel as if somehow, between them, they had robbed their old friend, and then left her destitute by the wayside. Hicksey had been her unpaid companion for years, and now she was to be turned out. A step sounded on the grass beside her, and Theresa looked up languidly. She knew it was Herbert Gaye, the son of their nearest neighbour, an impecunious squire, like her father, but impoverished by barren fields rather than by barren speculations.

Crying means redness in the wrong place, and a generally mottled complexion, but Theresa did not care. It was only Herbert.

"It's a lovely day," she said, "father's gone to town."

"Is Hicksey ill?"

"Oh, I don't know! not exactly ill."

"Then what is the matter? Won't you tell me?"

"Oh, I don't know why I should. I wouldn't if there was anybody else."

It sounded brutal, but Theresa had recourse to the cold water treatment sometimes, for the "good of the patient," she said.

"Father wants Hicksey to go away."

"He's a brute," cried Herbert, with the indignant pleasure which that particular word gives to youth.

"Hush," Theresa looked up from a woe-begone and crumpled handkerchief, "he does not think, that is all."

"He thinks of himself," murmured Herbert. "Won't the aunts help?"

"Oh no! I couldn't ask them. Aunt Islefield wouldn't, and Aunt Nellie has ten children."

"Is there nowhere she can go?"

"Nowhere."

A silence fell between the two. And then Herbert's face lit up with a sudden inspiration. It is a wonderful thing when a new thought comes to one of these fair-skinned, moon-faced, sheepish youths. And it was a thought going deeper than appeared in his words.

"Blanche knows of a place, a sort of home where ladies go!" he exclaimed eagerly, "I'll write and ask her."

"No good without payment."

"Oh, that's all settled, there's some benevolent lady; I'll find it all out; you won't come home to tea, will you, and try Maude's bicycle again?"

Theresa shook her head.

"I can't talk to-day, Herbert, I'm tired; and my eyes are tired, you'd better go, and thank you very much."

As he strode away across the moor she looked after him, and then the fun that was in her got its first outlet for many days.

"If he had but two syllables to his name, and if he could read—well, say 'Macaulay's Lays' even, I might marry him, poor old boy!"

About a month later Miss Hicks was installed in a home for ladies in one of the London suburbs. Some one had done it. Somewhere in the background there was an extremely generous and mysterious lady, who paid for Hicksey's maintenance, on condition that no questions were asked. For a little while Miss Hicks had troubled herself about a supply which seemed to be rained from the heavens on to her corner of the earth, and then she read up Elijah's history, and was content. Theresa had "bowdlerised," as far as that matter was concerned, Mr. Arlington's uncomplimentary expressions, and had told Hicksey, that as she was ailing, and they were going away, they thought it better that she should be in a comfortable home.

"I don't know who pays for you, dear," said Theresa, "I wish I did; it's like the man in the iron mask, I want to get behind it."

"Blessings on her head," said Hicksey.

"Only you don't do credit to her," said Theresa, suddenly. "Why do you look so ill, Hicksey?"

"No need she should know yet," thought Hicksey, as she remembered the doctor's visit that morning.

"We get the London air, dear, and we all look yellow, they say."

For Theresa the world had got back its smiles. To know that Hicksey was well cared for, and that they all loved the new inmate, who had brought in a needed stock of unselfishness, made her very happy. It was only the suffering look on Hicksey's face that sometimes dashed her pleasure. It would have been utterly spoilt had she known how Hicksey fretted in secret for her, and how the pain from her increasing disease was at times unbearable.

The end of October had come, and father and daughter were at home again. They had been paying visits to relations and friends in the West of England. Everything had been made pleasant for Mr. Arlington. It always is for a short-tempered man. To be sure, he was extremely good-looking still, and if you could overlook the flavour of dogmatism, his conversation was above the average. And no doubt he had been a victim to the self-sacrifice of others.

His wife had spoiled him, and Theresa and Hicksey continued the process. Some day perhaps, alone in a wider world, his eyes would be opened, and he would know that he was selfish.

The news of Hicksey was vague and disquieting, and she seldom wrote herself. Theresa grew anxious, and instead of getting a remnant for an autumn gown—Nature had turned her out of a size that suited a slender purse—she took a day return ticket for London, and she found Blanche Gaye—Herbert's half-sister—at the station. She was a mission-worker at the East End.

"How did you know I was coming up? Have you seen Hicksey lately?"

"I see her every week."

They got into a nearly empty 'bus, where questions could be asked and answered.

"She is very much out of health," said Blanche, "the doctor says an operation is absolutely necessary."

If you are habitually white, you can't well grow whiter; the next change is to the grey colour that came over Theresa's face.

"My Hicksey!"

"Mr. Burns thinks she will do perfectly well; she has a good constitution, but it is an uncommon case, and Sir Eric Longhurst ought to perform the operation."

"The fee!" groaned Theresa.

"Oh, those great doctors often remit the fee when it cannot be met!"

"I couldn't let the *incognita* help."

"Blanche, who is she?"

"No questions are to be asked," said Blanche.

"I am quite content now, Maüschen," said Hicksey; she only knew three German words, of which Maüschen was one: "the pain has been awful, it had been coming on a long time, but I shall be better soon; and how is Crusty, and is Jane's mother better? I could not write, my hand shook, and I would not let the matron tell you."

"Hicksey, you want to live?" cried Theresa, for the pale face had a clear radiance on it, like a winter's sunset.

"Yes, I want to live, and go to your wedding."

"Then you must find the bridegroom, Hicksey."

"Isn't he found?" said Hicksey, wistfully. "Poor Herbert! you could not have a truer heart, Theresa."

"Nor a duller understanding," cried Theresa, her eyes sparkling; "perverse old Herbert; haven't I got that Grimston girl to look her prettiest, and coached her in all the sporting news in the papers, and all in vain!"

Then she got up, and her face quivering she caught Hicksey's hands in hers, and pressed them to her lips.

The operation took place at one of Sir Eric Longhurst's nursing homes in London, and was perfectly successful. Theresa was given to understand that the great man would take no fee, but the veiled almoner came forward once more, in the person of "somebody," who arranged for a fortnight's visit at the seaside.

In November Theresa went up to London to stay for a fortnight with an old friend. Miss Marsh combined a mild love of scientific subjects with a decided love for exquisite dress, and the two tastes in conjunction had proved attractive to Mr. Stracey, a rich man, well known to science, whom she had met abroad. The charms of hydrozoa and crustacea, and other marine organisms, did not disqualify him for the just appreciation of a good-looking woman in artistic dress.

"I am glad you are not too clever to like shops," said Mrs. Stracey to Theresa, as they walked down Bond Street.

"I like food of all sorts," said Theresa.

"It's quite a treat to be with a fashionable woman, and you must show me all your dresses."

"I don't know what I shall do on the yacht," said Mrs. Stracey, in a voice of dolorous pitch. "I shall have an extra cabin, but it won't hold half my clothes."

"Are you going to yacht?"

"Yes—James is so gouty. It's a lovely yacht, I must say, and James is very good. He says he'll come back for the season."

"How father would like it!" thought Theresa.

There was a dinner-party that evening in Berkeley Square. To the hardened diner-out, literary and scientific people bear no special glamour, but to the country mouse, they were subjects of the deepest interest. She herself attracted notice. In Mrs. Stracey's hot rooms her white cheeks got the slight flush that was only less becoming than the glow from a run on the moor, and her intellectual expression told of mental riches.

"Pray don't let our hours be yours, Miss Arlington," as, after the guests had gone, his wife put down a chess table in front of Mr. Stracey's chair. "We are incorrigibly late people, and my brother-in-law, Eric Longhurst, comes in about this time for a game of chess."

"Is Sir Eric your brother-in-law?" cried Theresa. But the set speech she composed on the moment of this discovery was never spoken. For when the great man came in and was duly introduced, Theresa sprang from her chair and burst forth into broken thanks. "I am so glad to meet you! I wanted to thank you always—your kindness to my friend—my dearest old friend—Miss Hicks, I can't ever forget it."

Sir Eric's eyebrows went up for half a second, and then he motioned Theresa to a chair, a consulting-room act which had become a habit.

"She was in your nursing home in Mansfield Street," said Theresa, "just five weeks ago, it was a——"

"I know," said Sir Eric, "I remember all about it, but I did not see you."

"I could not come up, my father did not wish it; I cannot thank you enough" (her voice was lowered) "for acting as you did."

"How?" said Sir Eric, "the operation was intensely interesting; but what was my peculiar action?"

Their eyes met and a smile lurked in either pair.

"You can't pretend to me," said Theresa; "you know how generous you were in accepting nothing."

Sir Eric drew his brows together.

"Accepting nothing? You have been misinformed, Miss Arlington. I accepted £30 from some unknown person who would take no denial."

The masked donor again!

"But that was not the real cost of the operation," cried Theresa.

Sir Eric got up.

"Stracey give me my revenge, and save me from the catechism."

Chess began, and Mrs. Stracey and Theresa took their work, and talked in nominal whispers.

Twice Theresa felt that Sir Eric's eyes were fixed upon her, and on each occasion Mr. Stracey's placidity was disturbed, and Theresa's finger unaccountably pricked. By the end of the fortnight it was pretty evident that both Sir Eric and Theresa were beginning to consider whether forty-four and twenty-seven might not be the most suitable ages for matrimony. After nineteen years as a widower, Sir Eric had decided not to marry again, but those decisions go down as ninepins before the onslaught of a superior force. The chess was in abeyance, and Mr. Stracey was not unwilling, for his brother-in-law had very ill-combined the parts of lover and chess-player.

"There are rocks ahead," said Theresa, when the mutual understanding had been come to, on the last evening of her stay.

"My age and profession, and our recent acquaintance," said Sir Eric.

"How quick you are! Not your age, that is my concern alone, but my aunts, Lady Islefield and Mrs. Grant, will do their best to influence father against it, and anyhow, I can't see—I don't know how father will let me go, and then there's Hicksey, I could not ask you to take her in."

"Couldn't you? How many rooms does she want? I think there are ten in my house: and is Crusty a rock? I think we could find a corner for him."

Theresa went home next day, and was met by Sam and the pony-cart.

"The hounds are out, miss," said Sam.

"Oh, which way? Mr. Herbert is out, I suppose?"

"Why, he's sold his hunter, miss, two months back. He ain't hunting, not this winter, 'cept when Squire Thorpe gives him a mount."

Sold his hunter! his aunt's present, the most expensive and the best animal in the county!

In a moment everything was as clear as the hills where the mists have rolled away. The veiled almoner was revealed.

* * * *

The rocks ahead did not imperil the twin craft. Mr. Stracey sent Mr. Arlington an invitation for a six months' cruise on his yacht, and in the bustle of preparation, a grumpy consent to Theresa's marriage was extracted from him. Sir Eric's great reputation and personal attraction had meanwhile checked the outcries from the west country aunts.

"Herbert—I must say something!" said Theresa.

"No! don't say anything; Sam's an ass!"

"But you wouldn't—you couldn't have gone on if—if this hadn't happened."

"To my last penny," said Herbert.

And without reward! C. L. POWYS.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

381. Which of the Apostles first preached the Gospel at Corinth? Where is this stated? What was the special object of the two Epistles to the Corinthians?

382. Where is Galatia, and in what two senses is the name employed? For what main reason was the epistle written to the churches of the province?

383. For what was the city of Ephesus famous? How many visits did St. Paul pay that city, and to whom was the Church committed?

384. Why was the Church at Philippi the most beloved by St. Paul? And for what was it specially admonished in the epistle addressed to it?

385. What do we know of Epaphras, and who sent him to comfort St. Paul?

386. Where do we find a record of the founding of the Church at Thessalonica? And why was a second epistle written to that Church?

387. Under what name are the epistles to Timothy and Titus known? Under what conditions was the Second Epistle to Timothy written? What do we know of Titus?

388. What is the distinctive peculiarity of the Epistle to Philemon? Who was Onesimus, and what does his name signify?

389. What do you know of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Who is supposed to be its author, and to whom was it originally addressed?

390. What is the subject of this epistle, and how is it divided?

COSY HOMES FOR WINTRY WEATHER.

Now that the chill breath of winter is blowing around our houses, and in many cases forcing an entrance without asking leave, it must be exercising the minds of many how best to keep it out, and to make the house as cosy as our damp, uncomfortable climate will allow.

FIG 1.



The "jerry" style in which many of the modern houses are built, with damp, inadequately-drained foundations, thin walls, badly-fitted doors and windows, and generally inferior workmanship, renders it a matter of some difficulty to fight the draught successfully.

Some years residence in such houses as that described, with close professional attention to the matters to be discussed in this paper, enables the writer to speak with a degree of authority on the subject.

When you talk of excluding the draught to

FIG. 2.



some faddists, they make use of the argument, that if you shut up the house too closely there will be insufficient ventilation, therefore they say, rather suffer draught, than have a vitiated atmosphere.

Now we will have no difficulty in showing how the house may be made draught-proof, and yet be sufficiently ventilated. Take the case of the outer door first. This being most exposed to the weather, is often a badly-fitting door.

In such houses as that referred to, imperfectly-seasoned wood is employed. Now all kinds of wood, when exposed, are affected by changes of temperature, badly-seasoned more powerfully than the other. When you get a new bedroom-suite and place it in a room without a fire, the doors and drawers swell to such an extent sometimes that planeing has to be resorted to; heating the room regularly would bring the swollen wood back to its normal condition.

Well, then, when an outside door is fitted to an ordinary house, this tendency has to be borne in mind, and allowance made for the swelling, consequently the door is of such an open character that if in windy weather you hold the hand to the sides or bottom of it, you will at once discover where a great part of the draught you so much object to gains admittance.

The case of the bottom is aggravated by the constant traffic to and from the house; in some old houses the step becomes worn to such an extent that a new one becomes necessary. To curtain this door would be an inconvenient as well as an insufficient remedy. The old way is to tack an india-rubber tube or a cloth-covered cord around the top and opening side of the door, and perhaps attach a wooden roller of some description to the bottom.

To each of these cures there are objections. The one with the constant friction caused by opening and closing the door, very soon becomes worn, the tacking leaves ugly marks in the wood, and, moreover, even if it did succeed in keeping out the draught on the parts to which it is applied, there is always the hinged side where it cannot be fixed, and where the wind as easily enters as at the other.

The other can never be made draught-proof by applying any straight piece of wood covered with cloth or otherwise, because, as pointed out, the constant treading makes hollows, and the wooden roller can only cover the highest parts, with the result that the draught being concentrated, enters the hall with redoubled force.

There is a draught-excluder in the market, sold by many furnishers and ironmongers, which is a perfect remedy for both sides and top of any door. It has no particular name by which to designate it, but Fig. 1 is a full-sized section of it. It is a thin moulding about an inch broad with a narrow slip of rubber projecting at an angle of forty-five degrees. To fix it, the door must be closed, and on the facing of wood around the outside of the door the moulding must be fixed, being pressed gently up against the door, very small wire-nails or brads being employed. The result is that when the door is closed, it presses up against the india-rubber slip and most effectually excludes all draught. Now the advantages of this are so apparent that they scarcely need pointing out. No friction, all round excepting the bottom, inexpensive, and so simple that any lady who can drive a tack may fix it. This is a perfect cure for sides and top, here is one for the bottom.

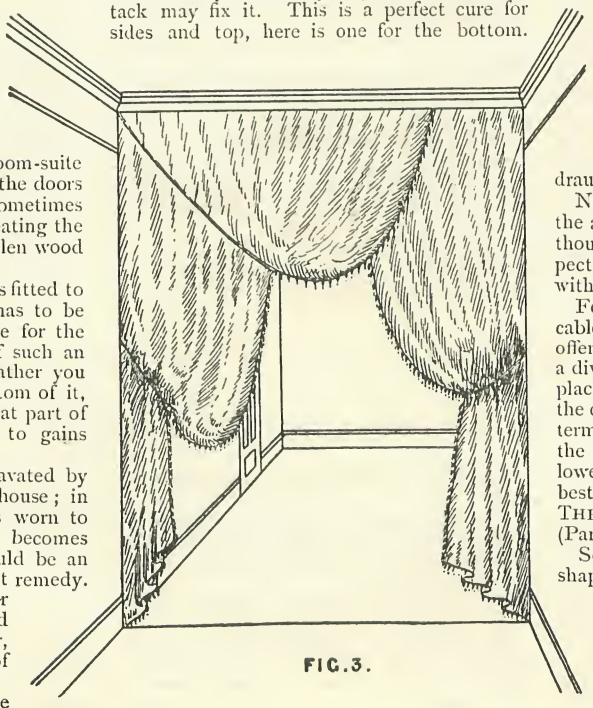


FIG. 3.

Find a piece of tick or other strong close material; cut it about seven inches broad by an inch longer than the width of door. Sew this into an elongated bag and fill it with sand

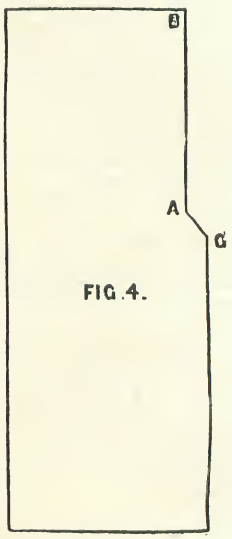


FIG. 4.

(sea-sand makes a good filling) dried on a hot plate. Now make a covering of strong felt for this, leaving two or three inches standing up as Fig. 2 for tacking to the door. When fixing, close the door, place the sand-bag in position, allowing it to rest freely on the floor, and fix along the top with small brass nails. This follows the door quite freely, and, when closed, the weight of the sand takes the pliant bag into every crevice in the floor. No expenditure of time and money in any other direction will so effectually keep out the draught as the method described.

Now we are affected to a great extent by the appearance of our surroundings; a room, though quite comfortable in every other respect, would have a cheerless appearance without curtains.

For this reason it is advisable, where practicable, to have curtains in the hall. Most halls offer a convenient place for the fixing of these, a dividing beam, behind which a rod may be placed, or the foot of the stair, in which case the curtains might have a one-sided appearance terminating some distance from the floor at the rail-side. Should it be intended to lower and raise the curtains occasionally, the best plan to adopt is that fully described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for April 1893 (Part 159).

Some small halls are constructed on the L shape, having a broad part from the glass-door to the stair, then a narrow part to the door leading to the kitchen.

A very effective way to drape such a hall is to have a rod across in front of the stair, with one curtain tucked up sufficiently high to permit of easy use

of the stair, and another rod fixed some distance back, with a curtain draped to the opposite side. The perspective of this looks very well.

Talking of stairs, another very pleasing effect is obtained by fixing a rod in front of

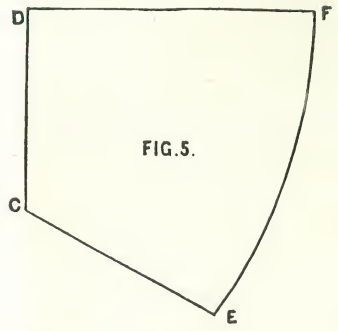


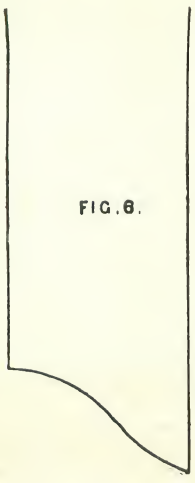
FIG.5.

the landing railings, and draping a curtain nicely therefrom, which divides the bottom stair about the middle; this should, of course, be draped high against the side wall. Before leaving the staircase it may be remarked that a small house is frequently improved by making parts of it appear larger than in reality they are. Thus the small staircase may be greatly enhanced by fixing a mirror in the commonest of frames, on one side of the half landing the mirror should reach the floor and be sufficiently large to appear, when draped, as a door into another part of the house. To fix a corresponding one opposite would greatly enhance the effect.

This is not the paper in which to go minutely into the art of reflection, which is a most interesting study; on some other occasion we may treat of it.

Fig. 3 is a decorative way of draping a hall where the curtains are not intended to fall, and is done in the following manner:—

Make up the right-hand curtain in the usual way, heading it so that it will cross behind the other at the top. Have a similar curtain for the other side, in addition to which there is a part joined on as shown at Figs. 4 and 5 to form the festoon. In Fig 4 there must be a piece cut out, A B, being made equal to the size from the rod to where it is intended the curtain should be caught up. C D is made equal to A B and joined to it. E F equal to the sweep of festooned edge of curtain. C E is gathered with a strong thread and joined to A G and the top drawn up to size. Three loops or cords are required for tucking up, the upper left-hand one being long enough to allow the curtain to drop sufficiently forward.

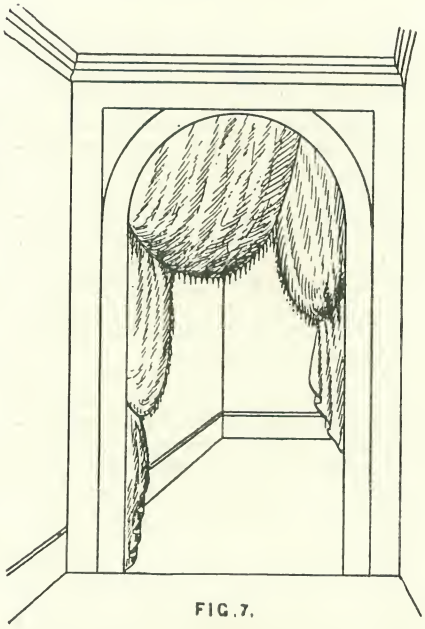

FIG.6.

A variation of this is to draw the head of the right-hand curtain into a narrower space and allow it to hang straight down, in which case the bottom might be shaped like Fig. 6. This is a style that makes a very graceful hall drapery.

In many halls and landings there is a small archway; a most effective way of treating this is to fix a straight rod behind, at the top of the arch and proceed with the double festooned curtain as described at Figs. 4 and 5. The result will be exactly as represented at Fig. 7.

For rooms, both on door and window, nothing excels the arrangement described in Part 159. Where the room is wanted quite free from draught, the door, besides being curtained, should be treated as the front door, but a special process is required for the lower sash of the window.

Obtain a piece of suitably coloured felt such as that used for surrounding carpets, cut it into strips perfectly straight about half-an-inch broad. Have the window closed, and all round the lower sash on the bead surrounding it, glue a strip of felt, pressing it close up against the sash of the window.


FIG.7.

Next glue a strip of felt round the sash of the window pressing the edge close up against the felt on the bead, and you have two strips going all round (except at the top) at right angles to and pressing against each other, with not a breath of air entering at the parts thus treated.

Besides the glue it is as well to use a small tack or gimp pin at each corner, and here and there to prevent the felt being pulled off.

This is quite an original way of treating a window, and its simplicity, inexpensiveness and effectiveness should commend it to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The upper sash should be left alone; this and the chimney, the occasional opening of the door, and when room is disengaged, the window, will quite sufficiently purify the atmosphere of the room.

In the bedroom, especially when it is a sick chamber, a curtain at the side of the bedstead is very useful.

Many of the bedsteads to-day, the "Italian" for instance, provide for this; where there is only an ordinary "French" bedstead, however, it is quite an easy matter to get an upholsterer or brass-worker to construct a rod and bracket like Fig. 8, which is screwed to the wall about seven feet from the floor. On the rod nine rings are placed, and the curtain may be attached or detached as occasion dictates.

Where an ornamental effect is desired it might be obtained by introducing a bracket like the dotted lines of Fig. 8.

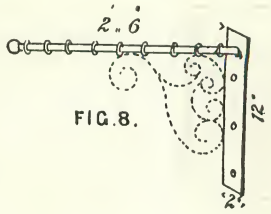


FIG.8.

There is yet another useful adjunct in fighting the draught which is not so frequently employed as it might be.

We refer to the draught-screen. True, this is to be seen in most houses, in some form or other, but is frequently used as an ornament. For the purpose a plain cheap one is most convenient, and let it be light, so that it may easily be carried from room to room.

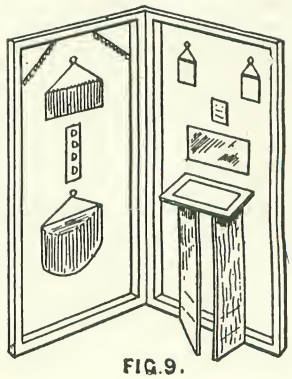
A very useful screen is one of two leaves about five feet high, and covered with serge. The cheapest and lightest screens in the market are the Japanese ones; a four-fold one five feet high may be purchased from 12s. and upwards.

Talking of screens, the writer may be allowed to describe a very pretty and useful one brought under his notice the other day. This screen would be very easily made, and would be a most useful as well as ornamental article in the drawing-room.

It consisted of two leaves each about 4 feet high by 22 inches wide. These were hinged together and were made of wood about 2 inches thick, the background or panel of the screen was in serge, the pockets and ornamentation being in a lighter shade of silk. The two inches of the sides permitted of the writing flap, etc., falling down and the screen closing. Calendars, postal information, engagements, a small mirror, and all the paraphernalia indispensable to a busy and industrious woman were at hand.

Fig. 9 is a rough representation of this pretty screen-escritoire. The corner sections in top of left panel were small pin-cushions. This is altogether apart from the subject of draught, but may be a useful suggestion nevertheless.

In reading over this article it occurs to the

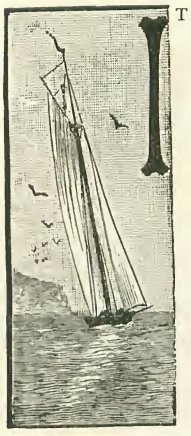

FIG.9.

writer that the description of fixing felt on the lower sash of window may appear as if the sash was a fixture; this is not the case, one of the features of the arrangement being that the window acts as freely as if no alteration had been effected.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XI.



IT would not have been in human nature to feel insensible to such general admiration, and the conflict of Gwenllean's breast was, perhaps, increased by pleasure; for applause is always sweet, and never so sweet as when it comes for the first time from the heart of a multitude. She gained courage by the repetition, and as she poured forth song after song with increased powers of voice and taste, the questions, "Who is she?—who can she be?—where can she come from?" were repeated on all sides; and when the last thrilling sound of the Welsh air had died away, and the trials of skill were ended, there was not a doubt existing in the mind of anyone present, that Gwenllean was "the Corinna" of the Eisteddfod.

"Oh, for a crown of evergreens or myrtle!" said the young lady already mentioned, "that we might take off that hat and cap, and wreathe her delicate forehead, as they did Corinna at the Capitol. What Italian improvisatrice ever produced more exquisite harmony?"

"I believe, my love," said the lady patroness smiling, "leeks are the Welsh emblem: what say you to a garland? But her voice is really perfect, though I doubt not she will prefer a little vulgar gold to a wreath of myrtle. What do you think, Mr. Grant?"

"That I should like to have the pleasure of placing the wreath upon her head," replied the gentleman addressed, and who was the same that had brought Gwenllean the wine-and-water, "and I should, moreover, be delighted to change places with you for half-an-hour, that I might present our beautiful Welsh rustic with the prize she has so well earned."

This conversation was interrupted by the approach of the competitors, who came to receive the prizes awarded. The interest of their distribution was great. The umpires sat in council, and the lady patroness, a fashionable and elegantly-dressed woman, supported by a large party of friends, prepared to distribute them. It was an anxious moment, and many a heart beat high with expectation. A handsome gold medal was given to the first Pennillion singer, and different sums of money to two others, one of whom, Gwenllean was glad to see, was the young girl who had preceded her at the harp. David and another harper were declared equally efficient as musicians and composers amongst the elders, and the sum of fifteen pounds was accordingly awarded to each. Then Gwenllean Owen's name was mentioned, and she was pronounced not only the finest musician, but the first songstress of the Eisteddfod, and was requested to say whether the pieces she played were arranged by her. David answered for her, that the first had been composed by her when very young, which added to her merits in the eyes of her judges, and she was declared deserving of the two first prizes, which she was requested to come forward and receive.

Gwenllean scarcely knew where she was, in the happy exultation of that moment. She felt herself impelled onwards, and stood, with David by her side, opposite the lady patroness and her friends. She did not venture to raise her eyes from the ground, therefore saw not the gaze of deep interest and admiration which greeted her on all sides; but when she heard the remarks that were passing, the faint blush of her cheek mantled into crimson, and she regretted a deception that made her the unwilling listener to words so painfully flattering.

"*Quelle beauté! quelle modestie! quelle grâce! quelle simplicité!*" exclaimed Gwenllean's unknown friend, the bearer of the wine-and-water, and who was no less a person than Mr. Grant, Herbert's rival in Lord Hastings' friendship and, as he supposed, in Lady Louisa Lovel's affections.

"*Belle comme le jour!*" replied the young lady he addressed, and over whose chair he was leaning with careless ease. "Who is she, Mrs. Wynne?" she continued, turning towards the lady patroness; "surely she cannot be a common peasant, with such a countenance."

Mrs. Wynne replied that she had never seen her before, and asked Gwenllean her name, in English. She appeared so confused that David answered for her several questions concerning her musical education, amongst which the circumstance of his being her master was discovered. The young lady, in a kind and gentle voice, asked if she were an orphan, that she came thus alone with her master to the Eisteddfod. David replied hastily that she had a mother.

Gwenllean raised her eyes to the face of the speaker, and, for the first time, she did not withdraw them. Her gaze was fascinated by the beauty of the young girl before her, who coloured, though she smiled, at its fixedness. Was it merely the grace and loveliness of this fair creature that made her heart thrill with unwonted emotion? or was it the novelty of exciting an interest in the breast of one about her own age? Gwenllean could not tell; but she felt that she would give worlds to cast her arms about her as a friend, and be allowed to love her.

Gwenllean could not have been singular in her admiration, for the young girl was very beautiful. She was in the spring-tide of life, with the tall and graceful figure of a woman, but with the youthful countenance of a girl. Her carriage and address, the ease of her manners, the self-possession apparent in the glance of her sparkling, black eye, together with a certain haughtiness of deportment, scarcely tempered by the mirth and good-nature of a most bewitching smile, betokened one accustomed to society, and early versed in the somewhat heartless refinement of fashionable life. She had been lavishing her cold politeness upon the handsome moustached gentleman near her, as if she had never possessed a feeling beneath the frigidity of the world; but there was heart, and even tenderness in her manner, when she spoke to Gwenllean, and, looking at her bashful face, asked whether she were an orphan.

"Oh, how I wish I were not going away to-morrow," she said, "that I might find out who and what she is. I never saw so interesting a creature."

"I will do that for you," said her cavalier, "and follow you to Italy with her history."

She made a distant and rather haughty bow, whilst Gwenllean, glancing at Mr. Grant, perceived that he was gazing upon her with an expression of such decided admiration, that even she, novice as she was, could not but understand it. Her vivid blush and its cause were not unnoticed by her new friend, over whose fine countenance flashed a look of supreme contempt.

During this time the lady patroness had been in consultation with the other members of the party, and bright, golden guineas were seen to sparkle amongst them. At last she turned to Gwenllean, and said, that in consideration of her singularly excellent performance on the Welsh harp, as well as of the beauty of her original composition, they had increased her prize for instrumental music from thirty to forty pounds, by a small collection amongst themselves; whilst a Welsh harp was to be the reward of her success in song.

Gwenllean acted her part but ill, for large bright tears sprung into her eyes at these words, though they were spoken in English; and the lady patroness and her friends required no other thanks. There was an eloquence in those tears and in that grateful look which spoke for itself, and reached the hearts of the by-standers; and when Gwenllean, with a slight and modest reverence, moved to retire, she was followed by the admiration and good wishes of all present. She was making her way through the crowd, attended by David, who carried her harp, when she was arrested by a slight touch on the shoulder, and turning round, perceived that the young lady who had so much attracted her, had followed her.

"Forgive me," she said in a whispered and hurried voice, "but I am sure you are not what you seem. You understand

English, nay, French; but I would not pry into your secret, or hint to others that you have one. I might have been of service to you, but I leave England immediately. I know not why I have conceived so great an interest for you, but I can never forget the Welsh Eisteddfod. Keep this in remembrance of it and me; I hope we may some day meet again."

As she spoke she took from her bosom a small and curious ornament, and put it, together with a piece of paper, in Gwenllean's hand. It was a brooch, formed in the shape of a harp, of finest gold, and ornamented with pearls. Gwenllean took the gift, but she could not speak. The young lady extended her hand towards her, and she pressed it to her lips, whilst the burning tears that had been gathering in her eyes fell upon it. The hands of these unknown friends continued clasped for a few moments, when the stranger murmured a "Goodbye," and retired, followed by Gwenllean's scarcely audible thanks and blessings. They had been surrounded by a crowd intent upon the distribution of the remaining prizes, therefore the little scene had been unobserved by all but Mr. Grant, whose eyes had taken the direction of Gwenllean, and continued to dwell upon her until she quitted the hall.

The tumult of her feelings was such that she was scarcely able to support herself to the house at which she dressed. When she did arrive there, she hurried into the little parlour, followed by David, closed the door, and sinking on a seat, burst into a passionate flood of tears. David poured out a glass of wine and entreated her to drink it, which partly relieved her.

"Now, David," she said, "we must go home at once, before they leave the hall—before I can be recognised in my altered dress. I should almost die, I think, if anyone were to know me again. Leave me a moment, and I shall be ready. But no, you must want some refreshment; I am so excited, that I can think of no one but myself."

David was alarmed by her manner, so different from her usual calmness, and begged her not to hurry as he left the room. She was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Her temples were burning—her heart and pulse beating feverishly—her face was flushed, and her head giddy. She laid her purse and the golden harp on the table, and in doing so, perceived the paper given her by the young lady. It might contain her name she thought, and she opened it. It was a five-pound banknote. Her tears fell faster and faster, and as she added it to the forty pounds she possessed before, she thanked God for giving her courage to go through the dreadful trial she had passed. She undressed and dressed again in a few minutes, called David, and immediately accompanied him to the quay. Carriages were rolling past her, but she drew her veil closely over her face to escape observation, and entreated David to walk fast. The steamer was not yet ready, but fortunately there was a small vessel, the captain of which David knew, about to set sail for Glanheathyn. Rather than wait a moment and run the risk of discovery, she would take the chance of arriving late; and they accordingly embarked. There were only one or two passengers, to her unspeakable gratification, and when she found herself with David, on the deck of this small craft, she felt for the first time relieved, and began to breathe freely. In a few moments they were fairly launched upon the wide ocean, and she thought of home and its dear inmates.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRILBY.—1. At the age of fourteen, a height of 5 feet 3 inches is not short. Some grow more rapidly from about fifteen to twenty-one than in earlier years. We have known boys who were much under-sized at seventeen who had attained 6 feet at twenty-one years. Change of climate, or a long sea voyage often greatly promote growth in young people.—2. Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* and the *New Pilgrim's Progress* are not identical.

A SOUTH AFRICAN LASSIE.—1. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is not from the Bible. It occurs in the *Sentimental Journey* in the episode of Maria. The author was Laurence Sterne, 1713-1768. The same idea is found in the *Jacula Prudentium* of George Herbert. "To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure."—2. No, we do not favour long engagements, unless the lovers be very young indeed. It is wiser then to delay.

A. W. B., A LOVER OF NATURE, RAINBOW.—Three very pretty poems. We rarely have such good ones. We can only suggest to the three writers to try everywhere for an opening as others have tried before them.

H. J.—The verses are incorrect in many ways, and the subjects, as is usual with young writers, very melancholy and miserable.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Dr. Angus' *Handbook of the English Tongue*, published at 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., is the best guide to composition of any kind. The poem contains some promise.

C.—We see no reason for despair, when we remember how many of our best and most celebrated authors have waited years for recognition, and patiently persisted in sending MSS. everywhere where they thought there was a chance of success.

LOVERS OF BICYCLES.—We see no reason why you should not give your company to an invalid. But, why write to us? Consult your mother or some authority on the spot. There is probably another side to the question.

GEORGIE.—It seems for purposes of warmth that so many birds draw up one leg amongst the feathers and down, warming and resting one foot and leg at a time. Certain muscles are specially provided them for this purpose which the increase of pressure on the supporting foot brings into use, and, contracting, gives a stronger grasp of the perch on which it holds. These special anatomical provisions vary respectively in certain classes of birds; but we have not space to give a description of the several arrangements proved in each case.

E. A. B. B.—The name "Chichester" is pronounced just as it is spelt, "Chich-es-ter." We are glad our paper affords you your "greatest pleasure," after taking in every volume but two.

A. L. D.—Your informant is quite right. There is a place where there are only six days in the week, namely, Chatham Island, in the South Pacific. To explain this phenomenon you must know that time is lost in travelling eastwards, and gained while travelling west; the difference of time in a trans-atlantic voyage alone being about four hours. Chatham Island is situated just on the line of demarcation between times and dates. It is very near the Antarctic region, and days and nights seem mixed up, but it does not make as much difference as it would in a more populated country, where everything would be altered by it.

DEBORAH.—We sympathise much with you, but we could not answer so many questions, as we have not space. If your mother has been managing for you so long why not take counsel with her as to the division of your weekly allowance? You will find everything come much cheaper if you can go in person to do your own shopping. Your weekly expenditure should not exceed 10s. or 12s. on living alone, per week.

SNOWDROP.—The use of cold water to the face is always advisable, and where it can be got the water should be soft. Rub gently with the towel. Take plenty of gentle exercise, and go to bed early. Avoid beer and other stimulants, and too much tea and coffee.

MAIDA.—A very plain and good bread-pudding may be made by grating enough stale bread to fill two breakfast-cups, into a pie-dish, and pouring one breakfast-cupful of boiling milk over them. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, very well, and put them into the bread-crumbs, beating all up well together. Add a little sugar or a few sultanas to it, or flavour with lemon. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour, and turn out to serve.

LADY ORGANIST.—Why not inquire from the master of whom you have been taking lessons? It is by no means necessary that the organist should be also choir-master. These offices are usually distinct. But a knowledge of singing would be necessary if you are to teach singing.

LITTLE BILLEE inquires "which is the best poet, Shelley or Tennyson." They write in their own original styles, and one has probably as many admirers as the other, being equally poets of the first class. You might as well ask "which is the best flower, a rose or a lily?" or "which is the best of responsible beings, a man or a woman?" It is quite a matter of private opinion.—2. For illuminating there are special sets of colours to be obtained at an artists' colourman's.

QUERY.—Address your question direct to the secretary of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," and you may, and probably will, obtain a pamphlet or report, giving all the information you desire.

FORSAKEN ONE.—You would have shown yourself more sensible had you taken no notice of his change of conduct, and continued to be friendly and kind to him. Taking it to heart, or allowing him to think you were hurt, was neither dignified nor wise.

ST. ELMO.—The first quotations are from Tennyson's poems—

"Ask me no more," etc.,

a song from "The Princess," and between cantos. The second is from Jean Ingelow's poems, "Divided."

DOREEN K.—We have read your long letter with much interest. Did you ever think that "joy" was one of "the fruits of the spirit?" one of the most blessed gifts of God, by which you may cheer and support others, and infuse some of your own natural gladness into the weak and sorrowing. In answer to your last question, we consider it both right and kind to say whatever gracious and kindly things are possible to everyone. There are too few kindly words uttered in this world. If either the children or their mothers have taken pains to be clean and tidy, you should certainly give a few words of praise. An old divine has said that "To make a child happy for half an hour is to be a co-worker with God." We think he should have put in the "grown-ups" too!

THE PROFESSOR.—Many ladies now take up photography. Wherever you purchase your camera you ought to be able to get lessons, as many as are required to enable you to use it.

A NATURALIST.—Silkworms' eggs may be purchased in Covent Garden, or may be found through the advertisements in the early spring in the columns of the *Exchange and Mart*.

AURORA.—Ordinary soap and water is unsuitable for the washing of alabaster. In preference, we recommend you to try two ounces of aquafortis in a pint of cold filtered water, and apply it with flat or pointed paint brushes (as required by the general form, and the pattern sculptured in it); rinse off the solution with cold water and leave the article in the sun for a few hours; then place it under a glass shade.

TIGER LILY.—It was too early to dig up and divide the lily bulbs. It would be better to leave them where they are till later in the autumn, and then divide them. They do not keep long out of the ground. Good alluvial, or open loam, peat, or leaf-mould and sand in equal parts, is the best soil for lilies, and a sandy soil for pinks and carnations.

NEMY.—We advise you to show the movable lump, resulting from the injury you describe, to a medical man. Do not use quack remedies, nor neglect to obtain proper advice till perhaps too late.

Odds and Ends.

"ALLOW the thought, and it may lead to a choice; carry out the choice and it will be the act; repeat the act, and it forms a habit: allow the habit, and it shapes the character; continue the character, and it fixes the destiny for both time and eternity."

***

A LADY who was formerly one of the Princess Henry of Battenberg's governesses has a great talent for illumination. Every year she is now commissioned to design and decorate borders for the Queen's private journal, and so carefully and minutely is this done that it takes her nearly six months to complete a volume. Each page has a distinct and separate border, and as far as is possible, the subjects chosen for illumination are suggestive and suitable to the season of the year, or the place at which the Queen is likely to be living at the time. The frontispiece is always a beautiful piece of colour and design in the Italian style. The binding of these volumes, which will one day doubtless add greatly to the history of the nation, is invariably chosen by the Queen herself.

***

TWO towns in Michigan, Decatur and Marcellus, are said to be entirely under the control of women. In Decatur, there is a population of 1500, and all the officers of the municipality are women. The leading physician, and one of the most popular pastors, are women, and the principal restaurant, the largest grocer's shop, and the chief boot-maker's shop are under the management of women. There are also women painters, harness makers, florists and stockbrokers, and it is further said that one consequence of this feminine supremacy, is the severe laws against drunkenness, and the sale of intoxicating drink in the town.

***

"BE sure that to find the key to one's heart is to find the key to all; that truly to love is truly to know; and truly to love one is the first step towards truly loving all who bear the same flesh and blood with the beloved."—*Charles Kingsley.*

***

THERE are several royal ladies who are the titular heads of regiments. Of these the Empress Frederick of Germany ranks first in seniority, having been in command of a crack Hussar regiment since 1861, to which she was appointed by the Emperor William I. at his coronation. In those days the Empress, then Crown Princess, dressed in the regimental colours, used to lead her men on parade-days past the saluting-point, to the great pleasure and delight of her father-in-law. Ten years afterwards, Princess Frederick Charles, the wife of the famous Red Prince, was appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons. The present German Emperor has made his grandmother, Queen Victoria, colonel of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's First Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, this being followed in the same year (1889) by the appointment of Princess Albrecht of Prussia to the head of a gallant Hanoverian regiment. In 1890 the present German Empress was appropriately gazetted as colonel of the Schleswig-Holstein Fusiliers, her Majesty having been a Schleswig-Holstein princess. The Duchess of Connaught was the next royal lady chosen for military honours, being given the honorary command of the (64th) Infantry Regiment, Prince Frederick Charles, the Red Prince mentioned above, he being her father, in September, 1890. When the Queen-Regent of Holland visited Berlin in 1892, the Emperor appointed her to the command of the Prince of the Netherlands' Regiment, and with the nomination of his aunt, Louise, Grand Duchess of Baden, to the honorary colonelcy of the Queen Auguste Grenadiers of the Guard, the list is ended. These appointments being purely honorary, none of the ladies will ever be called upon to lead their various regiments in time of battle. On the other hand, they involve considerable outlay in the matter of subscriptions and presentation of regimental plate. In some instances the royal ladies have taken active steps to better the position of the wives and widows of the soldiers under their titular command.

***

PLEATING and crimping are operations which have been in use from the very earliest times. From the Egyptian sculptures it is plain that the subjects of the Pharaohs pleated their drapery, others of the ancients also occasionally following this practice. In the days of Queen Elizabeth linen was crimped with what were then called "poking-sticks," these being first made of wood or bone and afterwards of steel. The ruffs then in vogue were pleated with extreme care.

***

A QUAINT recipe was given to a lady by the cook of an Irish house which she was visiting, and where she had had some delicious hot cakes for breakfast. "You must take more than you think of flour ma'am," said the cook, "just what you'd know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking powder, and the fill of the jug of milk."

***

IT is said that between two and three hundred callings are now open to women. Some of them are certainly curious. Sometimes a girl who has not had a good education is left utterly unprovided for, and the greater attention that is now paid to the decoration of the home, offers such a one a chance of utilising any taste she may have in that direction. Even in quite a small way there are many people only too glad to entrust the harmonious decoration and furnishing of their houses to some one who will relieve them of all trouble in the matter, and granted a certain amount of taste, a short training in a school of design and a close study of hand-books on the subject and the art magazines, would give an intelligent girl the necessary foundation upon which to work. Engraving too is an employment that many girls are now following in the home, visiting and invitation cards, and the stamping of letter-paper, being the chief articles upon which they work. Training is necessary for this, its advantage being that it may be done at home, the customer merely sending a postcard or letter with the directions, or asking the engraver to call should the work be in any way complicated.

***

"HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way and all the miseries of our pilgrimage."

"MORE men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal self."

***

"HE who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent there, are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are hidden amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."—*Ruskin.*

***

SPEAKING of eyes, artificial ones in imitation of those of birds and animals are made in great variety and are employed in mounting stuffed birds and animals. They are also used for birds in millinery, and animals' eyes are used for the heads of rugs, in cane and umbrella heads and in toys. Living animals are sometimes provided with artificial eyes, the most common cases being amongst horses and dogs, who very often have glass eyes.

***

AN English naturalist has just discovered a species of American beetle that possesses the extraordinary power of being able to cut metal with its mandibles. Some of these beetles were sent to him by a friend in South America, and being very much occupied when the insects arrived, he placed them for the time being in a glass-jar with a pewter top. To his great surprise, on going to the jar forty-eight hours afterwards, he found the beetles had cut holes in the metal sufficiently large to get their heads through, and they would soon have escaped had they been left to themselves much longer.

***

IN every farmyard, country lane, and wood, Nature has provided countless weather-prophets. For instance, before a rain-storm horses stretch their necks and sniff at the air, whilst chickens huddle together. Swallows and martins fly very low, and the hedgehog fortifies his cave. In the wood the sugar-maple actually turns its leaves upside down at the approach of doubtful clouds, and the silver-maples also show the white lining of their leaves. But the common chickweed is the most reliable barometer of them all, for not only does it close its flowers firmly in the damp air presaging a rain-storm, but it opens them again if the rain is only to be of short duration.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 887.] DECEMBER 26, 1896. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



"RELATED THE EVENTS OF THE DAY."

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XII.

GWENLLEAN stood looking over the sides of the vessel, and watching, almost unconsciously, the glorious beauty of the sun, as he travelled in his grandeur towards the sea. The cool breeze of evening was gradually replacing the heated atmosphere of a summer day, and, as it fell upon her feverish cheek and brow, seemed to soothe the excitement of her spirit, and to soften her over-wrought feelings into repose. David sat near her, and fatigued with the exertions of the day, had leant his head against her harp, and fallen into a dozing slumber. She pictured to herself her mother's surprise when she presented her with the purse, and asked herself whether she would be displeased at her having obtained it without her knowledge; whilst she longed for the wings of a bird that she might outstrip the vessel, and shorten the weary period that must intervene before she reached home.

She was startled from her reverie by a movement and voice near her. Her shawl had slipped off, and a gentleman who had been observing her for some time, begged to be allowed to replace it. She turned, and thanked him with timid politeness, moving, as she did so, nearer to David, who, however, would not awake.

"You have been watching the sunset very attentively," said the stranger. "Do you not think it extremely beautiful?"

Gwenllean was struck by the voice, which was deep but tremulous, and wished to look at the speaker; but had not courage to do so. She merely replied in the affirmative.

"Perhaps you are accustomed to see the sun sink below the sea," he continued, "and may not feel its magnificence so deeply as those who have not witnessed the glorious sight for years?"

"I have always lived near the sea," said Gwenllean.

"Do you, therefore, admire and love it the less?"

"Oh, no! I should think much more."

Gwenllean spoke with a bashfulness almost amounting to fear, and it was cruel to persecute her with questions; still the stranger persevered, speaking in an under-tone, and looking at her with much interest, whilst she kept her eyes fixed on the ground.

"You have, probably, been at the Eisteddfod," he continued; "what did you think of it? and of the performances of the young girl who excited such universal and enthusiastic applause?"

"I—I really—I do not know, sir," stammered Gwenllean, whilst the blood rushed to her temples.

"She was so much like a little girl I once knew," pursued the gentleman, "that I am anxious to find out who she is. But did you not enter into the general feeling with regard to her talent?"

Gwenllean now became so confused, that she found it impossible to attempt an answer. The stranger probably perceived her agitation, for he changed the subject by pointing to the west, and saying—

"Look at that dark line of red reflected by the ocean, and the fantastic shapes of the clouds that hover between. Are they not like an illuminated city of temples and palaces, or the deceitful mirage of the desert?"

Gwenllean did not follow the direction of the stranger's eye; but, whilst he appeared to be gazing on the gorgeous sunset, looked up into his face, and as she looked, she felt a trouble steal over her mind, and a fascination over her eyes. She had never seen such a face; and yet, it seemed that the features had never been absent from her memory. It was thoughtful and intellectual, and as the glow from the heavens fell upon it, the eyes, naturally piercing, were lighted up with an extraordinary brilliance, that gave a singular animation to a strikingly pale countenance. The stranger was tall and thin, and gentlemanlike in dress and appearance. He looked out of health, and his very dark hair and eyes made him appear even paler than he really was. His manners were polished, and even Gwenllean, unaccustomed as she was to judge at first sight, could not but perceive that he was a gentleman.

"It must, yet it cannot be," she thought. "So like; but too pale, and tall, and thin. I wish he would speak again."

His glance turned upon her, and their eyes met. A bright, pleasant smile—a joyous laugh—an outstretched hand—and Herbert, the long absent but unforgotten friend, stood revealed.

"And am I so altered, Gwenllean?" he said, as he held her hand, and looked with unmitigated pleasure upon her varying countenance. "So changed that you did not know me? It is you, not I, who should be grown out of knowledge; yet I recognised you as soon as you entered the vessel. The same face; the same look; but taller, and no longer a child."

Gwenllean could not speak. The joy of the meeting was too overpowering for words. The ever-ready, tell-tale tears sprung to her eyes, and the flush of delight to her cheeks, and Herbert felt that he was welcomed—warmly, affectionately welcomed—by her whom he considered as a dear sister. The few moments of silence that succeeded, during which he still held her trembling little hand, convinced him that the ingenuous feelings of the mountain-bred child he had left four or five years before, were not chilled or altered in the lovely creature who stood before him, in all the purity and simplicity of girlhood.

At last she ventured once more to raise her blue eyes, "like violets dropping dew," to his, and to tell him in a half frank, half bashful voice, how welcome he was, and how delighted they would be to see him at home. But there was something, she scarcely knew what, which prevented her from speaking to him as she used to do: and she accused herself for her awkward shyness—but it would not be conquered. He was so changed from the Herbert of old in appearance and manner—had been amongst so many great and learned people—and was known to be so very clever, that she was almost afraid of him. Besides, she was convinced that he had recognised her at the Eisteddfod, and had suggested the words of the song that had escaped her memory, which made her fear that his impression of her must be most unfavourable, and that her conduct must appear to him in a very disadvantageous light. She tried, however, to conceal the thoughts that were passing, like lightning, through her mind, and which were reflected, as that electric fluid is reflected on water, upon her clear countenance—by arousing David from his slumbers.

"Bless me, Miss Llewellen," he said, jumping up, and rubbing his eyes, "I beg your pardon; I had no intention of sleeping, but——" here he perceived Herbert standing very near Gwenllean, and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"I have been taking care of your charge for you," said Herbert; "and, I assure you, she has been well protected."

"Thank you," said the old man, drily, as he drew nearer to Gwenllean. "Had you not better go down into the cabin, Miss Llewellen—the air is cold. But, to be sure, I have seen you before, sir. Upon my word it is—no, it isn't—yes, it is, Master Herbert!"

"Master Herbert, at your service, David," said Herbert, grasping the harper's hand with all the warmth of his affectionate nature.

David's joy was almost equal to Gwenllean's; and it was some time before either of the trio could converse calmly. They talked, however, particularly Herbert and David, unceasingly; and the sun had sunk, as it seemed, into the sea; the moon and stars had hung out their bright lamps in the firmament; and still, heedless of the hours, or the thick, crowding shades of night, they stood upon deck, asking and answering questions, until the ship arrived off Glanheathyn, and it was necessary they should part till the morrow.

"Now, Gwenllean," said Herbert, as he was about to step into the boat prepared to convey him to the shore, "I am going to see whether you have remembered your promise. It was just at this place that we parted so long ago, and I shall never forget watching your little boat till she reached the shore. You have so short a memory that perhaps that event has escaped from it."

Gwenllean shook her head, and her sweet smile and half reproachful look, told that her memory was as tenacious as Herbert's. She blushed when he shook her twice over by the hand, and her young heart beat quickly as he leaped lightly and gracefully into the boat, and David declared he was quite as active as he used to be. He waved his hand again and again until he was out of sight in the obscurity, but Gwenllean watched, and listened to the oars, till the sailors returned with the boat,

and they steered towards the opposite shore of Craigyvellyn, in order to land her and David. It was not until she found herself at the bottom of her garden that she thought of the Eisteddfod, and of the secret to be disclosed to her mother.

Lady Llewellen sat alone in her little drawing-room, anxiously awaiting Gwenllean's return. The tea-service was set out, and every comfort prepared. Miriam had been fidgeting from room to room, and from window to door, for the last two hours, and when she espied the vessel, flew to meet her young mistress. David accompanied Gwenllean to the door of the cottage, and then prudently returned to his own abode, thinking his presence might interrupt the disclosure of the events of the day.

When Gwenllean entered the drawing-room, her mother at once perceived the agitation of her countenance, and asked anxiously what was the matter. Gwenllean cast her arms about her neck, and burst into a hysterical flood of tears. Lady Llewellen entreated her to be calm, and to tell her what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing, nothing, dear mamma," she said: "forgive me, but I cannot help it;" and seating herself by the window, she sobbed audibly.

Lady Llewellen kissed her tenderly, led her to the sofa, and begged her to lie down till she became more composed.

"I am better now, dear mamma," she said, with an agitated voice. "I never, I think, willingly deceived you—never had a secret from you—never committed an action without your knowledge. But to-day—oh! do not look so alarmed—there is nothing wrong, in intention at least—to-day, I have deceived you. I have acted upon my own responsibility, because I feared you would not have given your consent had you known my intentions. I went to the Eisteddfod—but not as you imagined—not as your daughter—not as Gwenllean Llewellen—forgive me, if I have acted wrong—as a——" here she paused, and covering her eyes with one hand, held before her mother with the other her hard-earned treasure.

Lady Llewellen was kneeling by the sofa, looking anxiously at her child, and listening to her rapid and incoherent words. When she saw the purse full of gold, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and asked what it meant.

"It is mine, dearest mother," said Gwenllean. "I won it for you; and oh! take it, and say you will forgive my first secret. It has cost me much, but it was innocently meant, and no one but David understands it."

As she finished speaking, the whole truth burst upon Lady Llewellen's mind, and she clasped her beloved child to her heart,

"God bless and reward you, my daughter," she said, with a voice broken by emotion. "Forgive you! would that every mother could forgive so pious a fraud; so filial a deception."

Tears of love and exquisite tenderness coursed each other down Lady Llewellen's cheeks, as Gwenllean, when sufficiently recovered, related, consecutively, the events of the day. Every minute particular was dwelt upon with emotion; and the mother's feelings, as she pictured to herself the different scenes of the little drama, were almost as much excited as the daughter's had been. They spoke of the young lady, and examined the golden harp with deep interest, each longing to know more of her. Herbert's return, too, so unexpected by all, for he had purposely avoided mentioning it by letter, was matter of heartfelt delight; and they discussed the happiness of his meeting with his grandfather, and the pleasures of the general re-union on the morrow, till they forgot their sorrows and the unusual lateness of the hour. They remembered, at last, that it was time to retire for the night, and after having together thanked the Almighty for His unexpected and great mercies, they laid down to rest with the blessed assurance that there was One above who would protect them through all their troubles.

Early on the following morning, Gwenllean might have been seen in the drawing-room, arranging and re-arranging, for the hundredth time, its simple furniture.

Lady Llewellen entered, and she too looked more cheerful than usual.

"Here they are," shouted Lizzie, as a footstep was heard at the bottom of the garden.

It was David, bringing Gwenllean's harp, to her great mortification.

"Oh! I must beg him to take it back again," she said. "He must not bring it here for a day or two."

"On the contrary, my love," said her mother, "so precious an instrument deserves, and must have, the most conspicuous place."

Gwenllean would have expostulated as David entered, but her entreaties were cut short by the appearance of Herbert and his grandfather, attended by the miller, Watty, and Morgan. Lady Llewellen and Lizzie were at the door in an instant, but Gwenllean, she scarcely knew why, did not like to follow them. Her sister shouted for her, and she proceeded, doubtfully, to obey the call. The little girl was half way down the garden, and her arms were soon round Herbert's neck, who then advanced towards Lady Llewellen, and, in spite of the surprise visible on the countenance of the miller, imprinted a kiss of affectionate greeting upon the cheek of his mother's friend. He could not speak, for pleasure had done what pain might not, perhaps, have accomplished—filled his eyes with tears; and grasping Gwenllean's hand, who stood irresolutely on the verandah, they all entered the drawing-room.

A discussion ensued between the trio who remained without, which was soon joined by Miriam, who had visited the drawing-room to see Herbert.

"So handsome, and so refined! Quite like a lord!" ejaculated the clerk, uplifting his hands. "He'll be a great man some day, take my word for it. I always said so. A good boy makes a good man."

"Humph!" said the miller, looking down upon his own rotundity, "very well, I dare say, but more of a thread-paper than I like. He's rather presuming or so, too, to my taste. Young men shouldn't be forward."

"Well, for my part," said Miriam, "I never see a finer young gentleman in all my service, and that hasn't been nothing. Such an int'resting look, and such a shape."

"Aye," said Morgan, "and yet just what he used to be. Shaking hands with everybody, down to o'd Peg Evans, who couldn't hear a word he said to her. He's just like his grandfather after all, and thank God for it."

It was some time before the happy party in the drawing-room could settle down into anything like composure. Mr. Lloyd laughed and cried by turns, and his pride and joy displayed themselves in a hundred different ways. He hung upon every word Herbert uttered with delight; declared he could never part from him again, and said they would all lay an embargo upon him amongst them; appealing to Gwenllean to second him. Herbert had forgotten none of his old respectful tenderness of manner, and as Mr. Lloyd said, would have been scarcely changed from the Herbert who quitted him four years before, but for his manly appearance and increased ease and dignity of deportment.

By degrees they began to talk calmly of the past and future, and the hours raced by, whilst, forgetful of everything but their re-union, they spoke of the persons and things, success and disappointments, that Herbert had seen or experienced during their separation. First Oxford, its colleges, masters, rules and learning, with all that Herbert had done and obtained within its venerable precincts; and then Hastings Abbey and its inmates were described and commented on. He spoke warmly of the Hastings family, collectively and individually. Of the Earl as of a friend who had been a brother to him—of Lady Hastings as of one conspicuous in her high station, for virtue and goodness—and of the ladies Lovel, as of beautiful and accomplished girls. His praise of the Lady Louisa was as high as sincere, and when Gwenllean heard him mention her many sweet and amiable qualities with that quiet tone which at once denotes that the speaker means what he says, she wished she could be like her, to merit such commendations.

Gwenllean, herself, did not speak much, but she listened with that attention which is almost more gratifying than words, since it proves that the auditor's interest is wrapped up in the speaker, and that self is forgotten in what he says. Besides she could not throw off her reserve, and tried in vain to appear the frank, confiding girl she had once been to him. Her bashfulness was, however, very pleasing to Herbert, who knew how to read characters, and could duly appreciate nature and simplicity. As, from time to time, he caught her eyes fixed upon him whilst he was speaking, and withdrawn with a faint blush when he looked at her, he thought he had never seen a more lovely

creature. Not even the beautiful Lady Louisa Lovel could rival Gwenllean in personal attractions, and he felt assured the mind beneath must be as pure and clear as the eye through which you read it.

Towards evening they all sallied forth to visit old friends and old haunts. The bells of Glanheathyn and Craigyvellyn had been ringing lustily all the day, to welcome Herbert back, and now the good folks flocked about him as he passed by their dwellings, all anxious for the kind words and looks he so lavishly bestowed. They went over hill and dale; by the sea-side and running brook; talking, laughing and rejoicing in the transcendent beauty of the summer evening. Herbert greeted every old scene and familiar face with rapture; and there was not a tree or piece of rock that had not a voice which spoke to him of some unforgotten incident of his boyhood, that he was delighted to recall to his friends, and in which Gwenllean's memory was as tenacious as his own. He felt, as every one with a heart must feel, that one of the purest of our earthly pleasures, is that of returning to old friends and old scenes after years of absence, and finding them unchanged. He thanked God that there was no gap made; but that he found all as he left it. He had not to say, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" for they lived to receive and love him. His grandfather's hair was a shade more silvered; Lady Llewellen, perhaps, a degree more pensive—but Gwenllean was bursting like a fresh and beautiful rose into the richness and loveliness of womanhood; and her sister was becoming what Gwenllean had been, whilst his humble friends were as prosperous and kind-hearted as ever. He would try to increase their comforts and happiness by such means as Providence had placed within his reach; and even then thoughts were passing through his mind of the best way of achieving so desirable an end.

They parted for the night, with promises of an early re-union on the morrow, and plans for walks and rides to further the restoration of Herbert's health—the delicate state of which was the only drawback to their happiness.

"Well, Herbert, my dear boy," said Mr. Lloyd, as he and his grandson were making their way homewards, and discussing the merits of the party they had left; "what do you think of *my* Gwenllean—of *our*—of everybody's Gwenllean, I should rather say?"

"She appears everything her childhood promised," was the reply, "gentle, modest, and beautiful."

"Yes, you are right," said Mr. Lloyd; "but add good, amiable, and pious, and you will be nearer the mark."

(To be continued.)



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART III.

RESOLUTIONS, FAILURES, NEW BEGINNINGS.

SINCE we began our talks, dear girls, I have often said to myself, "How delightful it would be if I could, just for once, see all your young faces. If, as we rise to say good-bye, when twilight darkens into night, I could feel the real pressure of each hand that has in imagination lain in mine whilst we held converse together."

Then a second thought has perforce followed. "This cannot be. Inexorable space divides us too widely. Still, thank God, we can and do meet heart to heart despite the hindrances to actual sight and touch." To me these twilight communings are delightfully real. If I cannot look upon each face, I can picture it, and all my mental pictures are lovely to behold, because no one would care to sit with me to consider how best to attain to a higher and holier life on earth, unless she thought we could help and cheer each other on the way. If there are high aspirations and longings after God and holiness in any heart, these will be reflected in the face. Hence my mental pictures of you, dear girl-companions of my twilight talks, are all fair to look upon.

I spoke just now of our helping each other. Do not imagine that I, who am white-haired, cannot learn precious lessons from the young. They are my daily teachers, and most of the new friends I make nowadays are amongst the young men and maidens.

Perhaps I see some young girl battling bravely amid difficulties and temptations, which beset her in the very place where she should be more especially shielded from them—home. Longing after the higher life, yet hindered at every step of the way by those who should be her guides and helpers.

I look back into the far-away past, and feel very humble when I think of my own failures in comparison with her successes, though my position was perhaps the more favourable. Such thoughts bring me into communion with God. I thank Him for the strength He gives to this young sister, and I know that, just as it is hers to-day, it might at all times have been mine only for the asking, in Christ's name.

I see another girl mourning over her many failures. She has made so many good

resolutions, which have been broken one after another. She ought to begin again from the spot where she took her stand a while ago, feeling so certain that her progress would be a series of triumphs over every besetting sin that had hitherto hindered her.

She has nothing left now save the sorrowful experience bought by repeated failures. Is it worth while to begin again? She was full of hope and courage. She is now despondent, fearful, doubtful of ever attaining even the lowest of those glorious heights she meant to climb, and which seemed so easy of access.

It is worth while to begin again, only it must be in a humbler spirit, and little by little. A step at a time, but getting firm foothold. Never looking back, but being contented with slow progress, so that she may feel she has the help of Him who can alone give strength for the way. This help she can ask for, and be sure of gaining. The step, on which she pauses for a moment's breathing time, may be narrow, only just affording foothold, but she can cry to God, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." If the next height should be enveloped in cloud, and she hardly dares to press on, because of her past over-confidence and present sense of weakness, she may be sure that her loving Heavenly Father will give in answer only to the longing of her heart, and without an uttered prayer all that she knows to be lacking in herself. She may say with confidence these words, that must have come straight from another human heart—

"So I go on, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him, by faith,
Than walk alone by sight."

When I have seen such a first failure, followed by renewed effort and patient struggling heavenward in one still young, you can imagine, dear girls, what the sight has taught me.

Have not I made endless resolutions and failed to keep them? Am I not still resolving without performing, intending to do much and being able to show so little fruit after the working time is over? I am driven to self-condemnation by the sight of another's failures, which have shown me my own in a still clearer light.

The failures of the young have many lessons to teach the old. The young have the prospect, or at least the possibility, of many years of life in which to remedy mistakes in some measure. Such as I, can at best have but few years, and whatever experience mature age may have brought us, we can no longer offer of our best to God. The vigour of youth is gone, never to return.

Thank God for youth and strength, your courage, your buoyant spirits, your hopefulness, your power to look at the best side of things. Do not be too much cast down by a sense of past failures, but take stock of all the good that is left you. And as time, together with all these other blessings must needs be held by an uncertain tenure, and you cannot be sure how long you will be able to say, "These at least are mine," begin at once to use them for God's glory, your neighbour's good, and for your own present and eternal welfare.

When we began our evening talk, I was in a mood for story-telling, and it has not yet left me. Let me tell you something which I heard when I was quite a child. It happened in the far-away days when travelling was tedious, railways were unknown, and journeys were mostly made by coach.

A schoolgirl of twelve was going home for the Christmas holidays. She had a long journey before her, but that seemed a trifle, for at the end of it there would be home and welcoming faces. Her father's face would light with gladness at the sight of Nellie. The younger children would shout with joy, and try which two out of the four should seize her hands, and hurry her into her mother's presence. Ah! She would need no urging onwards, for the mother's face was brightest of all at the home fireside. She had been ill, and was still ailing, and absent Nellie had passed through a sad time at school whilst the illness lasted.

Now the child's heart was full of glad thankfulness, as she said to herself, "Mother will sit at table with us all on Christmas Day What would home have been if——"

She could not finish the question even in thought.

Just before Nellie set out an old friend of her mother's called to say good-bye to the girl, and to send messages to all at home. Besides, she brought with her a basket of fruit for Nellie.

"There are apples and pears at the bottom, and a bunch of grapes at the top. The basket is a little heavy, but as you have no walking, that will not matter, and you will enjoy the fruit by the way," she said.

Nellie gratefully thanked her friend, and after she was gone investigated the contents of the basket. How tastefully it was packed! What fine fruit it held! Those muscats of Alexandria were the pick of the hothouse. And what a bunch! Nellie lifted the grapes carefully, so as not to disturb the bloom.

"Mother shall have every one of those grapes. They are far too good for me. We have none like them. It would be greedy and wicked for me to eat them."

Soon after Nellie was on her way. She had been travelling for hours, and the short, wintry daylight was fading into twilight, but she was still far from home. She was well wrapped up, and, as two elderly spinsters in the coach would not allow a window to be opened ever so little, for fear of taking cold, Nellie felt half-stifled, hot, and especially thirsty. She had dined at the usual stopping-place, and after that the motion of the coach had rocked her to sleep. Despite her thirst she had been loyal to her resolution, and "mother's grapes," as she called them, remained untouched. She would have liked a pear, but the severe faces of those stern-looking spinsters overawed her. If she succeeded in getting one out, what would she do with the uneatable part of it?

Children were "kept in their places" in those days, and, moreover, the two old ladies considered young people, at best, as necessary evils, and Nellie an unnecessary one. But for her they would have had the coach to themselves, and could have propped up their feet and dozed comfortably. They revenged themselves by leaving her severely alone, and sleeping as much of the time away as possible.

Moreover, they gave Nellie as little space as possible, yet the girl was afraid to complain though their packages almost wedged her into her seat. She wondered if they could remember the time when they were girls.

It was getting quite dark. The only light came from the carriage lamps and when Nellie awoke from another short sleep, she was terribly thirsty. Half unconsciously, her hand stole into the basket and plucked a grape. How delicious it was! No wonder the fingers sought a second. Well, there were plenty, far more than mother could use at once. She would say Nellie ought to have eaten them all, poor, tired, thirsty child!

The journey ended at last. All and more than Nellie's bright pictures were realised. Father's face was the first she saw, later all the rest, and at home.

Greetings, kisses, joyful words of welcome. Light, brightness, all that could make home pleasant were Nellie's in contrast to the stuffy coach and the severe old faces. The girl laughed gleefully now at the very thought of them. She clung to her basket through all, and at the first pause she said, "Mother dear, I have brought you such a lovely bunch of grapes. You must eat them all."

She told who brought them and the other fruit, then seizing the grapes' stem she drew out—what?

Only a great cluster of stalks where grapes had been, with one or two stragglers which had escaped her busy fingers.

You can fancy Nellie's feelings. The cry, "Oh, mother! I am so sorry. I meant you to have them all. I was so thirsty, but I thought I had only taken just a few."

You can picture the tears of shame and regret, the loving motherly arms that clasped her, the comforting words, the lesson taken to heart, and the effects of it.

Were not all these things just a picture of our own resolves, failures and regrets—vain as regarded the past—not hopeless as regards the future?

Yes, dear girls, we ought to be saying good-night, but how about the new beginnings? I must, for once, steal a few moments from the darkness for a word about these.

Another story, a very short one, and then we part.

A toiling woman was complaining that her work was never done, and her husband echoed every complaint.

"There's no comfort for us," said they.

"None in religion?" asked a kindly visitor.

"No," said the husband. "That has been pinched out of us by poverty. Go to church! How can we? We can't afford clothes fit for that."

"My hands are full with the children," said the mother, "and he has to help. I can't do everything. Oh, yes! I went to Sunday-school. So did he, nearly till we were married."

The visitor said comforting words, gave some help, promised more, tried to bring the pair back to the old days and thoughts when each had enjoyed what now they cared nothing for.

"Make a fresh start," she said. "I will help you all I can, but do you ask God to help and strengthen you for it."

All seemed useless. "Poverty has pinched all those things out of us," was the final answer of both. But God had given a silent teacher whose lesson went home to those seemingly dead hearts.

The spring had been fine and early. Trees had come out rapidly, but when the young leaves were in all their glory, a keen frost came and pinched them. The first leaves mostly shrivelled up and fell, but when the weather became warm, and there was enough of moisture, tender green shoots appeared again, and the trees bore a second clothing of leaves. Not so large or so thick as the first ones, but healthy, beautiful and lasting.

The desponding man remembered this as he looked at a tree in his cottage garden.

"Better a second crop if not so fine, than none at all," he said to himself. And, from this germ of thought God's spirit brought forth a crop of new resolutions, new beginnings and new fruits in the lives of husband and wife, and it was shown in the training and welfare of their children and the comfort of their home.

Who shall say, "No use to try again?" While life lasts, new beginnings may be made and, if the later results be not such as the first fruits might have been, better these than barrenness and hopelessness.

Now, good-night, dear ones. We must part. But let us remember that to-day is the time for effort. "The night cometh, when no man can work."



THE CARE OF THE THROAT.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

I REMEMBER being very much impressed with the first lecture that I heard on the diseases of the throat. Not very long ago few physicians considered the throat to be worthy of great attention; but at this lecture, which was delivered by a specialist, I was convinced that there was much more to be learnt in this department of medicine than I had anticipated.

The health of the lungs is dependent, in great measure, upon the condition of the mouth and nose, and many of the worst cases of consumption and pneumonia can be traced to some antecedent disease or malformation of the upper air-passages. In a milder way we are all cognisant of this fact. Almost everyone has observed how often a common "head-cold" is followed by a cough. A cold is a catarrhal inflammation of the nose; and the cough is due to the catarrh spreading from its original seat to the air-tubes, causing bronchitis.

Again, the voice is produced in the larynx, and this organ is part of the throat, and is very apt to suffer when the surrounding parts are unhealthy; hence the frequency of hoarseness complicating a cold. But there is another reason for the alterations in voice that so frequently, I might almost say invariably, result from slight disease of the mouth or adjacent parts. The resonance of the voice is produced by the vibration of the air in the throat, mouth, and nasal cavities. If these parts be defective the resonance is impaired, and so is produced the remarkable alterations in the character of the voice, with which we are all familiar, as "speaking through the nose."

But besides these complications of throat trouble, the conditions which give rise to them are in themselves most unpleasant, and often very painful and serious; and, as one can do very much to prevent their development, or to cure them when present, I think that the care of the throat cannot be too carefully considered.

How am I to take care of my throat? Before giving an answer I would first ask you this question, Is your throat and nose at present in a healthy condition? In an adult this is readily answered, but in a child it is otherwise, because a great number of abnormal conditions of the throat date from early infancy, and the child may grow up without noticing the inconvenience, often very slight, that results from them. The chief troubles to which I refer are enlarged tonsils and adenoids. These are both extremely common in childhood. Adenoids are little growths that block up the back of the nose, and force the child to breathe through her mouth. You can tell if a child has either of these conditions, because they give rise to very definite symptoms. If a child sleeps with her mouth open, snores frequently, has a nasal voice, suffers constantly from nasal catarrh and sinking in of the bridge of the nose, you may be certain that that child has adenoids or enlarged tonsils, or both. The result of these conditions is often very serious: constant nasal catarrh, inflammation and ulceration of the tonsils, pigeon-breast, and collapse of the lungs only too commonly accompany them.

The treatment is simple—they must be removed at once. It is useless to wait, no remedy having any effect upon them. It is true that both adenoids and enlarged tonsils are often cured naturally when the child reaches the age of sixteen, or thereabouts; but the condition of the lungs does not return to that of health, and indeed sometimes carries off the patient before there has been time for the original trouble to be cured.

Now I will answer your question, "How am I to take care of my throat?" Avoid as far as possible all the following, which are the chief causes of throat trouble.

1. *Bad Teeth.*—This is perhaps the commonest cause of inflammation about the throat. When will people recognise the fact that bad teeth are diseased organs, and require to be seen to? Never allow a tooth that is not quite good to remain in your mouth without being stopped. But it is not only bad teeth that produce injurious results, sound teeth are almost as bad if they are not kept thoroughly clean. Wash your teeth at least twice a day with some antiseptic tooth-powder. False teeth, especially if they have a plate attached to them, are very apt to harbour all sorts of germs and microbes if they are not kept scrupulously clean.

The reason why unclean teeth produce throat trouble is because vast hosts of organisms find refuge about the gums and between the teeth, and it is these organisms that cause the inflammation of the throat. For sore throat is as certainly due to microbes, as is cholera due to the cholera-germ.

2. *Avoid very hot or highly-spiced food.*—This irritates the throat, and predisposes it to the attack of organisms.

3. *Avoid draughts of cold air.*

4. *Never breathe through the mouth*, but always through the nose.

5. *Avoid too constant use of the voice.*

The other causes of sore throat and of more serious trouble in the same situation, are, unfortunately, unavoidable. The chief are rheumatism and rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria. All these are in all probability due to organisms. Diphtheria is certainly due to a germ, which has not only been found but named after its discoverers, the "Klebs-Lüffler Bacillus."

The next point to attend to is when once the throat has got a slight affection, do not allow the condition to become worse, but treat it at once.

The following is a brief account of the treatment of the slighter ailments of the throat:—

Pay great attention to avoid all the causes that may produce or, when developed, may keep up the irritation and consequent inflammation present. Often if you attend to this alone, Nature will do the rest. But as this does not always happen, you will do well to use other means.

The methods that can be used vary with the part affected. We can divide the throat into the following parts—the nose, the pharynx (the part behind the nose and mouth), the larynx, or voice-box, the mouth, and the tonsils.

The common ailments of the nose, that can be treated at home, are acute and chronic catarrh. Acute catarrh, coryza or "head-cold," should be treated by keeping in an even temperature, taking a dose of some diaphoretic, such as Dover's powder (gr. 5), and drinking large amounts of warm drinks. Chronic catarrh is usually the result of a neglected acute cold, and is very much more refractory to treatment. The best thing to do for this complaint is to spray the nose with one of the following sprays:—

1. ℞ Menthol ʒj, parolein ℥j.

2. ℞ Potassii chlorat, sodii bicarb, boracis aa ℥fs, sacchr alb ℥j. One teaspoonful of this powder to be dissolved in one pint of water.

Little masses of growth known as "nasal polypi" are frequently associated with chronic catarrh; which the most recent authorities consider as the result of the catarrh. When they form they have to be removed; but if you are careful in your treatment of the prior condition you will not be troubled with this complication.

The chief affections of the pharynx are also two in number—acute and chronic catarrh. The former may be treated like a common cold, with the addition of some astringent lozenges such as the "rhatany and tannin," or "eucalyptus" of the Throat Hospital pharmacopœia. None of my readers are likely to be troubled with chronic pharyngeal catarrh, since it usually results from tobacco-smoking, so we will pass over it without saying any more about it.

There are a great many common affections of the mouth that need treatment. The more important are burns of the tongue, gumboil and abscess in connection with bad teeth; toothache, and little white ulcers in the floor of the mouth.

I do not suppose that anyone who reads this paper is likely to suck boiling water out of a kettle-spout, but some of their younger relatives may, for many children have a sort of impulse to do so. If this should happen, sucking ice or smearing the mouth with oil will allay the pain and reduce the inflammation.

Gumboils and abscesses in connection with the teeth should always be lanced when matter forms, and the mouth washed out frequently with an antiseptic fluid such as—

(1) ℞ Acidi boracis ʒj; spiriti lavendulae Co ℥ fs; aq ad Oj. (2) ℞ boracis ʒij; glycerine ℥ fs; aq rosae ad Oj, or (3) with a solution of Condy's red fluid, a drachm to a pint of warm water.

I would caution you against painting the cheek with iodine. Fortunately this remedy is usually inert, but if it does produce any effect, it draws the inflammation towards the

place where it is applied, and the matter discharges through the cheek leaving a permanent and very unsightly scar. If you use iodine at all paint the inside of the gum, but I should advise you never to adopt this method of treatment.

The little white ulcers that are occasionally seen in the floor of the mouth are due to disordered digestion. Attention to the digestive system and a mouth wash or, better still, touching the ulcers with lunar caustic, used locally, will cure them.

Like the other parts of the throat, the larynx is subject to acute and chronic catarrh. These conditions of the voice-box manifest themselves by hoarseness or loss of voice. The acute catarrh may be treated by resting the voice, remaining in a room of even temperature and using an inhalation, made by pouring one drachm of Friar's balsam and one drachm of compound spirit of camphor into a pint of boiling water and inhaling the steam.

Chronic laryngeal catarrh, commonly called "clergyman's throat" is best treated by spraying out the larynx with a solution of bicarbonate of soda (gr. xxx to one ounce of water). The laryngeal spray is an instrument specially made for this, and is the only form of spray that answers the purpose. Steam inhalations are useful here as in acute laryngitis.

The tonsils are more subject to inflammation than any other part of the throat. The inflammation which attacks them differs from that which affects the rest of the throat, in that it is not limited to the surface of the organ (catarrh), but extends more deeply into the tissues.

Enlarged tonsils are the chief cause of inflammation of those organs, but tonsils that are not enlarged may also become the seat of that complaint. The treatment depends upon the cause; if due to scarlet fever, rheumatic fever or measles, it is part of those diseases and requires special treatment which you cannot carry out yourself. The other forms of inflammation of the tonsil are best treated by avoiding hot or spiced food; keeping in an even temperature, and applying the following paint locally: ℞ menthol ʒj, parolein ʒj. The mouth should also be washed out with an astringent such as: ℞ aluminis, gr. x, aq ad ʒj.

The application of a paint to the tonsil is much more efficacious than gargling, as in the latter it is very doubtful whether the remedy reaches as far back as the tonsil. When painting the throat use a soft camel-hair brush and apply the paint freely once or twice daily. If an abscess forms in an inflamed tonsil, the disease is called quinsy, and is a serious affection that must be treated by a surgeon.

From what I have said it would appear that catarrh is the commonest affection that has to be guarded against. In England, catarrhal or surface inflammation is far more common than any other ailment, and very few people pass through a winter in our island without being attacked, at least once, by this malady.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "MY BABY BOY."

SOLUTION.

MY BABY BOY.

RONDEAU.

A mother's love! Dear baby boy,
O how you all my hours employ!
The livelong day I watch you so,
As though your precious soul might go
To minister to angels' joy.

They sent you down—a sweet decoy
To wean my love from worldly toy.
Ah! what they lose who do not know
A mother's love!

But now my pleasures do not cloy,
They're purest gold without alloy;
As much as you owe me, I trow,
To you my bettered life I owe.
Ah! naught on earth shall e'er destroy
A mother's love!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Edith Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.
Rev. J. Chambers, Woodhead Vicarage, Manchester.
J. S. Clemens, 40, Hawkshead Street, Southport.
Julia A. Hennen, Nether Wallop, Hants.
Emmie Holgate, Prospect Terrace, Burnley.
Lily Horn, 85, Victoria Terrace, Littlehampton.
Edith L. Hawse, The Glen, Torquay.
Edith Howard, 29, Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton.
N. E. Purvey, Penrhyn, Hayward's Heath.
Amy Seaward, Nether Wallop, Hants.

Special Mention. (*Equal with Prize Winners.*)

A. C. Carter, Leonard Duncan, Edith E. Grundy.

Very Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Annie E. Atkinson, S. Ballard, Ethelwyn Berry, Margaret E. Bourne, Kate B. Brett, Amy Briand, E. H. Brookfield, Kate Campsall, Wilfred T. Campsall, Mildred A. Carr, Mary I. Chislett, Helen M. Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb, E. Danell, Kate Densham, Rev. J. Dumas, Fanny England, Henry Evenden, Clara Finch, Emma Fox, Florence Goodchild, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Edith C. Hobbs, Mrs. Hopewell, Edith Jackson, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Rose H. Lawley, Lawrence S. Lee, Mrs. Donald MacAlister, Mrs. Manning, Muriel Middleton, F. Miller, Blanche A. Moody, Ellen M. Price, Beatrice Rafford, Mrs. Reid, Elizabeth Richardson, W. R. G. Rivington, Mrs. S. Roberts, Alexandrina Robertson, Albert Roby, Miss D'Rozario, John Saunders, Lily Scott, Ida Seabrook, H. Constance Smyth, A. C. Sharp, Ethel Spencer, Miss Stevenson, Agnes Taylor, Mary J. Taylor, Mrs. Swift Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, F. O. Wilson.

Highly Commended.

A. G. Barnes, Mary Bennett, C. C. Black, G. W. Blathwayt, Alicia M. Brown, F. Chute, Rebecca Clarke, Edith Collins, Fan Cunliffe, Madge Cunliffe, R. D. Davis, Eleanor E. Elsey, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, M. E. Hancock, Alice Hill, J. Hunt, Ethel Jones, Elizabeth Lang, Amelia M. Leach, J. Middlemiss, Emily Patient, A. J. Pearson, Ethel M. Penfold, Ida Rafford, Emily L. Reid, Mabel Roper, Kate C. Sinclair, Mona Taylor, Emily M. P. Wood, Josephine Woodrow.

Honourable Mention.

All solutions which had not a worse mistake than the omission of A in the first line. They are seventy-seven in number, and the Editor regrets that he cannot find space for so many additional names.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Any competitor may be proud of "mention" this month. The prize solutions were perfect in every respect, and those "very highly commended" only failed to indent the lines properly. When is there going to be a more general observance of the very simple rule which governs the indentation of lines of poetry?

The "highly commended" solutions were almost word-perfect; mistakes in spelling, the omission of the apostrophe after angels, and the substitution of "in earth" for the more usual phrase "on earth," being the most common blemishes.

Two solutions deserving mention were found to be nameless, and six others would have taken a high position but for the omission of "Rondo" in the title.

The *precocious* musician in line 4 was probably the greatest difficulty, and the *decoy* in line 6 also gave much trouble. Many frantic attempts to evolve out of the picture something ending in "oy," provoked the smiles which refresh us during our examinations.

The substitution of can for shall in the last line spoiled the perfection of two or three solutions.

To correspondents:—

E. J. F.—Many thanks for your kind words. Do not be afraid to send your solutions, as the standard of excellence varies much, and sometimes imperfect ones have a good chance.

A PERPLEXED ONE's perplexities are rather out of date, and her only important question has been answered before.

L. R.—Is there really "always at least *one* error in every puzzle?" Count again.

GYPPESWICK.—We do not wonder at your disappointment. There were more than a hundred solutions of "A Bad Servant" as good as yours unmentioned, because space could not be found for the names.

J. R.—Basins alone would not do, leaving the line two syllables short—"a good honest mistake." The above answer also applies to your case.

E. W.—No apology was needed; we find you are quite right, M. W. having a mistake which had been overlooked. Your solution would have been in a higher class but for defects in punctuation.

TO OTHERS.—One of the best authorities on punctuation is *A Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus. It is a difficult subject to teach; writers interpret the rules differently. We only regard mistakes in this direction when they are really bad, and every allowance is made for differences of opinion.

CONSOLATION PRIZE AWARD (1895-6).

This prize has been won by

Mary I. Chislett, Great Broughton, Northallerton,

whose total number of marks far exceeds that of any other competitor. Next on the list are:—Mrs. Annie D. Harris, Ethel Tomlinson, Mrs. Isabel Snell, M. E. Hancock, and Mrs. Crossman.

THE DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE principal object of the illustration in our article of this month are the fur capes and mantles which are worn this season, and to show how fur is applied in dress generally. The kinds of fur most seen in London are sable, for those able to afford that luxury; then sealskin, or its new and wonderful imitation, electric seal; chinchilla, which is chiefly used for trimmings, and grebe, for the same purpose; while Tibet and Caracul are as much in vogue as they were last season. The furs which are used together, as coat and trimmings, or cape and trimmings, are seal, with mink, chinchilla, and Canadian sable, which latter used to be called skunk. Electric seal is trimmed with the same furs, but also with musquash as well. Caracul is trimmed with chinchilla, and is also used itself as a trimming for *Velours du Nord* mantles and coats. Persian lamb has returned to us in great force, and is much seen as capes, coats, and jackets. The new method of trimming it in France is, to use coloured velvet to face it; the velvet being in turn embroidered with beautiful designs in jet *appliqué*. The same skins are used to make the stylish sacque-backed jackets, the yoke, collar and cuffs in one which I saw being made of chinchilla, but I cannot say I liked the combination, though it was a novelty. The lamb-skins used are those very closely curled; and as only the very best parts of them are used, the jackets and mantles manufactured of them are very costly indeed. Some small capes are also novel, in having their yokes made of embroidered leather, to which a full flounce and collar of Tibet is added. The leather of the yoke may be in black, or in colour.

We find that there is still the same effort to introduce ermine that there has been on the part of our furriers for some years past; but although it is seen in carriages in the Park, and in town it is never seen on pedestrians,



MANTLE-JACKET AND COAT WITH BISHOP'S SLEEVES.



WINTER GOWN WITH FUR TRIMMING.

and one is glad to see that the native good taste of Englishwomen has deterred them from its use. In fact, to my mind, ermine could never be utilised otherwise than as a state or ceremonial fur, and any effort to make it anything else would be foolish. In London, especially, it looks out of place, in the surrounding atmosphere of fog and gloom.

One of the new jackets which I have seen made of this fur was very handsome indeed, and quite suitable for decidedly dressy occasions. The body of this garment was made of the ermine, and it had basques of about six inches in depth, with full epaulettes, and a very high stiffened and up-standing collar. The full sleeves were made of the richest violet velvet, and they had long cuffs *à la chinois* falling over the hands. The whole garment was lined through with violet satin to match the sleeves, and the effect was of the smartest, of course, while the price was quite equal to the effect.

The jacket-mantle, as it is best to call it, is a kind of revival of the Inverness cape. It is tight-fitting in front and behind; and the sleeves fall with a bell-like effect. The material of it is West of England box-cloth, and it is lined with shot silk. The braiding is in black, with mohair braid, and the buttons are also black. These box-cloth capes and mantles are in much request, and most well-dressed women seem to have one to wear over dressy jackets, to give the additional warmth required. The most generally liked colour is drab, a kind of coachman's coat colour, plainly stitched with silk round the edge.

These capes are also made in faced or ladies' cloth, beaver cloth, and covert-coating, and may be obtained in different colours, such as

grénôt, navy, prune, grey, drab, myrtle-green, and black. They are always lined with silk or with silkette, and for those who do not need very warm fur-lined winter coverings they are the most useful garments imaginable. The jacket in the same illustration is made of beaver-cloth, and it has a double-breasted front and bishop's sleeves, which are still worn and liked for the winter, as giving much additional warmth.

A good deal of change has taken place in the fur ties for the neck, which were sufficiently ghastly in their appearance when their ornaments consisted of the whole head, four paws, and tail of the poor little furry creature that composed them. This year the head of the animal has been quite discarded from all the new ties, and the place has been taken by a perfect forest of tails, a single skirt tie of either sable or mink has never less than two, and on some of the more expensive ones of sable, the number of skins may run up to twenty, at least. An instance of the use of many tails is to be seen in the tie worn by this figure in the jacket. Of course they are in consequence more of a protection to the chest, but the wonderful number of tails does not seem either artistic or beautiful in effect. Some long-feather boas, and neck capes with long ends, are to be seen; but the generality of girls and young women wear ties both short and very full.

There is not much to be said about fur muffs. They are all very much alike, but the large muff is more seen than it was last year, and the great prevalence of the gold or gilt and enamelled muff-chain is quite remarkable. Now that they can be purchased as low as half-a-crown, they are within the reach of all. Very large chinchilla muffs are being seen in the shops, but, though quaint and pretty, they will be only a passing fashion, as this fur is one of the exceedingly delicate ones, and is not very popular on that account.

Our next illustration is composed of two out-of-door garments—a jacket of electric seal, with a front and collar of mink. Some of these tight-fitting jackets look very well on a slight figure, but of all kinds of jackets they require the most skilful cutting, and fur is the most difficult of all material to manipulate. The braiding of the winter cape is performed in a very pretty arabesque design; braiding is more used, I notice, on the green and blue capes, probably because the black mohair braid looks so well on those colours. These capes can also be had in *grénôt*, navy, prune, grey, myrtle, and black, as well as on a grey so white as to be almost a cream colour.

The method in which fur is applied to dresses is well shown in our illustration, where there are wide *révers* edged with mink, which is continued down on each side of the front. The material is velvet and black face-cloth, and the sleeves are of the new design, with two long puffs on the tops of the shoulders. Some very pretty gowns are shown in coloured cloths. One which I saw was made by a celebrated London tailor, and was of heliotrope cloth, braided in a square design, with cord in two shades of the same colour. This was edged round the bottom of the skirt with bands of mink, the cuffs had also bands of the same, and there was a mink waistcoat to the bodice. The top of this skirt was braided down for about a foot, and the edge was treated in the same way.

Cloth gowns for skating are nearly all fur-edged, and have smart little capes of the same cloth, edged with fur, and made with high collars, to supply some additional warmth. One of these costumes was made of red cloth, braided in black, and edged with astrachan. It had a tight-fitting jacket, which was partly double-breasted, a smart collar, and the braid on the skirt was laid on in arabesques, both at the top and the lower edge.

The popularity of the blouse, and of the coat and skirt remains unabated. Of course, something must be worn under those of silk, to make them warm enough, and this is usually accomplished by wearing a fine, long-sleeved jersey under it; which can be purchased both in silk and wool, the former being of thicker and stouter quality than such jerseys are usually made. Some beautifully thick jerseys can also be got with a fluffy back and a smoothly-woven front. These are generally of silk, not wool, and they are not by any means cheap. I notice that the golf jersey is still with us, and for young girls' wear is very useful and warm.

The ostrich feather appears to reign supreme in all our ideas of millinery at present, and there is a unanimity of taste exhibited in the adoption of the three nodding plumes, known as the Prince of Wales's feather, which proves that we are very loyal indeed! The ostrich feather certainly makes any hat look well, and it is far more suitable for winter decoration than anything else, excepting velvet. Ribbon and flowers are really only fit for summer wear, though the *ruches* of ribbon which are sold in the shops for hat decoration, are not at all unseasonable-looking because they are generally edged with velvet. Bonnets are usually very flat in front, and the newest are like a small cap that fits the top of the head. These are trimmed with a flat band at the back over the hair, and have rosettes or some form of decoration which stands up on either side of the front. This form of bonnet requires the hair to be worn high in front; and indeed, many girls seem to wear it raised over a cushion, so as to get the requisite height. The back hair is gradually creeping up higher, and no doubt it will, eventually, reach the top of the head.

The effort of the present day seems to be more than ever after picturesque dress, especially where evening dress is concerned. Here the ideas of beauty in costume seem to be derived from Venice, and the front of the costume is decorated in the sixteenth century style. Chains of pearl are worn, which are long enough to be wound round the neck at least twice; and, no doubt, many of my readers have noticed the photograph of the Princess of Wales, in which she wears a long pearl chain of this kind. Happy are the girls at present, whose families have cherished the long gold chains that were in vogue sixty years ago, before the short alberts were in fashion, for they will have the advantage of far more beauty than that of which the modern chains can boast, and far more value also; for the ancient chains are much heavier, generally speaking, than the modern. These are worn twice round the neck, and the



A FUR JACKET AND BRAIDED WINTER CAPE.

watch may, or may not, be attached to them. If so, this latter is put into the waist-band, a most unsafe position in which to place it.

The best and wisest, as well as the most fashionable costumes for the bicycle are coats and skirts made of Irish frieze. They are thick, and of such good wear that wind and wet seem to have no effect on them at all. Many people have them faced with either leather, or American cloth. Harris tweeds are also seen, and most of the good West-End houses make a feature now of cycle suits; which are moderate in price and excellent in cut and style. Of course, gaiters should be of the same hue as the skirt; and if the tint be brown, they should be of brown cloth; and I am glad to say that the recent fancy for white foot-gear for this purpose has quite passed away. There was no doubt that they were most unbecoming, and the appearance of the wearer's feet was at once, odd and ugly, as she advanced towards one on her machine.

FROM THE MINE TO THE MINT.

By EMMA BREWER.

PART III.

IN the two former chapters we watched the progress of the gold from the mine to the mint, and looked on with interest as it underwent the various trials and tests necessary for its future career. We saw it melted, cast, weighed, rolled, made into bright shining ribands, and, lastly, into coins stamped with the image and superscription of our beloved Queen; nor was this all, we witnessed regiment after regiment of sovereigns marched off to the judgment hall, there to stand the most severe examination as to weight and soundness, and where nothing short of absolute perfection was allowed to pass muster.

It was wonderful to note how very few failed to come up to the fixed high standard, but we felt sorry that even these few should have to go through all their trials again before they could present themselves for final examination.

Occasionally it happens that notwithstanding all the care taken, a blank sovereign finds its way from the Mint to the Bank in between stamped ones, but, as a rule, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street discovers it at once, and sends it back to the Mint to be exchanged for one that is perfect.

Before starting these attractive sovereigns on their career, it may be well to ask what is done with the waste pieces and atoms which drop and fly about during the various processes involved in their coinage.

The term for waste in the Royal Mint is *scissel*,* every particle of which is collected, tied up in bundles, and melted down again. To such an extent is the care for scissel carried, that the very crucibles and moulds, after having been used about twenty times, are ground up and submitted to fire, in order to obtain any particles of gold which may have worked their way into them; and even when this is done, the Mint sells the refuse for half-a-crown a hundredweight to a firm of refiners, who evidently find more than enough of precious metal in it to repay them for the trouble and expense of purchase and refining.

While writing this, a circumstance has come to my knowledge showing the value of scissel, viz., two companies of watch-case makers having amalgamated, built a new factory. The old ones are now being pulled down, and trusted workmen are busily engaged scraping the floors and digging the dirt out of the cracks. The scrapings and dirt already in the smelter's hands have produced gold to the amount of £1500, and it is believed that when the workmen have completed their task, the companies will be the possessors of £3000, solely from scissel.

* Derived from the same word as scissors, and signifies cuttings or chippings of metal.

As we have seen, the sovereigns are sent out into the world as perfect in beauty and weight as human ingenuity can make them, and yet we know that in the wear and tear of life they cannot preserve either one or the other.

Of the way in which money burns a hole in our pockets there is no need to speak, but there is a sort of vanishing going on constantly, of which we are not aware, and which can only be detected by accumulative results. Whenever one coin rubs against another a small portion of metal leaves each, although we cannot find the minute particles in our pockets; in fact a deterioration of coin is always taking place, and in this way a sovereign becomes light in about nineteen years, and a half sovereign in nine. This is not readily detected, because as a gold coin gets old it is often very dirty, and the dirt helps to make it heavy; this fault, however, is remedied when it is returned to the Mint.

A pound is a pound, a shilling a shilling, as long as it will pass for a pound's worth or shilling's worth, nor does it matter to us whether the coin when we part with it weighs a few grains less or more than when we obtained it, unless we happen to take it to the Bank of England, where we shall only get the exact worth of it in exchange, for the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street finds it expedient to weigh all the gold taken over the counter, and never fails to deduct for the sin of light gold, and when we are the sufferers we become painfully aware of the havoc caused by the rubbing-process.

Naturally we, who are aware of this peculiarity of the Old Lady, never think of troubling her when we want change for a sovereign.

The wear and tear experienced by our gold coins during their career, will be better understood if I mention that in the year ending April, 1896, the loss incurred by light coinage was about £31,000.

Should the sovereign or half sovereign lose in weight more than three grains during its active life, it must have become light by unfair means, and not simply by ordinary wear and tear.

It is considered a point of honour to maintain our coin as far as possible at its full weight, and, in order to do this, the Mint spends on an average annually about £47,000. This is a large sum, and you will see later on how the Mint is able to spend so much.

Of the entire gold coinage in circulation in the country it is estimated that nearly half the sovereigns and seven-tenths of the half-sovereigns are light according to the Mint standard, and it is in rectifying this defect that the Mint spends a large sum every year. Last year 1,560,000 sovereigns and 840,000 half-sovereigns were withdrawn from circulation because they were light.

An amusing conversation took place in the bank parlour on August 11th between Li Hung Chang and some of the directors upon the subject of our gold standard.

"Where do you get your bars of gold?"

"The gold comes from all parts of the world, and we buy it when offered to us; and when the bank wants sovereigns we send the ingots to the Mint to be turned into coins."

"Will the price of gold come down?"

"It cannot come down in this country. Everything must adjust itself to the price of gold."

In further conversation it was explained to the ambassador that Parliament fixed what the standard of the sovereign should be in 1819, and that the standard of the fineness of gold had remained unchanged ever since, and that no power could alter it except Parliament.

"Why does not the House of Commons alter it?" was his next question. To which the directors made answer—

"Even the House of Commons is not omnipotent."

Subsequently he was taken to the bullion vaults and permitted to handle the bars of refined gold which we remember visiting a few years ago by permission of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

The name sovereign was first applied to a gold coin issued in the reign of Henry VIII., sometimes called the double royal or rial, on which the king was represented in his royal robes. This remained in fashion till the reign of Charles II., when it was superseded by the guinea, so called because it was made of gold from the Guinea Coast in West Africa. Its value varied much at different times, and it was not until 1817 that it was finally displaced by a revival of the sovereign. It bore the head of George III. and a representation of St. George and the dragon, while the value was fixed at twenty shillings.

England does not seem to have had a gold-piece of money until 1257, when what is known as Henry III.'s penny was coined and passed current for twenty silver pennies. It was stamped with the name of the Mint, the moneyer—an officer of the Mint—and the device of the cross. The use of this last on coins is said to owe its origin to Constantine the Great. It appears frequently on Saxon coins, and in the Norman period it is asserted to have been so deeply impressed that the coins might be divided into halves and quarters.

Has it ever struck you as curious that our coins should all be round? They were not always so, and it was not until the reign of Edward I. that old writers speak of a coinage for the first time made round instead of square, and the circumstance gave rise to the following quaint old verses—

"Edward did smite round, penny, halfpenny, farthing,
The Crosse passes the bond of all throughout the ring.
The King's side was his name written;
The Crosse side what city it was incoyned and smitten.

To poor man, ne to priest, the penny frays nothing,
Men give God ay the least: they feast him with a farthing.
A thousand, two hundred fourscore years and mo,
On this money men wondred, when it first began to go."

These round coins, thought to have been issued first in A.D. 1279, are connected with a rather interesting story. An old prophecy of Merlin declared that, when the money of England became round, the Prince of Wales should be crowned in London. Llewellyn, the last Prince, was slain by Edward in 1282. His head was cut off and sent to London and placed in the Tower, where it was crowned with willows in mockery either of its late unhappy owner's pretensions or of the prophecy.

Hitherto we have spoken only of gold coins. Fortunately for us, the Royal Mint does not confine itself to the making of these or we should be greatly embarrassed in our buying and selling transactions. We should either be obliged to purchase on credit or take a great deal more of an article than we needed if a half-sovereign were the smallest coin issued.

It is of the greatest convenience to us that we should have a variety of money suited to our many requirements and smallest needs, and therefore it is that silver is coined into pieces of five shillings, four shillings, half-crowns, two shillings, one shilling, sixpence, and threepence; and for further convenience we have a bronze coinage consisting of the penny, halfpenny, and farthing.

As in the case of gold coin, the requirements of the Bank of England govern the action of the Mint in respect of silver money, but the Bank does not supply the silver for coinage as it did the gold. It merely sends word to the Mint that it requires at once shillings or half-crowns, or some other silver coin, and the Mint authorities buy the stuff in the market and convert it into coin as quickly as possible; not only so but the Mint defrays the cost of the carriage of silver coins from the Bank of England to the provinces, a cost formerly borne by the Bank customers.

As a mercantile concern, the Royal Mint is very prosperous; it has losses and gains like any other business house, the gains being largely derived from silver which it buys in the open market in large square blocks at a price much less than the public pay for it in a stamped form. It will perhaps be better understood if I explain that last year the Mint purchased 2,734,554 ounces of silver for £346,331 5s. 11d., that is at about 2s. 6$\frac{3}{8}$d. per ounce, and sold it as silver coin at a fixed price of 5s. 6d. per ounce, thereby making a profit on each ounce of 2s. 11$\frac{5}{8}$d., or, on the whole, something like £407,334.

The Government does not, however, force silver coins upon the public, it only issues what is required for small change. For example, when you require change for a £5 note, no one would think of giving it you all in silver, nor indeed any part of it unless you asked for it.

The coinage of silver has certainly increased of late years, a result probably of Government wages at dockyards and elsewhere being now paid in silver instead of in half-sovereigns as formerly.

In July last we visited the Mint on what is called a silver day, and will give you an idea of what we learned there.

The ingots of silver as they come from the bullion-dealers are very much larger than those of gold, though their value is less.

The ingots intended for conversion into coinage having been assayed, are weighed out to the master-melter and sent on to the melting-house or silver kitchen, where they are weighed again, for nothing is taken on trust at the Mint. It was here we saw them: the furnace fires being lighted, the first operation was to fill the large wrought-iron pots with the ingots and a certain amount of copper alloy, the proportion being 925 parts of silver and 75 parts of fine copper. It took about forty or fifty minutes to reduce the metal to a fluid state, and during this pause the foreman-melter and his assistants prepared the moulds for the reception of the fluid, each man having his separate post and duty, and all wore thick gloves and over them wet mittens.

The first set of moulds being advanced to the right spot, the crane and tongs were put into requisition. A pot was lifted by its ears from the furnace, and by means of the crane was swung round and made to approach its lip to the mouth of the mould which it filled with its sparkling, gurgling mixture. The men know by the sound when the mould is nearly full, and it is quite a rare thing for a particle of the precious metal to run over. As one pot became empty it drew back to make room for a full one, and so went on during the day. It was a most interesting process to witness: imagine if you can large iron pots full of boiling metal moving from place to place, fulfilling their duties as precisely and unexcitedly as though they were endowed with sense and thought. This silver kitchen can transform in one day three tons of ingots into coining bars.

The moulds we had seen filled were released as soon as solidification took place, the bars were then treated to a cold bath and weighed, after which, they were taken off to the strong-hold prison, where we heard they would be detained for the night.

The next process took place in the rolling-room, where the bars were drawn between steel cylinders of great power and perforated by punches exactly as we saw the gold treated.

The blanks were then baked in open pans to soften them after their compression in the rolling mills, and subsequently were passed through sulphuric acid baths from which they emerged in a frosted state, looking very much like peppermint drops. After drying, the blanks were passed on to the stamping-presses which, being no respecter of persons, treated them exactly in the same way as they did the gold pieces.

One could have no better illustration of "Tom Tidler's Ground" than the floors of the Royal Mint presented as we passed through; they were literally strewn with silver, and when one of the ladies who accompanied me said, "I am sure I could steal some of these coins if I wished without anyone being the wiser;" the gentleman who was our guide gave a quiet smile which meant a great deal, and said, "I do not think so—the whole place is full of eyes."

During the year 1895 the value of silver coinage was £1,196,168; of this sum £64,500 was issued in crowns and £224,450 in half-crowns.

The Mint's best customer was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, who bought £627,600 worth of silver coins, and the second best, the Colonies, who bought £372,750 worth.

Colonial money is made at the Mint, so are all the war medals. The die for the Waterloo medal took the artist twelve years to engrave.

By the Queen's desire a silver medal has been designed and struck at the Royal Mint in memory of the kindness shown by the inhabitants of Ushant in connection with the loss of the *Drummond Castle*.

It bears on the *obverse** a recent portrait of Her Majesty and on the *reverse*, "A token of gratitude from Queen Victoria. Ss. *Drummond Castle*, 16th June, 1896."

It may be interesting to know that a large portion of the money coined in the reign of James I. was of silver refined from the lead of Welsh mines; and the crown, half-crown, and shilling were distinguished by the Welsh plume placed over the Royal Arms on the *reverse*.

Mottoes on the coins seem to have commenced with Edward III., and during the early English period there was no attempt to imprint a likeness of the several monarchs on the coins.

* The *obverse* of a coin is that side on which the face or head is—the other being the *reverse*.

USEFUL HINTS.

KEEP a little note-book on your book-shelf, and enter the date and name of any person who borrows a book. Many books are lost and libraries spoiled by forgetfulness on the part of borrower and lender.

WHEN travelling in a railway-carriage it is dangerous to sit facing the engine with the window open. Pieces of metal from the permanent way have become embedded in the eyes of passengers and caused great pain and distress.

IT is not healthy to allow damp dead leaves from the trees to decay on the ground immediately under the windows of a house. They should be swept up and put on the flower-beds, where, if they are left, they will make excellent mould and protect young growing plants.

GLASS bottles should never be thrown out of railway-carriage windows. In some cases where it was done serious injuries have resulted to men working on the line.

THE legs of stockings cut off at the ankle, when the feet are worn out, make capital warm sleeve linings, tacked in at the top of the sleeve seam inside; or, new feet can be cut out and applied to worn-out stockings.

LADIES' kid boots and shoes should never have any blacking or polish put on them until it is absolutely necessary, as these all injure the kid more or less and wear them out sooner than they should. The mud only should be brushed off them after a walk, and, if wet, should be placed soles uppermost in a warm room or in the sun to dry, but not near a fire. When taken off, and while still warm, they should be filled with rags or soft paper to preserve the shape (of course, a boot-tree is best if you have one, and they are not expensive), and the top button fastened to keep the boot upright and the linings clean.

CATS with long fur should have it regularly brushed or else the long hairs get into their mouth and are swallowed when they are licking themselves, and this is very bad for them.

CLOTHS that have been used for cleaning oil-lamps should never be left about with any others, but kept in a metal-box (a biscuit-box would do) away from any risk of fire.

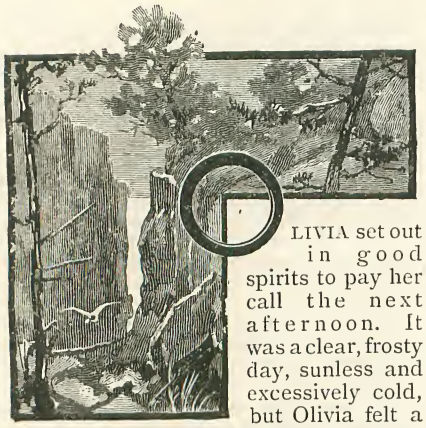
DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

GRETA.

"For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely on."—*Appolodamus.*



OLIVIA set out in good spirits to pay her call the next afternoon. It was a clear, frosty day, sunless and excessively cold, but Olivia felt a certain exhilaration in the ring of the horses' hoofs on the hard road, and the brisk exercise brought such a glow to her face, that more than one passer-by looked at her approvingly.

There are no cosmetiques so beneficial as good health, happiness, and an easy conscience. Olivia, who had never been handsome, looked so fresh and comely that many a languid beauty might have envied her.

Brunswick Place was considered rather a desirable spot; it was quiet and retired, and the houses were well-built and substantial looking. They were chiefly inhabited by solicitors in good practice, and retired army men who had private means of their own. The very air was redolent of respectability and prosperity. No one with a small income would have thought of settling down in Brunswick Place.

The man-servant who admitted Olivia ushered her into a large, handsomely furnished drawing-room with a conservatory opening out of it, and the next moment Miss Williams joined her.

To her great surprise Olivia recognised her at once. She was the tall girl in brown that she had so often noticed in church, who was always alone, and who looked so sad. Yes, it was the same tired-looking young face, she was certain of it.

"I am sure I have often seen you," she said as they shook hands, and Miss Williams smiled.

"I was just thinking the same of you. You attend St. Matthew's, do you not. I have seen you with Dr. Luttrell. Please sit down—no, not that chair. Come a little closer to the fire, it is so bitterly cold," and here she shivered a little.

"I do not mind the cold as much as some people," replied Olivia sturdily. "I am very strong and take plenty of exercise. Perhaps you have not been out; it is so difficult to keep warm indoors."

"No, I have not been out," returned Miss Williams, and then she looked at Olivia. "It is very kind of you to come and see me—Mrs. Luttrell."

She spoke slowly, almost deliberately, but her voice was pleasant. In her light tweed, she looked even taller than Olivia had thought her, and very thin.

In spite of her pale complexion and want of animation, Miss Williams had some claims to good looks. She had soft grey eyes, with remarkably long lashes, and the coils of fair hair set off a finely-shaped head.

"My husband thought that you seemed rather lonely," returned Olivia in her usual straightforward fashion. Then a faint colour rose to Miss Williams' face.

"Yes, it was so kind of him to propose it, and I was very grateful. I suppose he told you that I had no friends—no one I mean that I could ask to come in and sit with me a little. I know the next door people slightly. We call at intervals, and they have invited me to a party, but I have never got beyond that. It has been difficult for me to make friends. I am rather shy—and——" here she broke off rather awkwardly.

"I think I know what you mean," replied Olivia. "When one is in trouble, one wants real friends, not chance acquaintances, and if one has not made them——"

"Just so—that is precisely my case. Circumstances have been to blame, for I think I am sociable by nature. Dr. Luttrell was very quick; he understood at once, and he said it was not good for me to be so much alone. Oh, he was such a comfort to me. Even the first moment he did not seem like a stranger. I felt before half-an-hour was over that I could trust him implicitly. And when he suggested yesterday that you should come and cheer me up, I said yes at once."

"I was very glad to come," replied Olivia quickly. "Like yourself, I have no friends here, with the exception of another patient of my husband's, an old gentleman who lives opposite to us. So I hope you will let me be of some use to you. You know," after a moment's hesitation, "Dr. Luttrell is not one to talk about his patients, but he told me a little about your trouble."

"So I imagined, and of course it makes it easier for me." And here Miss Williams' lips trembled slightly. "You could not help me, or be any comfort without knowing a little. Oh, Mrs. Luttrell, is it not dreadful? My poor father, and such a good father too. He is just killing himself, I know that."

"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, since my mother died. Things were bad enough then, but they have been worse since. She used to be able to influence him and keep him straight, but he will not listen to me."

"Have you had this to bear long?" and Olivia looked at her pityingly. What a life for a young, sensitive girl!

"For some years. Ever since Dacre, my brother, died. It was a boating accident, and they brought him home quite dead. We thought it was the shock, but Dr. Bevan, who attended him, then told us that it was due also to hereditary disease. We dared not send for Dr. Bevan the other night, though he understood him so thoroughly, and was so kind. My father had quarrelled with him, but Dr. Luttrell saw him yesterday and they had a long talk."

"My husband always speaks so highly of Dr. Bevan."

"Yes, and I liked him so much. He was such a comfort to me when poor mother died, and I shall always be grateful to him, but I dared not run the risk of exciting my father. He is a little better to-day, Dr. Luttrell says so, but of course he is coming again to-night. We have a good nurse, so things are more hopeful, but I shall have to get rid of our man. He is no use. Dr. Luttrell says I must have someone older and more reliable, who can help in an emergency. Roberts is far too young to be any real good."

Olivia listened and assented. She was quick-witted enough to see that it would be better to let Miss Williams talk and unburden herself a little. The girl, in spite of a naturally shy temperament, seemed ready to open her heart to her. Perhaps Olivia's winning personality had already won her. Human nature is so strangely constituted—the laws of attraction and repulsion are so unaccountable.

Some natures seem magnetic, they attract and draw us almost without our own volition. With others we make no way, months and years of intercourse will not bind us more closely. We are not on the same plane.

Olivia's sympathetic manner, the pitying kindness in her eyes, appealed strongly to Greta Williams, the lonely girl—isolated by the worst curse that can affect humanity—grievous hereditary vice—the innocent scape-goat of another's sin. Alas, how many homes even in our favoured land are desolated as well as desecrated from this one cause. What piteous waste of sweet young life, crushed under unnatural burdens. The sin of England, we say—the shameful curse of diseased self-indulgence.

Greta Williams seemed patient by nature, though it was a relief to talk openly to another woman, she did not complain. In spite of her father's faults, he was evidently very dear to her.

"It is a disease—a madness," she said once, "but it would never do to have young people here; one could not be sure, and for his sake it is better not," and in these few words there lay a world of tragedy.

To love, and yet not to be sure, that the object of our love will not disgrace us. What misery to a refined and sensitive nature, to have to blush and grow pale from very shame and terror; to stretch out a helping hand to some dear one who has sunk too low to reach it. Ah, only One, the All-merciful, can rightly gauge the anguish of such a sorrow. No wonder Greta Williams looked worn and pale, and that her eyes had grown so sad.

"He is worse than he has ever been," she whispered presently. "Dr. Luttrell does not tell me, but I know he was alarmed for him that night. He has been so much better lately," she went on with a little sob in her throat. "I had felt almost comfortable; not quite comfortable, you know, because it never really lasted, but he liked me to read to him, and we played chess; but now" —her voice dropped into weariness—"I shall never feel quite easy again."

Olivia had long ago outstayed an ordinary conventional visit, but Marcus had sent her for a purpose; she was to try and cheer, and if possible, comfort this poor girl, so when Greta rang for tea, she simply stayed on, and towards the end of her visit she thought her young hostess looked a shade brighter.

"You will come and see me," she said when she rose to take leave; but Miss Williams hesitated.

"Will you forgive me if I do not return your call just now; I simply dare not leave the house; you understand, do you not, Mrs. Luttrell; but if you would be so very kind as to come again."

"Most certainly I will come again; did you think that I should not; but, dear Miss Williams, you must not shut yourself up too closely, or your health will suffer."

But Greta only smiled faintly at this.

"I shall tell Dr. Luttrell that you have done me good," she said pressing Olivia's hand; "how strange it seems —there is no cure for such a trouble as mine, and yet telling you about it has seemed to make it more bearable. Oh, please come again soon—very soon," and of course Olivia readily promised this.

It was rather a disappointment on her return to find Marcus had been in for tea and had gone out again. Robert Barton, who was reading by the fire, said that he would not be back for an hour or two.

"Have you had a pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Luttrell?" he asked, putting down his book, and trying to stifle a yawn; but though Olivia replied in the affirmative, she did not vouchsafe any information about her visit.

When Marcus returned two hours later, he found their guest had betaken himself to bed, and Olivia was able to give him a graphic account of her afternoon.

"I am very much interested in Miss Williams," she observed presently; "fancy her turning out to be the very tall girl in brown at St. Matthew's."

"Did your ears burn just now, Livy," observed Marcus, mischievously. "I am glad to find someone appreciates my wife properly; you seem to have got on like a house on fire; well, you will be doing good work there."

"She said you were rather alarmed about her father that first night."

"Did she, I never said so," he returned dryly; "in some cases it is best to reserve one's opinion; but of course, at Mr. Williams' age it is a grave matter;" then he drew his chair closer to the fire. "Life's an awful muddle, Livy, as that man said in *Hard Times;* fancy the loneliness of a young creature like that; why, she cannot be more than two or three-and-twenty, and her lawful protector drinking himself to death."

Olivia shuddered, her own young life had been anxious and hardworking; but compared with Greta Williams' it had been strewn with roses. Could any parents have been more honoured than hers had been. And then had she not always had Aunt Madge's wise counsel and sympathy to aid her, and lastly, had not the sunshine of a happy love glorified it. But Miss Williams apparently had none of these things.

"Not more than others I deserve, but God has given me more," she thought with a swelling heart as she made her thanksgiving that night.

In spite of outside weather, there was plenty of life and movement in the corner house at Galvaston Terrace. The next day Mr. Barton began his sketch of Dot, and he soon became so absorbed in it, that he seemed to forget his weakness and lassitude.

Olivia watched the progress of the picture with intense delight, and carried a favourable report of it on her next visit to Galvaston House.

"It is a striking likeness of my little girl," she said. "Even my husband, who is not easy to please in such matters, allows that. He owned yesterday that Mr. Barton is certainly a good artist, and understands his business. I like to watch him, he looks so happy when he is painting, as though he has forgotten all his troubles; he is staying with us a day or two longer on account of the picture, but he will certainly leave us on Thursday."

Mr. Gaythorne did not answer, he seemed to be considering something; at last he said rather abruptly—

"Yes, Dr. Luttrell has been telling me what a clever fellow he seems, and I think I shall get him to do a little job for me. That picture I bought at Stangrove's wants touching up; it has been injured, I knew that when I bought it; but it was so slight that it did not matter, and I meant to get it put to rights. If I send it over to-morrow or the next day, do you think Mr. Barton will undertake the job; it will only take him an hour or two."

"He will gladly do so, I am sure of that. Is it the picture that my husband admired so much?"

"Yes, the Prodigal Son; I bought it that day I sprained my ankle. Very well, Mrs. Luttrell, it shall be sent to your house."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

You Cannot See Your Eye Move.

It is an odd fact, and it can be easily tested, that you cannot move your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face; yet if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it, you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth part of an inch.

Of course, if you look at the reflection of the nose or any other part of your face, your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is, that the moment you endeavour to see the motion the eye is fixed.

This is one of the reasons why a person's expression, as seen by herself in a glass, is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

Failures are often Successes.—"We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes."—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

A Mother's Example.

A young man who was being examined preparatory to his joining the church, was asked:—

"Under whose preaching were you converted?"

"Under nobody's preaching," was his reply; "I was converted under my mother's practising."

Alphabets of Different Nations.—The alphabets of different nations vary in the number of letters they contain. The English alphabet contains 26 letters, French 23, Italian 20, Spanish 27, German 26, Sclavonian 27, Russian 41, Latin 22, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Arabic 28, Persian 32, Turkish 33, Sanscrit 50, Chinese 214.

"Music, Heavenly Maid."—"Music is one of the paths by which we escape from the unrest of time, and enter into the peace of eternity."—*T. T. Munger.*

Show Your Tickets!

A lady recently engaged a servant who had never been "out" before. A day or two after it happened to be her "at home" day, but through indisposition she was unable to see her friends, who accordingly left their cards.

This proceeding greatly astonished the servant girl, and, determined to get an explanation thereof, she electrified her mistress by asking:—

"Must all the ladies show their tickets, ma'am, before I lets 'em in?"

Improve the Time.—You can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labour, but you can add to the same minute thought and love.

Be Wise.

"The tissue of the life to be,
We weave with colours all our own;
And in the day of destiny
We reap as we have sown."—*Whittier.*

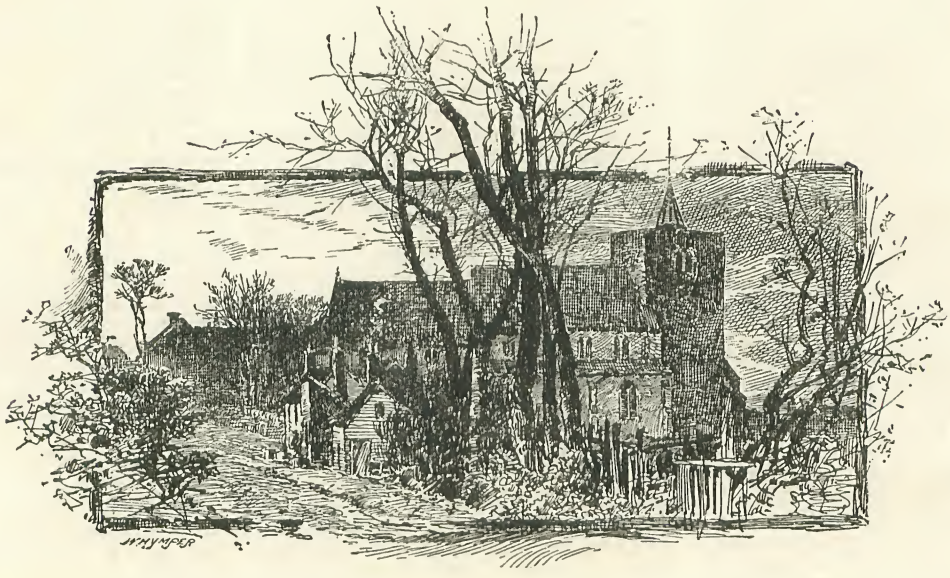
THE NEW YEAR.

By the LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

FAREWELL, Old Year, with all thy sins and sorrows;
Light on the path from thee the New Year borrows
To guide our steps amid the dim to-morrows.
Farewell to thee, Old Year.

Welcome, New Year, though veiléd are thy features
In clouds unpierceable by mortal creatures,
We know that in thy train come wondrous teachers—
Sadness and joy, New Year.

Thou bringest to us all both pain and pleasure,
And say'st, "Set not on earth your heart's best treasure,
But look for peace and glory without measure
At God's right hand—not here."



HE AND SHE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."



THEY lived in Number Eleven of a terrace of tiny houses so hopelessly alike that people were constantly bursting cheerfully into the midst of elegant manners and hot tea-cakes, and backing out with blushes and a muttered apology, "I beg your pardon; I thought I lived here." Her frocks were hardly considered to be fairly established in life till, like a long lane, they had a turning. His life was overshadowed by a guilty sense of growing dreadfully. It gave him a very vivid consciousness of his thorough born badness that he did it even in his sleep. Some people walked in sleep, but that was only an occasional performance, while he went on growing steadily throughout the night. Sometimes when his mother had shaken her head in peculiar depression at the long bare stretch of wrist which had come since yesterday, he would add a new clause to one of the petitions in his prayers; after "Make me a good boy," he would say, "and do not let me grow till I am grown up."

Poor papa always seemed to come home very gloomy. And when his corns were specially bad, and he sat with the paper over his knees and his double eyeglass dangling, and they knew that there was something about money, she felt a perfect monster of hard-heartedness for wanting another turn, and he, looking at his long bare lengths, was driven to reverse his prayer: "Make me a good boy," he would say, "and tall enough to enlist."

Yes, it was a pretty tight fit all round at Number Eleven. But his knickerbockers were the tightest.

When the relations called, as they graciously did now and then, they came as wonderful visitants from a world bright and unknown—they appeared as birds of paradise among jackdaws and smirchy town sparrows. Aunt Leonard came in a pony carriage, and shook her four curls and hoped they were good children, but her look was not sanguine. Aunt Vereker came in a brougham, and asked them to spell "harass" and "embarrass." Uncle David came in a carriage and pair, and set them sums in their head, "If thirty-three gentlemen gave seven-and-sixpence each——" He never gave anything. Then he would thrust his finger at her with frightful suddenness, and snap off like a pistol, "Fourteen times ninety-three," and hold her as upon the point of a bayonet, while she tried to look as if she were able to try to do it. It was not known if Uncle David could answer his own cruel conundrums, but he was hurt—really hurt—when the two children could not. Of course it was very grand to have Uncle David's steaming steeds making short drives up and down, but always returning to Number Eleven, while small boys stared and even cheered, and you looked as though you were wondering where the other equipages were. Still, setting splendour against sums, the two children would have been contented if that arithmetical bird had stayed in his paradise.

Uncle Sim came only twice a year, just walking in from Australia. He considered that youngsters were hungry. If he surprised Number Eleven at boiled rice or treacle roll it made no difference. "Now, you young birds are getting peckish," he would say, with great confidence, the moment the cloth was cleared. "Come along now, and we'll see if we can't pick up a worm." And with her on one arm and him on the other, he would walk off—if there was not a hansom to be caught—to the awfully—really awfully—fashionable confectioner's:—where soup was a shilling, where great ones of the earth ate ices, and where the royal marriage always got one of its cakes. Soup, bath buns (3d.), a plate of Italian confectionery—all cream and crunchiness, and delightful tastes that went before you had quite got hold of them—lemon cheese-cakes, lemonade, ices and wafers. That was somewhere about the programme with Uncle Sim. But there always followed to Number Eleven—where it hurt the splendid boy's feelings to deliver them—four boxes. His cake and his box of sweets; her cake and her box of sweets. And such cakes and such sweets! Then, if there was a circus or a conjuror in the town, to that royal hippodrome or to that home of mystery, Uncle Sim was quite sure to carry off his youngsters. By-the-way, he could himself perform one of the wizard's tricks—indeed the most interesting of all: Uncle Sim could smuggle half-crowns into people's hands or pockets. "There, now," he would say, "go along and get yourself a kite." Dear, good Uncle Sim, he never suspected for one moment how much in the clouds those kites were. Kites, indeed! Those half-crowns went in soles and heels and toe-caps, or, perhaps by way of a special treat, in a French grammar and a new slate and sponge.

Their allowance was a penny a week, with a halfpenny stopped for each "spill" on the tablecloth, and they had to buy their Christmas presents and cards out of that. He had once yielded to temptation by spending a halfpenny on himself—though he gave her half of the almond rock on which his fortitude had split. Still, it was considered to be a judgment upon his greediness that his elbows were so bony and caused so many dry weeks. He called them dry weeks when he had spilled his entire seven days' income. She had never spent anything upon herself, but once when she was very young, she had gone into a shop and asked if she might have a halfpenny bun. When it had been eaten and it was discovered that she had no money, it was in vain that she reminded the shop-keepers that she had said "Oh, please!"

"You are a wicked little girl," said the lady. "Go away."

"If I sold buns on them terms," said the man, "where do you suppose I should be?"

She cried and was rather sorry. Not very. It was such lovely candied peel.

Well, one day when he came home from school, she met him. "Uncle Sim's here," she said, "and mother is very happy and crying like anything. And I don't think Uncle Sim knew before that we were not well off, and he's going to do something, and he's given us half a sovereign each. No, you are not to go in."

"Well," he said, looking at his boots, "my toes are nearly through. Upon my word," he added, nodding his head seriously, "I don't like to tell mother, but I believe I shall have to have a new pair—some day. I know they pinch pretty well—these do."

"Oh," she cried, clapping her hands and jumping up and down, "You don't understand. Dear old goosey, you don't understand. It is to be our own—our very own—every penny of it—spills or no spills—to do whatever we like with."

"Get out," he said. "You're off your chump—that's what's the matter with you." Then, seeing that in spite of its being impossible it was true; well—you don't know how those boots hurt him, and it was two miles there and back, and he was growing so desperately fast—though honestly it was not his fault—and Mary had forgotten to call him and he had had to run off without his breakfast—and so—altogether—well he did. On the sleeve of his jacket: very quickly: but he certainly did. She saw it and turned away dancing and humming. She would not have been ashamed of pints, but boys are so queer, and she respected his funny feelings.

"I shall have fowls," he said, in a minute, "silver-speckled Hamburgs, and sell the eggs; and . . . . What shall you have?"

"Oh," she answered, "I haven't begun to think properly yet—it's too sudden—but I think a writing-case and a paint-box and, perhaps, a little jewellery."

Uncle Sim came out and they fell upon him with howls, and very nearly rent him.

That night while he was fast asleep and, in the blissful knowledge of the half-sovereign—which by the way took the form of four half-crowns—was growing prodigiously, there stole into his room a white-robed figure. Not a ghost—oh, nothing of that kind: ghosts turn up their noses at little brand-new terraces swarming with cats and children.

"Let us talk," she said.

"Talk," he answered petulantly, "how can I talk when I'm fast asleep?"

"I'm going to keep mine," she said, climbing on to the bed. "I'm going to keep it till Christmas."

"Four months," he said, sitting up, "nonsense! you couldn't do it."

"Well, I'm going to try anyhow. Don't you see, if you spend it, it's gone, and, as long as you've got it, there it is."

He seemed much impressed by that statement of the case, and when she added, "Only think! we should have four months to look into windows and know that we could buy the place up if we liked; and four months to make up our minds every day as often as we wished. Don't you see, it will be as good as having everything?" When she added that, he was convinced.

And so, day after day, he and she gloated before windows—not in the poor, old, idly-longing way, but in the solid fashion of those who, if they had a mind, could march in there and then and slam down ringing money and say, "That's the article—I'll trouble you to send it up;" and night after night—this was bad, very bad, I don't defend it—she slipped out of her bedroom, and they held a lovely council till the clock struck half-past nine.

Ah, what exquisite things they had! He mostly ran into live-stock, and among his selected treasures were fowls—of all breeds—pigeons, also of all breeds—owls, squirrels, hedgehogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, white mice, parrots, foxes, pigs—he would knock up a neat little stye under the kitchen window—dogs, assorted; cats, Persian and Angora; hares, like Cowper; a bear, like Byron; a raven, like Barnaby Rudge; goldfish, hawks, and a young and portable kangaroo. It was understood that he would teach that intelligent kangaroo to box, tell fortunes and play the drum.

She had far greater variety of choice. Books, jewellery—particularly a pearl necklace—gloves, handkerchiefs, lace, a small portmanteau, with her initials painted in rubrics on the side, a purse, a hand-bag, a writing-case, a paint-box, eau-de-Cologne, a toilet-table set, her own photograph, a photograph album, a birthday book, a tooth stopped with real gold—those were a few of her more abiding fancies.

So time went on, and it was Christmas-Eve. They took their money—four jingling half-crowns apiece—out of their boxes. It had been agreed between them, and the higher powers had sanctioned their agreement, that each should go on his or her sole and independent way. So, with flushed faces and bright eyes they said good-bye and went their diverse ways.

It was six o'clock when she returned. He was looking out for her, and opened the door before she had time to knock.

"Well," he said, staring at her empty hands, "where is it?"

"It's coming," she said, "it was ten and a half pounds at a shilling a pound, but they took the half pound off. You should feel the chest."

"Why," he said, "you haven't been and gone and bought a chest of drawers?"

"No, no," she answered, "I didn't seem to care about any of those things after all. So I got a turkey—for mother."

"Well," he cried out, and gave his leg an impatient slap, "you were a little noodle. If I'd have known you were going to leave yourself out like that, I'd have brought you something better than this. Here take hold; it was only sixpence."

"Oh," she cried, untwisting the paper, "what a darling! a brooch is just what I wanted. Dear boy!" and she kissed him. Then she inquired, "What else—fowls?"

"No," he said, "they won't lay now. It was no good keeping them to eat their heads off. I got a donkey."

"A donkey," she echoed in astonishment, "why, he'll eat all your allowance. Besides, do you think mother will have him in the back-kitchen?"

"Oh," he said, "he won't trouble mother. I only got half of him."

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "How could you? poor, poor donkey."

"Nonsense," he said, "they won't make less than a whole donkey. It was Mary's mother, you know. Hers died and she had to carry that great clothes-basket. I saw her with it, puffing like anything, just below the church. So I gave her a hand with it, and, she knew of a beauty for thirty shillings, and she having one pound and sixpence—well, it left me sixpence to the good. That was the way of it."

"But you," she said, fidgeting with the pin of the brooch and sniffing a little, "*you* didn't get anything."

"No, not this time," he answered; "but what matter? Am I not always getting things?"

That night she burst into his room.

"Oh," she said, "oh, oh!" and fell in a flump on the bed.

He was in his night-shirt, but not in bed. He was standing beside the chest of drawers, and she did not notice how white his face was.

"Oh," she said again. "I was crying, you know—a very little; nothing to matter—and I looked into the box where I kept them and—oh! oh! oh! they were there—the four half-crowns—only they had turned into sovereigns."

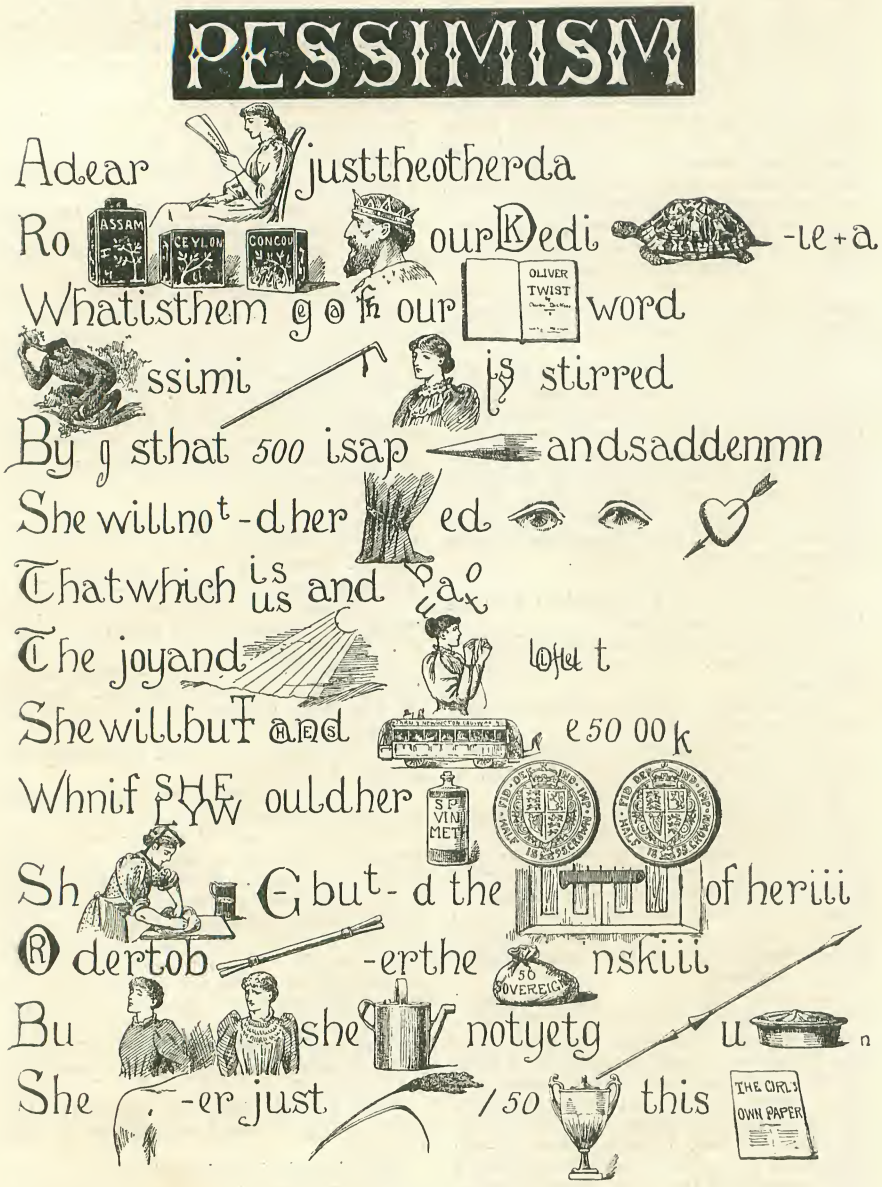
"I say," he muttered, "I couldn't have believed it—I don't believe it—only Santa Claus——"

"Yes, yes," she said, "and we used to think it was all pretence. Oh, I wish he had treated us both alike! But of course you shall have half."

"Have half?" he laughed. "No, thank you, my dear. Why, Santa Claus *has* treated us both alike." He lifted his hand, and there was a chink—a mellow golden chink.

"Hush," she said, "listen. Why that is Uncle Sim laughing below. *Won't* he be surprised when he hears about it?"

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be February 16, 1897; from Abroad, April 17, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

M. L. RUTTER.—There is no home for students at the Conservatoire itself in Leipzig, but the Council, on receiving a written request, is very willing to make terms with respectable families for the reception of pupils as inmates of the home circle. The terms for board and lodging in such cases vary from 600 to 1200 marks a year (£30 to £60). The total expenses of a pupil's residence in Leipzig, where due economy is practised, may be calculated from about 1350 to 1800 marks a year (£67 10s. to £90). Full particulars may be obtained by addressing a letter An das Directorium des König Conservatoriums der Musik zu Leipzig.

WHITE ROSE.—We are pleased to hear from you, and can recommend the following handbooks on Anatomy:—Sparkes' *Anatomy for Art Students*; Duval's *Artistic Anatomy* (a translation from the French). Another just published is *A Handbook of Anatomy for Art Students*, by A. Thomson (Clarendon Press). On Perspective you cannot do better than get the handbooks by Rawles or Dennis; and on Geometry, *Geometrical Drawing for Art Students*, by L. Hammond Morris (Longmans & Co.).

SCHOOLGIRL.—We think you might find what you require in *Home Plays for Ladies*, price 1s. for each part containing three or four plays. *The Coming Woman* is a good play for schoolgirls, excepting that there are two male characters, and we do not know if you intend to act it solely among yourselves. Any of them you can obtain from 89, Strand. We have heard favourably of *Dialogues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen*, arranged by Mrs. Dowson (J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, Great Eastern Street). But personally we should be inclined to prefer *Fairy Tale Plays and how to Act them*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell, author of "Chamber Comedies," and just published by Longmans & Co. The specimen we have seen is full of delicate humour, funny without being vulgar, and by no means childish or uninteresting.

VOTER (Oswestry).—Your best plan is to write at once to the Secretary of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, 10, Great College Street, Westminster, asking for some pamphlets that put the matter clearly. *The Subjection of Women*, by John Stuart Mill is the best book on the subject we know, but the pamphlets will probably be more useful to you in writing a paper.

BOURNEMOUTH.—"The Bishop and the Caterpillar," originally appeared in a holiday number of the "Boy's Own Paper," which you can doubtless obtain by writing to the publishing office, 56, Paternoster Row. It is also contained in Alfred Mills' "Platform Reciter," part i. "Going on an Errand," appears only to exist in word of mouth, and to be handed down like the Homeric poems! We have heard it, and print it with all its imperfections—

GOING ON AN ERRAND.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such fine fun;
I'll go there too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam;
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly up sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there——

A pound of three at one and tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again.
I haven't forgot—it's better not—
It shows I'm pretty quick, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.



GIRL'S OWN PAPER,] [LONDON.

TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heaven and earth within
Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere!



VOL. XVIII.—No. 888.] JANUARY 2, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRESH COMPLICATIONS.

"It is best to be cautious and avoid extremes."—*Plutarch.*

GRETA WILLIAMS' pathetic little speech, "Come soon, very soon, please," rather haunted Olivia, and she very speedily found an excuse for repeating her visit. This time she was welcomed so warmly and Miss Williams seemed so unfeignedly pleased to see her, that she felt she had done the right thing, and after that she went frequently to Brunswick Place.

Circumstances certainly favoured the rapid growth of their intimacy. Greta, who had caught a severe cold, was obliged to remain closely confined to the house, and Dr. Luttrell, who was sincerely sorry for the lonely girl, encouraged his wife to go as often as possible.

"She has not a soul belonging to her, at least in England," he said once, "though she has relations in New Zealand, uncles and aunts and cousins. There is a colony of Williams' in Christchurch. The worst of it is people seemed to have left off calling, her father made himself so disagreeable; it is hard lines for her, poor girl. I believe Mrs. Tolman looks her up occasionally." Then Olivia, at the mention



"'IT IS BEAUTIFUL—IT IS PERFECTLY CHARMING!'"

All rights reserved.]

of the vicar's wife, made a naughty little face.

"Miss Williams rather dreads her visits," she replied. "She calls her an east-windy sort of person, and I know what she means. Mrs. Tolman is an excellent woman, but she rubs one up the wrong way. I always feel bristly all over after one of her parochial visits, and I know Aunt Madge feels the same. When the vicar is with her he seems to tone her down somehow, but the very swing of her gown as she enters the room, and the way she sits down, as though she were taking possession of one's chair, irritates my nerves," but though Marcus laughed he did not contradict this.

The new friendship gave Olivia a great deal of pleasure. Since her school-days she had never enjoyed the society of anyone of her own age. The hardworking young governess had had scant leisure for cementing intimacies.

It had always been a wonder to her how Marcus had managed his courting, and she often told him so. She had met him at the house of one of her pupils, and being a wet day he had offered his umbrella, and walked back with her to her lodgings.

She had a vague idea that he had detained her for such a long time talking on the doorstep that her mother had come down, and invited him to wait until the rain was over, but Marcus always repudiated this, and declared that she had talked so fast that he found it impossible to get away; but after this he and her mother had seemed to play into each other's hands.

Perhaps under other circumstances Olivia would hardly have found Miss Williams so attractive and interesting, for though amiable and affectionate, she was by no means clever. Her accomplishments consisted in a tolerable knowledge of French and Italian picked up abroad, but she had no decided tastes. She read little, knew nothing of music, and her chief pleasure seemed the care of her flowers and her beautiful needlework, for some French nuns had taught her embroidery and lace-making. Olivia, who was intellectual and well read, and who thought deeply on most subjects, had soon reached the limits of Greta's knowledge, but happily there is culture of the heart as well as of the head.

Greta had plenty of sweet, womanly virtues. She was patient by nature and capable of much long-suffering and endurance. Her affections were warm and deep, but she had hitherto found no fitting scope for them. The sad grey eyes told their own story, her youthful bloom had been wasted amid sterile surroundings. Greta Williams had one of those strong womanly characters that are meant to be the prop of weaker natures, that are veritable towers of strength in hours of adversity. It was for this that Olivia grew to love her when she knew her better.

"She is so patient," she said once when she was discussing her with Mrs. Broderick. "She has so much staying power, and then she never quite loses her faith in anyone, however hopeless they seem. Even Marcus has said more than once that her pluck is wonderful, but of course it wears her out."

"You must bring her to see me, Livy," returned Aunt Madge. "We will have a little tea-party, and Deb shall distinguish herself," but Greta only smiled faintly when Olivia repeated this.

"Some day, perhaps," she said quietly, and then her eyes had suddenly filled with tears. "Oh, Mrs. Luttrell, we have had such a dreadful time. Nurse only left him a minute, and he managed to get to the brandy. It must have been Roberts' fault that the cellarette was unlocked, but ever since he has seemed quite mad, we were obliged to send for Dr. Luttrell." And then at the thought of the grim shadows brooding over that unhappy home, Olivia's little plans seemed out of place.

Mr. Gaythorne kept his promise, and before Robert Barton left them, the picture was sent to the corner house.

Mr. Barton, who had just finished his sketch of Dot and the kitten, had that moment invited Olivia to look at it.

"I may touch it up a bit more, but I suppose it will do now," he said in a tone of complacency.

"Do! it is beautiful—it is perfectly charming. Oh, if we were only rich enough to buy it for ourselves, but," looking at him severely, "you know what my husband said this morning, Mr. Barton, that he would not allow me to accept it as a gift. You are to take it round to that picture-dealer's in Harbut Street, and see if they will not give you a fair price for it, and then you must set about something bigger for the Royal Academy." And though Robert Barton shook his head in a melancholy dissenting fashion, he knew that Dr. Luttrell had been right.

"I should have liked you to have it," he said with a sigh, "but I suppose beggars ought not to be generous. If I only get on, I will paint Dot again," and then Martha had come in with the picture.

"There is no light now. I shall have to wait till to-morrow, but of course your old gentleman knows that."

Robert Barton always spoke of him as the old gentleman, but when Olivia had first mentioned his name, he had seemed a little startled, and had questioned her about him.

"He lives alone," he said presently; "it is rather an uncommon name. There were some Gaythornes in London—a firm of solicitors—perhaps it is one of those. They make plenty of money sometimes." And then the subject had dropped.

Olivia, who had promised to spend an hour or two with Mr. Gaythorne that evening, looked at the clock, and then folded up her work; but as she put it away, a sudden quick exclamation from Robert Barton made her look at him.

He was staring at the picture. "Why, it is my own work," he said with a flush of pleasure. "The picture I painted at Beyrout, and that I sold for a mere song. Of course the fellow cheated me, he was a mean sort of chap; but it is not so bad after all. And what's this—'Goddard.' Well, of all the cads! He has put his own name to it, but I swear I painted it. Abdul and his son Hassan were my models. Oh, I see by your face that you like it, Mrs. Luttrell. I don't think myself that I ever did anything better. Isn't it Carlyle that says 'Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains.' Well, I took lots of pains with that picture. I meant to get it into the Royal Academy, but ill-luck obliged me to sell it."

"You painted that picture of the Prodigal Son," exclaimed Olivia excitedly.

"Oh, yes, I painted it all right. It was a nasty trick of Goddard's putting his name to it. Look, that was Abdul's wife, the one with the distaff; the other two were two women I saw sitting under a palm-tree one evening. Well, your old gentleman has sent it to the right person to touch it up. It shall be done to-morrow before I go."

Olivia was so full of this wonderful piece of intelligence that she could hardly wait until Phœbe had closed the library door. "Oh, Mr. Gaythorne," she exclaimed, "what do you think! Your beautiful picture of the Prodigal Son is Mr. Barton's work. Goddard is only the name of the man who bought it. Yes," as Mr. Gaythorne looked very much astonished at this. "You will not call him the gentlemanly tramp any longer, now that he is a real artist."

"Look here, Mrs. Luttrell," he said abruptly, "I don't believe all this. You are being gulled. Goddard painted that picture, not Barton; I hate imposition. I daresay the fellow can paint in a pretty amateurish sort of way, and he will be able to do my job, but I am not going to swallow this without proof. Tell him to bring the picture back himself, and you can come too if you like. If he has been imposing on your credulity I shall very soon detect him." But Olivia was indignant at this.

"Of course he shall bring back the picture if you wish it," she said a little stiffly. "And I shall ask him to bring the sketch of Dot too, and then you will see for yourself how well he paints, but he is no impostor I am certain of that;" but as usual Mr. Gaythorne only held obstinately to his opinion.

"My dear young lady," he said irritably, "you have hardly enough experience to judge in a case like this. If Mr. Barton really painted that picture, which I deny, for Goddard painted it, he is a worse scamp than I thought him. What business had he to be starving on a doorstep or supping off dry bread and thin cocoa in a casual ward. My dear, we old fellows know the world better than that. Robert Barton is a black sheep, and not all your charity can wash him white."

Mr. Gaythorne was evidently in one of his obstinate moods, and Olivia thought it prudent to say no more on this subject. Robert Barton would be able to vindicate himself without difficulty. When Mr. Gaythorne saw the sketch of Dot and the kitten he would

be more lenient in his judgment of the young artist.

During the remainder of her visit she chatted to him cheerfully about a book he had lent her; but just before she took her leave she unfortunately broached the subject of her new friend. At the mention of her name Mr. Gaythorne started and changed colour.

"Greta Williams," he observed with a sharp, almost displeased intonation in his voice. "That is not a common name. And she lives in Brunswick Place?"

"Yes; they have been living there for some years, but before that they were in the country." But to her surprise Mr. Gaythorne interrupted her impatiently.

"Yes, yes, you said that before; go on with what you were telling me about her father. He is a dipsomaniac, you say." And then Olivia proceeded with her story.

"Is it not sad for the poor girl?" she observed when she had finished, but Mr. Gaythorne made no reply. He was sitting in a stooping attitude over the fire and seemed lost in thought.

His first remark took Olivia by surprise. "Have you ever mentioned my name to Miss Williams?" he asked, with one of his keen searching looks. "You are very frank, Mrs. Luttrell. I daresay you have dropped a word or two about me."

But Olivia shook her head.

"I am quite sure that I have not done so. I have only seen Miss Williams four or five times, and we have only talked about her own troubles and—oh yes, a little about Mr. Barton. No, I am certain that your name has never been mentioned."

"That is well," he returned slowly. "Perhaps you will be good enough for the future to leave me out of your conversations when you go to Brunswick Place.

"The fact is, Mrs. Luttrell," he went on slowly, "the Williamses were old neighbours of ours. And Greta and my Olive were dear friends, but they left the neighbourhood long before we did. I never liked Mr. Williams; he had a knack of quarrelling with all his friends, and we soon came to loggerheads. He made himself obnoxious in many ways, and I declared I would never enter his house again. I am sorry to hear we are such close neighbours."

"What a pity," observed Olivia regretfully. "And poor Miss Williams is so nice."

"Oh, I have no fault to find with her," he returned in a softer voice. "She was a good creature, and my Olive was very fond of her. At one time she was always in our house, and she and Alwyn—let me see, what was I saying?" interrupting himself with a frown of vexation. "No, there is no harm in the girl, and I shall always wish her well, for my little Olive's sake. But it would be painful for us both to meet." He stopped, sighed heavily, and then shading his eyes sat for some minutes without speaking.

Olivia rose at last. Her visit had not been a pleasant one; the subjects of conversation had been unlucky. She was vexed with herself, and yet it was no fault of hers. For once Mr. Gaythorne did not try to detain her, but there was no want of cordiality in his manner as he bid her good-bye.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said; "you had better come early, as the afternoons are so short," but before she had closed the door he seemed again lost in thought.

That evening Robert Barton was in high spirits and talked in a most sanguine manner of his future. He would set about a picture for the Royal Academy at once. He had his subject ready. A group in the casual ward that had greatly impressed him. He had sketched it roughly with an old, battered lead-pencil he had picked up. He discussed it with animation all tea-time.

"It is just the sort of thing to take the fancy of the public," he said. "I shall take pains with it and work it up, patches and all. It will be sure to sell." And Marcus applauded this resolution.

During the rest of the evening Robert Barton was excellent company. He told stories—pathetic stories and comical ones, until Olivia put down her work to listen. And Marcus' laugh had more than once brought Martha out of the kitchen.

But towards the end of the evening, when Olivia brought him a cup of hot cocoa, his gaiety suddenly vanished, and he looked at her a little sadly.

"To-morrow evening I shall be missing my kind nurse and hostess," he said gently, "and shall be wishing myself back in this cosy parlour," and then he added abruptly—"Look here, Mrs. Luttrell, I am not much of a hand at making pretty speeches, but if ever I can do a good turn for you and the doctor, I shall be proud and happy to do it."

"He is very grateful Marcus," observed Olivia as she lingered a moment by her husband's side. "There were tears in his eyes as he said that. Poor fellow, I cannot help liking him. There is something *débonnaire* and boyish about him, in spite of all he has been through, and certainly he has been very amusing this evening, but," with a little caressing touch, "how nice it will be when we are alone again," and Marcus smiled assent.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Lady Judge.

In the present day, when so much is said about woman's rights, it will delight many to know that, though the judicial bench is now monopolised by men, at least once in the history of England a woman has acted as judge.

This was in the reign of Henry VIII., and the woman to whom the unique honour fell was Lady Anne Berkeley, of Yale, in Gloucestershire.

She had appealed to the king to punish a party of rioters, who had broken into her park, killed the deer, and fired the hayricks; and his Majesty granted to her and others a special commission to try the offenders, armed with which she opened a commission, empannelled the jury, heard the charge, and on a verdict of guilty being returned, pronounced sentence.

What is War?—"What is war? I believe half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence, it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable."—*John Bright.*

Look Forward.

When beauty and pleasure
Are now in their prime,
And folly and fashion
Expect our whole time,
Oh, let not those phantoms
Our whole heart engage,
Let us live so in youth,
That we blush not in age.

Double Acrostic I.

A rising Ground on a fair river's bank
That forms an angle with a smaller stream;
A strong Hill-fortress on the eastern flank
And a Morass that guards the last extreme.
Well chosen for a camp this site would be,
When battles were decided hand to hand—
What is the Town, which on that spot we see?
Which is the River where that Town does stand?

1. A Village Church within a forest stands,
Its frescoed chancel claims admiring eyes;
Long since is found in these same forest-lands,
The spot whereon a murdered monarch lies.

2. In Africa's dark continent exists
A fearful Power we fail to comprehend;
Its fell possessor works what ill she lists,
Inflicting death or suffering without end.

3. An Emperor—whose actions were controlled
By his unruly soldiery of Rome—
Name his successor and the soldier bold
From Dacian provinces is summoned home.

4. A secondary Life we sometimes know,
Where things familiar undergo a change;
The mind unquiet doth its rest forego,
Presenting us with counterfeiting strange.

5. A Flame of Gold that floated in the air,
Guarded by knights with battle-axe and shield;
It bade rebellious enemies beware,
Because the King himself was in the field.

6. Oh, Lovely Flower! thy petals all a-flame
Like crowns of glory in the Spring-tide gleam!
'Tis said the first possessor of thy name
Died of his beauty in the limpid stream.

Ximena.



THE MODERN DIARY AND ITS VARIETIES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

Most people would probably say, if you asked them, that diaries have gone out of fashion, that is to say, as they explain, the old-fashioned sentimental diary in which were chronicled the heart-yearnings and the soul-throbs and the dangerous confidences that were once consigned to its pages in the vain idea that it was the safest of refuges, yet experience shows that "*Le papier est le plus perfide confident du monde*," as La Rochefoucauld says, and too many people have found this wise saw to be true to their cost.

But the modern diary is something of the nature of that kept by Mr. Pepys of immortal memory in its chronicle of facts, both small and great, that appertain to daily life, leaving out the comments on them which, however, add so much to the amusement of readers of the famous diary.

The modern diarist is strong on facts, and has also a great weakness for tying them up in assorted packages; and so we find that our manufacturers deal more and more with special features which are devoted to certain persons and things.

For special classes, we find the clerical, legal, and medical professions supplied, and the demands of the last few years have brought out a nurse's and a cyclist's diary. Besides these, there are engagement and blotting-book diaries, and those on pads, tablets and hanging folios. "Scribbling diaries" are produced in every shape and form, and the smaller sizes of "Letts' diaries" (No. 6 for instance) are used by thousands of women on account of their portable size. I know one lady who can show twenty years of these small records at a moment's notice and who boasts that she has saved her family some fairly large sums of money by unexpectedly springing one small, but tale-telling volume during various lawsuits which, for lack of this clear evidence, might have gone against them. I asked her what happened when she produced her diary on one special occasion, and she said, "Nothing much." The judge asked to look at it, and then asked her if she were in the habit of keeping a diary; whereupon she said: "Yes, for many years." Then he handed it on to the plaintiff's counsel, and remarked he "thought there was no more to be said." The entry in question was merely: "Went to town with Mary. Called, on the way down, at the Collins'. Had lunch with Sarah." During this visit to the Collins' the sum of money had been paid which was disputed. All of this money had been paid "on account" at various times, and of this no record had been made, though every one in the family well remembered the occasion although they had forgotten the date of the occurrence.

One of the new diaries of this year was called the "Write-as-you-like diary." The writer of a daily diary has not to compress his ideas into one page but may write as many as he likes; the daily dates being on gummed and perforated slips to be put in where the daily entry finishes. The really useful kind of diary has always been the one that takes account of all small matters, *i.e.*, when Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith called or were called upon, who was seen or was at home, when the red-currant jelly was made, how much produced and who did it, when the new curtains were put up, or the flower-seeds sown, or when the family went to the seaside and returned. Unfortunately, few family parties number amongst them a useful daughter who keeps a diary like this, so the suggestion of a family diary is an excellent one. This useful variety of the kind is the invention of a certain family and one much occupied, and it is an ordinary large-sized blank book; but a large "scribbling diary" would answer as well if it had space enough, and from it depends a lead pencil. The book hangs inside a closet-door in the dining-room in company with the railway time-tables, the gas card and the Post-office Guide, and all the members of the family own it in common.

In it are recorded the coming and going of friends, sending and receiving of letters, invitations and calls, dates of planting the garden and who did it, weather items, new household furnishings of every kind, the cleaning of various places and things, the departure of servants and the arrival of new ones, and the various family flights, be they long or short ones. All these are filed for reference, and at night *paterfamilias* himself is found putting the final touch to the family record and adding any special item which he thinks worth preserving. Great is the laughter at times over these family archives, and much treasured will they be as the years go on, and some of the pages become blotted with tears, and the hands that once wrote in them are folded to a peaceful rest.

One of the peculiarly interesting diaries is the "Ten-year diary," and very few people have heard of it; but, to my mind, it is one of the most practical of suggestions. It can be made of any blank book which contains as many pages as there are days in the year, *i.e.*, 365. Each page is ruled into ten sections by horizontal lines across the page. You begin, for example, with New Year's Day on the top section of page one, and proceeding to the top section of page two the next day, and so on throughout the year. The following year the entry under each date goes just under that of the year before. The interest of this special kind of diary consists in the fact that you can see at a glance exactly what you were doing and where you were staying each previous year. In the case of unusual weather, family festivals or any remarkable happenings, it is particularly useful and helpful.

One special form of diary I always hope is my own invention, and as I never heard of anyone having one exactly the same, perhaps it may be so. This is the kitchen diary, which, both I myself and my servants find of immense use to us every day or our lives. Each year I purchase a shilling Smith's Diary, which is kept in a drawer in the kitchen; and into it everything purchased is entered each day that has to do with the kitchen. I ought to explain here, perhaps, that I pay cash for everything, and have no bills, save for the milk, and bread, and for washing. This record I find any servant I have had quite qualified to keep. I generally look into it myself each day, and once a week I add it up, and by this means I know exactly how long everything lasts, and how far money will go. It is suggestive, also, for we have only to refer to it for information on the sizes of joints, the purchases made of vegetables, and the amount of butter or groceries used.

You will have to fight against careless entries,—such as meat 4s. 6d. vegetables 8d. etc., all these must be put down *in extenso*; as four pounds of sirloin of beef at 1s. per pound, 4s; or seven pounds of leg of mutton at 9d. per pound 5s. 3d; and vegetables should each be put down under their own names, how much purchased, and how much a pound. Of course you must have a servant who can go out and market for you, in French fashion; and you will not find it difficult to do this if you arrange your work, and are orderly and methodical yourself in all your ways. I have been surprised at the keen interest taken by quite young servants in the purchase of things, and learning when and how to buy; and I have been equally astonished at the hopeless incapacity of

others, who had no idea of shopping beyond taking anything and everything that was offered to them, quite regardless as to its goodness or freshness, or whether it were the exact thing wanted. There is only one way of curing this, and that is to send them back to make an exchange, which, if you always deal with the same butcher, is not difficult. You get so tired of the constant, "Well, I'm sure, ma'am, he said it was very good, and so I thought it was all right."

It seems of no use to point out that the joint, however excellent, is not what you wanted; nor that it is not what she was ordered to bring home. In a small household, with care and foresight, the visits to the butcher should be limited to twice or three times a week, and vegetables may be purchased twice a week. In this way the kitchen diary is a great assistance, for your memory will not retain the quantities of everything purchased.

Probably many housekeepers will have reached the same conclusion as myself, that a very little waste will destroy the most economical efforts and desires. The payment of the charwoman, coal and coke, wood, brushes; in fact, all the kitchen items should find a place in the kitchen diary, under each day's heading; and at the end of the week, each day should be added, as well as each week. You will soon know, to a sixpence, the exact amount of your expenditure, which is what very few people can say with accuracy.

I need not observe that the servants' wages book, with dates of arrival and departure, and length and date of holidays, should be quite a separate affair. In this should be entered the kind of character you have given, or are prepared to give; and the reasons for leaving or dismissal. But nothing should be set down in anger, nor should this book be left open to the scrutiny of the curious.

The "Baby's Record" is not a novelty, but is an excellent idea too seldom carried out—at least in England. I find that in America it is very common, however, as well as the "Book of the Family," which is another form of family diary containing dates of marriages, births and deaths, names of great-grandparents and grandparents, or as far as can be traced, and all possible information on the subject of inter-marriages. How often we hear people say, "Poor dear mother, or grandmother, she knew all the family history and all the relations. I only wish I had taken an interest in them all while she was alive to tell me, for I really know nothing about these matters!"

To return to the "Baby's Record," which sometimes takes the form of a continued diary of the life's events, and is handed over to its subject when he or she has attained years of discretion. The early days of the baby, its measurements and weights, the age when it first took notice, and when it first spoke, and some of its first sayings and doings. These should all be recorded, and photographs, taken at different periods of its life, should all be added to illustrate the records as well as photos of grandparents, if alive, and father and mother, god-parents and name-givers, or any one closely connected (like a nurse) with the first days of baby's entrance into life.

Some of these record-books that I have seen are very beautiful and will form a perfect treasury in after-life. In one the place and house, servants, nurse, and even the animals, all have a place, nor is the church forgotten where the baptisms took place.

The dinner diary book, I daresay, will be a novel idea to most people; but, to a young housekeeper, or even to the older one, her dinner-book will prove a very tower of strength. I have generally made a note of dinners in my own promiscuous diary, and I can look back on great fun resulting from my habits in this respect. Some years ago, I was staying in the house of an old friend, where I generally spend Christmas; and, on a very dull and dreary winter's day, dark with fog and dripping with rain, I was busy in the library writing my diary, and found out that I had been staying in the same house on the same day three years before. The family, including the master of the house, were all assembled, so I suddenly inquired if they would like to know what they had all had for dinner on that day three years before, and, amid much laughter and family excitement, I proceeded to read out the dinner not only for the day but for the whole week. And on repeated demands, I also read the dinners for the last year I had been with them.

The mistress of the house remarked, after a pause, "That she believed that they had had better-arranged dinners three years ago than they had at present." And monsieur said, "He should begin a dinner-book forthwith, and he only wished he had kept one always. He thought it quite the most amusing idea he had heard for years."

Personally speaking, I find the study of other people's dinners most useful to me, and I am often surprised to see the waves of fashion that have rippled over the great ocean of dinners. I am sure if you take up an old cookery-book with a list of *menus*, you will feel much astonished at the huge amount that formed a dinner then, and I think you will wonder that any one ever undertook to give such dinners.

The *menus* of to-day are quite of a different order, and the one fear is that you should get enough to eat out of the whole, for I find many people use, or rather abuse, the present style as a means of economical entertaining. Still the meal is far more healthful and less heavy, and, so far as I can judge, we English eat after a very moderate fashion, perhaps afternoon tea has something to do with this, and I always think that a very heavy meal at any hour is a thing to be devoutly avoided.

I am not sure whether I find the use of the French language in our *menus* very instructive. And, in spite of the many lists of "French terms used in cookery" which exist in modern *menu* and housekeeping-books, wonderful mistakes are perpetrated. The French of the cookery-books seems a jargon of words with two meanings, with which I advise the uninitiated not to meddle. Yet a translated *menu* would form an item for the columns of *Punch*.

I often watch, as the various items of the large-dinner *menu* come on, to see how the difficulty of pronunciation has been surmounted; but, as a rule, people take what they are given, and do not inquire by what name the dish is known—which is the wisest plan after all. On board ship, where the *menu* is in French and the stewards are all English, and there are, generally, several dishes from which to choose, no words of mine can describe what the various items develop into as they are spoken in the ear of each passenger by the stewards in attendance.

In making my "dinner diary," I very frequently look up recipes of dishes that have appeared that were particularly nice, and add them to the dinner *menu*. Notes of decorations, methods of laying the table, and new ideas on garnishing or dishing-up should always form part of the dinner-diary, and careful memoranda made of new "savouries."

The "dress diary" includes, I find, not only much amusement and interest, but also a good deal of sadness in its pages. Looking back on "days that are no more" must always be a sorrowful matter; and a morsel of material sometimes recalls thoughts and events that have made more than a passing impression on our hearts; or else, by contrast, make the present doubly sad.

A portion of this book should be devoted to "plans for the future," which will be found very useful, as reminders of things likely to be needed; and from this you can easily make a helpful list of what you really want, when you have the chance of attending a sale. To my mind, we all of us lose much by not being more regular and methodical in our care of our clothes, and in the purchase of new supplies, getting exactly what we want, and avoiding superfluities. Then it is wonderful how much we can spare for others more needy, even from a scanty wardrobe. The most generous and thoughtful woman I ever knew, and the one who seemed able to do endless kindnesses for others, rarely exceeded an expenditure of £30 per annum on her own clothes. But I must also say, she had reduced it nearly to a science. Her dresses, if given away, were always good enough to be useful; and she even managed to have them dyed and re-made, if they required it, before being given away.

A list of clothes is placed under certain headings, *i.e.* dresses, out-door and in, underclothes, stockings, etc, boots and shoes. Mention should be made in a column at the side of the state of the winter and summer stockings, of nightgowns, whether needing repair, or to be replaced, or re-trimmed. Now that plain needlework has returned to fashion again, we shall all find the benefit of making our underclothes at home.

My last note on the subject of diaries is the most useful of all, and to the young reader more especially, and that is the "book diary" On the Continent you can purchase a small volume prepared for the purpose arranged in columns for lists of books, authors, dates, and comments on them. The book is easily prepared at home. The way of making the page is perhaps a personal matter; for some people would make more comments than others; and some have a column of principal characters, and locality of the story, the date, and general impression produced. The presence of such a diary, and the resolution to keep it up, will prevent our reading any worthless books, for we shall not care to enter them in it. I cannot tell, of course, the needs of each person, but in one that I have myself the subjects are entered under separate headings. Poetry, Biography, History, Art, etc., and there are pages for French, German, and Italian books.

People seem to have dreadfully bad memories for the books they read nowadays, and I think this must be put down to the amount read which they do not digest. There are so many works now published, and how few of us have the honesty to say, if asked, whether we have read a fashionable volume or not. The very effort to put down our impressions of a book, the names of the characters, and the date will fix it all on the memory with little or no trouble. Lastly, a long book, not a square one, seems to be the best shape for our "book diary," as we can then have plenty of room for our wide columns and we need not stint the full expression of our opinions and remarks. We shall also have the pleasure of thinking that, in the careful entries made, we are teaching ourselves to reflect and reason, and making an effort, however small, towards the real improvement of our minds.

There are several other forms of short diaries, such as the "visiting diary" of visits paid and received, books lent or borrowed, and the "visitor's book," which is kept in most country houses, in which each visitor enters their name, with date of arrival and departure. These are all diaries of a kind, and should all find a place in the model household.

PROFITABLE DUCK-KEEPING.

By T. WILSON-WILSON.



PART II.

Care of Breeding-Ducks.—In considering the care of stock ducks, the one pitfall to be avoided is that of over-feeding.

Early in November the ducks ought to be preparing for laying, if they have not already begun.

As we said in our last paper, there is no advantage, but rather a disadvantage in fattening up the ducks at this particularly critical period.

Therefore all the adult ducks, and the ducklings coming on from the early spring, should be helped forward by a regular supply of meat, and plenty of sharp grit, and oyster-shell.

Fresh green food should be supplied daily, such as cabbage and cauliflower leaves, and failing green food of this description, carrots and turnips well boiled should be mixed in the soft food.

The supply of food we needly hardly say should be regulated by the number of ducks, and we should like to add here, that it is no economy to overfeed one day, because there happen to be a more plentiful supply of house scraps than usual!

Ducks are excellent for the way in which they can eat up house scraps, and where there is a large family, there is always a good deal of scrap of every variety, and it is far better to rear a few ducklings, and turn the scrap into money than to give it all away to the first person that cares to call for it, or worse than that to throw it aside altogether. Where ducks are kept, every bit of scrap, cabbage, pudding, meat, etc., should be prized, as if it were bought food. A duck pan should be kept into which all waste must be put. When there is anything uncooked, such as potato peelings, the pan should be put on the kitchen fire to boil during the evening when the cooking for the day is over. Next morning the food will merely need warming up, and then mixing dry with meal.

Where the eggs are merely required for table purposes, there is no need to trouble about keeping a drake at all. Where, however it is intended to rear early ducklings, a drake should be allowed to every three or four ducks in the larger varieties, and to every six or eight in the smaller and more active breeds.

October is not too soon to sort out the birds, and decide on the breeding pens.

The best results are obtained in the large varieties, when each breeding pen can be kept separately, but this is often difficult to manage.

Two drakes and six ducks generally give satisfactory results, but there is not so good an average of fertile eggs if more than that number be allowed to run together.

There are exceptions to this rule, which we shall speak of when we discuss the varieties separately.

The question of the fertility of the eggs is a very important one. Over and over again we find in inquiring as to eggs for setting early in the season, that there has been no preparation whatever for ensuring, or at any rate assisting the fertility of the eggs.

When our market has shown quite a goodly number of duck eggs early in January, we have been urgently wanting duck eggs for setting, and would have been willing to give a good price for eggs out of which there was a fair prospect of ducklings. Yet the market women from the neighbouring farms have talked to me as if I were somewhat mad, giving as their reason that it was "ower sune" to think of setting eggs, and that they had not "bothered" with the ducks yet. And then the same people will grumble that farming does not pay!

Over and over again you would find if you visited an ordinary farmstead that there was only one drake to, say, ten ducks, and he perhaps an old bird that had been on the premises for years.

Such happy-go-lucky ways of proceeding mean that the breeding is thrown late in the season, as the eggs can only be set in April or even later; and the farmer is comfortably satisfied if he gets eight ducklings out of the setting. The chance is that quite late in the spring the eggs will be fertile without so much trouble, but then the stock is reared far too late for profitable purposes.

We would therefore strongly urge on our readers that they should definitely decide on their plans, not later than October, and properly mate up the birds in the manner we have described, so that when the eggs do come there will be a chance of their having ducklings in them.

It is most aggravating after all the trouble of bringing the ducks on to lay, and setting the eggs, to find that there is no result. Where the eggs are sold for setting purposes unfertility is even more tiresome. It is usual to guarantee a certain number of the eggs, and not only has the money to be returned for the clear eggs, but the customer is naturally very disappointed at the poor results, as even if he gets the money returned, he has wasted the time of the hen, which is very valuable early in the season, and what is more the weeks have gone by, never to return, and he is put back in the season.

If it be found on observation that the drake is not working, he should be changed after a fair trial.

Natural Duckling Rearing.—As a rule, ducks are not kept merely for their laying qualities. Certain breeds of ducks will pay well for themselves even if every egg be used for food; but the majority of duck keepers, look to the rearing of ducklings for the main profit.

I should say that there is positively nothing easier than to rear the ducklings when once they are hatched, as with a minimum of care and attention they go ahead from the day they are out of the shell. To hatch the eggs, a certain amount of skill is required, as the little creatures find some difficulty in getting out of the shell, especially those whose bills lie in a slanting direction in the egg. The bill seems to slip along under the shell without breaking it. Where a very large number of ducklings are reared, the easiest plan is to use incubators, but just now we will confine our attention to the ordinary method.

Ducklings are in the majority of cases hatched under hens. Ducks do not sit until too late in the season, and they are not as a rule good mothers. They hatch the ducklings out well enough, but they are too careless with the young ones afterwards, and will always endeavour to take them for a swim at the earliest opportunity.

Therefore as soon as the eggs are laid, a broody hen must be obtained. It is often a great puzzle to know where to go for a broody hen early in the season, and in the duck counties, round Aylesbury, large prices are given for really reliable ones.

Some people keep on this account a number of hens of the setting varieties, such as Brahmas, Cochins and Dorkings, and crosses from these breeds, so that they may always have a broody hen available. I should say however, that as with the proverbial horse and the water, if a hen won't, she won't, and all the nicest plans in the world are peacefully upset by her.

How often, early in the season, I have gone night after night into a hen house, hoping that I should find a hen on the nest.

During the day, perhaps one heavy-looking creature sits closely and my spirits have risen, and the ducklings have floated like dreams before my calculating brain, but the next time I come, she flies indignantly off the nest into my very face, and I know that hope has dwindled away to despair, if she can do such a wondrous feat.

However, a good deal may be done by an energetic person, taking advantage of the slackness of the neighbours, and booking the broody hens as they come on, and many are quite glad to be rid of them.

A broody hen may be told by the way in which she fluffs out her feathers while setting on the nest, and especially by a peculiar growling—a kind of audible scowl, so to speak, which she gives forth. Some hens do this when merely laying an egg, but the difference can very soon be told.

Never take a hen for setting purposes, unless she has kept to her nest for three days at least. After that the chances are that she will be ready to settle down permanently to her duties. When the eggs are ready, and the hen has been found, the next thing is to make the nest.

Carelessness in nest-making is accountable for many a bad hatch. There are many ways of managing, but the general principles to be laid hold of are somewhat as follows:—Make the nest in some secluded position, away from the other hens, and away from the chance of being disturbed, either by people, horses, cows or dogs; and put it in a rather damp position. Make it in such a manner that it will not come to pieces, and in such a shape that the eggs will neither roll out, nor roll on the top of each other. Of all methods, I think I

prefer that of setting the hens in nest or setting boxes.

These boxes may be made quite simply, fourteen inches square, and about the same in height. There should be no front and no bottom. A piece of wire netting should be nailed to the bottom of the nest box, and the front should be boarded up four inches at the bottom, and there should be a few removable upright bars, so that the hen may be shut in and let out as required. A handle should be fixed to the top, so that the nest box is easily carried about.

In preparing the nest, all that is required is to fill the bottom thickly with hay (hay being better than the usual straw), and beat it well down into the shape of a shallow nest, stuffing it well into the corner so that the eggs do not roll away.

This nest box should then be put in some damp position, either under a shed or shelter on the ground, or if very frosty, into some out-house where the ground can be damped occasionally.

It is generally a mistake, and in all cases a great anxiety, to set the hens in the ordinary hen house, as they are always more or less disturbed; but if such a thing has to be done, for want of space, a nest-box such as I have described will be found to be a great comfort. Nests can be made in corners on the ground apart from the others, and when this is the method adopted, the earth should be scooped away according to the shape of the nest, not too deeply as we have said before. Then the earth must be well beaten down, quite hard, and if obtainable, a piece of grass sod should be beaten into the nest, and completed with plenty of hay on the top.

When nests are made on the ground, it is well to have a few bricks to put round the nest to keep all firm. When nests are made in the corners of ordinary hen coops, during the spring months, we have found a few bricks a great help, especially as they are so easily removable when the hatch is accomplished. No nest is quite complete without having a good sprinkling of insect powder, as more bad hatches occur through want of attention to vermin in the setters than perhaps from any other cause.

The nest being ready, the next thing is to put therein a couple of china eggs, and then prepare the hen. She has been setting a few days, and is generally very nervous. If she be examined, it will probably be found that she is more or less troubled either with fleas or with hen lice. The latter lie close to the skin, especially on the back, and in the region of the tail. No hen should ever be set without being thoroughly examined. If she be allowed to set, the vermin increase during the period, and she will grow restless and spoil the eggs, or will bring out the chickens or ducklings covered with the tiny pests.

Cure is very simple. A large sheet of brown paper must be brought, and she should be laid down on it, and thoroughly drenched with insect powder under all her feathers, and especially under the wings, and under the tail. Never mind her struggles, she would thank you later on if she could. Do not let her shake off the powder immediately if you can help it, but carefully hold her wings to her side, and take her to the nest. Put her down quietly, and immediately turn the nest box to the wall, or cover the front over with a sack, so that she may be in darkness. If this be properly done, you will have killed anything that is upon her, and the loose powder will get shaken into the nest, where it will continue its good offices through the setting.

When the hen has been thoroughly settled for a day or two, it will be safe to put the duck eggs under her. In most cases never put more than nine eggs, but a very large hen will take eleven. The eggs should be put under her at night.

With regard to the feeding of a setting hen there is a difference of opinion amongst poultry-keepers. Some say that the hen should be provided with food, water and a dust bath and then left to her own devices. Others maintain that she should be lifted off every day, and seen safely on to the nest again. I should say that it largely depends on the hen as to which course to pursue.

Some hens will not let you touch them, and have regular habits of their own, and in that case, let them go their own way, always seeing that they have the above requisites, food always being understood to mean hard corn.

I have found however that as a rule it is best to take the hens off the nests every morning, and from the first get them into regular habits. Some hens will set away and never come off the nest at all. There are great objections to this, as the nest gets very dirty, and the hen looses strength, and consequently vital energy, without which no hatch can be thoroughly successful, and lastly, the eggs do not get the daily airing which is now found to be so essential. My plan is to go to the hen very quietly every morning, and putting my thumbs on her back, and feeling under her wings for eggs, hold them firmly to her side and lift her on to the ground. She may make some commotion when she gets there, and try to go back to the nest; but if she finds food, water, etc., ready for her, she will generally go for it, and every few days she will give herself a good dusting in the pile of ashes put for her.

Hens are great creatures of habit, and after a day or two they will often come off the nest themselves, as soon as they see the attendant, and will eat what they want, and in all probability the nest will be kept perfectly clean.

During the absence of the hen, the nest should be looked at, and if it is soiled in any way, the hay at that part should be renewed.

Sometimes a hen breaks an egg, and there is a general mess. This is most annoying, and very dangerous to the probable success of the hatch. All the eggs must be removed, and the nest must be refilled with fresh hay, and the eggs if dirty must be washed in water about as hot as what you can bear your hand in.

If the breast of the hen is dirty, it must be cleaned with warm water, as yolk of egg covering the eggs that are hatching is quite fatal to any good result.

We hope of course for fertile eggs, but as there is a chance that some of them are clear, it is well to examine them about the third day and then the clear ones may be removed, and it gives the others a better chance.

It is a convenient plan to set three hens at the same time, and then all the fertile eggs can be put under two hens, and the third hen can be given a new nest.

The fertility of duck eggs is very easy to tell. I can tell them after thirty-six hours, but it is just as well to leave them for three or four days.

When unfertile, or clear, the eggs look quite clear like new laid ones; but when fertile the germ can be distinctly seen, with fine veins stretching out from all around it. It looks the most like a large spider than anything else.

The eggs should be taken into a dark room, and looked at against a strong light through an egg tester. If you have no egg tester, a very simple one can be made by cutting an egg-shaped hole in a piece of card, then placing the eggs against the hole, so that the card hides the light from the eye, and only shines through the egg.

It is just as well to test the eggs again about the eighteenth day. If the duckling is going on all right, about three-quarters of the contents of the egg will be opaque. If thin and watery-looking, the germ has died in the early stages. If there is a dark mark running round the egg long ways, like a black thread, or there is a small black speck which seems glued to the side of the shell, then the egg is bad, i.e., what is called addled. A little experience is needed in testing the eggs during the later stages, and it is better to be on the safe side, and if there be any doubt, put the eggs under the hen again.

(*To be continued.*)

"CARAMEL AND CRÊMES."

TELLING OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUGAR-BOILING.

By the Author of "We Wives."

THERE is no doubt candy-making will always exercise a fascinating influence over young folk. The very idea of "pulling" barley sugar into ringlets with well-oiled fingers makes one's mouth water! But, if once we have started on the enticing path of confectionery, we shall never rest satisfied with such elementary work. Caramel sugar, with its "thready, bubbly, snappy, and smooth stages, is easy enough to manipulate." At least our club found it so. They loved to test the caramel with finger and thumb until the "little thread" had been boiled into its stronger form. Above all, they liked the sugar "snap" of a properly prepared syrup. I have told you how to prepare this sugar candy in a previous paper. To-day I would fain initiate my readers into the mysteries of fondant or French creams.

Can anything be more delicate than the soft creams one buy sat every first-class confectioner's? Fondants pink, fondants white, fondants with a chocolate cap, fondants with green frills. Yet the basis of this large number of sweets is practically the same. Those who can make it can exercise their ingenuity without limit.

Over a clear fire stir together (in an enamelled saucepan) one pound of best loaf sugar and a small cupful of cold water. When melted, mixed, and beginning to boil, leave severely alone for ten minutes. It will not burn. Now dip an ivory bodkin or skewer into the mixture and see what comes from its point. If a drop forms boil a minute or so longer. If a long, silky hair adheres, remove from the fire at once without shaking and leave until cool.

When a finger can be dipped into the mixture without being burnt, turn it into a bowl

and beat briskly with a spoon until you have a white thick cream on hand. Then knead the paste as if you were making bread dough. When worked enough—and mind no time is lost at this stage—it becomes a soft, smooth paste. It will not be rough at all or "grainy" unless the *crême* has been allowed to get too cold before being beaten, or if it has been shaken whilst still hot. If either of these misfortunes are met with, return the caramel to the saucepan and begin all over again. The sugar will not be spoilt unless burnt, however often it may be reboiled. Of course it lessens in quantity.

This soft paste is our "fondant," and will be the foundation for all our efforts in this line. We can flavour it with essence of coffee or melted chocolate, drop it on buttered paper, and we have fondants of that name and colour, or we can add raspberry syrup to make raspberry *crêmes*, or some spinach water and we have green fondant.

Even the very writing about this kind of confectionery recalls the joy of working up the smooth balls into sweetmeats of various hues. I can see the cherrywood walls of a prairie home shining in the glow of the stove; I can see the candy club busy at work with tucked-up sleeves and puckered brows; I can see the triumphant wave of wooden spoons and feel the old "crinkly" touch of palms and fingers, and, as memory calls up all this, I hear a murmur of many voices directing me to tell my readers about our "cream nuts." I hasten to obey.

For these "American walnuts" we need some specially prepared kernels. The shells are carefully cracked, and their contents divided in halves. Then into a cushion of fondant each walnut piece is softly pressed, the two parts brought together and left to dry.

"Sioux filberts" were only nuts of that name rolled in fondant. In order to have them perfectly round and smooth, fingers had occasionally to be dipped in water. But, as this expedient sometimes resulted in reducing the *sucré* to liquid, it was not often resorted to.

Perhaps the simplicity of fondant-making may be a revelation to many people. The possibilities of sugar-boiling can only be believed in after direct experiment. Our candy club grew so proficient in this branch of confectionery that we treated many things in this way. Almonds, brazil nuts, cranberries—ah! how good is cranberry caramel! —all made acquaintance with our soft sugar cushions. The initial stage was the only difficult one. After it what a vista of possibilities was opened up.

But, before going further, I must give an idea of quantities. Well, one pound of sugar and one cup of water will make enough fondants to cream two pounds of husked walnuts.

Of course our club was not content with "American nuts"; they also joyed in making "clear cobs" as they were called.

Ordinary candy-sugar was required for these. When the threads hung thick to the point of the fork or skewer, half a teacupful of vinegar was thrown in or the juice of a lemon, and the candy boiled quickly until it "snapped." Into it now we dipped our nut kernels by means of big darning needles! When coated evenly we laid them on a greased slab to dry. The nuts could be seen reposing coyly behind a clear veil of icing. Hence their name.

Cocoanut Caramel was another sweetmeat we were fond of indulging in. Also *Cocoanut Fondant*; for both of these receipts, the nut needs to be broken in pieces two or three days before use, as it is too oily to bear the heat of an oven, and all nuts used in this kind of confectionery must be as dry as possible. For the cocoanut caramel the "desiccated" preparation may be used successfully. To every pound of boiled candy or caramel allow four ounces of the grated white rind. Stir in well whilst the sugar is boiling, and do not leave for an instant until it is ready to take off the fire, as this nut is very apt to burn.

For cocoanut fondant the nut must be broken irregularly in pieces about half an inch square, rolled in the soft pasty cream, and allowed to dry on buttered tins.

Nougat was the last and crowning achievement of our candy club. You see we had no Buzzard or Noblett to supply us with any such delicacies. We were driven to make sweetmeats ourselves, or do without them!

Though Sir Walter Scott has said that "Nougat should be left to the confectioner," we—the members of the club aforesaid—did not fear to rush in where such an "angel" of a cook even feared to tread. And we succeeded—mostly, generally, nearly always! Sometimes we failed. We are but human—even in America. But we did not grumble over spilt milk, and the redskins are fond of sweet things! even if burnt.

Nougat we always made after the stove was "redded" up with cabbage stalks and slack. Pine knots formed too quick a fire for the delicate operation. On a slow range we put an enamelled saucepan filled with half a pound of superfine sifted sugar; it was put on dry, not a drop of water allowed, when it melted we threw in a similar quantity of blanched almonds and a handful of bitter ones. These had been thoroughly dried in the oven and chopped into rough dice. Very quickly we stirred altogether, and turned out the paste on to a dish previously well-buttered. We worked it a little, then rolled it flat—either with oiled palms or a greasy rolling pin. Sometimes we put a little spinach water into the confection. More frequently we left it curdy and white.

Cut into slips or squares, this nougat was put away in stoppered bottles. For it was our company candy, and too highly prized to be indulged in often.

With a bit of poetical advice I will close—

"Make your transparent sweetmeats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice,
And let your various creams enriched be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree."—*Dr. King.*



UTTERLY MISTAKEN.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

Meggy lay back among the sofa cushions, the delicate tints of her face showing out against the dark olive plush behind, one dainty shoe, with its sparkling buckle, just visible under the folds of a heliotrope silk dress. From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she was redolent of ease, gaiety, and good Society—society with a big S., and Lina, sitting in a high-backed chair close by, was looking at her with something that was near akin to envy in her heart.

"When I leave you I am going to the Warburtons," said Meggy to Nelly Montaigne. "Of course I shall have a rattling time at Cedar Court; I always do."

"Cedar Court is only two miles from Saintsborough; the Warburtons are neighbours of yours, Miss Burnett," said Nelly, trying to draw Lina into the conversation.

"Yes," replied Lina quietly. She did not want to talk.

"It is a nice house to go to; one always meets charming people there," continued Meggy, steadily keeping her pretty profile turned towards Lina, and ignoring her altogether.

The gentlemen had not left the dining-room; but when they appeared at last, Lina felt quite sure that she knew what one of them would do. Lord Encliffe would make straight for Meggy's sofa; and Meggy evidently expected him, for she straightened herself a little, and picked up the big white feather fan which lay beside her.

Lina seemed all at once to have grown tired of the high-backed chair. She slipped out of



"SHE SHOWED HER TOO A GARDEN UMBRELLA WHICH SHE HAD BOUGHT TO TAKE HOME WITH HER."

it quite dexterously, just as Lord Encliffe was crossing the room, and went to a solitary woman sitting near one of the open windows. The solitary woman was Mrs. Herne, who, as the vicar's wife, was often asked to Lady Montaigne's dinner-parties, and did not always enjoy herself if the truth must be told. But her husband's living was in the gift of Sir Harry Montaigne, and both husband and wife had been worn with the hard work of a London parish before they came to settle in Woodshire. They were grateful to Sir Harry for giving them rest and fresh air, and a better income than they had ever had in their lives; and yet they often looked back on the old toilsome days with regret.

Mrs. Herne was not pretty; she was a woman with a pale earnest face, dark eyes, and no style at all. She could never forget the misery she had seen, and the burdens that she had tried to lighten; and those who are always thinking of miseries and burdens are sure to be bores in a drawing-room. Meggy Jerrold frankly avoided her. But when Lina Burnett came to stay with the Montaignes, Mrs. Herne thought she should meet a kindred soul, and she was not disappointed. Lina's father, too, had worked among the London poor for years; all his first energies and earliest days had been spent in the cause of humanity; and it was only lately that he had been made Dean of Saintsborough.

Mrs. Herne could always get on perfectly with poor people, but she was not a success in society. Lina, however, found her very interesting. And now that Lord Encliffe was evidently making his way to Meggy's corner, the Dean's daughter stole away to take refuge with Mrs. Herne. She was in sympathy with this neglected woman, she thought; no one here cared for them or understood them; it was quite natural that they should find mutual solace in each other.

But, oddly enough, the vicar's wife did not look entirely satisfied when Lina came to her side.

"It is very good of you to come and talk to me," she said. "But don't you think you are wanted over there in the sofa-corner?"

"Wanted there? Oh no!" Lina answered, opening her eyes in astonishment. They were wonderful eyes, deep-blue, fringed with jet-black lashes. "How very pretty Miss Jerrold is!" she added rather abruptly.

Mrs. Herne glanced at her, thinking that she was as much Meggy's superior in beauty as in everything else.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Jerrold is very pretty; but it is a prettiness that won't wear well. Just now she is at her very best, all bloom, and daintiness, and dimples."

"People like her enormously," said Lina.

"I daresay they do—some people; especially those who want amusement. But no one cares to be perpetually amused, I fancy."

"Don't they?" Lina said absently.

She was looking across the room towards the sofa-corner, and Mrs. Herne followed the direction of her glance. Lord Encliffe had not availed himself of Lina's discarded chair, he had found another seat a little farther from the sofa. But Meggy, sitting erect, and making play with her fan, was quite near enough to give him the full benefit of her dimples and bright hazel eyes. Her little head, enchantingly curly, was golden-bronze; her complexion was as delicate as a wild-rose; it was no wonder that men found her a very dazzling and disturbing creature.

Lina had heard it said that Meggy always got anything she had set her mind upon. But Meggy, herself, was perhaps aware that she had sometimes failed in her little plans, although such failures had generally been artistically concealed. She had a clever way of appearing victorious; in fact she had often managed to cast the glow of victory over a defeat.

Lady Montaigne smiled meaningly as she glanced at the pair, and one or two of her guests reflected the smile. They all knew that Meggy had determined to captivate Lord Encliffe, and it seemed very likely that she would succeed. He sat there listening to her lively chatter, and apparently enjoying her little impertinent ways; and Lina, nestling close to Mrs. Herne, carried on a heavy conversation with that excellent woman in a low voice. She showed her too a garden umbrella that she had bought to take home with her.

"Only one day more," she said when her friend rose to depart. "Only one day more, and then I shall be at home."

"Are you so very anxious to go?" Mrs. Herne asked.

"Oh, yes; there is no place like home, and we are feeling quite established at the deanery now. At first we missed the smoky old London streets, and all the familiar faces. But my father has written a book, and I shall help him in correcting the proofs; there will be a great deal for me to do."

She spoke with an air of resolution and courage which was not lost upon her hearer. But the vicar's wife, wrapping a shawl round her, went quietly out into the summer night, and crossed the road to the vicarage in a puzzled mood. She saw things which Lina either could not, or would not see. Her husband met her at the gate, and drew her arm within his own.

"Have you had a dull time, Ruth?" he said.

"Not so dull as other times. Lina Burnett came to talk to me, partly, I think, to escape some one else."

"Who was the some one else?"

"Lord Encliffe. She seems bent on avoiding him, and leaving him in Meggy Jerrold's clutches. It strikes me, Edward, that she is mistaken in that man; because he is so suave and well-dressed, she thinks he has no heart. But we know better, don't we?"

"Indeed we do," her husband answered. "We have seen him at work at our Refuge; only he is shy about what he does, and keeps it all too much in the background."

"I am sorry that she misjudges him," Mrs. Herne said.

"Never mind; you must leave them both alone. The children have behaved splendidly; they went to bed as good as gold. Just take one turn up this path and smell the jessamine. Isn't it delicious?"

Some time later Meggy had reached the quiet of her bed-room, and dismissed her maid sooner than usual. It was a warm night in autumn. She was not sleepy, and she sat down in an arm-chair in her white wrapper to think over her private affairs. If the truth had been known, those private affairs would have seemed to outsiders a little complicated. Very few girls had enjoyed a better time that season; but it had been, alas! an expensive time. She was always exquisitely dressed; for instance, that heliotrope frock had been quite a triumph. But she didn't know exactly when she could settle Courvoisier's bill.

It was not, however, a wise thing to think about bills at a quarter-past eleven at night. Meggy wanted to keep her dimples and preserve the smooth surface of her white forehead. She turned her thoughts to Lord Encliffe, and tried to believe that he had fallen in love with her. He had sat beside her sofa nearly all the evening; and yet she could not be sure of him. Nothing was certain; nothing but the fact that she was getting tired of uncertainties, and wanted to have an establishment and end her difficulties for ever.

She rose suddenly and stood before the long glass, a small, dainty figure draped in white, gazing fixedly at her own reflection.

"He must fall in love with me!" she thought. "Only I wish I could banish that Burnett girl to a desert island! There is something rather attractive, I'm afraid, about black hair and big blue eyes."

Poor Meggy, envied by dozens of her girl-friends, got into bed and laid her pretty head on the pillow with a heavy sigh. She had left off saying her prayers long ago; her mind was always so fully occupied with planning and contriving that she never thought of praying. Self was her idol, and it was an idol that demanded the whole of her life's devotion.

In the next room Lina Burnett was kneeling at her bedside. She had been a little sad all day, a little disappointed at the turn that things seemed to be taking, and now she flung every care aside. Who was she that she should expect every desire of hers to be granted at once? Why had she not thanked God for the blessings He had already given? The happiness of a quiet home, the love of father and mother, the gifts of intellect and good health. All these were hers, and yet she had actually been fretting in secret because Meggy Jerrold had bewitched Lord Encliffe.

Even if he had been attracted towards Lina at first, it was not fair to blame him if another girl had drawn him away. Lina felt sure that she did not possess any of Meggy's dazzling charms. But there were other good things which were her very own, things which no one could ever take from her, because they were not temporal but eternal.

When she rose from her knees she knew that she was lifted above all the disappointments and trials of life. They must be encountered again and again, but they could not drag her down to the dust, they could not harm her unless she clung to earth. Her heart was light when she lay down to sleep, and, if any dreams came to her, they were visions of brightness and peace.

Meggy, who had not slept well, got up earlier than usual, and anxiously scanned her delicate face in the glass.

"A little pale," she thought. "I must go out on to the lawn before breakfast and get freshened up."

When she opened her door and stepped out into the corridor, Lina was just before her. At the same moment Elsie Ray, another guest, joined Meggy with a little burst of admiration.

"How sweet you look in that frock!" she cried. "Ah, I was not blind last night, Meggy! I saw that he was quite subdued. When am I to congratulate you?"

The strong and tender friendships which exist between the women of the present generation had never been realised by Meggy Jerrold. She knew that Elsie clung to her in parasite fashion, hoping to be invited to her house some day when she had made the expected great marriage. Moreover, Meggy was Lady Montaigne's niece, and all the guests saw that their hostess looked upon Lord Encliffe as a prize that was nearly won. It was good policy to flatter Meggy and appear to be quite certain of her success.

Lina, only a few steps ahead, could hear every word that was uttered, although she quickened her pace.

"Well," said Meggy, speaking very distinctly, "I have always thought that congratulations were the worst part of an engagement. If you are very happy you don't want to be pointed at as a favoured mortal."

"Ah, you clever child, I see that you mean to keep your secret!"

"Yes," Meggy answered demurely, "as long as I can."

"It is only what I expected," Lina thought, tripping down the broad staircase. The house-door was set open. She could see the wide sun-lit lawn and the silver gleam of the lake, lying cool and deep in a semi-circle of grand old trees. A peacock was strutting on the terrace, and Nelly Montaigne, a girl of

sixteen, was gathering geraniums from one of the marble urns. Lord Encliffe stood by, talking to Nelly, and glancing now and then towards the open door. He could see Lina descending and went to meet her in the big hall.

"You vanished very early last night, Miss Burnett," he was beginning to say; but the sentence was never completed. A soft rustle and rush, and then a *petite* figure in a pale green gown, covered with delicate lace and dainty frills, laid a small white hand on his arm.

"Where is the book you promised to lend me?" asked Meggy, in a silvery tone of reproach. "I have been lying awake and thinking about it all night. It was too cruel of you to tell me little bits of the story before I had read it!"

Lina did not glance at Lord Encliffe's face; if she had, she might have wondered at the swift expression of annoyance that darkened it for an instant. She looked only at Meggy standing right in the sunlight, her bronze hair shining like molten gold, her hazel eyes sparkling with fun and daring. No mortal man could resist such beauty, she thought, as she glided away, and linked her arm in that of Nelly Montaigne.

There was a shooting-party that day, and luncheon in the woods for the men. Afterwards came a big dinner, and Lord Encliffe had to take Meggy in. Elsie Ray sat on his other side, and Lina was a long way off, sitting next to a distinguished soldier, on whom her fresh and uncommon beauty had made a deep impression. She seemed to like her companion well enough, although her manner was always a little grave; but when the gentlemen entered the drawing-room she was not there.

"Colonel Seaforth is disappointed," said Meggy, speaking in a thoughtful voice. "I could see that he admired Miss Burnett. She is going by an early train to-morrow, and went up to her room a few minutes ago."

"She is a melancholy girl," said Elsie Ray.

"Oh, there is a minor canon in Saintsborough," Meggy answered with an air of assurance. "I hope the dean will not prove a stern father. She has a good face, hasn't she?" she added, turning to Lord Encliffe. "I am afraid we have been too frivolous for her; it was easy to see that she longed to get home."

Lord Encliffe did not seem to hear the remark. Meggy found him uncommonly silent, and could not succeed in rousing him to animation. When bed-time came he went out with her to light her candle in the hall, and she looked up at him with brilliant eyes full of meaning. She had managed to linger a little behind the others, and they were alone.

"I am sure you are deadly tired," she said, softening all at once.

"Well, it has been a long day," he admitted calmly; and there was something cool and critical in the eyes which met hers. She felt disheartened.

It was a happy moment for Lina when she saw her father's tall figure on the platform at Saintsborough. The old city was bathed in tranquil sunshine; grey towers and stately trees rose up against a clear blue sky; the chime gave her a solemn greeting. A little later, when she was sitting in the drawing-room in the deanery, holding her mother's hand, she could not repress her joy.

"Oh, how delicious it is to be at home!" she cried. "I feel as if I had been an exile. These dear old chairs and tables, and this funny old sofa, mother! I think I was afraid that things would get changed somehow while I was away."

There were actually tears in her big blue eyes. Mrs. Burnett held her hand closer.

"Why, Lina," she said, "we thought you would enjoy yourself enormously! Were not the people nice to you? Lady Montaigne's house-parties are quite celebrated."

"Yes, mother; everyone was kind. But I was never meant to be a society woman. I can't flash and sparkle and say amusing things. It was all so—so unreal and unsatisfying."

The dean, coming in for a cup of tea, heard the last words and raised his eyebrows. They were not exactly the words that anyone would have expected from the lips of a young girl.

"Who was there, Lina?" he asked.

She ran through a list of names, including Lord Encliffe.

"You did not mention him in your letters," the dean remarked. "He is a very good fellow; there is nothing unreal in Encliffe, I should say."

"I liked him at first," Lina said candidly.

"Why not afterwards?" said her mother.

"Oh, I saw very little of him after Meggy Jerrold came. He found her quite irresistible; everyone falls under her spell. I think he has proposed to her."

There was a short silence. Mrs. Burnett understood everything in a moment, and thought it best to talk of something else. But afterwards she recalled certain memories of her maiden days, episodes in her life of which her daughter had never heard. The Dean and Sir Henry Montaigne had been at college together, and both had fallen in love with Lina's mother. She had chosen Mr. Burnett, and the baronet had married someone else in a fit of pique; someone who was scarcely of his own rank, although she was clever enough to fill her position well. She had been a Miss Jerrold; and Meggy Jerrold was doubtless a relation.

The dean's wife watched her child very closely and cautiously for some days. Lina was not unhappy; but she clung to parents and home as if they had become doubly dear. Her manner was quieter; her face a little graver; she seemed to have travelled a good many miles farther on the journey of life. And when Mrs. Warburton wrote, asking her to spend a week at Cedar Court, she was unwilling to accept the invitation.

"It will be the same thing over again," she said. "I am tired of visiting country houses. Meggy Jerrold said she was going there to have 'a rattling time'! I don't like rattling times, myself, so I shall write and say that I am wanted at home."

"Well, my child, of course you will do as you like," said Mrs. Burnett, quietly. "We love to keep you with us."

"I'm awfully glad she isn't coming," remarked Meggy, when Lina's note was read at the breakfast-table at Cedar Court. "She is so fearfully depressing; some unhappy love affair, I believe."

"I haven't heard of any love-affair," said Mrs. Warburton, looking up from the letter in surprise.

"Oh, there's a minor canon at Saintsborough."

"Indeed? But all the minor canons there are married."

Meggy flushed. Lord Encliffe was eyeing her across the table with that cool, critical look which always disturbed her mind. She began to play nervously with her coffee-cup, conscious that she was not showing to advantage. As soon as breakfast was over, Lord Encliffe mysteriously disappeared.

The chime was flowing like a musical wave down the old High Street when he dismounted, and gave his horse to his groom. A soft wind swept the golden leaves about his feet as he trod the worn pavement leading to the west door of the cathedral. Within, there was an atmosphere of peace; rainbow lights descending on the dim gold, and gleaming marble, and dark oaken stalls of the choir, and touching tenderly a young girl's quiet face. It was the very face that he had longed to see; but its serene beauty tranquillised every restless thought, and kept him still.

When the service had ended he went out, and waited for her under the yellow trees. It seemed to him that there was very little to be said; there was only one question to ask, a short question which comprised the vast possibilities of a life-time. Her sweet face paled slightly when he advanced to meet her, but his was paler still. "If I should fail to win her!" he thought.

And then, with very few preliminary words, he said what he had come to say.

"Lord Encliffe," she said, turning towards him with a soft, serious look, "are you free to say that you love me? Is there nothing that binds you to Meggy Jerrold? She spoke in my hearing as if she had a claim."

"She is always saying those things," he said, with a sudden haughty impatience. "Lina, you might have known me better; you would not give me a chance. I have never said to any other woman what I have been saying to you. I have never felt for any other what I feel for you. Why cannot you see the high place in which I have set you in my thoughts?"

She looked down at the drifting leaves, and her lips quivered.

"Oh, I know now," she answered, "that I was utterly mistaken. Forgive me for not knowing sooner. I am only a girl, you see, and I have never been very far from home."

He could not withdraw his gaze from her face; the look of pride, humility, tenderness, in the beautiful blue eyes almost overwhelmed him.

"My darling," he said, with intense feeling in his voice, "you never will be very far from home, for your home, now and always, is in my heart."

Meggy's numerous friends were kind enough to say afterwards that she had failed in the most humiliating way. It was the kind of defeat which could not possibly be made to look like a victory in disguise; and Meggy was wise enough to bear it in silence. But she suffered horribly.





OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association."

IV.—Girls' Cycling Clubs and Associations.

"Unity is strength!" With such a motto for our foundation-stone, it is wise to discuss the advantages to be gained by Our Girls A-wheel with co-operation and organisation. It is an undisputed fact that the womanhood of the nineteenth century enjoys a more unrestricted and independent life than our foremothers. Cycling is practically the only pastime by which it is possible to make public the appreciation of athleticism. Tennis may be played in the private garden; swimming may be enjoyed in the bath, gymnastics in the obscure gymnasium, cricket in the empty field, and with an occasional row on the river, may exhaust the opportunities for physical recreation. There is a lack however of earnestness in all such achievements. So long as the science of physical development is forwarded in unfrequented corners, in a spirit of listlessness, it is supposed by many to be blameless.

But, by the aid of the wheel, a new era has commenced, and the womanhood of the twentieth century may be the eye-witness of a great revolution. To build up the physical nature according to the opportunities afforded, and to study the science of living, may be considered in a few years to be the highest duty of our girls. To-day, when we allow to pass, without comment, hundreds of delicate wheelwomen, mounted on their dainty steeds, through the rural lanes, and even the most crowded thoroughfares of our cities, we reflect with astonishment what progress has been witnessed even by our own eyes. This freedom and safety along the roads of civilisation speaks volumes. It means more than self-government. To successfully steer a cycle up hill and down dale, alone and unaided, requires a certain degree of nerve, muscular and mind strength not to be despised; but before such an exhibition could have taken place, years and years of pioneer work had to be performed.

In the year 1878, the Cyclists' Touring Club was originally founded to combat the dogged and unreasonable opposition to the new method of locomotion, and to protect the interest of its persistent adherents on the road. The pioneer wheelers, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for making our paths straight and safe, were received with ill-concealed antipathy, which culminated at times in undoubted brutality. Altogether, the rider's lot in those days was not a happy one; for there was also the difficulty to obtain reliable information of the nature of the route ahead. Let us just glance at the true position of affairs at that period, and study the objects of the Bicycle Touring Club—for such was the name of the organisation in 1878—which have steadily assisted to raise the pastime to the high level at which we find it to-day.

To encourage and facilitate touring in all parts of the world.

To protect its members against unprovoked assaults.

To provide riding or touring companions.

To secure and appoint at fixed and reduced rates hotel headquarters in all parts of the country.

To enlist the co-operation of a leading wheelman, who should act as consul in every town, and who should render to his fellow-members local information of every description.

To inculcate and encourage an *esprit de corps* among the followers of the wheel, similar to freemasonry of every description.

Not only so, but the "Cyclists' Touring Club" has, assisted by the National Cyclists' Union, erected warning notices at the tops of dangerous hills. The subscription to this club is merely nominal, being 5s. per annum, with 1s. entrance fee, and for this modest sum its members receive a sixty-four page gazette, post-free, as well as the other advantages enumerated above. It is not a social club, nor are there any outdoor excursions organised amongst its members, except by one or two local branches, where a few energetic wheel experts succeed in enlarging its scope. In my touring article, I shall have the pleasure to refer to this most active organisation again, and at greater length. All particulars can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. E. R. Shipton, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson did yeoman service to the cycling world, and helped to form the "Society of Cyclists," which sprang into existence in the autumn of 1885, with a view to blending instruction with rational amusement, as well as good fellowship with healthy pastime. Among its features is the holding of congresses in provincial towns and centres of historic interest. Meetings are held in Conduit Street during the winter, at which papers are read and discussed; new inventions and remarkable journeys shown, described and explained. History and folk-lore, natural science and human industry, art and archæology, each in its turn has furnished the objective point of the summer visits made by the fellows of the society. The subscription is, for ladies, 5s.; for gentlemen, 10s. 6d. Its secretary is Mr. Frederick Farrow, 7, New Court Lincoln's Inn, E.C.

In 1889, the Road and Path Cycling Association was founded, and reconstructed in 1895, with the following objects and features: 1st, To promote the sport of cycling amongst amateurs; 2nd, The protection and assistance of members in their rights as cyclists to use the public roads; 3rd, The acquirement of advantageous terms of cycles and cycling accessories, and 4th, Associated tours with economy and comfort. The Rt. Hon. Lord Norreys has been appointed president. The touring is the most successful department of this association, and for those who prefer pre-arranged tourist parties conducted by an expert, it is not to be despised.

In the cycling realm it is but natural that our girls should discover that they are capable of enjoying both individual and collective life. Club life teaches the wheelwoman to be self-dependent, no matter what the obstacle, and that there is a prosperous niche for every human soul on God's earth if only folks would make up their minds to hunt till they find it. It teaches first social opportunity, then friendship and the advantages of unity. It may be that our grandmothers commenced attending convivial gatherings by sipping afternoon tea, and tasting the delights of an afternoon ecstatically spent in conversing on fashion, perhaps frivolity, which leads the way to books and philosophy, and, by the advent of the wheel, to the delights of the glorious world outside the garden-gate. So soon as our girls taste the refreshment of union, learn to like its sweets and appreciate a new understanding of the higher life that comes from freedom of action, and provides a healthy use of unconsidered moments, they will combine together to put the finishing touches to the pioneer work so ably performed by their sturdier fathers and brothers. The roads have been made both safe and rideable. It is now time for them to be utilised for the most innocent, most healthful and most fascinating enjoyment.

Buoyancy of spirits begets spirited action. It is listlessness that renders life so uninteresting, and a weak action of the heart creates languor and morbidity. Physical weakness and inferiority makes a soul cowardly, emotional, artful, untruthful, irresponsible, untrustworthy, capricious and fretful; but a physical vigour shall bequeath to coming generations a heritage of acquired health and character. Cycling may enlarge the circle of feminine graces until it includes courage, self-reliance, self-control, truth of being, spiritual freedom, and graces which will ennoble. The cycle may become a stepping-stone towards physical reformation, wherein lies the attainment of true womanhood.

But what has all this to do with clubs? That is the point I am now coming to. Without the cycle you cannot have the club. In the year 1892, to compete with the rapid growth and power of feminine cycling, the Lady Cyclists' Association was founded by Miss Davidson to encourage and keep up the tone of cycling, to bring its members into touch with one another, to foster the wearing

of the reform costume, and to find riding companions, etc. During the season rides are organised, and in the winter a social gathering is arranged. Its secretary is Miss Grace Murrell, of 35, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., from whom all particulars can be obtained. The Countess of Malmesbury is the president.

A few months later another association sprang into being which has even greater promise than the L. C. A. A little group of about a dozen girls one bright summer evening in the twilight met in an editorial sanctum facing the winding River Thames, from the windows of which could be seen two of the famous metropolitan bridges and the architectural splendour of the Houses of Parliament. If we had placed the friendly ear of curiosity close to the doors of that room, we would have immediately discovered that they had gathered together to discuss the acquisition of cycles.

"Hands up who can afford to purchase a wheel." One hand alone appeared stretched towards the ceiling

"How many wish to cycle?" An enthusiastic waving of hands quickly followed this query.

The outcome of all this enthusiasm was the formation of the "Mowbray House Cycling Association," which is to-day the largest and most powerful cycling institution for our girls in England. It has a most successful system of co-operative cycles, by which it is possible for a member, on payment of a quarterly subscription of from £1 5s. to £2 (according to the price of the cycle) to hire on the three years' purchase system a safety bicycle, with the option, at the end of each year, of (1) to return the cycle to the Association, (2) to continue to hire at a reduced rate, (3) to purchase at net cash price. In addition to this, there are monthly and fortnightly meetings for business and social purposes, rides for the summer and winter seasons, a system of private introduction through the mediumship of the secretary for the purpose of companionship for rides, etc., and the acquisition of country headquarters in various parts where members and associates are boarded and lodged at reduced rates. By the kindness of Arthur Brooke, Esq., Mowbrayites have the use of his beautifully fitted-up caravan, "The Venture," situated in the midst of the glorious scenery of Leith Hill; also, by the kindness of Mr. W. T. Stead, the use of a doubly-roofed tent in Wimbledon Park, during the summer months.

The M. H. C. A., of which Lady Henry Somerset is president, and Mrs. Massingberd, the Viscountess Harberton, Madam Sarah Grand, Miss Willard, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Arthur Brooke, and Mrs. W. T. Stead are vice-presidents, is worked on the principles of self-government. Any officer can assist in the government by paying the annual subscription, and by this means obtain a vote as an associate; otherwise, the officers are mere figure-heads. At its monthly business meetings, a majority of votes alone can govern the decision as to rules, regulations and future organisation. Sub-committees are occasionally formed for the transaction of mere points of detail with which it is difficult to deal at the larger monthly gatherings. The social element is supported by a "Chat over the Teacups" an hour previous to the discussion of business. The subscription is 3s. 6d. per annum; the entrance fee 1s., which covers the payment of a sixteen-paged monthly journal, *At the Sign of the Butterfly*, sent post-free to the members and associates. Every year a "Wheelwoman's Handbook" is published, to save unnecessary correspondence in replying to the questions of novices upon the various stages of the art of cycling.

In the past seasons the rides have been most successful, as many as from thirty-five to forty-five sitting down to tea, and it has been the experience of the association that these club rides have proved to be very useful (1) in inspiring the spirit of comradeship amongst the riders, and (2) increasing the riding powers of even the most delicate. Organised trips with congenial companions are the most pleasurable forms of cycling. Meeting at the trysting-place in ones and twos, the members glide up, and, with hearty and sincere handshake, the members greet each other, after which, with a merry jest and laugh, they ride along together, animated by the congenial flow of bright spirits and happy flow of chatter. The address of the M. H. C. A. is Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

Let us for a moment reflect what an amount of character-building of the finest description is silently going on during these club rides. The moment the rider mounts the bicycle a complete change in both mental and muscular exercise is experienced. The sensitive steed exacts the attention of both the mind and the body. To the necessity of maintaining equilibrium and propulsion every muscle responds; to avoid obstacles or rough places on the road, the eye quickens mechanically, and is ever on the alert. Trouble is sure to quickly follow an error of judgment, for the bicycle is not versed in any law of self-preservation. Quick judgment, rapid thought, and prompt action, are both involuntarily and intuitively imposed upon the wheelwoman in a hundred little ways. The brain, no less than the eyes and muscles of the body, comes into sympathetic action with the movements of the sensitive vehicle beneath the rider, who thus is unconsciously drawn away from herself, and the innumerable cares of her liliputian world, with the cobwebs of the brain, are swept away in the tide of quickened, oxygenated blood that courses through the veins in response to the new spirit of breath and action, whilst she is at the same time being inspired by the most glorious sense of comradeship, which is the slender tie worthy of joining all sorts and conditions of our girls together.

There are also many other clubs for ladies and gentlemen in London, among which I may mention the Trafalgar Bicycle Club and the Wheel Club, both of which cater for the society folk, not to mention the numerous local cycling clubs, which are to be found in every district. There is no doubt that advantages are to be gained from club membership, as the unattached rider is not the most enviable mortal to be found on this terrestrial ball. Even with a cycling chum it is possible to lose many interests which await the cyclist, for she may be more profitably employed when we most desire to go a-wheeling; she may prefer the companionship of others, or desire a quicker or a slower pace than that which pleases us, but with many companions it is easier to share our joys and cares.

I may here conclude by giving a list of the clubs open to our girls. The list is far from complete, but it may assist in the selection of a club:—

Ladies' S.W. Bicycle Club.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. Freke, 378, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, S.W. Subscription 2s. 6d.

Coventry Lady Cyclists.—Hon. Sec., Miss E. H. Hart, Cox Street, Coventry.

Beaumont C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. Walter Marshall, 4, Roding Villas, Leyton, Essex.

North London C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. W. S. Harvey, 13, Stoke Newington Common, N.

The Liverpool Ladies' Prima C.C.—Hon. Sec., Miss Jessie Nathan.

Brighton and District Ladies' C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. G. B. Dumbleton, 27, St. George's Road, Brighton.

The Castle C.C. Ladies' Bootle C.C.

Cricklewood C.C.—Hon. Sec., Mr. E. T. Burton, 3, Rockhall Terrace, Cricklewood, N.W.

Rational Dress C.A.—President Mrs. Leigh Hunt-Wallace; Hon. Sec., Miss Tracy, 4, Albany Terrace, London, N.W.

Leeds and District Ladies' C.A.—Headquarters, "Powolyns," Bond Street, Leeds. Hon. Sec., Miss Kate Heywood, Post Office, Hunslet.

Kennington Ladies' C.C.—Mrs. French, 50, Albert Street, Penton Place, S.

Manchester Ladies' C.C. Ladies' Bohemian C.C.

Ladies' Humber C.C.—Captain, Mrs. H. Tatlow.

Kensington College C.C.—Hon. Sec., Miss Charlotte Munford, 295, Ladbroke Grove, W.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It was undoubtedly Gwenllean who sang at the Eisteddfod disguised as a peasant," said Herbert to his grandfather one morning at breakfast. "Had I not at once recognised her and her voice, I must have known her by the words of the song she sung, as I wrote them."

"Poor dear child," said Mr. Lloyd. "I have long suspected that they were in difficulties; but they know my means are small, and therefore never mention their circumstances to me. It must, indeed, have been a hard struggle with every feeling of her refined nature to induce her to sing and play in public. What can be done for them?"

"I will tell you, my dear sir, a plan that has occurred to me," replied Herbert. "You know that I am now a rich man. My fellowship is between three and four hundred a year, and I shall not want, at present, at least, a farthing of it. Will you consent to receive the money for me, and to apply it, in every possible way, for the benefit of Lady Llewellen and her daughters?"

"My dear boy, that offer is worthy of you," said Mr. Lloyd with a smile. "A portion of your money I would gladly so apply, and may find many ways of doing so with delicacy; but the rest I must lay by for yourself."

"My salary as tutor will still be continued to me," argued Herbert, "and I have no desire to accumulate money."

"You are young, Herbert, and may soon want capital to begin life."

"Then he who gives the interest will return me the capital when required," said Herbert. "But you are jesting, my dear grandfather, and going against your principles. At least, whilst I am abroad, you must use all my income, for yourself, for the Llewellens, and for

the poor around you. Let me have the satisfaction of feeling that those I love best have the first fruits of my labour. Besides, I am paying back a debt of gratitude."

"God bless you, my darling boy," said Mr. Lloyd, looking affectionately at his grandson. "It shall be as you wish; and for once in my life I shall feel myself a rich man."

"But," pursued Herbert, "they must not know to whom they are indebted for this temporary assistance. Not for worlds would I wound their feelings, or let them suppose that I had suspected their condition."

"You may depend on my secrecy, as I should quite as much object to their becoming acquainted with your desire to assist them as you could be," replied Mr. Lloyd. "And now we are on the subject," he continued, "I wish to give you a little warning. You must not fall in love with Gwenllean."

"There is no danger," said Herbert, colouring slightly at the abruptness of his grandfather's manner.

"Well then, you must not allow her to fall in love with you. If you have seen enough of the world to teach you to take care of your heart, she has not; and she has never seen so smart a young man as you before. This is not paying you any compliment, as her best beau is Jenkins, the miller, who is now veering between the mother and daughter. Oh! I forgot. There is a smart youth, now studying for the church, and gone to Llampeter, who has admired her at a distance for some time."

"Who is he?" asked Herbert, with a slight anxiety of manner.

"Young Pritchard—farmer Pritchard's eldest son."

"Oh!" exclaimed Herbert. "I am afraid he will be doomed to be disappointed, as well as poor Jenkins. But seriously, my dear grandfather, I am not rich enough to fall in love, much less to marry. Besides, Gwenllean is too young, and thinks of me as a brother, just as I look upon her as a dear sister. Her head has not been filled with the notions of boarding-school misses, and romance readers, and I would venture to say that she scarcely knows what love means; not, at least, the kind of love you allude to."

"Soon learnt, even by younger hearts than hers; and all I entreat you is, to beware of teaching her. She must have no cares of this kind on her mind; she will have enough without them."

The truth was that both grandfather and grandson were deceiving themselves. The former thought it his duty to prevent a serious attachment between the young people, although there was nothing in the world he desired so much; the latter, strong in fancied insensibility, considered himself proof against the charms of womankind, whilst the brotherly feeling he permitted himself to entertain towards Gwenllean, placed him in hourly danger of falling from the frozen height on which he had seated himself.

"Shall we go over to Craigyvellyn now, sir?" he said, rising abruptly from the breakfast table. "I promised to walk with Mrs. Llewellen to the top of Glanvellyn."

"Provided you leave Gwenllean with me," said his grandfather, archly. "I cannot walk so far."

"Oh!" stammered Herbert, "then we can go elsewhere, for I believe she meant to accompany her mother.

They went together to the cottage, and then Mr. Lloyd proposed the walk up the mountain, saying, that he had some parochial duties to perform, which he would get through whilst they were away, and would then take them all over to the parsonage to a late dinner. He looked at his grandson maliciously, but had the consideration not to request Gwenllean's company. Lady Llewellen, Gwenllean, Herbert, and Lizzie, were soon ready to start, and Mr. Lloyd enjoined the ladies to bring back Herbert from the mountain with more colour in his cheeks. Up they went through the kitchen garden at the back of the house into the field behind, and thence to the rough, steep path at the foot of the hill. The morning air was pure and fresh, and everybody knows how exhilarating is the mountain breeze. As they toiled up the steep, their spirits seemed to gain elasticity with the springing turf beneath their feet, and every backward slip called forth pleasant laughter.

Then conversation began, half grave, half cheerful; and as the fresh mountain breezes blew around them, they talked of old times, of old scenes, of old books that they had read together, of old mountain wanderings, when Herbert had carried Gwenllean, a timid child, over rough or dangerous places—until they all seemed to have but one mind and one heart amongst them, so united did they become by associations of the past. Then they spoke of Mr. Lloyd, the beloved, nay, revered friend of all; and Herbert reminded Gwenllean of her promise to be his "right arm," and thanked her affectionately for having kept it so truly—and pointed out the spot on the calm ocean where they had last parted—and told them how he had watched them until distance hid them from his sight, and memory alone remained to tell him where they were.

Whilst they thus eloquently discoursed, the colour returned to Herbert's cheek, and health seemed to flow into his veins with the air he drank in. Then they began to sing old glees that Lady Llewellen had taught them, and sung with them, when they were children, until the hour-hand of Herbert's watch warned them to descend the mountain, and a good portion of appetite reminded them of Mr. Lloyd, and dinner. The former they found waiting for them at the cottage; the latter ready at the parsonage, where Betto was beginning to feel impatient, and blame Master Herbert for bringing home irregular habits.

Walks such as the one just described; still more delightful boating excursions on warm summer evenings—music—reading — conversation — sketching — daily and hourly brought Herbert and Gwenllean together. Is it to be wondered at if her society became every day more delightful to him, and if her mother and sister also became dearer to him than ever? Is it to be wondered at that she considered him the best and cleverest person in the wide world—the *beau ideal* of her young imagination—the hero of a thousand poems?

As her reserve partially wore off, Herbert found that her mind was not only pure, but highly cultivated, and that her taste was refined, and her judgment, on many points, mature. The girl he had intended to treat as a younger sister, he began to respect as an intelligent friend; and when he read his favourite authors to her and her mother, he listened to her timidly expressed opinions, not merely out of complaisance, but because he knew that they sprung from a superior mind. He no longer said—"She is so young," for he could not look upon her as a girl.

The deep thoughtfulness that had characterised her childhood, was still evident in her every action, and the same utter forgetfulness of self was a portion of her very existence.

She lived, breathed and thought for others. Herbert sometimes said, as he looked at her, "How blest would that man be who could obtain her affections!" and felt a sorrow steal over him, when he remembered that he must soon leave her to the chances of life—perhaps to be imposed upon by the double-dealing of some man of the world into whose society fate might cast her.

One day they were speaking together upon a subject Gwenllean frequently broached—Lady Louisa Lovel; and Herbert had, as usual, been warm in her praises. Gwenllean always felt annoyed with herself, because she could not rejoice in these praises—still she called them forth.

"Was she good and kind, as well as beautiful?" she asked with hesitation.

Herbert replied that she was very amiable. There was evidently something that Gwenllean wished to say, and at last, with much difficulty, she gave utterance to it.

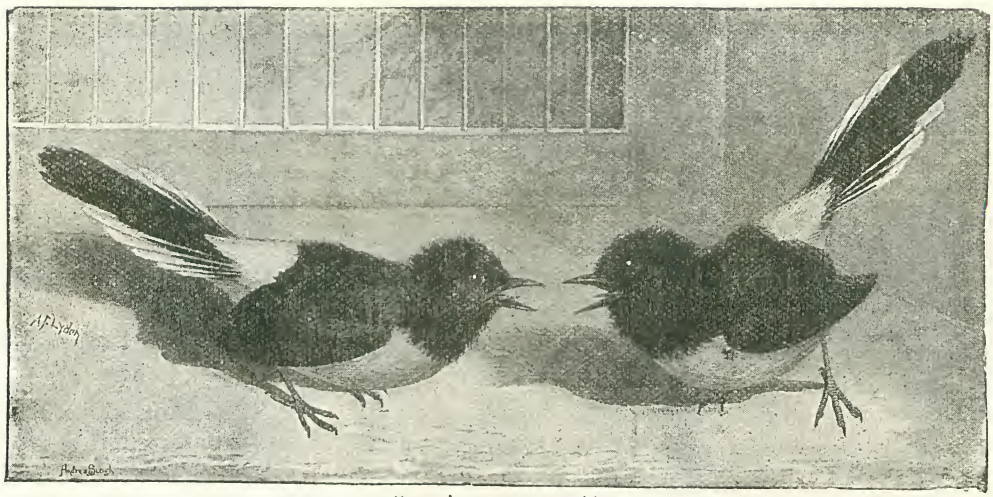
"I was thinking," she said, "that if—if I were known to Lady Louisa Lovel, she might, as she is so good, think of some situation that would suit me, and perhaps ask her mamma to procure it for me."

"What do you mean, Gwenllean?" said Herbert, looking at her with astonishment.

"That I must," replied Gwenllean, gaining courage, "endeavour to support myself, and there may be some situation that I might be capable of filling. I could, for instance, instruct children as I have done Lizzie, and mamma does not consider her backward. But do not say I have mentioned this to you. Dear mamma would be wretched if——" here a tear stole down Gwenllean's cheek, and she paused.

"Not yet, Gwenllean—not yet," said Herbert, hastily. "Not at least till I return. Then I may be able to speak to Lady Hastings upon the subject; but until then—make me your brother—at least think of my grandfather as your father, and let him be your banker. I wish, oh! how ardently I wish——" what Herbert ardently wished was not known, for Lady Llewellen entered, and Gwenllean never again found courage to renew the conversation.

(To be continued.)



"YOU'RE ANOTHER!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SCHOOLGIRL, L. M. W.—Your little sister has decided talent for drawing. The young lady dressed for a walk, and the profile of the old gentleman, are far the best. We hope she will have lessons as soon as possible.

MISS R. desires to draw the attention of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to the agency that has lately been formed for the purpose of giving information concerning schools and various training centres for ladies wishing to qualify for professional appointments. She states that the organiser of the agency, knowing the necessity of special training for women who are dependent on their own exertions, has collected valuable information on the subject. Address Miss R., 13, Heath Street, Hampstead, or apply from 9 to 10.30 A.M., Saturdays 2 to 6 P.M. We insert the above without accepting any responsibility.

MAY CASTLEVUE.—You will ere this have found a reply to your first letter. What you need is to study the rules of metre. In the poem you now send us, "October," your metre changes occasionally. You will find rules regarding poetic form in Dr. Angus' *Handbook of the English Tongue*. Your ideas are often pretty, as for instance—

> "'Tis October! brown October!
> And the gentle southern wind
> Sighs softly, as it searches
> For the flowers it cannot find."

But the third line halts a little.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—1. Twenty is certainly not too late an age to begin singing lessons.—2. A mistress is best for you, at any rate, at first.

BENJAMINA.—We think you might obtain the French Correspondence lessons you require by applying to R. G. P., 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, London, S.E. We do not know of any magazine that would quite suit your purpose. Probably the society you mention has collapsed, as amateur societies are apt to do.

TINA.—We believe the Art School you mention is excellent, and that the tone of the students is extremely good. We were once much interested in meeting some of them, and in seeing the panels of a mission room which they had painted exquisitely with flower and figure scenes for the pleasure of the poor. The other question you ask would be more suitably answered from the school itself, to which you had better send a stamped and addressed envelope with your inquiries. There are a large number of Metropolitan District Art Schools, and doubtless you know of the National Art Training School, South Kensington.

DANIA.—The pedal mark (ped.) wherever it is placed means that the loud pedal is to be used; the sign ✳, that it is to be discontinued. The mark for the soft pedal, which is far less frequently used than the other, is *una corda*. "Check action" and "soft pedal" are not synonymous terms. It is always wiser not to use the pedals at all unless you are a fairly professional musician. No apology is necessary for "troubling" us—we are very glad to help you.

MISS or MRS. (?) ROBERTS, of Gadshill Place, Higham by Rochester, writes to say that she has given up her Correspondence Classes, but strongly recommends a Correspondence Class for arithmetic carried on by Miss Wilson, Woodfield Cottages, Torquay, the ex-principal of a high school and pupil of an eminent Cambridge mathematician.

RONDO.—Mr. John Farmer's method is very good, and may be applied to beginners. If you write to J. Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford, you will probably receive a reply as to the book you should use.

E. MARCHBANK.—1. The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music conducts local examinations in February, March and April. The local centre examination fee is £2 2s. for one subject, and £1 1s. extra for each additional subject. Address the secretary for full particulars, 52, New Bond Street, London, W. We think this would prove the best for your purpose.—2. The University of Oxford has thrown the B.Mus. and D.Mus. degree open to women. Address Secretary, Local Examination Delegacy, Clarendon Buildings, Oxford; and the University of London also admits women to degrees in music. Address Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens. The fees at the Guildhall School of Music, of which the late Sir Joseph Barnby (not Dr. Barnaby) was principal, range from £4 14s. 6d. for the year of three terms, of twelve weeks each, to £50, according to the number of subjects taken. There are many exhibitions and prizes. We think you are exceeding the number of questions allowed, but you may write again.

READER OF DEAR OLD "G.O.P." (FLORENCE MAUD).—Would not a larger auto-harp than the one you are now using satisfy your ambition? The best is the Ne Plus Ultra, price £5 5s., with twenty "manuals." We should not recommend a dulcimer. Possibly a zither might suit you if you do not care for the larger auto-harp. But the latter would not make it necessary for you to start afresh, as you must if you get an entirely different instrument.

A LOVER OF THE DEAR OLD "G.O.P."—If you write to any bookseller who deals both in new and in second-hand books, for example, Messrs. Sotheran & Co., 140, Strand, London, you will find no difficulty in getting the book you name, whether it is out of print or not. You would be informed of the price; probably there are several prices from which you could choose.

SEA LAVENDER.—Your verses are too tragic. Three poems all on death seem to show that you are indulging in a morbid tendency. We know nothing of your circumstances, but we are quite sure that it is unhealthy for a young girl to harp on this string continually. Of the poems, "At Sundown" is the best, but your lines are uneven—

> "For down 'midst the heather by the yellow
> gorse bush,"

and—

> "The sun is sinking upon the quiet moor now,"

are not of the same measure as—

> "So gay and so handsome, a fair sight to see."

In "My White Love," you write "their" for "they're" (they are) twice. We do not wish to discourage you, there is some force in your way of expressing yourself, and you may do better work than this.

A VERY PRETTY GIRL (!).—1. *Noblesse oblige* (literally nobility obliges) means that noble birth imposes the obligation of high-minded principles and actions.—2. We do not recommend books on palmistry, and should judge from your letter that your time might be more profitably employed than in studying it.

GIPSY.—1. Your poem on "The Old Year" varies in metre from verse to verse. You should choose one metre to write in, and keep to that throughout. We are pleased to hear from you but—2. Can only advise you to write to any first-class florists and seedsmen for information about the chrysanthemums: we know of no one firm making them a speciality, and are obliged to be careful not to advertise.

L. K. B. A. C.—Your verses are composed of lines good in themselves, and expressing truth in picturesque language. But as a *whole* your poem fails because of its irregular form. It follows no metre, not even the most "peculiar metre," and the rhymes are faulty, as for instance, "everlasting" and "basking." If you were to study the rules of poetic form we imagine you might succeed better, because you evidently think for yourself. It is an admirable exercise to write down your thoughts in easy form as you say you do.

A BOOKWORM modestly asks if her verses would be too "home-made" to be printed on private Christmas cards. Possibly her friends might be glad to have them, and the wishes expressed are good and helpful, but we cannot honestly say they are very poetical. The first and the last verses are the best.

VERONICA.—Your kind and appreciative expressions about the "dear G. O. P." have given us great pleasure, and we trust that in future years it will be even more helpful to you, and a greater favourite than in the past. The writer, to whose paper you refer, will answer the rest of your letter.

Dear Veronica, I am very happy in knowing that you think our "Twilight Talks" will be the means of persuading many "to be good." I look forward with hope to your being one of these, since you say that you are already interested. You confess that you are not religious, and that you do not wish to be confirmed, as you think "life is more pleasant when not bound by hard-and-fast rules." You add, "perhaps I am wrong. Do you think so?" You also ask if it is necessary to be confirmed in order to be married. Confirmation is not necessary as a qualification for marriage, but the rite is a very helpful one. It leads to self-examination, and it has often proved a turning-point in the lives both of young men and maidens. If you have read the service, you will find it binds you by no hard-and-fast rules. It asks you to give up nothing that is essential to true happiness, and the promises it involves can deprive you of nothing that deserves the name of pleasure.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

WANTED!

Can any of our correspondents tell us the author and words of the poem which begins as follows:—

> "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
> Time rules us all. And life indeed is not
> The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,
> And then we women cannot choose our lot."

Also the composer's name of a "spinning song," the refrain of which begins—

> "Merrily spin, daylight to bring:"

And the author of a poem beginning—

> "I'm glad I learned to love the things
> That fortune neither takes nor brings."

HOW TO MAKE A JAPANESE CABINET.

With a few simple materials, a little constructive ability, and strict attention to the directions which follow, a cabinet may be made which will compare more than favourably with the so-called Japanese articles which cost so much money to buy, and are often very common to look at.

The foundation consists of three starch-boxes, to be bought at any oil-shop for 3d. apiece. Remove the lids with a hammer and a large screw-driver, set the boxes on their sides one above the other, then fix securely with French nails. It is best to drive these in at the corners, both back and front, taking care that the heads and points are well embedded in the wood, to obviate all possibility of scratches. Hammer tin-tacks here and there in the shelves formed by the junction of the boxes, and you will find yourself in possession of a very substantial framework, consisting of two sides and a back, an open front, and two shelves. This is all the ugly drudgery, and is very quickly got over.

We next proceed to the decoration, which may of course be effected to suit individual taste, but the model is adorned in a somewhat Oriental style. The top is covered with Japanese paper. This is very costly to buy by the piece, but samples may be bought very cheaply at Liberty's, and will serve quite well if expense be an object. The top may be covered in one piece, if your bundle allow, or if you do not happen to have one large enough, take one piece for the middle, lay one edge flush with the back and bring the other over the front edge and turn it in underneath, using either glue or tin-tacks to affix it. A band of another paper, which harmonises with the first, should then be fastened down on either side and secured underneath as before, then you have a neat edge to the top of your cabinet, and will not require either the fringe or the scalloped leather, which find so much favour in the eyes of amateur cabinet-makers. Care must be taken in the selection of papers for the top, that the gold colour in each should harmonise, or the effect will be disastrous. These golds vary so much that it really requires care in order that bronze gold and pale-yellow gold colour should not be placed side by side. At the junction of the centre with the strip on each side, hammer in a close row of oxidised fancy nails at 1d. the dozen. The model has a top whose centre has a ground of an indescribable blue, on which grow wonderful tropical plants in gold. The bands have a pattern of raised peacocks' feathers chasing each other in gold, on a flat gold ground.

To adorn the two sides, place a panel of the Japanese paper (any pattern and colour will do) two feet four inches high and eight inches wide in the middle. The edges may be quite rough, and fastened to the wood by means of tin-tacks, which will be subsequently hidden. Now comes a great secret. Take some strips of corrugated brown strawboard wide enough to reach from just within the rough edge of your Japanese paper to the edge of the cabinet, and fix this with a few tin-tacks, taking care not to break the ridges. You will require a strip down each side of the panel, with the corrugations lengthwise, another of the same width with the ridges across for the top, and a wide one of the same for the bottom. Brush this corrugated strawboard lightly and quickly with black enamel, and sprinkle with a few blotches of gold dust, as described in my article "Star-Drift Work," in The Girl's Own Paper for February 22nd, 1896. This must be done quickly, because the strawboard is very absorbent and the enamel soon dries. If very little gold is used for this, the effect is really good. Two panels may be made instead of one, if preferred, and a cross-bar of the corrugated strawboard affixed. This should be rather wider than the sides and top-piece, and the panels should be of slightly uneven size. Of course they should both be the same width, but the upper one should be nearly square, and the lower one longer. Neither should be smaller lengthwise than across, or an unpleasantly stumpy air would be communicated. The model has one long panel on one side, and two as described on the other, by which simple means monotony is avoided.



You now have a handsome panel framed with, to all appearance, black reeds fastened together, and the fact of the enamel drying a dull black heightens the effect. About half-a-dozen of the oxidised fancy nails, hammered through the reed-work where it looks shaky or bulges on to the firm wooden side, serve as metal bosses, and look professional.

(The short panels should be made to correspond somewhat with the position of the shelves in the front, as a good architect takes care that the decoration of the outside of a building shall bear some relation to the storeys of the interior.)

The visible exterior is now completed, because the back will assuredly be against the wall of the room, and its treatment will be described later.

For the inside buy three sheets of brown paper, at 1d. per sheet. Cut a piece to fit on the shelf from the back over the front edge, and fasten underneath, as described in the decoration of the top. Cut another piece to fit over the sides and back, overlapping the edges slightly and fix this. Now brush the brown paper over with gold size and sprinkle gold dust on thickly, doing a portion at a time, because the size dries quickly, and the dust will not stick unless the surface be wet. In doing the sides and back, spread liberally with size, and tilt the cabinet so that you drop the gold on more easily, and then stand the cabinet straight again, when the dust will weigh down the size into patterns truly Oriental, and look like Japanese lacquer. The size makes the paper a rich brown colour, which shows up the gold beautifully. The rest of the inside must be treated in the same way, as also the hitherto crude outside back.

Put a stick of bamboo along the back of the top to hide the joins, the same along the sides of the top, across the bottom, the two shelves, and up the two sides of the front. You may also have a piece of bamboo along the top front if you like, as in illustration, but if you followed the directions carefully it will not be necessary, except you desire uniformity. The bamboo must have very tender handling. Saw it carefully to the required size, pierce it where you want to nail it with a fine bradawl, and hammer gently through the holes thus made, taking care not to let the small head of your nail pierce the bamboo, or it will split, and your work and material be wasted.

If any reader should try this for herself she will be well rewarded for her pains, possessing a prettier and more effective piece of furniture for 5s. than she could buy ready-made for a sovereign.

The approximate cost of the whole is:—Boxes 9d., fancy nails 6d., tin-tacks and French nails 2d., gold size 4d., gold dust 4½d., brown paper 3d., bamboo 6d., black enamel 6d., Japanese paper 1s. 6d. Corrugated strawboard you would probably have by you, having wrapped some bottle for the post, but it would cost only a few pence to buy, so the cost of the cabinet would be roughly 5s. This is not a fancy price, because the cost of each item is put down as the result of experience. You will also have some material over, using but little of the Japanese paper, and not more than half of the gold dust, both of which will serve many other useful and ornamental purposes.

Pamela Bullock.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 889.] JANUARY 9, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"HANDSOME JACK."

A VILLAGE LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"JILTED."

"AND you really mean it, Lucy?"

"Of course I do! Am I in the habit of saying what I don't mean, Jack Ellis, that you should doubt my word now?"

"Lucy! Lucy! It is sad to see how you are altered of late. You never used to be like this, and of all the village girls, had I been asked, I would have said that Lucy Barker was the last to draw a man on and then throw him over for some one else!"

"And what right have you to say that I am throwing you over for somebody else, I should like to know?" demanded Lucy, with an impatient toss of her pretty head.

"I am not blind, lassie, and more than I have seen, that since that whipper-snapper of a fellow, Frank Lawrence, has been staying at the inn, you have had eyes for no one else." And Jack heaved a sigh as he watched the burning colour mount to the girl's forehead.

Then he said, gently, "Good-bye, lass, and God bless thee, and guide thee too," and turned away.

Lucy watched him as he passed out of the little garden gate, and away up the road over the bridge spanning the river, with a fine manly stride, and unconsciously owned to herself that he was a man of whom any woman might be proud.



All rights reserved.]

Strong man that he was, yet Jack was feeling at that moment very sore at heart. He was a hard-working, respectable fellow, who had known Lucy since her baby-days, and many a long ramble had the two taken together as children, when Jack, the sturdy boy of twelve, would lift little Lucy of seven years old over the difficult places in their path, and wade barefoot with her in his arms through the shallow streams that watered the district, and ran into the big river close at hand. Then as the pair grew to man and womanhood, the childish affection deepened into something greater, and since Lucy had attained the age of eighteen, Jack and she had been "keeping company," as the village gossips had it, and everyone about knew that some day, if all went well, wedding-bells would ring for these two lovers, and Lucy would go to live at "The Nook," as Jack's little cottage was called.

Such a pretty cottage it was, rather higher up the hill-side than the others, with a lovely old-fashioned garden in front, and around the sides and back a fine orchard, that was the pride of Jack's heart, as it had been of his father's before him. Folk used to say that there were no apples, pears, or plums, anywhere about the neighbourhood, so fine as those that grew in "The Nook orchard," and even the squire used to order a certain quantity of each beforehand, to be sent him, preferring them to those grown in his own fine gardens. And for some time past Jack had been spending all his spare time in beautifying his little home, both inside and out. For was it not to be Lucy's some day?

His tender heart glowed with honest love as he thought of her, and pictured the bonny girl presiding over his house as his dearly-loved wife.

But—

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley."

and during the last three months it had seemed as if all Jack's hopes of happiness were to "gang a-gley" too.

For Lucy had become irritable and sharp-tempered where she had ever been sweet and kind and gentle before; she had noticed that Jack's Sunday coat was not of a fashionable cut, never thinking that the good fellow had denied himself new things, making his old ones last as long as possible, in order that the money thus saved might be laid out in new and pretty furniture for the little home on the hill-side, which was to be hers one day.

When poor Jack had attempted to explain why he had not got a new rig-out lately, why, before he could get above a word or two out, Lucy turned sharp round on him, and told him he "need not make excuses to her, she knew he could afford them if he chose, and if he wanted to marry her, he must look like a gentleman!" and away she had flounced into her cottage and banged the door, leaving Jack standing at the gate, whither he had accompanied her from church one Sunday evening, without so much as saying "good-night."

And now, on this late September evening, Lucy had told her lover plainly that she no longer wished to marry him, and he must please consider everything at an end between them.

No wonder Jack Ellis's heart was sore, and that he felt not a little indignant to think that the girl he had loved so long, and who he had believed returned his affection with one as deep and true, could so coolly throw him over for a man she had only known three months.

And now we must take a backward glance for a few moments to see how it came about, this parting of the lovers, who until such a short time back had been all in all to each other.

The village of Swinhurst was, for the most part, built near to the wide river Swin, though a few cottages lay higher up the sides of the valley through which it flowed. Among the latter was, as I have said, that of Jack Ellis, where, since the death of his mother, he had lived alone, with just a neighbour's wife to come in and tidy up his house for him each day. His life would have been, according to most people's ideas, unbearably lonely, but Jack was of a contented disposition, and with his garden and orchard, and his happy task of decorating his home with the view to wedded life, the time never seemed long or lonely.

Quite recently an enterprising firm of speculators, seeing the valuable water-power of the river running, as it were, to waste, had decided to utilise it if it were possible. Accordingly an offer was made to the principal land-owner of the neighbourhood (in this case the squire before alluded to) for a large piece of land lying near the Swin, and called "The Broads," which it was thought would form an excellent site for some paper-mills.

Now the good squire, Hurst his name was, like many another land-owner in these days, had been considerably put to it to remain in the home of his ancestors, owing to the diminution of income arising from the general agricultural depression. Consequently, when an opportunity arose of obtaining a fair price for a part of his land, although it went against the grain to allow the bonny landscape to be disfigured by such a thing as a mill of any kind, Squire Hurst not unnaturally thought that a round sum in cash, safely invested in consols, was a better thing to have, than a parcel of ground which produced little or nothing beyond anxiety.

And so it came about that the bargain was made, and the large handsome mill (do not sneer, gentle reader; I assure you I have seen mills quite as handsome as some Town Halls), was built, and completed some few months before our story opens.

But, although the mill was ready for working, and the big dam filled, "hands" were scarce. Swinhurst was small as yet, though growing in size yearly, and only a few workers could be drawn from the village. Others from a distance were willing to come if dwelling-houses were to be had; and these were now in course of erection.

Thus it happened that Mr. Black, the only master-builder about, needed more workmen; and Frank Lawrence, hearing of this through his aunt, the innkeeper's wife, and being at the time in want of work, at once responded to her invitation to come and stay at the inn, and see if he could get taken on as a carpentering hand in the workshop. He was successful, as we know, for the honest builder was only too glad to get an increase of workers as the demand for cottages increased. Not that Mr. Black cared much for the look of Lawrence, the latter's appearance being too "dandified" to suit his tastes, but finding Frank an average good workman he kept him on.

Now Jack Ellis was Mr. Black's foreman, and his most trusted hand, and this fact soon became gall and wormwood to Frank Lawrence. He hated the sight of Jack's beaming, happy face; envied him his position as foreman, and the confidence his master reposed in him, the friendship and respect shown him by the men under him, and last, but not least, he envied Jack his good luck in having won the heart of the pretty village girl Lucy Barker.

"But I'll cut him out, I'll cut him out, by fair means or foul!" was Frank Lawrence's inward resolution taken soon after he first beheld Lucy's pretty face, and learned that her troth was already plighted to Jack.

Steadily Frank set himself to work to undermine Lucy's love for Jack, first by offering her flowers, which in her simplicity the girl accepted, and thanked the donor for his kind thought. Then one day he congratulated her on her engagement, adding, however, quietly, "But I never see you wear your engagement ring! How is that?"

Now the idea of an engagement ring had never entered simple Lucy's head till now. Why should she, a village dressmaker, wear one? Honest Jack had never thought of it, and until this slighting remark Lucy had not either; but immediately it became a grievance with her that Jack had not given her a ring. Not that she ever mentioned it to Jack. She had a certain pride about her, and she resolved never to ask him for what he had not thought to give her. But it was "the little rift," made wider by the diligent manipulation of Frank Lawrence, who, growing bolder, openly ridiculed Jack's country-cut clothes and somewhat old-fashioned ways.

Jack could not be blind to what was going on; Lucy's variable temper soon showed that things were not all right with her, and her lover often thought sorrowfully how happy they had been until the advent of Lawrence.

Verily Lucy's head seemed fairly turned by the new-comer's open admiration and "fine gentleman ways," as Jack called them in his own mind.

In the workshop, the knowledge that Lawrence was his rival in Lucy's affections only made Jack the more patient with his underling, in spite of frequent sore provocation. For Frank Lawrence was not of that noble character which can be generous to a rival, and his hatred of Jack showed itself in numberless acts of petty spite and annoyance. Such was the state of things at the time my story opens, and Lucy was just twenty-one, and living with her parents at the Bridge End Cottage, so-called because it was built close to the lower end of the bridge, where the road sloped down to the valley on the other side of the River Swin.

Jack had barely passed out of sight before a low whistle caused Lucy to start and turn in the direction whence it came.

Creeping round from behind some bushes near, the astonished girl saw the form of her new admirer, Frank Lawrence, and she could scarcely express her surprise before he burst into passionate words.

"Miss Barker—Lucy, you have sent him away?" he burst forth eagerly, nodding his head in the direction which Jack had taken, to indicate who he meant.

Instead of replying directly, Lucy, already half-ashamed of the ignoble part she had played towards one who had always been so good and true, and feeling angry with herself, woman-like vented her anger upon the first object which presented itself. So that Lawrence instead of the joyful acquiescence he not unnaturally expected, was somewhat staggered when Lucy angrily taxed him with eavesdropping, and told him in a sharp voice that "she supposed he might possibly have heard a certain old proverb which set forth that 'listeners never heard any good of themselves.'"

This unexpected reception had something of the effect of a cold douche on Frank, who was longing to declare his love, and he almost repented having come forward out of his hiding-place to speak to the girl at all that evening.

One glance, however, at the pretty brown head with its waving hair, half turned from him, and at the trim and dainty figure leaning against the gate, brought back in full force such love as he could feel for anybody except himself. Determined to win the girl, and deciding in his own mind that it would not do to be too hasty till more sure of his ground, he said humbly and deprecatingly, "Miss Barker, I hope I have not offended you? You see, I had come down to bring you some flowers, and as you were not in, I waited about a bit, and I was walking round under the trees

there," pointing to the direction whence his sudden appearance had startled the girl, "when I heard you and Jack Ellis talking, and I did not like to interrupt you then. I could not help hearing some of what you said, and I own it made me feel glad."

To his credit, be it said, the facts were just as Lawrence stated them, and when he produced in a slightly hesitating way a cluster of tea-roses and maidenhair for Lucy's acceptance, saying, "I know they are not good enough, but they were the best I could get," Lucy felt flattered, and with a blush and smile took the gift, and fastened the fragrant flowers at her breast. Emboldened by this treatment of his offering, Frank drew nearer, and clasping one of the little hands which lay idly on the gate, with his own, he said, "Lucy, tell me, is there any chance for me?"

But Lucy only shook her head lightly, and although the red blood mounted to her forehead, she said no word.

"But she was coy, and never would
On him her heart bestow."

sang Frank audaciously, and in spite of herself the girl burst out laughing and the restraint vanished. Frank adroitly turned the conversation to other things, and soon the pair were chatting amiably from either side the wicket.

"By-the-way, did you hear that the mills are going to start on the first of November?" asked Lawrence.

"Why, no! are they really though?" cried Lucy, much interested.

"Well, they say so. You know it does not take long to run up workmen's cottages, and there are a good many ready now, so the firm say they will start then with as many hands as they can get, and work in proportion until more are to be had, which will be when more cottages are built."

"How strange it will seem to have a lot of new people in the village!" said Lucy musingly. "I wonder if they will be very rough?"

"Not more than usual, I should think," replied Frank, "and they'll soon settle down."

"Ay," answered Lucy, "and maybe some of 'em will be very glad to get into the country, though they'll find it strange after being used to such a lot of shops and things, and only one little 'general' here."

"Oh! they'll soon get used to market-day and doing a week's shopping all at once," laughed Frank, "but what a confusion there will be when two or three families arrive together! They're bound to get their things mixed up. What a sorting there'll be!"

Lucy laughed too, but added, "Well, and if they do, there will be plenty to help them put all straight again."

"What do you mean?" Lawrence asked.

"Ah! I forgot, you have not been here long," said Lucy, "so you do not perhaps know that we have in our village a custom called 'neighbours.'"

"Whatever may that mean?" inquired Frank.

"Well, it's just this; that when new folk come to live in the village, most of the women about always turn to and help the new-comers to set their houses in order. It is quite a regular thing, and is done out of kindness to make folk feel there are friends ready to do a good turn, and nobody ever looks for anything but just thanks."

"What a funny custom!" said Frank smiling.

"It may seem so to you," said Lucy somewhat indignantly, "but it is a very useful one sometimes as well."

"I am sure it must be," rejoined Frank, striving by the heartiness of his tone to make amends for the seeming slight upon the old custom.

Before "good-night" was said, Frank had asked and received permission to escort Lucy to and from church on the following Sunday evening, mentally resolving however that he would "soon break her of that sort of thing, as church-going was not in his line."

(To be continued.)

ROCOCO WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.



Rococo is a revival of an old embroidery which used to be executed and brought to great perfection by our grandmothers.

The present generation can do this work quite as well if they are so disposed, but it is, I think, only charitable to warn the worker that unless she possesses the qualities of neatness and is extremely careful that she will never do this work well. There are some embroideries of the slap-dash order, generally big designs carried out in cottons, etc., where this extreme neatness is not so absolutely necessary. I deprecate untidy work at all times, but still it is less observed in the embroideries I name than in rococo-work. This work is best done upon a frame, but still for the comfort of those who dislike working upon or who do not possess a frame, I may say that I have done a good deal of this work without using a frame, and that I worked all the examples seen here in that way. It is not so easy but still it can be done. Before explaining these examples, it may be well to say for what purposes rococo work is suited. For book-covers, blotters, sachets of all kinds, cot-covers, small work-bags, letter-cases and things of that kind the work is most suitable, but it is too delicate and quite unsuited to large articles, or anything that would encounter rough wear.

For the decoration of dresses it is extremely pretty, and as embroidered and ornamented dresses seem likely to remain with us, it will be a very good way of doing them at home by working them in rococo.

The materials required for this work are China silks, filoselle silk and the foundation velvet, satin, silk being the most suitable. You also require a large-eyed tapestry needle with a sharp point and ordinary crewel needles for working the silk with.

Fig. 1 shows you how a scattered pattern is done upon a pale pink silk ground. The flowers are done in red ribbon and the leaves in green, two shades of which are employed.

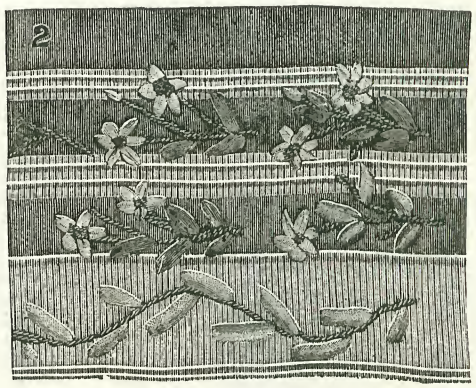
The China ribbons which you need for rococo work can be had at good fancy shops and at some drapers'. You can get them in pieces containing thirty-six yards and sometimes, but not often, they can be bought by the yard.

China ribbons of this kind are about an eighth of an inch wide. They are to be had in several shades of many colours, and you can get shaded ribbons as well as those which are self-coloured. The shaded ribbons are very lovely and I believe of French make.

The centre of each of these little flowers has a few green French knots.

Each petal of the flower consists of a single stitch of the ribbon taken from the point and converging to the centre.

The stems of the flowers and sprays generally are done in ordinary stem-stitch, which



everyone knows how to do. Two threads of the filoselle are used at a time. A pattern of this kind is very pretty and can be done in several ways. You can use only one shade of green for leaves, and one of red for flowers, or else you can have two shades or more of green and make each flower of different colours or different shades.

Needless to say you must select your flowers and patterns generally with special reference to this work. The pattern before you is a good specimen of what answers well for rococo work.

Fig. 2 is done upon a piece of ribbon. The



flowers are orange with green centres and the leaves are green. The curved line at the bottom is done in stem-stitch with shaded green leaves.

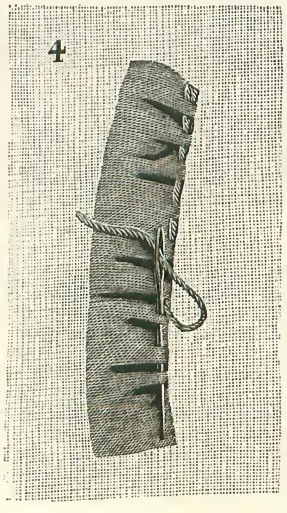
Raised rococo work is done in another way, and you have a good example of it here in Fig. 3.

The entire stem is done in rope-stitch worked with green filoselle.

The small leaves which project from the sprays and stem are done by one stitch made in the ribbon. The lower leaves are nearly all dark olive green or shaded green to brown. The upper leaves are of pale green and the flowers of orange ribbon, some with shaded orange outer rows. Now for the way of working.

In Fig, 4 you see how the ribbon is run.

Get some strong silk of the same colour as the ribbon and run it as you see in the illustration. Then make a kind of rosette with it, drawing the ribbon up tightly on the thread so that the outer edge stands up in a mass.



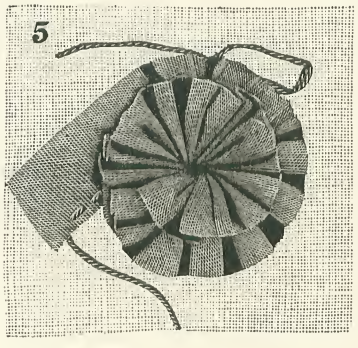
In Fig. 5 you see how this is done. There are two ways of doing this. One is the way seen in our illustration, where you begin from the middle and work round, or else by doing the outer circles first and working towards the centre. Sew on the wrong side. Always make your centre darker than the outer leaves.

In some of the flowers seen in the example, the lower ones, only the orange self-coloured is used. In the larger upper flowers the centres are orange self-coloured and the outer circles are of shaded orange. The buds are made by placing one stitch of orange between two of green.

In Fig. 6 you see exactly how the ribbon is passed in and out when stitches are formed.

Thread the ribbon into the chenille or sharply pointed tapestry needle and bring it through the stuff from the back to the front observing these simple rules.

Always go from the end of a petal to the centre of the flower, not *vice versâ*. In working a leaf calculate the length it should be and then put



your needle up through to it and to the stem. Not from the stem to the point. Always hold your ribbon with your left hand to prevent its twisting.

Fig. 7 shows you how rope-stitch is done.

Make a loop as if for chain, then while holding your thread under your left-hand thumb, put your needle at the back of the stitch and through a short way below the first loop, bringing your needle out over the thread. Rope-stitch is very easily done, and can be used very effectively for stems in rococo work, using about three threads at a time.

I have seen some rococo work where no stem-stitch or rope-stitch was used, and all the stems, both large and small, were done with the ribbon itself. I did not care for it, as the ribbon does not look well made into the small stitches requisite for the stems.

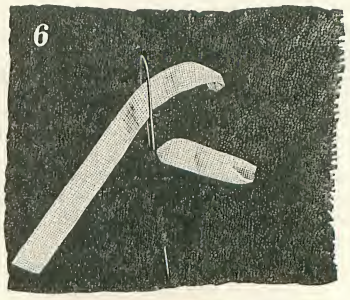
The best flowers to do in rococo are jasmine, blue-bell, forget-me-not, and in the raised kind roses.

If you do the work on a frame stretch the material first of all, and then place the design upon it.

There are various ways of taking off designs, if you do not care to get your material stamped ready to work at a fancy shop.

One way is to trace your pattern against a window-pane.

The first thing to do is to pin or tack your paper or stuff upon the pattern. If it is a very little pattern, you need not either tack or pin it, and if you hold the two sheets firmly pressed against a window with your left hand.



Make all the tracing with your right hand. Take care the papers do not slip. It is generally safer to pin the four corners together. In case of being interrupted and the tracing laid down before you have quite finished it, it is better to have the corners secure, as it is difficult to fit them together again. You can do the tracing with a pencil, but a brush dipped in Indian ink or some water-colour is better.

From a little-known work on embroidery I will quote the following directions, which may be of use to some readers.

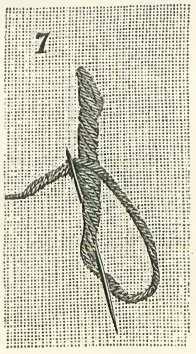
"If you want to take a pattern of a piece of embroidery direct from the work itself, lay it, the right side up, flat upon a board or table and cover it with letter or tissue paper.

"The paper should be of a good medium thickness; if it be too thick it will not take a clear impression of the pattern, and if very thin it is apt to tear.

"Fasten the paper down upon the embroidery with drawing-pins, and rub off the pattern with drawing-wax. In default of the right kind of wax, the bowl or handle of a spoon, or a large silver coin will serve the purpose equally well, as will also some powdered graphite or charcoal. The outlines will not, of course, in any case, be very clearly defined upon the paper, and will have to be gone over and carefully supplemented afterwards with a pencil.

"Taking off a pattern with charcoal or graphite is less injurious to the embroidery than rubbing it off with wax or metal, as the pressure required in the latter case flattens the needlework very considerably. As soon as you have fixed the lines of the pattern by drawing them over with ink, it is ready for use.

"In the case of thick close fabrics, the drawing must be made on the stuff itself. The following is the simplest way of transferring a pattern on to a transparent stuff;



begin by going over all the lines of the drawing with Indian ink, so as to make them quite thick and distinct, and tacking the paper with large stitches on to the back of the stuff. Then mix some very dark powdered indigo diluted with water in a glass with a small pinch of sugar and powdered gum-arabic, and using this as ink, and a fine pen very slightly split, trace the pattern that shines through on the stuff.

"The tracing must be very slight, for if the embroidery be not done till some time afterwards, the lines get so firmly fixed in the stuff that one washing will not obliterate them; the tracing ink, moreover, makes the work unpleasantly sticky.

"Another rather expeditious method of transferring patterns on to thin, and more especially smooth, glossy stuffs, is by means of a special kind of tinted paper, called autograph paper, which is impregnated with another coloured oily substance, and is to be had at any stationer's shop. This you place between the pattern and the stuff, having previously fastened the stuff, perfectly straight by the line of the thread, to a board, with drawing-pins. When you have fitted the two papers likewise exactly together, you go over all the lines of the pattern with a blunt pencil, or with, what is better still, the point of a bone crochet needle or the edge of a folder. You must be careful not to press so heavily upon the edge of the pattern paper so as to tear it; by the pressure exercised on the two sheets of paper, the oily substance of the one paper discharges itself on the stuff, so that when it is removed, all the lines you have traced are imprinted on the stuff.

"This blue tracing paper is, however, only available for the reproduction of patterns on washing stuffs, as satin and all other silky textures are discoloured by it."

Some of my readers may like to know how to pounce patterns. On cloth, velvet, or plush pouncing is the only way that answers satisfactorily, and again I must quote some directions which are so clear and good that it is well to give them verbatim.

"The patterns after having been transferred to straw or parchment paper, have to be pricked through. To do this, you lay the paper upon cloth or felt, and prick out all the lines of the drawing, making the holes, which should be clear and round, all exactly the same distance apart.

"The closer and more complicated the pattern is, the finer and closer the holes should be. Every line of the outline must be carefully pricked out.

"If the paper be sufficiently thin, several pouncings can be pricked at the same time, and a symmetrical design can be folded together into four, and all pricked at once.

"The pricked pattern has next to be tacked upon the material, the side from which the pricking was done next to the stuff, and the little funnel-shaped holes uppermost. Paper and stuff must be firmly fastened down and kept in position by drawing-pins, so that neither of them may move during the process, otherwise you will have double lines on the stuff, which you will find very confusing afterwards.

"For the pouncing use either powdered chalk or charcoal, according to whether the stuff be dark or light in colour. Dip the pouncing implement, a thing like a small drum-stick, stuffed and covered with cloth, into the powder, and rub it lightly over the whole surface of the pricked pattern, so that the powder penetrates through the pin-holes to the stuff. In default of a proper pouncing implement, take a small strip of cloth, roll it up round a stick and wind a string round, and dip this into the powder.

"When the powder has penetrated to the stuff remove the paper, and if the pattern is to be repeated lay it on again further on, taking care to make the lines meet exactly, so that the join may not be seen.

"When you have finished the pouncing and taken off the paper, you proceed to draw or rather paint in the pattern with water-colour paints, Ackermann's are the best for the purpose, no others, as far as our experience has proved, adhere so well even to the roughest fabrics, or so little affect the brilliancy of the embroidery thread. Four paints, blue, black, yellow, and white are sufficient for all purposes, whatever the colour of the stuff may be.

"On a smooth surface the tracing may be done with a pen, but a small sable-hair brush is preferable under all circumstances.

"The rougher and more hairy the surface, the finer the brush ought to be, in order that the colour may sink well in between the fibres.

"Before beginning to paint in the pattern, gently blow away all the superfluous powder from the surface. This process may be objected to as being an old one, which has been superseded by new inventions; a resinous powder, for instance, by the use of which patterns can be fixed as soon as they have been pounced, by passing a hot iron over the stuff, a sheet of paper having first been laid upon it to protect it, or else a mixture of gum and powder, which can be dissolved on the stuff itself by the steam of spirits-of-wine, and various other processes needless to mention here, as some are only useful in tracing patterns on a large scale, whilst others require a variety of appliances, not as a rule within the reach of those to whom needlework is a simple recreation."

As silk and velvet are very suitable foundations for rococo work, it may interest my readers to read the following found in a recent work on embroideries:—

"Silk was first brought to us from the East at a very early time, and the first examples of which we have any clearly ascertained date—as that found on the body of St. Cuthbert—are Byzantine in character . . .

"There are very few allusions to silk in the Old and New Testament—once only, indeed, in the New Testament, in the Apocalypse, where St. John is reckoning up the costly merchandise that was brought in ships to the mighty city. It is mentioned in Ezekiel, again in Proverbs, but in both these places the translators have misunderstood the original Hebrew. Probably fine linen was meant. Virgil makes a very curious mistake, describing silk as a sort of herbaceous fleece growing upon trees. . . . Of velvet we have no mention until the end of the thirteenth century. The art of velvet weaving originated in the East, and it was practised in France, long before it reached England. It was a favourite material with royalty and for robes of satate, was used extensively in liturgical vestments and for altar-cloths."

We are sure that those who try to do this pretty work will be pleased with the result.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC II.

Wherever aborigines are found
Strange tools and warlike implements abound.
What is that missile, with its flattened curve,
Which from its true direction seems to swerve,
Yet, hurled by practised hand with skilled intent,
It always strikes the mark its owner meant?
Now name the country where this weapon's known—
A distant country larger than our own;
Where birds and quadrupeds, where fruits and flowers
Are quite distinctly different from ours.

1. An Emperor harassed by continual foes,
   Rebellious vassals who against him rose,
   And foreign potentates who strove to gain
   Outlying portions of his wide domain.
   After long years of struggle and of strife
   He sought to dedicate his waning life
   To service of the Cross, and led his bands
   Through rugged and inhospitable lands;
   Yet, ere the goal of all his hopes he found,
   In a swift mountain-torrent was he drowned.

2. A mountain district where the peasants try
   To realise the sacred history
   With such fidelity as proves their zeal
   To shadow forth what they devoutly feel.

3. There lived a king in pre-historic days
   Whose peaceful actions ancient authors praise.
   He led his army into lands unknown,
   Diffusing arts while making them his own:
   The Ethiop, Arab, Indian, Thracian felt
   His genial influence, and humbly knelt
   To him, their benefactor, for he schooled
   Them all in useful knowledge while he ruled.
   But when he died, slain by a brother's hand,
   Remembering his good deeds, a grateful land
   Designed his emblem from the ground he trod
   And worshiped him for ages as a god.

4. I'm young and tender, very soft and fair:
   You often wonder, "How did you come *there?*"
   As, eating your dessert, with eyes half shut,
   You pare an apple, or you crack a nut.

5. An epithet that was on kings bestowed
   When gratitude to them their subjects owed:
   But rarely given—for in those Classic times
   Kings were less famed for virtues than for crimes.

6. In pure spring water dwells a world of life—
   Of animalculæ in ceaseless strife;
   Although we fail to see their whirling maze,
   The microscope reveals it to our gaze.

7. At sea I am distinguished by the hue
   Allotted to me—red, or white, or blue;
   But when I flit among the flowers, all three
   Combine in perfect beauty over me.

8. "Call me not sweet," the afflicted mother cried,
   "But call me bitter since my children died."

9. A famous place was this; frequented most
   By those who had the means of travelling post;
   They came in couples, but, their journey done,
   Although they came as *two* they left as *one*.

XIMENA.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



DURING this trying period there came a request from the Earl of Hastings, that Herbert should join him at once in London, as all the arrangements for their tour were made, and he and his brother were anxious to set off as soon as possible. Lord Hastings told Herbert that Mr. Grant had lately come into possession of an estate in Wales, by the death of the relation abroad whom he had gone to seek out, and on whose last hours he had been sedulously attending. Lord Hastings did not know in what county the property lay, but had heard that it was considerable, and reckoned Mr. Grant a lucky fellow.

Now it happened that the lord of the manor of the united parishes of Glanheathyn and Craigyvellyn had lately died abroad, and it was not known who was his heir. The good folks, his tenants, were in a state of considerable anxiety upon this head, and were forming numerous conjectures as to whether the present owner of Plas Craig would be likely to reside amongst them. Herbert at once thought it probable that Mr. Grant was the new lord of the manor, and conceived an instinctive dread of Gwenllean's becoming acquainted with him: why he scarcely knew.

The prospect of Herbert's speedy departure cast a gloom over the general happiness, that Gwenllean alone attempted to conceal. He declared it to be his intention and wish to return as soon as he could, with propriety, leave his friends, and to settle down, he hoped, into a quiet, regular country clergyman: his tastes being decidedly for a country life.

On the afternoon preceding the day upon which Herbert was to leave them, Gwenllean was obliged to walk to a cottager's house at some distance. As she was returning with rapid steps to spend the last evening with him, she was aroused from a painful reverie by the sound of a horse and the appearance of a stranger. She glanced up, and was greeted by a young and handsome man with a look of somewhat impertinent curiosity. He leapt from the back of a splendid steed, and approached her with that easy familiarity which moustached cavaliers know how to assume towards pretty girls that they fancy beneath them in rank, and country-bred. He inquired the road to Craigyvellyn House, and glanced, as he did so, underneath Gwenllean's very close straw bonnet. She withdrew a few paces, and with natural dignity pointed to a bridle-path across the cliff, and then attempted to proceed. But the stranger evidently chose to detain her, by inquiring a less difficult way, saying that his horse would break his neck if he attempted such an impassable zigzag. She directed him to return to the village, where he could easily ascertain the road; and once more walked on. He led his horse by her side, and endeavoured to engage her in conversation; but, annoyed by his pertinacity, and almost alarmed by a manner so unusual to her, she quickened her steps, and determined to return home by the rocky path which led past the old castle, and which was close at hand.

"I think I have seen you before," he said; "I am sure I could not mistake that face; but where we can have met I know not."

Gwenllean feared it had been at the Eisteddfod, as she partly recognised the gentleman who had presented her with the wine and water; but she did not choose to acknowledge the acquaintance.

"Were you ever abroad?" pursued the stranger, looking admiringly at her. "I must have seen you in Italy."

Gwenllean said she had never been out of Wales.

"Then I must have been visited by your spirit in my dreams," he added, with a complimentary smile, that made Gwenllean blush, and hasten towards the path in the rocks, which she no sooner attained, than, with a slight courtesy, she began to ascend.

"Oh, pray allow me to assist you up that horrid steep path," he exclaimed; "but what shall I do with my horse? Oh! here is a man coming to whom I will entrust him."

"Not on any account," said Gwenllean with decision. "I require no assistance," and she bounded up the rock, leaving the stranger to settle the matter of the horse with "the man," whom she had perceived to be Herbert.

The gentleman's tone soon changed, and a shade of displeasure passed over his face, but he soon dispersed it by an attempt at a smile, and an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Llewellen! who on earth would have expected to find you here?" he said, as Herbert drew near.

"How do you do, Mr. Grant?" said Herbert, coolly; "I presume my conjecture is right, and I may congratulate you on being lord of the manors of Craigyvellyn and Glanheathyn."

"Craig what? I have been trying to puzzle out the crack-jaw word for the last ten days, but cannot, for the life of me, tell the name of my new estate. Is there good shooting here? I have just sprung the prettiest partridge I ever saw, which is tolerable sport for a beginning, but she escaped me, and there she goes; almost out of sight already, I vow. Who on earth is she?"

Herbert followed the direction of Mr. Grant's eyes, and perceived Gwenllean. He had never liked Mr. Grant, and he knew that Mr. Grant hated him, but was too much a man of the world to show his dislike—he had, therefore, no great scruples of conscience, in bidding him a rather hasty adieu, in order to follow Gwenllean up the steep. He said he was sorry that his departure on the morrow would prevent him from paying Mr. Grant a visit, and would also oblige him to leave him unceremoniously at the present moment, his time with his friends being short. Mr. Grant glanced significantly at Gwenllean, and smiled, ejaculating—

"You a sportsman, eh! always thought you had a talent that way!" and, mounting his horse, he waved his hand, and galloped off, whilst Herbert hastened after Gwenllean.

She had reached the ruin before he came up with her, and was leaning against a broken fragment of wall, apparently for support. Herbert looked at her, and saw she was pale as death.

"Gwenllean, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, rushing towards her.

"Nothing," she replied, making an effort to speak, but sinking upon a stone as she did so.

"You are ill, dear Gwenllean," said Herbert; "tell me, I entreat you, what is the matter?"

But Gwenllean could not answer him, for she felt faint and exhausted. She had been annoyed, and almost alarmed, by Mr. Grant's manner, which, in a stranger, she could not make out, and had run, with such precipitation, up the rock, that fear and fatigue had overcome her. Perhaps, too, the excitement of her feelings at the prospect of parting with Herbert had assisted in producing the agitation of her mind, which had not been without effect upon a frame naturally weak. Herbert hastened in search of water, but by the time he returned, she had, by a violent effort, recovered her composure, and was standing looking from the rocky pile upon the waste of waters that stretched from its base into the far distance. She thanked him, but said she was better. Herbert suspected that Mr. Grant was at the bottom of her sudden indisposition, and would have asked her what he had been saying to her, but her averted eye and trembling voice forbade him.

They stood for some time in perfect silence side by side, each conscious of a perturbed spirit, but little sensible of the emotions of the other. Evening, an autumn evening, was just beginning to close in. The soft Queen of Night had usurped the reign of the brilliant King of Day, in the high palaces of ether above, and was surrounded by her attendant stars, that scintillated in the blue abyss, and looked, as a young child once said—"Like holes to see God's glory through." The breast of ocean reflected the gracious lights of the tranquil firmament, and the long belt of

silver that the moon cast upon it seemed a path for the sea gods to walk upon. The ruin, with its crumbling walls, falling towers, ivied battlements, and wave-washed base of rock, looked grim in the twilight; but opposite, as if in mockery, the mountains still wore the hues of the departed sun, whose rich glow gently flushed the whole scene, and blended the garishness of day with the solemnity of night.

If there be one season more calculated than another to call forth the tenderness of the human heart, it is such an evening as this. The feelings that have been resolutely subdued into repose awake from their slumbers, and steal, imperceptibly, into the heart; whilst those which have been indulged, acquire double strength, and take hold of the soul with resolute impetuosity. Herbert and Gwenllean's love had neither been subdued nor encouraged, for it had crept into their natures unawares, and dwelt there as a holy, but secret thing. They now felt the calm and glow of evening glide into their souls, and as they stood together, and looked upon the placid beauty of the scene above, around, and beneath them, one feeling alone pervaded them, as it seemed to do all nature, and that feeling was love.

At last the quick throb of the heart found relief in words, and Herbert poured forth, to the rapt and astonished Gwenllean, a tale she had never dreamed to hear. He told her of a pure and absorbing passion; told her, in the eloquent language of young devotion, that he loved her—heart and soul, he loved her. And when he looked into her gentle eyes, and read, or thought he read, the return he longed for, he told her, whilst he blessed and thanked her, that he knew he was acting a selfish part, but that he could not quit her without assuring her of his enduring affection. He asked for no promise, because his doing so would be taking advantage of her youth and sisterly attachment, and because the time might arrive when she might repent of having made him one; but, he said, neither time, absence, place, nor position could change his sentiments. He would labour and strive for her sake, until he proved his constancy, by asking, fearlessly, for her love.

They were startled from that delicious dream of young love by the sound of approaching footsteps, and were recalled at once to common life, and to a consciousness of the lateness of the hour. The shades of evening were crowding fast about them, and the dew-drops on the ivy were almost as clear as the tear on Gwenllean's cheek. They hurried from the ruin, and were met by Mr. Lloyd, to their inexpressible confusion. Everybody was in full cry after them—and tea was waiting. The old gentleman had come in search of them, half alarmed at their delay, and saw at a glance the state of affairs. He looked reproachfully at Herbert, and never did a more silent trio walk a mile together before or since; for after the first attempt at explanation, neither of them spoke a word. The young people had enough to employ their thoughts in the surpassing happiness of knowing themselves dear to each other; a happiness, never, perhaps, so overpowering as when experienced for the first time; and Mr. Lloyd had also matter for serious contemplation, in the understanding that he saw had taken place between them. Not the greatest novice on earth could misunderstand Gwenllean's face, radiant with blushing purity, or Herbert's look of proud satisfaction.

When they reached the cottage, Mr. Lloyd detained Herbert without, and questioned him. Herbert told him all without reserve.

Mr. Lloyd shook his head, and muttered——

"Young heads! young hearts," looking so curiously happy, in the midst of his feigned displeasure, that Herbert scarcely knew whether he was angry or not.

"No secrets, Herbert, remember!" he said, whilst he drew his grandson by the button-hole into the drawing-room, where sat Lady Llewellen and her children; "all open and clear as the day. Nobody ever repented of too much sincerity, though thousands have regretted too much duplicity. Allow me to introduce you to your future son-in-law, my dear madam," he added, with mock gravity dragging Herbert, blushing like a girl, directly in face of Lady Llewellen, and occasioning Gwenllean to rise from her seat, and turn towards the door. "Don't run away, my dear; here is the culprit, and you must help to judge him."

"Really, my dear grandfather," stammered Herbert, "this is too bad."

"Too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd; "I think it was too bad of you to keep our tea waiting by detaining young ladies amongst old ruins by moonlight. But seriously, Mrs. Llewellen, Herbert has been sinning deeply, and you must adjudge his punishment."

Lady Llewellen perceived the confusion of Herbert's manner and Gwenllean's agitation, and wishing to spare them both, said that she thought a twelvemonth's banishment would be a sufficient punishment for any crime he could have committed, and would fall equally heavily upon the accused, the accuser, and the judge.

"Ostracism—and Gwenllean to write the name; be it so," said Mr. Lloyd, taking Gwenllean by the hand, and kissing her tenderly.

"And Gwenllean to write the recall," said Herbert, taking her other hand, and leading her to the sofa near her mother, whilst he seated himself on the other side, and with a frank, but agitated manner, told Lady Llewellen that he feared he had been acting prematurely and imprudently, but that he hoped she would forgive him, and pass no harder sentence upon him than she had already passed. He then gave her to understand in a few half audible words the events of the evening, saying that his most earnest desire was to be enabled, with her and Gwenllean's consent, to claim the hand he would fain ask at that moment. That no exertion on his part should be wanting to render him worthy of so great a prize, and that, in short, he prayed for her blessing on his efforts and his love.

There was something so honourably trusting in his manner, that a woman less predisposed in his favour than Lady Llewellen could scarcely have found fault with him. She only cast a glance of inquiry at Gwenllean, and seeing that her very soul was in the momentous subject, said with emotion——

"Herbert, if there were one thing in this world that I could desire, it would be to see what you wish consummated. But Gwenllean is young—you are both young—and your future prospects most uncertain."

Herbert only heard the first portion of the sentence, and seizing Lady Llewellen's hand, kissed it most devotedly, whilst he thanked her with heartfelt gratitude. Mr. Lloyd had listened to all she said, and with beaming eyes exclaimed—

"You are right. No engagement! I insist upon no engagement. If they both prove constant, well and good, if not—but of course everybody knows that lovers are never inconstant, so we will not let them set the example."

Herbert looked at Gwenllean and thought he read the word "constancy" written on her countenance. Mr. Lloyd rubbed his hands and declared that not being in love he was quite hungry, a declaration in which Lizzie appeared to coincide, who was standing, looking very grave, near the tea-table; so they at last settled down to tea, a serious but a happy party.

Why will Time always keep his regular, monotonous pace, whether we wish it or no? Never slackening when we would give worlds for another half-hour, never hastening when we long for the hours to pass? How quickly he seemed to stride over the ground that last evening! Every step was taken in a seven-leagued boot, and he would not even pause to take breath when the hours struck one after another. He quite galloped from nine to ten, and would not slacken at the little warning the clock kindly gave five minutes before the hour fixed on for the parting.

When friends are few, and separations occur but seldom, tears flow easily. Custom dries the eyes and hardens the feelings. At the cottage they had few friends either to come or go, and therefore they had tears to spare, and they fell fast when Herbert began to say good-bye.

"Kiss her, Herbert," said Mr. Lloyd, the tears streaming down his aged cheeks, as Herbert held Gwenllean's hand.

Herbert looked at Lady Llewellen, and reading no disapprobation in her face, pressed the weeping, trembling girl to his heart, there in the presence of his friends.

"God bless you both!" said Mr. Lloyd, emphatically, lifting his hand and eyes towards heaven.

"Amen," murmured Lady Llewellen, and in a few moments more the painful parting was over, and Herbert was gone.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN.

E noble, woman! birthright makes thee queen
In God's great world; thy robe a living sheen
Of love-wrought broidery and wondrous lace,
Of woman ways all courtesie and grace.

Be loving, woman! like the scent which steals
From hidden violets, which the spring-tide yields.

Be gentle, woman! like soft breath that blows
Far from the southward, melting Winter's snows.

Be patient, woman! 'midst stern storms of strife,
And racking world cares, harmony of life.

Be generous, for love-laden gifts are thine,
Of silent selflessness—Life's "oil and wine."

Be brave, weak woman! for Fate asks of thee
A courage born of stern necessity.

Be firm, frail woman! rock-like on the shore,
Where Passion's breakers surge for evermore.

Be holy, woman! fed with incensed oil,
Thy burnished lamp of Christ-like, love-lit toil.

FAMILY FETTERS: SHALL WE BREAK THEM?

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

"WHAT an intolerable nuisance Eva Sinclair is!" exclaimed one of three girls who were alternately sitting, standing, and walking about a pretty London drawing-room. All were in walking attire, and all looked bored and impatient.

"I can't think what induced us to let her join! We might have known she would make us miss our train and spoil the whole afternoon," said the second.

"I think it is such folly to wait for her!" exclaimed number three, looking at her watch-bracelet. "If we started this moment could we catch our train?"

"I'm afraid not," said Avice, the first speaker. "We must give it up. We need not start for half an hour if we go by the next, so do let us settle down to something. Will you have some tea?"

"No, thanks," said the others, "it is too early. What are you doing, Avice? Working for your sale? We will help"—and the trio were soon busy with the fancy-work materials that strewed the table.

"Now while I remember it," said Rosa, "can you give me the Boltons' new address? I want to call on them. I wonder they left their old home, they seemed so fond of it, and had been there so long."

"Which of the three addresses do you want?" asked Theo. "They could not afford to stay in the old house, because they could not be content to live together."

"How was that? They always seemed friendly enough," said Avice.

"Georgie had a conviction that she required more artistic surroundings to draw out her leanings for art. A kindred soul, an affinity was a necessity. Susie did not know a good picture from a daub, and Laura was too devoted to parish work to spare time and attention to æsthetic furnishing, though Georgie thought her capable of appreciation, if she would give her mind to it. I daresay you remember Miss Boyle, her friend at the School of Art?"

"Yes," replied Avice.

"An odious, affected, conceited creature!" said Rosa.

"Well, I rather fancy Laura and Susie agreed with Rosa's estimate, but any way Georgie thinks her perfection, and I suspect she put it into Georgie's head to take a flat by herself, and set up housekeeping with her. Miss Boyle wanted a home just then, for her means are very small, and the rich cousin with whom she had lived from childhood died, leaving her a minute legacy. The furniture is beyond criticism. I believe Georgie is more highflown than ever. Miss Boyle seems very comfortable, and the other Boltons look depressed when Georgie is mentioned, and say they don't see much of her. Miss Boyle is always about when I call. I thought Georgie looked rather unwell last time, but she said it was her new picture weighing on her."

"Then Laura and Susie are consoling one another, I suppose?" queried Avice.

"Not at all," said Theo—"Laura felt it her duty to 'throw herself entirely' into the East End. She and a deaconess work a poor parish together under the clergyman who prepared Laura for confirmation years ago. She wrote to him when Georgie went off, and proffered her services. He was glad enough to get them, of course, and she pays the deaconess' expenses as well as her own, and lives in the slum where she labours. Her weak chest is rather a hindrance, I believe. Half the time she cannot go out at night, and her voice leaves her for weeks at a time. Their old doctor says she is insane to live where she does, and that she could do twice the work if she had stayed in her old home, and gone backwards and forwards when well enough. You know she has always been delicate."

"And what has become of poor Susie?" asked Rosa. "What is her craze?"

"Oh, she has none! She could not keep up the old home alone, of course, and she felt leaving it terribly; but she said she would have gone anywhere and done anything if they could only have been together. She is a clinging sort of girl, you know, without much originality, rather dull to live with, I dare say; I know she used to exasperate poor Georgie when they were all children together. She has taken a small house not far from their old one; kept several of the old servants, and lives by herself. She has a district, and teaches in the Sunday-School, works for sales, has her nieces from the country to stay with her very often, keeps up her interest in the local charities, and her old neighbours, and tries to make the best of her loneliness. She is a worthy, good creature, and I go to see her as often as I can, though I confess she might be livelier."

"It seems a pity for a family to split up like that," said Avice thoughtfully, "but so many do now, I can't understand why."

"What can't you understand?" said Avice's mother, entering from the conservatory. "And how is it you are not all gone to the tennis-party?"

The girls hastily furnished explanations on both points, and Avice added—

"Do tell us, mother, what you think about the modern system of everybody going her own way, and leaving the rest of the family to go theirs."

"And what is the reason of it, Mrs. Maynard?" asked Rosa. "Girls used not to behave so."

"It is a large subject," said the lady, "and not one to be disposed of in a moment. No doubt what 'the new woman' calls the 'emancipation of her sex' has insensibly affected all educated women more or less. They think for themselves now, have more



"BIRTHRIGHT MAKES THEE QUEEN IN GOD'S GREAT WORLD."

individuality, hold theories, form plans, and like to shape their own lives and have their own way."

"But is it a good thing?" asked Avice doubtfully.

"In some ways I think it is," replied her mother. "Helplessness and dependence are never desirable attributes, but no doubt there are special dangers and temptations growing out of the new state of things. There is a disposition to set aside the surroundings in which Providence has placed us, and choose new and absolutely different ones for ourselves. It seems to me that we should view family ties—near family ties, I mean—such as the relationship between parents and children, brothers and sisters—as ordained by God Himself for our training and discipline. I doubt very much if we are justified in refusing the duties, pleasures, and pains which lie straight before us in the ordinary path of family life which God has given us, to take up self-imposed duties and enjoy more congenial companionship. I should not venture to do it myself unless I had some definite special call."

"People do it when they are married," said Rosa, "and nobody sees any harm."

"We have Scripture authority for that," said Mrs. Maynard. "'Let the younger women marry,' and husband and wife are exhorted to cleave together and forsake all other relations—even parents—that interfere with the new union. I do not say that persons may not sometimes have other calls too. A girl may feel it her duty to go out as a missionary to the heathen, or to give her life to nursing, or East-End work like your friend Laura; but she ought to be very sure that it is a call from God and not a mere preference or whim of her own."

"But where would be the harm of indulging a preference, even if it were only that?" asked Rosa.

"It might be selfish," said Mrs. Maynard. "Several sisters may lead a useful, comfortable, peaceful life together, even though they may not agree on all points, and may have their faults and failings which occasionally disturb the harmony of the home and jar upon one another. It is quite possible that the defection of one member of the family might cripple the means and spoil the lives of the others, and if she does this merely to please herself because she finds the society of her providentially ordered companions unwelcome, what is this but selfishness?"

"Yes, I see that," said Theo. "I always think Georgie Bolton disgustingly selfish."

"But is it not equally selfish of the others to wish to prevent the discontented one from living her own life and improving her circumstances if she can?" remarked Rosa.

"Perhaps it would be if they took active steps to curtail the adventurer's liberty," said Mrs. Maynard, smiling; "but I do not think it is wrong for them to wish for the continuance of what Providence clearly indicates as the most natural conditions of life. The Bible speaks of 'setting the solitary in families' as a privilege, and I always feel when families break up needlessly, and women choose solitude without any real reason, that they are going directly contrary to God's intentions for them, and therefore are not at all likely to further their own happiness."

"But," said Rosa, "I have no doubt you know much better than I do, Mrs. Maynard, and I am not controverting your view, still it seems to me that some sisters are so different that they irritate one another by their very dispositions, and perhaps both of them would be better-tempered and happier if they parted."

"If you were speaking of mere friends or acquaintances, or even fellow-servants, I might agree with you, Rosa," said Mrs. Maynard, "because voluntary associations are chosen by ourselves. We chose the companions, and we may have chosen unwisely. Possibly the very best thing to be done in some cases is to sever the tie which ought never to have been formed. But even in such instances I should be slow to abandon a friendship once made for trivial reasons. Family connections are quite different. The peculiar relation of brothers and sisters while unmarried and living together is one ordained by God Himself. Sometimes He breaks it up early by marriage or by the necessity for the several members to earn their own living, or again, as I have said, by a special call to some religious or philanthropic mission; but where this is not the case, and there is nothing but the wilful determination of the persons concerned to break up the circle, I cannot help feeling that the family life ought to be regarded as the training-school in which God has placed us, and the irritation and mortification arising out of jarring elements should be looked on as discipline intended to form our character."

"Perhaps," said Avice, "some of us would get quite unbearable if we lived alone and could always have our own way, unchecked by criticism or opposition. Besides, I do think it is a good thing on the whole, though often very disagreeable, to have some one to tell us our faults, which of course after we are grown up, no one but one's near relations would venture to do as a rule."

"I was just going to remark," said Rosa, "that it has often puzzled me that there are so many family squabbles. Sisters who would not hear a word against one another from an outsider often seem to live much less harmoniously together than you would expect. Why is it, I wonder!"

"I think want of courtesy is one reason," said Theo eagerly. "People say such extremely disagreeable things to one another, and don't even trouble to wrap up the bitter morsel in a pleasant envelope. I cannot understand why members of a family should think it quite allowable to be rude to one another though they would be ashamed to be so to a mere friend."

"Interference is another thing," said Avice ("of course parents have a right to interfere," she interpolated, smiling at her mother, with whom she was on the most affectionate and sympathetic terms); "but I do not see why brothers and sisters should be always questioning and criticising one another's movements. Why, in some houses you can't go out for a turn without some one wanting to know where you are going; you can't make an engagement without its being discussed, and perhaps disapproved; you can hardly conduct your own correspondence, or spend your own allowance, or eat your own dinner, without some one objecting, or sneering, or making you feel that you are regarded as little better than a simpleton by your nearest and dearest."

"My dear Avice, you seem to have suffered acutely, judging by your vehemence," said Mrs. Maynard laughing. The remark was stingless, for Avice was an only child.

"I quite agree with Avice," said Theo, "I see exactly what she means. I know a girl who never says a word about her plans for the day, because her sisters always worry her so. If she says she shall put on her best hat, they always think it will rain, if her old one, 'it is really too shabby to make calls in.' If she thinks of going by train to see a distant friend, they say how much of her pocket-money is spent in travelling expenses. If she says she should like to do so and so if she could afford it, 'they can't see why she might not afford it perfectly well with her good allowance.' If on the other hand she proposes any little amusement which costs anything, 'they wonder she can find money for it; it is well to be such a wealthy lady.' If she is badly off and tries to economise in her dress, they grumble at her shabbiness, or the inferiority of the cheap garments, which she dislikes quite as much as they do. If she spends more, and goes to good shops, they shake their heads at her extravagance, and wonder how people can lavish their all on their dress. They always find some reason against everything she wants to do, even going to church, or teaching in the Sunday School, or indisputably good things in themselves. I know, for I have stayed there and heard them."

"And do you know I think a sort of jealousy is another common bar to home happiness," said Rosa. "Some girls can't bear their brothers or sisters to have any outside interests or friends. I think it is so silly, because no two people ever look at things or persons with the same eye, and it would be uncommonly dull if they did. It does not follow because A. derives real happiness from B.'s society, that A.'s sister is bound to do so too; but on the other hand she need not thwart A.'s friendship, and do her best to throw cold water on it."

"Are there any more suggestions to be offered?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"It is your turn now, mother," said Avice.

"I think there is truth in what you have all said," replied Mrs. Maynard, "but I should add want of self-control, failure to make allowances, and expecting too much, as obstacles to happy home life. All persons have times when they feel weary, downhearted, irritable. If they are on a visit, they resolutely cover up their feelings and do their best to smile, and talk and make themselves agreeable. At home they not only look black, but are snappish, contrary, and cast a gloom over the whole party. Again, if anyone asks an indiscreet question, or makes an impertinent speech in society, we refrain from showing our displeasure, or show it only in a moderate and polite manner; but at home we often put ourselves in the wrong by our violent expressions, or outspoken contempt, of which we are ourselves ashamed when we grow cool. If we would make allowances, consider how things look from another's point of view, and try to realise that much which is highly offensive to our taste or our feelings, is not at all meant to be so, and that the offender errs simply from ignorance and inability to understand how he annoys us, we should be much happier. Stupidity is provoking, no doubt, to a brilliant person, untidyness to a neat one, neglect of appearances to one who loves beauty, or has a strong regard for conventional propriety. Unpunctuality or procrastination is irritating to a prompt, business-like, capable woman. But we ought to remember that nobody is stupid by choice, that the other drawbacks we have mentioned often arise from absence of training in childhood, or are marks of a feeble physical constitution. In any case we ourselves have always faults which are irritating to our relatives, and therefore we are unreasonable to look for perfection in them. We should not expect too much. Girls often do. For example, they lavish their warmest affections on one particular brother or sister, and when the beloved one fails to reciprocate the special devotion, feel hurt and disappointed."

"I think," said Theo, "that people are so unreasonable in expecting you to remember all their affairs—little things I mean—like the dates of monthly engagements, the hours of music lessons, or meetings, or concerts, but I don't know that one's relations are worse than outsiders."

"There is this difference," said Mrs. Maynard, "that opportunities of offence occur much oftener at home than elsewhere; on the other hand, if we know perfectly well

that our sister (or brother) has a wretched memory, we should be wise not to expect her to recollect every minute detail we have ever confided to her, or to regard her lapses into forgetfulness as proofs of coldness or want of affection."

"Well, we seem to have pretty clearly established our point," said Rosa laughing: "in spite of failings, imperfections, or uncongeniality, sisters and brothers are to stick together as long as they can. That's the moral, I suppose, but I still think it rather hard on the ones who want to go."

"Remember there are two sides to the shield," said Mrs. Maynard. "Jealousy of outside friends and outside interests is a mistake, but they ought not continually to be flaunted in the face of unsympathetic relatives, so as to make them feel that they themselves take quite a secondary position. Constant criticism and continual contradiction are harassing, but they are at all events a proof of interest, and many have found, when removed from their influence, that the absolute indifference to our concerns and well-being manifested by strangers are at least as hard to bear. And even frank rudeness has its redeeming feature, though I am far from defending it. It often shows us ourselves as we appear to others, a painful and often utterly unexpected revelation, but it may easily be made a salutary one. My moral would be, let each one look to herself, try to avoid the evils we have mentioned, and make daily life more harmonious in her own home. Avice, could you not sing that favourite song of mine before you start for the station?"

Avice complied, and the sweetness of her rich and cultivated tones added charm to the words she sung—

"If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But—we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

We have careful thought for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own, the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn."

GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

GROUPING the competitors according to their occupations, the largest number are domestic servants, then follow dressmakers, home helpers, clerks, shop-girls, farmers, housekeepers, confectioners, factory girls, compositors, teachers, lithographers, book-folders, barmaids, librarians, dentists.

Many of these girls have adopted mottoes for their "daily round" essays. We give one or two—

"Work for some end, be it ever so lowly,
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Work, for all labour is noble and holy."

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build our characters."

"Do what you can, being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot be a star,
Work like a pulley if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a train."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

A few extracts from their papers will give us a little idea of their work, the way they spend their leisure, and how they pass the Sunday, together with the spirit in which all is done. We wish we could place every line that has been written by the competitors before our readers, so full of teaching and interest is each one.

1. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"The life of a dressmaker established for herself is full of variety. I am twenty years old having been earning my living entirely in this way since my seventeenth birthday, and have been very successful. I work chiefly for domestic servants and the wives of working men and make quite pretty dresses for 8s. each. My weekly earnings vary, on an average I earn from 12s. to 15s. a week in summer, but in winter the average is low.

"*My Leisure.*—In the winter evenings for the last three years I have attended our Technical and Art School. I prefer science, having obtained first class 'Advanced' in Physiology and in elementary Botany. I am a little deaf and that throws me on my own resources, and I have learned to love books and make them my companions."

2. *From the paper of a Shirt Finisher.*—"My work consists of putting in side bits, sleeve bits and buttons, backing the collars and fastening the ends of machine work for which I get 1s. a dozen if white shirts, and 9d. and 6d. the dozen for common Oxfords and print without holes. I have to work very hard to make 7s. a week and look well at my money before spending a penny. We have to pay 3d. a week for the room to cook in and 4d. a week for our teas which makes 7d. a week good or bad earnings also a penny a week is demanded for hospitals by the forewoman. . . . It seems hard to be so badly paid for work and firms to compel the hands to give. Sometimes I have not earned enough to pay my 4s. a week rent!"

3. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"I work with my sister; we make dresses for the wives and daughters of the tradesmen in our neighbourhood, for factory girls and servants. They bring their material and fetch it when finished. In the winter we have a sewing class for about thirty girls of the Sunday School; we cut and fit the garments at home and the girls make them in the class which we open and close with a short prayer and my sister tells them stories while they work.

"We have a good deal of leisure between the seasons when we mend and make our own clothes and do flower-painting for which we find a ready sale among our customers. We take long walks and attend a concert occasionally. Our joint earnings for the year vary from £100 to £105 out of which we are able by means of the Post Office Savings Bank to make provision for sickness and old age."

4. *From the paper of a Mill Hand.*—"My day's work is from six in the morning till 5.15 in the evening. . . . I spend my evenings at the Mechanics' Institute with Sir Robert Ball, or take a trip through Europe in company with Mr. Malden."

5. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"My sister works with me in the same mill. We like broth for dinner and make it at night. In the winter we can make as much as will serve three days at one time. On Saturday night we buy a big piece of meat, say from two or three pounds, the butcher sometimes gives us a good bone to it. I cut out the bones from the meat and make our soup or broth with it and put the rest of the meat in an earthenware dish with a cover to it, and salt and pepper and let it stew and it serves us for meat all the week.

"We rise on Sunday mornings, take our breakfast and get on the pot, prepare the vegetables and put them in when the pot is boiling, then slow the fire and leave the pot on while we are at church, then when we come back the dinner is almost ready; we boil one or two potatoes and have a very nice dinner with an apple or some fruit for dessert, and there is as much over as will be a dinner for Monday and Tuesday. While the pot is having a good fire I bake a large oat cake with a good piece of lard in it to make it easier to eat, and fires it in the oven. That gives us a made dinner for six days.

"*Leisure.*—We have about an hour and a half in the evening and we knit and sew and read and we do our own washing once a fortnight. I have had a class in the Sunday School for a great many years."

6. *From the paper of a Clerk in a Shop.*—"I have been over four years at the same work and have never felt dissatisfied with it. I attend classes two or three nights a week."

7. *From the paper of a Draper's Assistant.*—"The evenings are the saddest part of business life because there are so many temptations that beset a girl who is obliged to live away from home. It is imperative for the sake of a girl's health that she should go out in the fresh air, but sometimes she would give anything to be able to close her eyes and ears and not see the things which happen in the West End streets."

8. *From the paper of a Newspaper Compositor.*—"Like the majority of women I did not have the opportunity of choosing my own occupation. Nevertheless I like it very well. An apprenticeship served in an office like this is in itself a liberal and all-round education. I have been nine years and a half in this my first situation. My wages run from 18s. to 21s. a week. I do not know what it is to be out of work. Holidays are six separate days in the year and a half-holiday every Saturday. In my *leisure* of three hours in the evening I knit for the family and read. I have taught myself shorthand and attend classes for cooking and type-writing."

9. *From the paper of a General Servant. Disposal of her Wages.*—"I receive £17 a year paid monthly which comes to £1 8s. 4d. per month; out of this I give my mother 8s. a month as she is a widow and depending on myself and three other sisters for her living."

10. *From the paper of a Nursemaid.*—"I consider that it is everyone's work to make life happier and better for everyone else with

whom they come in contact, and I think if girls would try to cultivate that spirit they would find domestic service delightful."

11. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I have been over five years in my present situation and I hope to stay for a long time. Sunday afternoons I go to a Bible-class; most of the members are domestic servants. Sunday is a bright, happy day for me."

12. *From the paper of a Milliner-Dressmaker.*—"I work with my sister for working people. Sunday is the happiest day of the week for me and is fully occupied. Beside teaching in the Sunday School I assist in the musical part of the service and this sometimes takes me out one evening in the week. Books and music are my companions in spare time."

13. *From the paper of a Factory Girl.*—"There are all sorts of characters in a factory. There are the quick and the slow, the rough and the refined. Sometimes girls who are fit for better work go to factory work from necessity from a laudable desire to help the bread-winner at home.

"Many people think girls get contaminated in factories, but those who love purity and goodness and have a reverence for sacred things will always be able to keep in the right way. What we admire we imitate.

"Refinement is often found in the most unlikely places, and good manners and refined speech will gain respect in a factory as elsewhere. The factory girls are kind and sympathetic. For example, a little boy who has lately come to work in my room happened to say that he was not going to his Sunday School treat because there was ninepence to pay, and as he had no father he could not afford the money; a collection was quickly made and 3s. 6d. raised for him.

"*Leisure.*—I can always find plenty to do in the evenings; dressmaking and sewing take up a great deal of my leisure time. When I am short of work I indulge my taste for reading. I read the best magazines, the best novels and Samuel Smiles' works."

14. *Dressmaker at Home.*—"I live at home with my widowed mother. I have a very good trade. I think dressmaking is a more interesting trade than some, as its fashions change so often, which makes the work less monotonous. Sundays come as a delightful change, then I go to church and Sunday School where I try to teach some little girls."

15. *From the paper of a Cook.*—"I think cooking is the most fascinating of household work and certainly commands the highest remuneration. The only objections I have to service are that people think if a girl is fit for nothing else at least she will do for service. They always send the girls out of reformatories and penitentiaries to service, and also in books they always represent servants as saying, 'Please, mum,' and all kinds of grammar. I have never heard a servant talk like that. When I was kitchenmaid I was up at six. I then black-leaded and cleaned the flues for if there is cooking to do there is no surer way of aggravating yourself and everyone else than by neglecting to sweep the kitchen flues."

16. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"The great advantage about weaving is that girls may so soon be able to earn their own living. In a few days or at most a few weeks a girl can be earning money on her own loom, and then it depends chiefly on herself whether she becomes a good weaver and earns good wages. It is indeed a long day to be away from home, soon after five in the morning till past six at night.

"*Leisure.*—My favourite evening recreations are music and reading. I sing in our chapel choir so one evening in the week is spent at the rehearsal. I have taught in our Sunday School for some years. There are many very good voices among the factory girls and weavers.

"Sunday is a quiet, pleasant day. I like to attend the morning and evening services and take a walk afternoon or evening."

17. *From the paper of a Teacher.*—"Teaching is an occupation which needs more love for it than an outsider would suppose. To keep patient under the many provocations of each day is a task of no small difficulty."

18. *From a paper of a General Servant.*—"I am a general servant and have been in my present situation a little over three years. It is by no means what I should have chosen if I had my will for I always wanted to have been a nurse. But I realise more each day I live that my work is ordered by our Heavenly Father and that He knows ever what is best for each one."

19. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I came here ten years ago and I am treated as a friend rather than as a servant, and in these days when mistresses and servants seem to be carrying on a sort of civil war it is pleasant to know that I am loved and trusted."

20. *From a paper of Cook-Housekeeper.*—"I live in a large country house where a number of servants are kept. It has always seemed to me that very little is known of that class of servant as one of the most stringent rules generally is that gossiping and visiting in the village or houses round is not allowed.

"I began my life in service in such a house at the age of sixteen as kitchen-maid, and have gradually worked my way up to the position I now occupy as cook-housekeeper. A kitchen-maid's work is necessarily very rough and hard, but when the rough and disagreeable work is got through and one has gained the necessary age and experience it gives one the best position and the best wages among the servants of the house."

21. *From the paper of a Lady's-Maid in Simla, India.*—"This is Monday which is called *Dhobie's* day; that is what they call the man who comes for the clothes, and I have rather a trying time as he very often brings them back the worse for washing. I rise at half-past five, slip on a dressing-gown and take my lady her *chota hazri* which means early cup of tea, after which I have a cold bath. At a quarter-past six I help my lady dress for her ride and while she is out I look after the servants, they want such a lot of looking after. My lady comes back about nine o'clock, and while she is having her bath I run down to the verandah and give the Dursie or sewing man his work. The Dursies squat on the floor and look very like monkeys, minus the tail, but some of them work most beautifully, their toes are almost like fingers, so useful. I am the only white servant, the rest are all native men, and I cannot tell you how lonely it is sometimes, but my lady does her best to make me happy. I help in the house, and as my lady is very particular I find plenty to do. The natives have no idea of scrubbing. I would just like some of the girls in England to see them scrub. I used to be amused, but now I get angry and use my little stock of Hindustance trying to teach them, but it is hopeless for they will squat in the middle and make a pool of water all round them, then to finish up they upset the bucket and I leave them to mop it up.

"We have tea at five o'clock, then my lady goes out in her Rickshaw, a sort of bath chair drawn by four coolies. We get letters from home once a week and if I don't get one I feel life is not worth living. We have dinner at eight, then I see that the dogs are comfortable and put my lady's room ready for the night, after which I read my verses and go to bed for I am always very tired.

"I am sorry to say Sunday out here seems to make very little difference, and except that the churches open everything goes on as usual. There is such a want of quietness and peace in this country."

22. *From the paper of a Compositor.*—"We work girls can't make a great stir in the world yet we ought to be very careful to do right, as I think our influence tells most on those who are always with us. During the winter I attend a class of dressmaking for children, and printing, and once a fortnight I go to the meetings of the Young Women's Christian Endeavour."

23. *From the paper of a Farmer's Daughter in Tasmania.*—"Although my mother is my only mistress my work is hard and often monotonous but it has to be done. Extra leisure means extra work."

24. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I shall not feel satisfied with myself if I did not mention Sunday in this paper. To me it is the happiest day of the seven. May I briefly state how I and a good many other girls around here spend our Sundays. Suppose it is the first Sunday in the month, we rise a little earlier than on other days as we attend the celebration of the Holy Communion at seven o'clock. As I look around on this congregation I see nearly all servants; we should not be able to attend any other time. In the afternoon we go to a Bible class and in the evening we go to church. I have been in my present situation three years and have been most comfortable and happy in it. We can all try to make our daily work a work for Him whom we love. We can at least work cheerily, not sullenly, and remember that God has called us to this work."

25. *From the paper of Librarian's Assistant.*—"A better situation can scarcely be found for a woman who takes an interest in all sorts and conditions of men than that of assistant in a public library."

Speaking of the people who go in and out during the day she says, "One or two old women with one foot in the grave say, 'Do not give me one of so-and-so's,' naming a well-known author, 'they are too religious. Give me a nice love-tale.'

"A young man always asks for a love-tale, and won't look at a book unless the word love is prominently on the title-page, such as *Love the Debt; Love that Kills; Love for an Hour; Love for Ever.* On the other hand there are some who from their appearance seem to be in a very humble sphere of life make me often feel ashamed of myself, they display such excellent taste in their choice of literature."



DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

"Forget not thy sins that thou mayest sorrow and repent."—*Petrarch.*



WHEN Olivia woke the next morning she was conscious of a curious feeling; an indefinable presentiment that she could not put into words. "How I wish the day were over," she said to herself; and the thought of her visit to Galvaston House, and Mr. Gaythorne's sharp, cynical speeches, quite oppressed her.

"I hope he will be civil to Mr. Barton," she observed later on to her husband. "Mr. Barton is very proud and touchy, and he will not submit to a course of cross-examination from a stranger. I am quite dreading the afternoon." But Marcus only laughed at her fears.

"Barton can hold his own," was his reply. "He is a bit peppery, but he is not such a fool as to quarrel with his bread and butter. He knows Mr. Gaythorne is a connoisseur, and he will put up with a few sarcastic speeches in the hope of future profits. Mr. Gaythorne could make him extremely useful; he hinted as much to me this morning. There are some pictures he wants rehung, and one or two that need cleaning and varnishing. Barton has only got to prove without doubt that he and not Goddard painted that picture, and then they will get on all right. You must just hold your tongue, Livy, and leave them to fight it out." And Olivia resolved to abide by this prudent advice.

Robert Barton worked hard most of the morning, and then, as the sun shone brightly, he went out for a stroll before the early dinner.

He came back looking so pale and tired that Olivia scolded him for taking too long a walk.

"I have not been far," he returned, sitting down in rather a weary manner, "and it was so warm and pleasant in the sunshine that I thought it would do me good." Then he gave a short laugh, and said abruptly, "The fact is, something has bowled me over—I have seen a ghost." Then Olivia, who was clearing the table for the early dinner, stared at him.

"Oh, of course, I am only speaking figuratively," he went on. "I suppose it was really flesh and blood that I saw; but no ghost could have been more startling. I wonder"—speaking as though to himself—"if my sight deceived me; but it was certainly a singular likeness. If I had only had the courage to stop and speak; but when I recollected myself the opportunity had gone—a passing omnibus hindered me—and then I was too late."

"Did you think it was someone you knew?"

"Yes" very curtly—"a friend of my happier days." But he seemed disinclined to say more. He was so silent and moody all dinner-time that Dr. Luttrell looked at him in surprise more than once.

"I suppose you will go straight to your lodging from Galvaston House," he said presently; "it will never do for you to be out late, Barton." And Robert Barton assented to this.

"I shall just fetch my bag and one or two things; I do not suppose we shall be long." And then he rose from the table and began putting up his brushes, and then took up a book, which he read upside down, until Olivia was ready to accompany him.

As they crossed the road she said to him gently—

"I am sorry to see that you are a little out of spirits, and I am afraid this visit may be rather trying—an elderly invalid has all sorts of fads and cranks—but I hope you will be patient." Then Robert Barton smiled pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, I am quite prepared to be regarded as a fraud; but I shall soon prove that Goddard is the cheat in this case." And then they rang the bell, and Phœbe, telling them that her master was still in the dining-room, ushered them into the library.

"Please tell Mr. Gaythorne we are in no hurry," observed Olivia, vexed that they had come so early; but Robert Barton, with one quick glance round the beautiful room, busied himself with placing the pictures in the best possible light.

"There," he said, stepping back with a complacent smile, "I think your old gentleman will own that the same artist painted those two pictures, when he sees them side by side."

But as he spoke the sound of footsteps made him look towards the open door. As he did so, Olivia saw him suddenly recoil and turn deadly white at the sight of Mr. Gaythorne standing rigid and motionless on the threshold.

A stifled voice cried, "Alwyn! Great mercy! it is Alwyn!"—and the next moment the heavy crutch-handled stick fell from the old man's trembling hand with a sudden crash.

At the sound, Robert Barton shivered and shrank back against the easel.

Olivia picked it up, and tried to place it in Mr. Gaythorne's hand again, but he never noticed her. His eyes were fixed with a look of agonised intensity on the white face of the young artist.

"It is Alwyn," he said again, in the same suppressed voice, "and yet he does not speak or look at me!" And at the anguish in his tone the young man raised his head.

"Father, I was not prepared for this," he stammered; "what am I to say to you?" And then, without advancing a step, he looked round him wildly. "Father, what does this mean—am I dreaming—where are my mother and Olive?" Then a low moan of intense pain broke from Mr. Gaythorne's lips.

"He does not know. Oh, this is too dreadful, Mrs. Luttrell!" He looked at her almost appealingly, as though his strength were gone, and then she put her arm round him and guided him gently to a chair.

"Sit quiet for a moment," she whispered; "you are not fit for this." And as she wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, his ashen look terrified her. "Dear Mr. Gaythorne, try to compose yourself. Shall I ring for Mrs. Crampton?—perhaps she would know what to do." But he shook his head vehemently.

"No, no—only give me time. Ah, look there!"—for the blind hound that had just come into the room was now whining and fawning upon Robert Barton in the most excited way.

"Eros knows him. Alwyn"—trying to raise his voice, but it was strangely feeble—"come nearer to me. When I told you you were never to see my face again, that you were no son of mine, I was labouring under a grievous mistake. I know now who forged that cheque—I have known it for years. No, with all your faults you never did that." And as he said this Mr. Gaythorne put out a shaking hand to his son, but the young man did not take it. There was a fierce, angry light in his blue eyes and a contemptuous smile on his lips.

"I am glad you have done me this tardy justice, sir," he said in a firmer tone, "and that I have heard from your own lips that I am no criminal. When we parted I remember you threatened me with penal servitude. No, I have not disgraced your name to that extent. I have starved, and nearly died of cold on a doorstep, but I have kept my hands clean."

"Alwyn," exclaimed Mr. Gaythorne

piteously, "I was too hard, I will confess that. All these years I have been longing to atone, and the sorrow and remorse have made me an old man before my time. There was much to forgive—much that you made me bear. Surely you cannot deny that."

"*No, sir, I will not* deny that I was a sad scapegrace, but you never took the right way to keep me straight. But for my mother and Olive, I should have run away long before. Father"—and here there was a frightened look in his eyes—"where are they? Why are you alone?" Then, as Mr. Gaythorne raised his hand with a solemn gesture, the young man laid his head down on the mantelpiece and his whole frame shook with convulsive sobs.

"Dead! Oh, no—impossible! My own mother, who always believed in me, and my little Olive!" he gasped out more than once.

"Mr. Alwyn," observed Olivia, putting her hand on his shoulder, but the tears were running down her face as she spoke, "your father cannot bear much more. I am afraid he is ill." But even as she spoke, Mr. Gaythorne, who had risen from his chair rather stiffly, suddenly fell on the rug at his son's feet.

The next moment the pealing of the bell brought Mrs. Crampton and the frightened servants to the room. They found Mrs. Luttrell and the stranger kneeling by the side of the prostrate form; but as the housekeeper caught sight of the young artist's face, she uttered a sudden cry. "It is Mr. Alwyn," she said, "and the joy of seeing him has killed my master." But Olivia hushed her.

"Send for Dr. Luttrell," she said; "we must do nothing till he comes. Mr. Alwyn"—for the unfortunate young man seemed on the verge of fainting—"I do not think he is dead; it is some sort of attack. We must do the best we can for him, without moving him, until my husband comes." But to her intense relief Marcus entered a moment afterwards.

One quick glance at the young artist's agitated face gave Dr. Luttrell a vague clue to the mystery, but he was soon too deeply engrossed with his patient to think of anything else. Under his directions, a temporary bed was made in the library, and the invalid was undressed and laid on it. Mrs. Crampton, who was a capable nurse, carried out the doctor's instructions, and Olivia made herself useful.

After the first few minutes Alwyn has left the room, unable to endure the sight any longer. An hour or two passed, then Dr. Luttrell rose from his seat beside his patient, and beckoned his wife from the room.

"Livy," he said as they stood together by the hall fire, "I feel a little more sanguine now there is partial consciousness, but everything depends on keeping him quiet. I shall remain with him to-night and Mrs. Crampton will be with me. I want you to tell me what brought on this attack. From all your faces I can see something has happened. Barton looked as if he would have a stroke too."

"Oh, where is he, Marcus? I have not seen him for more than an hour. Ah, you may well think that something has happened. I never was present at such a scene. Mr. Barton is his son Alwyn. They recognised each other in a moment. Poor Mr. Gaythorne accused himself of harshness and made a sort of apology, but Mr. Alwyn looked so angry and contemptuous, and would not shake hands. And then he asked after his mother and sister—they are dead, you know. And then, oh, he broke down and sobbed so dreadfully that it quite upset me. I am sure the poor old man was trying to get to him when he suddenly fell down at his feet, and Mr. Alwyn screamed out, thinking he was dead."

"Yes, I see, poor little Livy. What a sad scene, but you behaved very well. Now, as there is nothing more you can do, suppose you take Barton—I mean Gaythorne, back with you. We can't let him go to the models now, and it would not be safe to have him here. Give him some food and talk to him. Mrs. Crampton will look after my comforts. I will run across later on and tell you how he is." And then Olivia reluctantly obeyed him. Marcus was right and she would not venture to contradict his orders, but how she longed to stay and share his watch.

"Good child," he said, kissing her. "You are a splendid doctor's wife! No fuss and no arguing." And this little bit of praise went far to console her.

"Promise me that you will take care of yourself and I will do my best for Mr. Alwyn," she said, nestling up to him for a moment. And then the doorbell rang, and Phœbe with rather a scared face went to the door.

"Is Dr. Luttrell here?" asked a clear voice that they both recognised as Greta Williams's, and then she caught sight of them and stepped into the hall.

"They told me you were here, so I ventured to come across," she said in a low tone, as Marcus looked at her anxiously. "Oh, there is nothing wrong, only nurse forgot to ask you something, and as it was a fine evening I said I would call."

"I am coming round later on. I am sorry you have had your walk for nothing," returned Marcus. And then they went apart and talked together for a few minutes. Then Marcus went back to his patient and Greta joined Olivia, who was sitting on the oaken settee by the blazing fire. She was tired out with the strain of the last two hours, and felt in need of a little rest before she went in search of Alwyn.

"Sit down, Greta," she whispered. "How strange you should have come to this house! But then everything is strange to-day——" But here she stopped confusedly, as she remembered Mr. Gaythorne's injunction.

"Why is it strange?" asked Greta innocently. "There is someone seriously ill here, is there not? But your servant did not tell me the name. How pale and tired you look, Mrs. Luttrell! I suppose it is some friend of yours who is ill?" She glanced at Olivia questioningly, but she only nodded in answer.

"Yes; it was a sudden attack—I think it must have been a stroke. Oh, Greta, what is it?"—for Miss Williams had suddenly risen from her seat with a startled exclamation and was gazing with wide, frightened eyes and parted lips into the shadowy corner behind her.

The next moment Robert Barton came forward into the firelight, with his pale face and fair, dishevelled hair. He looked almost like a ghost of himself, but Greta with a little cry held out her hand to him.

"Alwyn, it is you; but how you startled me! Why did you stand there in that silent, ghostly fashion?" But as he only looked at her in a dazed way, and made no answer, she turned to Olivia.

"Mrs. Luttrell," she said piteously, "what does it all mean? Why does he not speak to me, and we are such old friends? Is he ill? He looks dreadful. I should hardly have known him—and yet—and yet—it must be Alwyn."

"Yes, I am Alwyn," returned the young man in a hollow voice. "But you must not touch me, Greta. I am not worthy to take your hand. I have killed my father!"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

KAY (*Mother's Help*).—"How much money," you ask, "can a girl command as a mother's help who possesses a good knowledge of dressmaking and plain-sewing?" That depends very much upon the class of people you fall among. The people who, in this country, ordinarily employ a mother's help have small means themselves, and only offer the help the lowest wages that are paid to a general servant. With your knowledge of dressmaking, we would recommend you not to apply for a situation as help, but as sewing-maid or young lady's maid. You would then probably find yourself in a good household where your services would be almost entirely utilised with needlework, and you would be paid much better wages. Otherwise, if you adhere to the mother's help idea, it would be better to emigrate to Cape Colony or Canada, where a help can earn £20 to £25. But in this event you should only go out under the protection of some responsible society, such as the British Women's Emigration Association, which has its headquarters at the Imperial Institute.

MAY (*Nursing*).—If you wish to become a hospital nurse, you must go through the three years' course of training. Mere attendance at "classes" would not suffice, as you appear to think. You had better apply for admittance either to the Victoria Infirmary, Western Infirmary, or Children's Hospital in Glasgow.

LOVE IN A MIST (*Gardening*).—We cannot understand why your letter never apparently reached its destination. Did you write to the Principal, Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent? That is the correct address.

L. C. (*Post Office Clerks*).—We are very much obliged to you for the information, and have made note of the alteration you mention. We are glad to hear that you are one of the successful candidates.

CLERKUS (*Post Office*).—1. The examination will probably be held early in the New Year. The announcement of the date usually appears on a Thursday about six weeks or a month before the date of the examination in the advertisement columns of the principal London and provincial daily papers.—2. We do not think you need feel anxious about your handwriting. It answers in most respects the requirements made by the Civil Service. It is round, clear, and the letters are neatly and distinctively formed. If you can write equally well from dictation, all should be well on this score. You had better, however, avoid "ampus" *ands* on that occasion.

M. E. H. (*Nursing*).—It seems a pity that with your gift and liking for nursing, you should not be able to pursue this career. Nothing, however, requires more physical and muscular strength than massage. If you can spend a little time in London, we should advise your becoming an outside pupil at the Chelsea Infirmary. You would there learn as much general nursing as would probably make you of use among friends and relations whose ailments were not of a serious character. You would also no doubt be put in the way of obtaining competent massage instruction, if you would ask the matron to recommend you a teacher.

POPPY (*Typewriting*).—If you cannot afford to learn typewriting in London, and if no typewriting office exists in the town from which you address your letter, it might be possible to obtain lessons from some person who is already proficient. In this case you should advertise in one of your local newspapers. But if you can learn in London, we would recommend you to apply to one of the following offices:—Miss Gradwell and Miss Richardson, School of Business Training, Westminster Chambers, 5, Victoria Street, S.W.; Mrs. Springett and Miss Von Putten, 4, Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.; or the Literary and Typewriting Agency, 41, Great Russell Street, W.C.

OPOPPONAX (*Plain Needlework*).—It is possible you might obtain some suggestion by applying to the Secretary of the Women's Help Society, 25, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.; but for our own part we are afraid you will hardly be able to obtain orders for the poor woman in whom you are interested. Hand-work of this kind is of course bought by the retail drapers, but it is miserably paid for, and it is more unremunerative to the needlewomen than machine-work. We are sorry to be compelled to be so discouraging.

MISS S. (*Weaving*).—You give no pseudonym, so we trust you will recognise your initial. At the School of Weaving, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, conducted by Miss Clive Bayley, you could be taught handloom weaving. Many ladies are learning both to spin and weave, in order to be able to make the hand-woven textures which are so charming for decorative purposes.

D. K. (*Children's Nurse*).—You could be fully trained at the Norland Institute, 9, Norland Place, W. You had better apply for details of the course to the Principal. At present there is a great demand for trained nurses, and high wages are offered, so that it is worth while to expend some money in obtaining the requisite qualifications.

A DISCIPLE (*Evangelistic Work*).—The Deaconess' Training Institution, 41, Ferntower Road, Mildmay Park, N., trains women for missionary work both at home and abroad. You should apply for further particulars to the Lady Superintendent.

FAITH (*Knitting or Crochet*).—It is not possible, we fear, for you to earn by crocheting d'oyleys a sum that would appreciably lessen the expense of your nephew's education. There are so many scholarships and bursaries offered in Scotland, that we should hope the boy may obtain one of these ere long. We quite agree with you in attaching the greatest possible importance to education. We cannot encourage you to hope that any kind of fancy work will prove very remunerative; but on the whole we think knitting and netting are in greater demand than crochet. If you could put yourself into relations with the fancy shops and drapers of your native town, you might try to make the knitted white gloves now so largely worn. In London these sell at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a pair in the shops. Also you could supply babies' knitted shoes and hoods, and knitted waistcoats (which if of smart style and shape are liked). It occurs to us also that you might make dredging nets for scientific men. The demand for these is naturally not large, and exists chiefly in the summer. But if you thought you could do the work, you might make your willingness known to any scientific gentlemen of your acquaintance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HILDA.—We have known boys who were short and thick-set, grow tall after seventeen, and suppose it may so chance, sometimes, with girls.

ENILORAC.—You might offer the crests and monograms for sale in the *Exchange and Mart*, as many people form beautifully arranged albums of armorial bearings, and would give a fancy price for good ones.

NULLA.—We are glad to know that you understand our meaning, in saying it is a relief to put our inner-selves into poetry sometimes, and that you have found it a valuable outlet for thought. But although the lines you send us to-day have much poetic feeling, and are correct in every way, you can, and will do better, we think, and you are one of those we exhort to persevere. No, we do not call it "frittering away energies" in your case.

ROSS must inquire at an umbrella shop, where they may make a suggestion. We think the silk is old, and dried up, probably, and so is useless.

A. L. M.—No special value attaches to any pennies issued during the last two years that we can find out.

MAIDENHAIR.—We always give our advice against English girls going to foreign lands, unless under very favourable circumstances. You might write for information and advice to Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, enclosing English stamps for an answer.

ELEANORA.—We regret that you did not give your name and address, nor have your lines certified by teacher or parent, as they are really good; but you must follow our rules in order to have poetry printed in our volumes. If you like to try again, do so, and we will give the poetry our best consideration.

WINTON.—No man has the option of "cutting" a lady (as it is vulgarly expressed) because the privilege of recognising him, or feigning not to see him, rests by courtesy with herself. If she thought proper to bow to him, and he did not raise his hat, he would forfeit all claim to be a "gentleman," at least in manners; but no woman who had any self-respect would stoop to requesting an explanation of such an insult.

"A STERLIN' LASS."—Provided that you keep the ferns warm during the winter, in a room not lighted by gas, they ought to live, at least, if of a fairly hardy kind. There are some that could only thrive in a greenhouse. The pots should have good drainage and be judiciously watered. It is not healthful for any plant that the pot in which it grows should be placed in one of an ornamental kind which has no opening for drainage underneath. Many are sacrificed to appearances. The leaves should be sponged at least once a week.

IVY.—The original name of Winchester was "Winton," by which the Bishop of that See is designated. There is a place called "New Winton" near Bournemouth.

GERTRUDE.—Sponging with ammonia and water, or perhaps with benzine (to be purchased at any oil shop), will probably take away the shiny appearance from the black cloth, but if produced by wear, of course nothing can be done except sending the garment to the cleaners', who manage sometimes to do wonders.

R. I. C.—"Bessie" is the contraction of Elizabeth; Lizzie is also from the same, or perhaps from "Eliza."

SYBIL LESLIE.—August 2nd, 1874, was a Sunday.

R. S. F.—Advertisements for "typists" appear in nearly all the daily papers, we think. We are told the market is over-stocked with them.

LITTLE WIFIE.—We will forward to "Ruth Lamb" any letter you may send to us for the purpose.

IRENE and A CONSTANT READER.—1. Green, red, or cream-colour would suit a dark girl with a colour. Pink, of a dark rose shade, orange-yellow, and mulberry-red would suit your more sallow sister.—2. Jan. 26th, 1871, was a Thursday.

BROKEN-HEARTED EVA.—1. It is quite impossible to answer questions "the next week."—2. We think you must call common sense to your aid in the matter. If your first lover have quite deserted you, you had better try to forget him. Then you must make up your mind as to whether you wish to be an "old maid;" and if not, and the new admirer were not distasteful to you, you had better tell him the truth, and see whether he mind waiting until you get over your disappointment a little more.

OAK APPLE.—Tell the "slight acquaintance" that you would feel happy in obliging, but that in the case of giving introductions, there should be an expression of mutual wish for it on both sides; and that, under such circumstances, it would give you pleasure to accede to her wishes. The writing of the first half of your letter is the best of the two examples given.

GUELDER ROSE.—Of course any gentleman to whom your father bows will raise his hat to you; but it is not obligatory on you to bow to a stranger when not in company with your father. Your writing may be improved by the daily and careful copying of some really good hand.

MISS MASON.—We have already given the seekers for a Holiday Home and Home of Rest the notice of your change of address—to Bessels House, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent.

D. C.—If providence have given you a waist of 26 inches in circumference, why compress it to 19 inches? It would be out of proportion with reference to the rest of your figure. Stays are only desirable so far as to make a firm foundation on which to fit your gowns, and keep them from wrinkling.

NINE CROSSES.—Yes, we know the "Tree Conundrum" quite well, and have some of the answers. The "sociable tree" is the "tea tree," and the "dancing tree," the hop; "the tree where the ships may be," is the bay tree. Have you the whole of the verses? It is very old, and the author is unknown.

L. E.—The nursing profession is also over-stocked. Some of the great hospitals have as many as two thousand applications in the year. Under your circumstances, however, we should try at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., where they may take you at the age of twenty-five, or make a useful suggestion perhaps.

MA-UTI INGARIHI (New Zealand).—Your perseverance does you credit, but your poems are very faulty in every way. We have not space to correct them here. Most of them are too ambitious, and you might *fail better* in a simpler form of verse. But they have given you pleasure in the writing, and are safe outlets for the "surging heart of youth." So go on, and, who knows, you may be a poet yet! It is better to dwell on the hill-tops of thought than to descend to the miasma of the valleys of sense.

VICTORIE W. (Saxony).—The word left out is evidently "sugar" in the recipe for scones. White sugar is used, not brown, in making them, and though they be called "brown," they are only of a light colour.

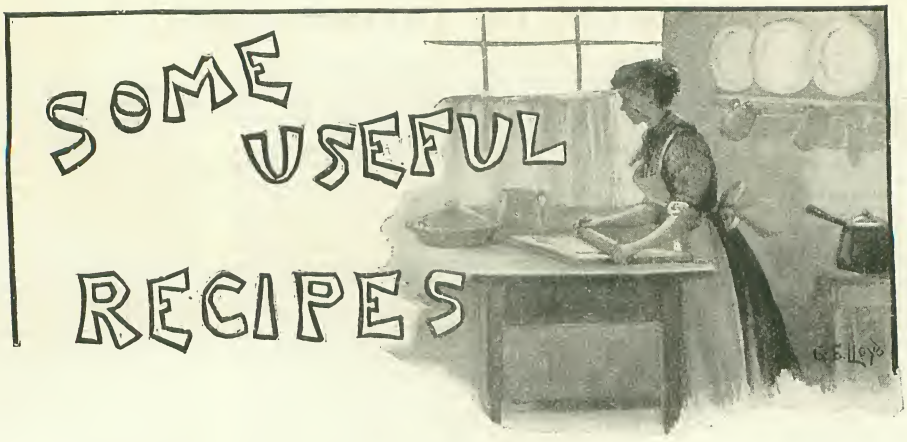
LILY OF THE NILE and ONE ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—It is not needful to cut the hair; cleanse thoroughly, wash the head well, several times a week, and when dry, grease the skin of the head and the hair well. Use the small-tooth comb constantly, this is the only way to manage, and the grease acts always as a preventive.

NANSIE, VIOLET, IGNORANCE, and ONE SORELY TROUBLED.—There is no doubt that the hair is much affected by the state of the bodily health; and in many cases an improvement in that will cure the trouble with the hair. The same lotion will not answer for every one alike, nor the same mode of treatment. Sir Erasmus Wilson's "hair restorer" is sold by most chemists, or they know how to make it up, and that is of very general use; so is a strong solution of rosemary, which can be made at home.

FERGUS.—You should have sent in your bill for payment directly the article appeared. In this case the fault was yours. In Philip's case no redress appears to be possible, except by sending in an account for the MS. if retained too long. Editors are generally over-worked people, and so far as our experience goes, they do their best, and have far more uninvited manuscripts than they can possibly accept.

AUNT ANN.—It is quite impossible for us to give you the address of a firm with which you could "open a trade in Indian condiments and nut galls." We regret that we cannot help you in such a matter.

I. OSLIGHT.—Hens that eat their eggs are only fit to be fattened for the table. It is not necessary to wet the beaks of young chickens when in the care of the mother-hen.



Some Little-Known Sweets on Old Methods.

Lemon Pudding (an old recipe).—Ingredients: A quarter of a pound of sugar, a noggin of cream (a noggin is a small cup), a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of almonds, the rinds of three lemons grated, the juice of two squeezed lemons, and a little nutmeg; the yolks of ten eggs, with the whites of four beaten separately. Melt the butter with the cream, and let it cool. The almonds must be pounded in a mortar with the rinds of the lemons. Mix all well together. Put paste round your dish. Half-an-hour will bake it.

College Puddings.—Ingredients (after an old recipe): Half a pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet; the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two eggs; a little salt and sugar. Make this into small rolls, fry them in butter, and make a sauce of cordial, sugar, and butter.

Larkin Pudding.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of suet, half a pound of currants, two ounces of chopped apples, two ounces of grated potato, two ounces of grated carrots, two ounces of lemon-peel. Boil the above, when well mixed, for four hours.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line a tin with puff-paste, and put a layer of raspberry jam, and fill it up with the following ingredients:—Half a pound of clarified butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, eight eggs, but only two whites well beaten, the rind of two lemons grated very fine. Mix all well, and bake in a moderate oven.

Vermicelli Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of vermicelli boiled in a pint of milk, with cinnamon and bay leaf, till it is tender. Then add half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, a quarter of a pound of melted butter, the yolks of six eggs well beaten up. Lay a puff-paste round the edge of the dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Graham Pudding.—Boil one pint of cream, and mix with it the yolks of twelve eggs, and some powdered sugar. Pass it through a sieve, and put it in a mould. Place the mould in a stewpan with some water, cover it and close it, and let it simmer half an hour. Then whip the whites of eggs to a froth, cover the pudding with them; sift plenty of powdered sugar over it, and brown it with the salamander.

Queen's Pudding.—Line a dish with paste, spread a layer of raspberry jam, then take a quarter of a pound of melted butter, a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, three eggs (yolks and whites well beaten separately), and a few sweet almonds pounded. Mix all well together, beating it until quite light, and pour it on the dish and bake it.

Watkin Pudding.—Ingredients: Six ounces of suet chopped fine, six ounces of grated bread, six ounces of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade well mixed. Butter a mould or basin and boil for four hours

The sauce for above.—Squeeze half a lemon, add sugar, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Iced Vanilla Pudding.—Whip the whites of three eggs to a good strong froth, then make a rich, well-flavoured custard, and when it is cold add the whipped whites and put it in a mould, into which drop dried fruit cut small, and fasten the top of the mould tightly down, and put it in ice for four or five hours. If you do not wish it to be iced, add isinglass to the custard in the proportion of half an ounce to a pint.

Fig Pudding.—Take one pound of figs, shred fine, half a pound of suet, chopped small, six ounces of bread-crumbs, half a nutmeg, and the yellow rind of a lemon, grated off, three eggs, well beaten, and sufficient milk to make it of a perfect consistence. Mix and boil in a cloth or buttered mould.

Irish Sally Luns.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, two eggs, two ounces of melted butter, two spoonfuls of barm. Mix all this with as much warm milk as will make it into a thick batter. Let it remain twelve hours mixed, and when you are going to put it into the oven, work it a little. An hour will bake it.

Irish Potato Cake.—To one pound of fresh butter well beaten up, add one pound of potato flour well dried, one pound of loaf sugar, grated, the yolks of twelve eggs, and the whites of six to be whisked separately, the strings picked out. Then take some grated lemon peel and caraway seeds. The butter is to be beaten while the other ingredients are added, but the seeds are only to be mixed just before putting it into the oven.

Tea Cakes.—Take half a pound of butter, melt it gently and mix with it half a pound of finely powdered white sugar. Add one pound of flour and roll it to a thin paste. Cut this into small shapes—the top of a wine-glass will do this—and bake them for a few minutes, but they must be carefully watched. Beat up the white of an egg and lay it over them with a feather, and then gently sprinkle a little fine sugar. If properly made they will eat very short and crisp.

Lemon Cake.—Ingredients:—The yolks of twenty-four eggs, the whites of twelve eggs, one pound of powdered sugar. The grated rinds of two or three large lemons and the juice of one. One pound of flour, two ounces of sweet almonds, half an ounce of bitter well pounded. Mix well and bake until of a light brown.

Soda Bread.—Take of dressed flour three pounds, bicarbonate of soda nine drachms, hydrochloric acid eleven and a quarter fluid drachms, water twenty-five fluid ounces. Mix soda and flour thoroughly by shaking the soda from a small sieve over the flour with one hand while they are stirred together by the other, and then passing the mixture through the sieve. Next pour the acid into the water and diffuse it by stirring with a stick. Then mix the flour and water so prepared as speedily as possible with a wooden spoon or spatula.

Tasty Dishes.

Brown Bread Savoury.—Grate a sufficient amount of Parmesan cheese and whip together with cream, say sixpennyworth of the latter, and two ounces of cheese. Whip until quite stiff, adding a pinch of white pepper and a sprinkling of salt. Spread the mixture between thin slices of brown bread and butter, cut into squares and serve as soon as ready.

Horseradish Sauce, for hot roast beef or mutton.—Scrape about two ounces of horseradish, and stir it into half a pint of cream made boiling hot, add an ounce of fine white bread-crumbs, a little milk, a pinch of cayenne, same of salt, and just before taking to table stir in the juice of half a fresh lemon.

Eggs and Mushroom Sauce.—Boil some new-laid eggs until they are quite hard, remove the shells without breaking them, and keep the eggs hot. Cover them with a thick brown gravy, made by stewing half a pound of dark mushrooms in a little butter, and when thoroughly done rub them through a sieve, stir in a teacupful of melted butter, season highly, add a spoonful of sharp sauce, a few drops of soy, and boil altogether for a moment.

A Delicious Dish of Tomatoes.—Take out the core from some large tomatoes, sprinkle them with pepper and salt and lay them in a baking-tin with a little butter; cook them in the oven for ten minutes. When done, lift each tomato on to a separate piece of toast just its size, and lay a poached egg on the top. For a more truly vegetarian taste, or to make a perfect luncheon-dish of these, a tin of preserved peas might be made hot, and the contents put as a bed for the tomatoes to rest on.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 890.] JANUARY 16, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"HANDSOME JACK."

A VILLAGE LOVE-STORY.

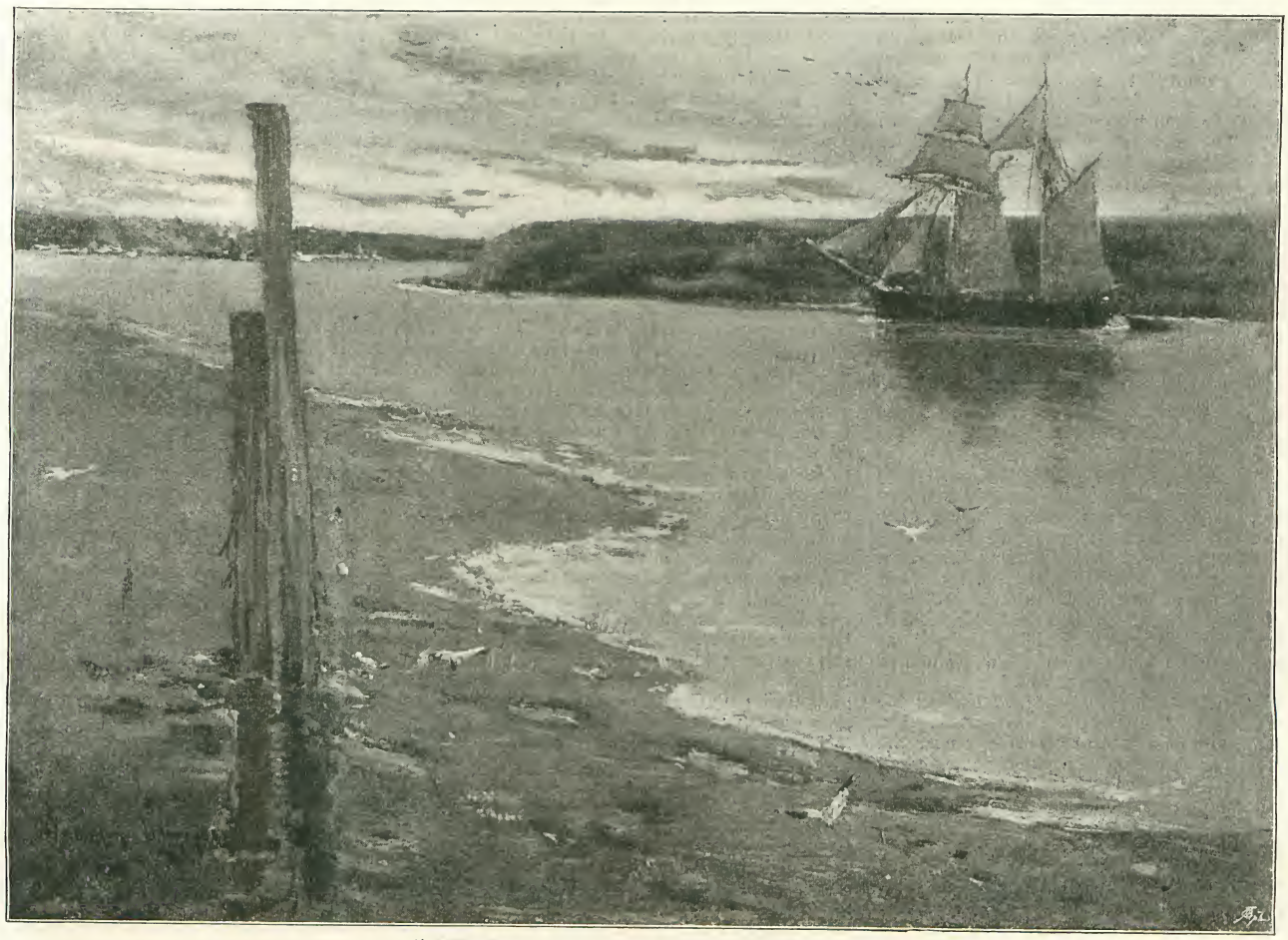
CHAPTER II.

"ON THE WATCH."

LET us turn for a while and follow Jack Ellis's footsteps as he rapidly walked along over the bridge and up through the village.

His usually sunny face was scarcely to be traced in the white set features he turned to those villagers who accosted him with a "Good-evening!" as he passed, and more than one gossip marvelled at his altered countenance and made up her mind that something had gone wrong with "Handsome Jack."

Striding along with his swinging gait, Jack never stopped for a moment until he reached "The Nook." Entering, he mechanically hung up his hat, and, sitting down in the "house-place," as the living-room was called, he gave himself up to his sorrowful thoughts. Now and again a dry sob broke from him as he pondered on his banished dream of happiness. What was to him now his pretty little home when she would never dwell in it? What pleasure had he in the garden and orchard he had laboured in so often and so long for her sake? None indeed! The fruit was as Dead Sea apples to him, while the "Gloire de



"WHERE THE RIVER BROADENS TO THE SEA."

All rights reserved.]

Dijon" roses, tapping at the window as they lightly swayed to and fro in the evening breeze, seemed to say, "Jilted—by Lucy!" over and over, till Jack felt maddened with pain. Somewhere he remembered having seen a line of poetry in a book, which ran:

"I shall never be friends again with the roses."

And, indeed, Jack felt just then as if he should hate the sight of a "Gloire de Dijon" rose for evermore.

"Jilted!" Yes, that was what the neighbours would call it, he supposed. Well, let them say what they would, he would never raise his voice against the girl he had loved. Had loved? Nay, did love, and always would love, for he knew Lucy would always keep her place in his heart.

Then he fell to thinking of her as she had been before the advent of Frank Lawrence; how gentle and sweet and lovable, aye, and loving too, a veritable "rose-bud" of a maiden. Bah!—Jack hated the very name of the "queen of flowers" now!

"But she did love me once"—so his thoughts ran—"and, I wonder, can it be that she has ceased to care entirely, or is it that she is dazzled by that flashy fellow and does not know her own mind?"

Hope struggled into life for a moment at the possibility, only to be met by death, as the remembrance of Lucy's resolute face lifted to his flashed across Jack once more. No; it was all over, he felt, and all that remained for him to do was to bear his pain bravely, however hard it might be, and if, in the time to come, Lucy should ever need a friend, why, he would always be that to her, though the nearer tie was denied him.

Thus, with the unselfishness of true, pure love, Jack's resolve was made, and I think no more earnest prayer was ever offered, than that which ascended to the throne of grace on Lucy's behalf a few moments later from the lips of the man whose heart she had thrown aside like a worthless toy! Strength for himself also was asked, and given. Can we ever, any of us, honestly say that we have asked, believing, and not received strength when needed? Thank God, no! And Jack Ellis rose from his knees refreshed and peaceful if sad, having taken his trouble to One who says, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Half an hour afterwards, when Jack had taken a final look round outside to make sure that his hens were safe inside their house, and had made all secure for the night, he sat down by the table in the "house-place" to read.

Just as he had become interested in his reading and settled himself in his armchair with a pipe, Jack was surprised to hear a knock at the outer door, and on going to open it met with a further surprise, for standing in the porch was his master, Mr. Black, the builder, about the last person he expected to see.

"Good-evening, Ellis," said Mr. Black, answering Jack's astonished look by a slight smile, "may I come in for a few moments? I want to have a talk with you."

"Certainly, sir," replied Jack leading the way into the house-place, and providing Mr. Black with a comfortable armchair near the fireplace, where, for the nights were beginning to feel chilly, a small bright fire was burning. Jack almost always had a bit of fire in the evenings, "for company" as he said, even in summer!

The lamp was lit and the blind drawn down, and so comfortable looked the old-fashioned room, that Mr. Black might be excused for his involuntary exclamation of—

"How cosy you are here, Ellis! You only want your wife here now to complete the scene! When do you and Lucy intend getting married?"

"Never, sir, I fear," was Jack's quiet reply.

"Never!" echoed Mr. Black in amazement. "Why, Ellis, what has happened?"

Jack quietly explained that Lucy had changed her mind, winding up by saying that even if she had not, he would have liked to put by a bit more money before taking upon himself the responsibilities of wedded life.

"As for that last remark, you're wise, Ellis, and I wish more thought like you about the matter. Folk nowadays jump into marriage without a thought for the future, or provision of any kind against a rainy day, and they spend the greater part of their lives repenting their hasty step into matrimony. And for your other news, my lad, I can scarcely tell you how sorry I am for you, but that I can sympathise you will understand when I say, that a similar thing happening to myself, when a young man, has kept me a bachelor to this day. And though I am lonely a bit at times, I have never felt that I could put another woman in the place she should have occupied."

For a minute there was silence between master and man, and was it fancy that the eyes of both grew dim?

It was almost with a start that Mr. Black roused himself to say—

"You'll be wondering what brought me here to-night, Ellis, no doubt."

"Well, yes, sir, I was rather," confessed Jack.

"The fact is," went on Jack's master, "I am fairly puzzled about something that has happened, and I cannot at present see my way clear to take any steps about it."

Jack raised his head higher, and regarded the builder earnestly.

"I thought, perhaps, as they say 'two heads are better than one,' that you might be able to help me somehow, Ellis, for I have not watched you all these years, from boy to man, without knowing that I can trust you."

Jack cast a grateful glance at the speaker, who continued—

"It's just this, Ellis. I've missed some money from my office-desk, once or twice lately, and I have not spent it, or there would have been an entry in my cash-book, for you know how careful I am in such matters. The first time it was only half-a-sovereign I missed, and I thought perhaps it had rolled away among the papers, or slipped into a crack in the wood, or something. But the second time a sovereign disappeared in the same mysterious way, and I began to fear it must be the work of a thief. I watched, but could detect nothing suspicious in anyone's behaviour, so I tried to believe I had lost it—the money, I mean. However, to-day after dinner I went to my desk, as usual, and I recollected that I had left inside it the money Mr. Romer paid me this morning for repairs to his stables. There was a five-pound note and three pounds-ten in gold. I was very busy when he called, and I just threw the money into my desk, instead of taking it into the house at once and putting it in the safe, as I ought to have done. Well, I just thought to myself, 'It's lucky I remembered it. I'll put it away this minute,' and I opened my desk to take the money out, and it was gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Jack in amazement.

"Yes, gone entirely, all of it, and I had not taken the number of the note, and I don't think Romer had; so I don't know how to trace the money."

Jack's astonishment kept him silent for a moment or two, and then he began hesitatingly: "Sir, you don't think—any of the men—do you?"

"I don't know what to think," replied Mr. Black almost shortly. "You see, Ellis, the office and the workshop communicate with each other by that glass door, and though the glass is frosted and thick, still it would not be impossible for anyone in the workshop to have a good idea of what took place in the office, especially if they heard the chink of money."

"No, sir, it wouldn't," agreed Jack, "and I've often felt I would like to suggest an alteration in that door, but I feared you might think me meddlesome. It's hard for some of the men with large families to make ends meet, and they might be tempted to take money if they had the opportunity. Then we have some newish men just now as well, whom we don't know so very much about."

"Quite true, Ellis, quite true, but I should not know which of them to suspect. Alcock and Sargeant seem steady enough, and there is only Lawrence new besides."

More conversation passed between the two men, the upshot of it all being practically *nil*, for, suspecting no one more than another, they could only decide to watch and wait for a clue to the thief.

It was late when Mr. Black said "good-night," but he left Jack feeling happier for his visit, in spite of his private trouble, and the perplexing affair of the money; since no workman can help being proud when his master shows his trust in him so plainly as Mr. Black had in his foreman.

"Good fellow, that Jack Ellis," ruminated Mr. Black on his way home. "I'll give him a lift when I can. What a foolish girl that Lucy seems to be! I wonder if she's fallen in love with that showy chap—Lawrence? Very likely she has. Girls nowadays are silly enough for anything!" with which unflattering remark Mr. Black betook himself off to bed.

Next morning, hastily swallowing a mouthful or two of breakfast, Ellis strode down to the workshop, where his haggard face excited a good deal of wonder among those men who knew nothing of the cause of it. Lawrence alone knew, and gloated over the pain of his rival with an evil delight.

But there was a something in the manner of Mr. Black's foreman that day and for some time afterwards that a keen observer would have noted. The men only remarked an increased industry and attention to business, failing to notice how intently their own doings and sayings, their habits, and manner of spending their wages were scrutinised by Mr. Ellis. Not that the scrutiny revealed anything fresh, in fact it left Jack just where he was at first. The men were, on the whole, a well-conducted, steady set. The only one who seemed at all extravagant was Lawrence, and the fact that this man was his successful rival with Lucy made Jack less willing than ever to suspect him of dishonesty. If Jack's investigations had proved fruitless, however, so far, Lawrence had been meeting with better success. He had not, we may be sure, been idle during the past ten days. On the contrary, he had, as he put it to himself, "worked very hard at his love-making."

And Lucy? Whatever regrets she may have been inclined to feel at first with regard to her own conduct, had long since been crushed down and stifled. She gave herself up completely to the fascination exercised over her by Frank Lawrence. He was so *débonnaire* and gay, so audacious, so well-dressed and amusing, that the simple-hearted girl could see nothing wrong in him. She was dazzled, and flattered, and Frank was clever enough to see it and take advantage of it too. Every attention that his brain could devise, he paid her, seeming so pleased if he pleased her, so cast down if she slighted him ever so little, that Lucy said to herself he must indeed love her! She did not pause to weigh the showy qualities of her new adorer against the sterling ones and life-long affection of the man she had

jilted. Poor Lucy! The awakening would come to her as to others; let us hope it would not come too late.

One Saturday, about a fortnight after our story opens, Frank Lawrence did not, as usual, turn up to take our foolish little heroine for a walk, and Lucy was surprised to find that she missed him a great deal. The afternoon seemed long and dreary, and, after taking a stroll by herself through some of the lovely lanes and woods about her home, Miss Barker returned to the little cottage at the bridge-end in a very unenviable frame of mind. She was silent unless spoken to, and when addressed by her parents, her answers were so short, and even ill-tempered, that at last her father, the light of whose eyes she was, was driven to remonstrate.

"Forgive me, father darling," said Lucy, kneeling by his chair, and laying her soft, brown head against his shoulder caressingly, "I really don't know what makes me cross. I am hardly myself this afternoon."

For answer Jo Barker drew his daughter round in front of him, and, putting one hand under her chin so as to oblige her to look at him, he said solemnly, "My little lass, thou'rt throwing away the gold for some'at 'at glitters like it but isn't true metal. I'm feared for thee, my little lass! Thou'lt suffer for it, I know, and I would like to spare thee if I could; but young folks don't see like older ones, and won't be taught, so thou must learn for theeself," and he heaved a big sigh while stroking the pretty hair from her forehead.

The tender, loving tones and words touched Lucy's heart more than anything else would have done just then, and she burst into a flood of tears, sobbing wildly for some minutes. Then, getting up from her kneeling posture, she kissed her father half-timidly, and, gently saying "good-night" to her parents, whom she dearly loved, went to her own room, nor did she reappear that night.

No Lawrence appeared on the Sunday again, and Lucy felt bitterly disappointed, though she said nothing to any one; but, on the following evening, while the girl was busy in her garden tying up and collecting the seeds of such plants as she loved best, ready for sowing next spring, a quick step came along over the bridge, and a moment after her name was called.

"Lucy!"

Lucy pretended not to hear, really it was to gain more time for composure.

"Miss Barker!"

Still no notice was taken by this artful young person.

"Lucy, you're foxing!" And Frank Lawrence, for it was he, entered the garden and imprisoned one of Lucy's hands, seeds and all, in his own.

Lucy, driven to bay, looked up at last, flushed and laughing, and it was not at all a difficult matter for Frank to persuade her to leave her occupation and take a short walk past the new mill and along the side of the river where it broadens out towards the sea.

The young couple walked almost in silence until turning to Lucy, Frank asked her—

"Did you wonder why I did not come?"

Apparently the girl's mind had been dwelling on the same subject, for she needed no specification of the time alluded to, and only faltered out—

"Yes—a little."

"Did you miss me, Lucy?"

"A bit," confessed she, shyly.

"Only 'a little' and 'a bit,' Lucy?" asked Lawrence, persuasively.

"Well, a good deal, then!" replied the girl, with a flash of her old spirit.

"Lucy, would you have missed me if I had never come back again?" asked Frank next.

Lucy made no reply for a moment, then raised her eyes to his. They were full of tears.

"My darling!" was the man's smothered ejaculation, as he clasped her slight figure in his arms. As he held her thus, some feeling, long dormant in Frank's heart, stirred a little, and he almost felt as if he could wish to be good for her sake. After a pause, he asked a further question—

"Lucy, don't you wonder what took me away, and where I went *to?*"

"Yes, indeed! Do tell me, Frank!"

"Well," said he, "I was determined that, if ever you and I became engaged, a ring should not be wanting, so I went up to Crampton on Saturday and I bought this for you." And he slipped on to the finger of the astonished girl a handsome ring. It was a plain band of gold with one fair-sized diamond in the centre, and on either side a turquoise of rather smaller size, in what is known as "gipsy-setting."

The light was growing dim, so that Lucy, if she had looked up, would scarcely have noticed the flush that overspread her lover's face as she exclaimed—

"Oh, Frank! How lovely—how kind of you to think of me! Why, you must have denied yourself a great deal to buy such a thing. It is far too good for me!"

In a somewhat embarrassed way Frank stooped and kissed her, and then, to turn the conversation, suggested that it was growing chilly and Lucy ought to be in now.

Slowly, lingeringly, they retraced their steps, and the stars were peeping out, one by one, when they parted at the gate of the cottage garden: she to dream of her happiness and her ring, he to think lovingly of the simple maiden, and, alas! to wish he could go to rest with the same innocent thoughts about the ring that she did.

(*To be continued.*)

MAIDEN'S LIFE, AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

To look each day on the waving grass
  As it ripens in the sun,
To watch as the young leaves come again
  Then fade when their work is done;
To see how the blossom turns to fruit,
  The spring into summer fair,
And to read in nature the lessons mute
  Which our God has written there;
To join glad voices in mirthful play,
Through the long hours of that summer day;
To dream such dreams as the young heart weaves
Under the whispering of aspen leaves.
This is my life, what want I still
The soul's deep yearnings to stay and fill?

To make the home of my childhood bright,
  Such as childhood never knew,
With that best sunshine and steadiest light
  Of a watchful love and true;
To walk in the way where duty leads
  Though a thorny path it be,
With a spirit braced to a hero's deeds
  In its own self-victory!
To help wherever the needy call,
To soothe and succour and comfort all,
To guide the weak ones in tender care,
And when all besides is finished—*to bear*.
This is my life, like a tale to tell,
God grant me His grace to do it well!

And seemeth it weary and sad to us
  That our work is never done?
Oh, woman's lot! it is only thus
  That her highest place is won.
My life! I yield it to others, so
  As my God shall point the way,
And He will give it me back, I know,
  In a blessing day by day.
Whether for many, whether for *one*,
In shade or sunshine its course be run,
Little it matters if He shall see
My life is what it was meant to be—
Happy and blest, because freely given
To man on earth and to Him in heaven!

M. K. M.



LONGING.

Words by MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Music by* ETHEL L. WATSON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante con moto.

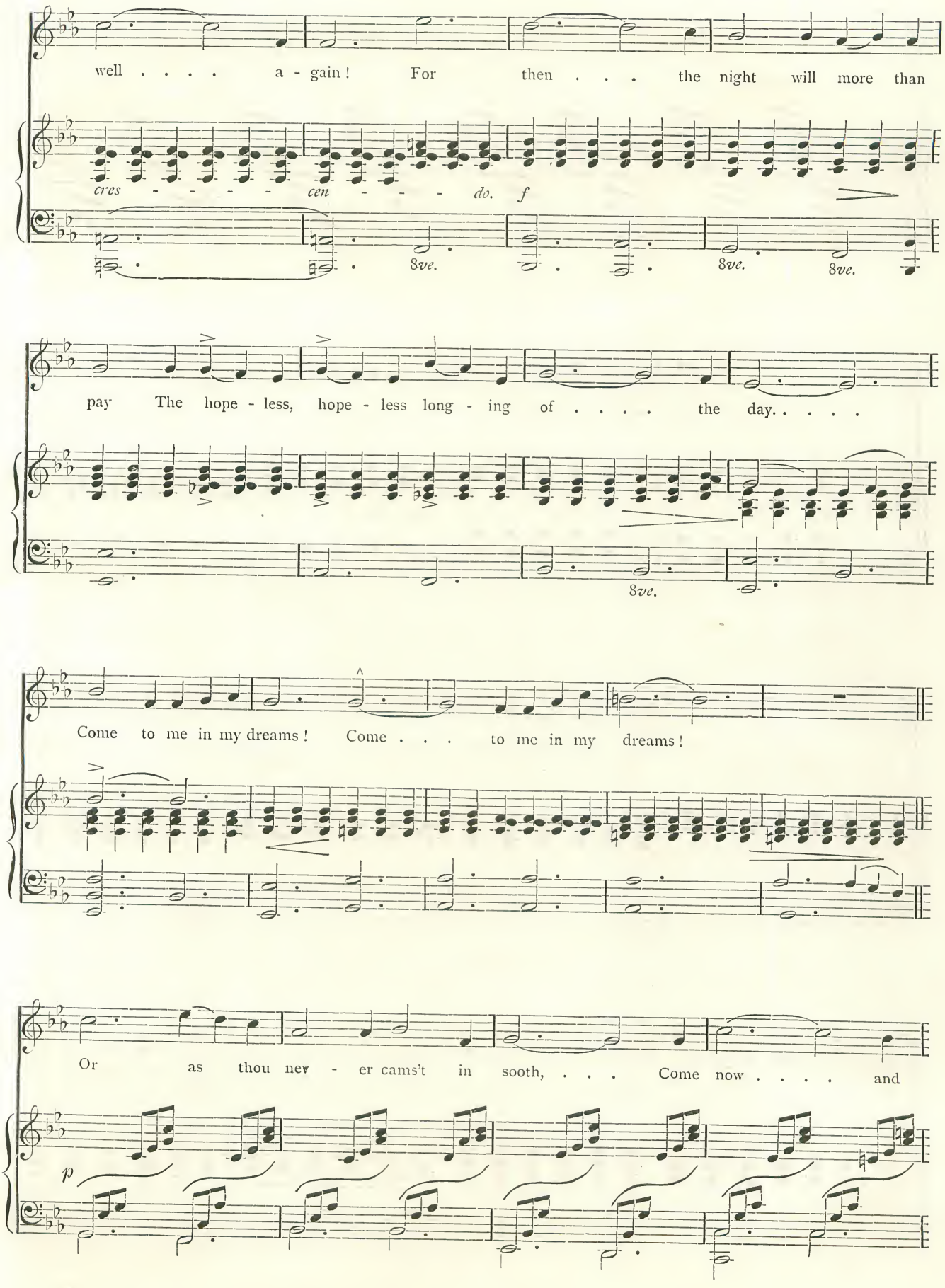
mf

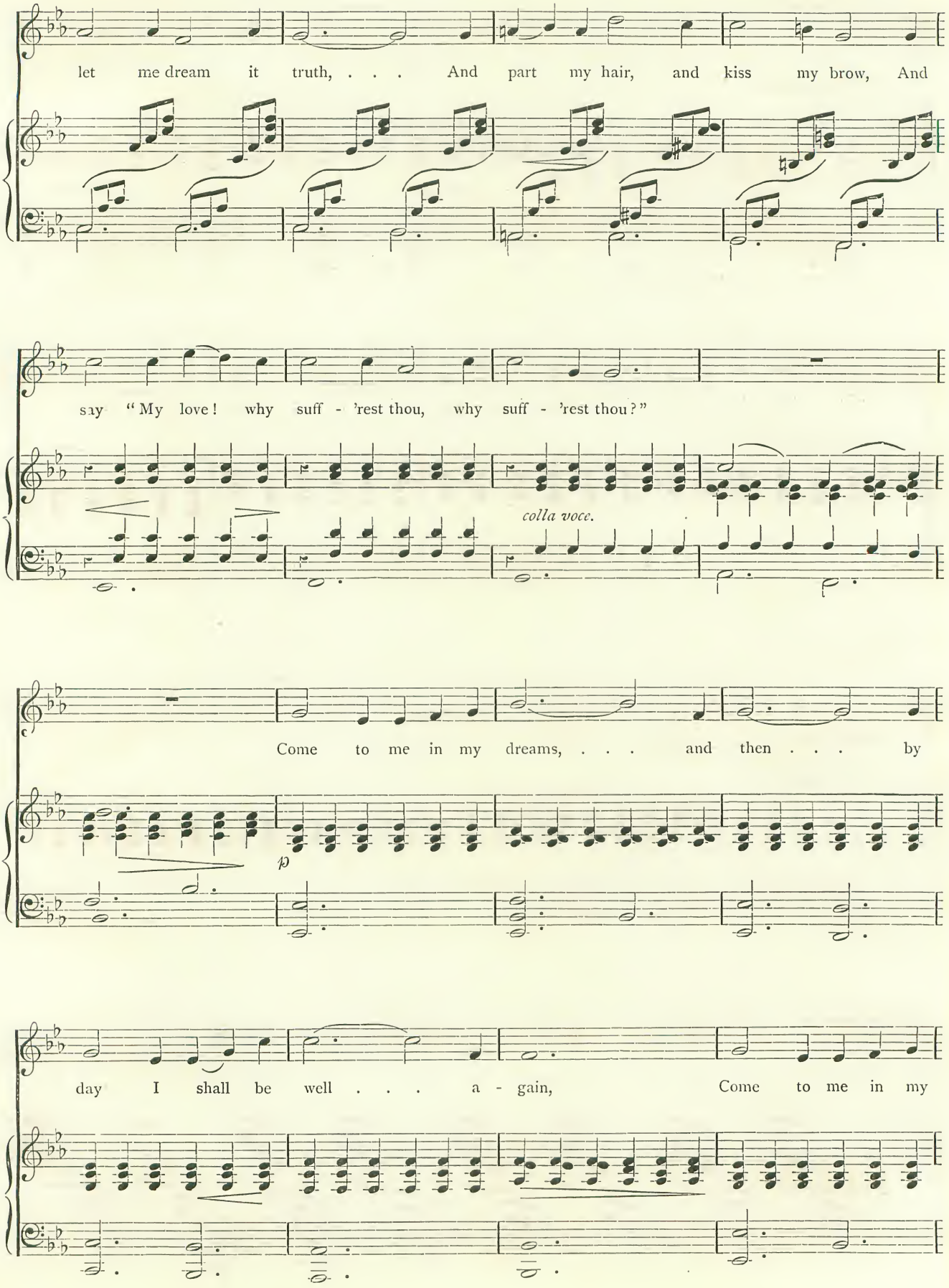
Come to me in my dreams, . . . and

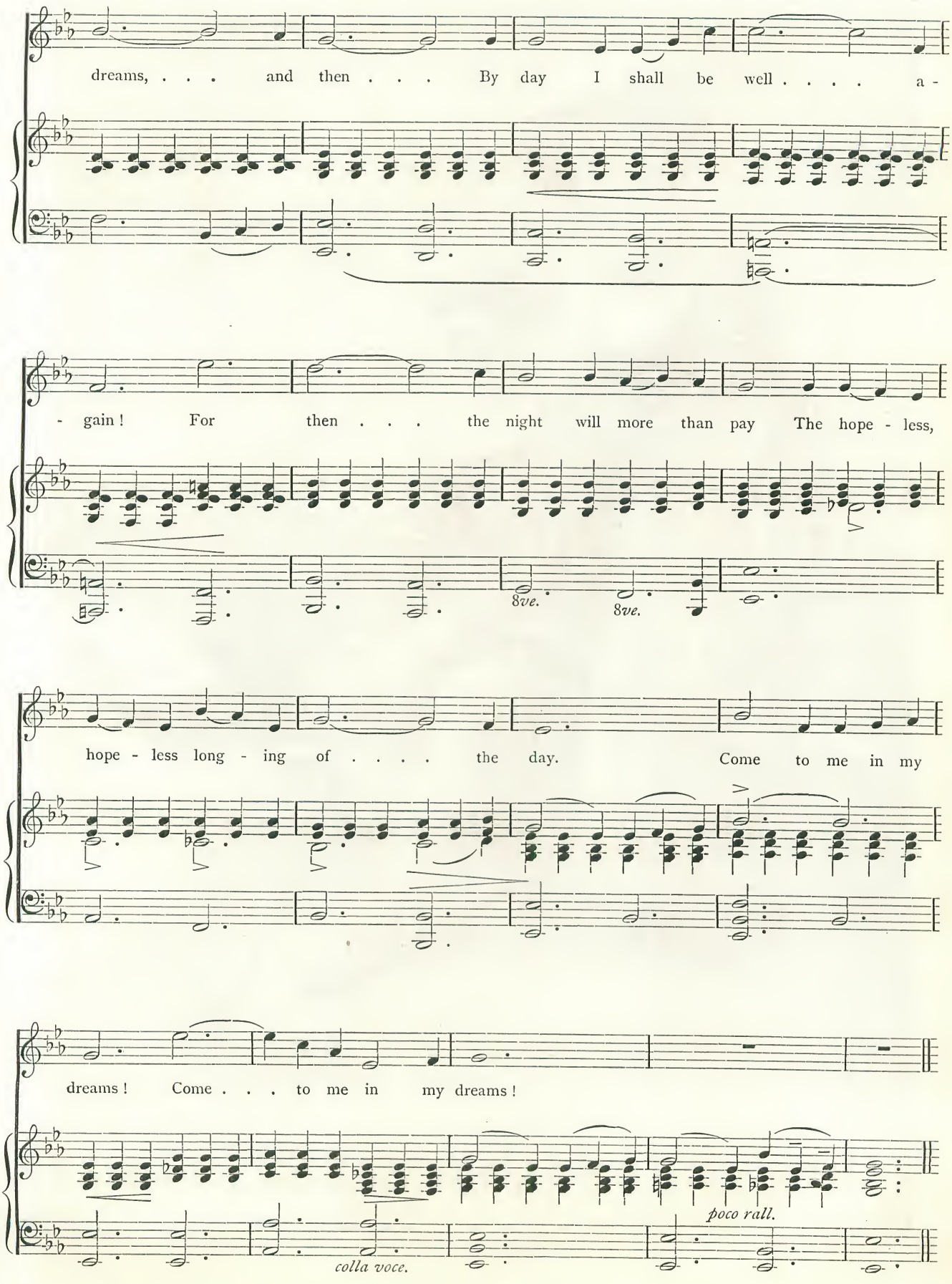
p sempre legato.

then . . . . By day I shall be well . . . . a - gain! . . . .

Come to me in my dreams, . . . and then . . . By day I shall be


well . . . . a - gain! For then . . . the night will more than
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. f
8ve. 8ve. 8ve.
pay The hope - less, hope - less long - ing of . . . . the day. . . . .
8ve.
Come to me in my dreams! Come . . . to me in my dreams!
Or as thou nev - er cams't in sooth, . . . Come now . . . . and
p


let me dream it truth, . . . And part my hair, and kiss my brow, And
say "My love! why suff - 'rest thou, why suff - 'rest thou?"
colla voce.
Come to me in my dreams, . . . and then . . . by
p
day I shall be well . . . a - gain, Come to me in my


dreams, . . . and then . . . By day I shall be well . . . . a -
- gain ! For then . . . the night will more than pay The hope - less,
8ve.
8ve.
hope - less long - ing of . . . . the day. Come to me in my
dreams ! Come . . . to me in my dreams !
colla voce.
poco rall.



"HER NAME IN THE SAND."

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XV.



R. GRANT was a soldier of fortune, when the death of his very distant relative abroad put him into possession of an estate of three thousand a-year. He had hitherto lived upon his handsome person, gentlemanlike address, insinuating manners, and good family; and whilst on the look-out for an heiress, had, *pour passer le temps*, run away with the hearts of as many young ladies as were unfortunate and unsuspecting enough to believe his fine speeches and eloquent glances. He had within him the principles of that most despicable of all characters, a hypocrite; but, as yet, his talents in that line had been principally developed in what is vulgarly called "flirtations." The term must be used, though it is an odious one. The great end and aim of his three years of military life had been to contribute to his own amusement, and to that of his brother officers, by "hooking," as he was pleased to call it, "those very easily-caught creatures, yclept young ladies." It is true he was one of a class, amongst whom he was ambitious to shine, and who called him "a clever fellow, a capital fellow, the best flirt in the regiment."

And, after all, this flirtation is pleasant pastime, no doubt, for people who have nothing to do but to stalk to parade once a day, and then inquire how they shall get rid of the next four-and-twenty hours; for who would be at the trouble of studying the art of war when there is no prospect of a battle? Besides, Mr. Grant seemed made for it. Had such a fine figure; such a noble pair of black moustaches; such languishing, captivating eyes; and oh, such a talent for saying pretty nothings, that he was altogether irresistible. Then he rode so well, looked so handsome in his regimentals, said the word of command when he was obliged to do a little in the way of duty with such a voice, that no woman, who had not been well trained to military manœuvring, was proof against him. So, at least, he thought, and so, in many instances, it had proved, since he had the proud satisfaction of counting up half a score of broken hearts, and five hundred, at least, of captivated ones. He was a brave and noble example of what man can do, of what a soldier can do, of what, in short, ambition can bring about in the way of conquest.

When he parted with Herbert at the foot of the cliff, this worthy ambition had possession of his mind. Not even his new estates, and all the business-matters they must entail, could divest him of it. Thus is it ever with the one grand object of life. Nothing will turn a man from it.

"Lovely creature, 'pon my word," he muttered as he rode off. "Llewellen again, too! The low-born, country clown! I'll teach him whether he dare, with impunity, to come between a gentleman and his purposes. I'll make him feel that I am not to be insulted without having my revenge! And I'll have it, or I mistake my power," and he looked complacently down upon his fine person.

He was not long in learning who Gwenllean was, and as much of her and her mother's history as was known; and his desire was to become personally acquainted with them. He took great pains to create an agreeable impression amongst the simple folks by whom he found himself surrounded, and whilst he wrote to entreat his friends to take compassion upon him, and visit him in the country of the "Honyhnhums," into which, Gulliver-like he had fallen,—he praised the Welsh, their country, and their language so fervently, that he was declared, throughout his tenantry, to be the finest gentleman that ever set foot amongst them.

When Mr. Lloyd, good, unsophisticated old man, made his first civility-call upon him, he was as much prepossessed in his favour as the rest. And, no wonder, for he talked to him of his parish and his schools like a parson; of parochial relief like an overseer; of the antiquity of the Welsh language like a pedagogue; and of the excellence of the Welsh mutton and ale like a native. Besides, he actually went to church—a thing he had never before done by choice in his life—where, as he could only understand a small portion of the service, he turned his attention to Gwenllean's demure and serious countenance, and thought what a beautiful subject she would be for a Madonna. But he was annoyed to find that she did not once look at him in return. Not even a glance aside, which, he thought, even the most modest of young women might be pardoned for giving, when such a handsome cavalier was in the way. He was so prominently placed, too, in that huge old pew, with the faded and moth-eaten red curtains, and the still more ancient monuments and armorial bearings. He would have been the admiration of half the misses in the world, and yet he could not secure a glance from a mere country girl! Provoking! But it was prudery or coquetry, he knew, and he would make her repent of it before he had been many months acquainted with her.

When the service was over, he managed to meet Mr. Lloyd in the porch, just as he was shaking hands with Gwenllean. She turned away as he approached to speak to a poor old cripple—a great favourite of Herbert—and then walked homewards with her mother. Mr. Grant slipped half-a-crown into the hands of the cripple, and followed with Mr. Lloyd. He said that he understood the ladies in front of them were his tenants, and was anxious for an introduction. Mr. Lloyd hurried on, and soon relieved his anxiety by presenting him in form. I must premise that he had first paid Mr. Lloyd a delicate compliment upon his excellent pronunciation of the fine old Welsh language; and everybody likes a compliment when they flatter themselves it is meant as a truth.

The little church of Craigyvellyn was, as I have before said, built on a cliff overlooking the sea. When the introduction took place they were standing by the gate of the romantic churchyard, and the scene around them was wild and beautiful. Mr. Grant found, therefore, immediate subject for his powers of eloquence in the objects before him, and spoke of their magnificence rather in a strain of rhodomontade—by way either of testing his new acquaintances, or making an effect. He had often found a string of fine words go a great way in country quarters, and had no doubt they would tell on the present occasion.

The path was narrow, and as they walked on he had the dissatisfaction of finding himself in advance, with Lady Llewellen by his side, whilst Gwenllean, Mr. Lloyd, and Lizzie fell back in the rear. His attention had been so wholly engrossed by the daughter that he had not looked at the mother, and when he did look at her was surprised to see so handsome a face and so interesting a person. He perceived also that she did not appear particularly astonished by his grandiloquence, and when he changed his tone, and condescended to listen to her replies to his questions, was struck with her very lady-like manners. In spite of the extreme simplicity of her dress, and the apparent retirement of her position, Mr. Grant saw at once that she was a person of no ordinary caste. Indeed, a real lady is known in any situation of life, and in every garb. She has but to speak to be recognised. Accumulated misfortunes may prey upon the mind, and even alter the person, but the patent of nobility, awarded by nature, will ever be perceptible. Lady Llewellen had lost none of her dignity; on the contrary, she had perhaps acquired an additional portion; for poverty sometimes makes those persons proud who had been in prosperity humble. Thus, when she perceived a kind of assumption in the manners of her young landlord, she became reserved, and almost haughty in her replies.

They soon, however, conversed with freedom, and as Mr. Grant had the rare talent of making his conversation agreeable to everyone, they were mutually

pleased with one another. When they came to the point of separation, he requested permission to be allowed to call at the cottage, as he was desirous of looking over his new property, and having received a polite assent from Lady Llewellen, and glanced admiringly at Gwenllean, he took his leave.

The following morning he called according to promise, habited in a shooting dress, and accompanied by two fine pointers. Fleet rushed out to assert his supremacy, and the keen eye of the sportsman soon discovered his beauties as a fox-hound, though there was no arresting his determined bark. He bounded off, however, at the sound of a call from amongst the rocks, and Mr. Grant entered the cottage.

Lady Llewellen received him alone, and after the customary salutation he looked around him, with evident surprise and admiration upon the paintings, harp, books, and general taste and elegance of the apartment. He expressed his opinion most warmly upon the excellence of the paintings, and discovered that most of them were done by Gwenllean, and that it was she who played the harp. He looked at the door in the hope that she would come in, but he was disappointed. They spoke of paintings generally, and of the Old Masters in particular, of whom Mr. Grant professed himself a devoted admirer, and found a ready second in Lady Llewellen. He said he had a beautiful little head of Raphael's and a small Claude, that he should be delighted to lend Miss Llewellen to copy, and that he would either send or bring them down on the morrow, if Lady Llewellen would permit him to do so. Lady Llewellen bowed her thanks, the door opened, and Mr. Grant looked anxiously towards it, but no Gwenllean entered. Lizzie's head popped in and out again, giving Mr. Grant an opportunity for a well-turned compliment on her beauty. He lingered as long as politeness would allow him, but to no purpose, as Gwenllean did not make her appearance; he then walked round the garden. Here he met Lizzie, and asked her to show him all the lions, which she was well pleased to do, and Gwenllean's flowers were severally introduced to him.

"And where do these curious steps lead?" he asked, as they stumbled upon the path to the grotto.

"Oh! to Gwenllean's grotto," replied his little conductress. "Perhaps you would like to see it?"

"By all means," was the reply, and they ascended the steps.

There sat Gwenllean, reading, whilst the "wonders of the deep" sparkled on every side of her. She blushed like the morning, as she arose and closed her book; but Mr. Grant, with perfect ease of manner, apologised for his intrusion, praised the grotto, admired the beauty of the little bay upon which it looked, asked what book she was reading, and finally succeeded in drawing her into conversation. The grotto, Lizzie told him, was of Herbert's fabrication, and he fancied that Gwenllean looked unnecessarily long upon the ground when she said so; the book was Tasso, and it opened quite naturally upon "the Armida" scene, between the leaves of which were some dried wild flowers, that occasioned him to say, with a meaning glance at Gwenllean—

"How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

They descended together into the garden and Mr. Grant took his leave, fully impressed with the notion that whatever Mrs. Llewellen might be as regarded family and fortune, both she and her daughters were superior people in manners and acquirements.

The following day he brought the pictures according to promise, and found Gwenllean with her mother. It was impossible not to be flattered by his civility and pleased with his society, and even Gwenllean, who had been prejudiced against him at her first meeting, confessed that he was very agreeable. Still she did not altogether like his manners, particularly his occasional looks of admiration and delicate compliments to herself. She had been unaccustomed to flattery, and her own natural sense of propriety told her that a man who can compliment a woman of whom he knows comparatively nothing, must either have a very mean opinion of her, or be half a fool himself.

There was always some excuse for visiting the cottage, as time went on; and Mr. Grant became quite at home with its inmates. Sometimes he had a present of game, at others a book, music, or some prints to introduce him, or there were improvements to be made in the cottage, which he was determined to render perfect; or he wished to consult the ladies concerning schools and charities; in short, he was fertile in expedients, until he found them unnecessary, and was permitted ingress and egress on the footing of a friend. But with Gwenllean he could never proceed beyond the mere politeness and civility of good-breeding. She was always reserved and almost distant towards him, which piqued his vanity, and made him use all his arts to please. In spite of her being a simple country girl, he was compelled to acknowledge that there was a something about her he had rarely found in others, and that something interested him more than he could have supposed possible. He was determined to add hers to his broken hearts, and as he set both religion and morality at defiance, his private cogitations as to the means of achieving his end were none of the worthiest; and sometimes assumed a form that would have made her blush with indignation could she have looked into the dark passages of his really dark mind. But the fascination of her loveliness and purity acted upon him like a spell, and drew him towards her constantly. She, on the contrary, rather shunned his presence, and by so doing incited him to persevere in his visits.

Meantime they had comfortable letters from Herbert, of which it will be unnecessary to speak here, as we must pursue his history in another chapter. Gwenllean read and re-read them with intense and pure delight, treasuring the one addressed to her as those who love with truth ever treasure the letters of the absent one. Mr. Grant's penetration discovered that Herbert was not wholly indifferent to her, but whether as a friend or a lover he knew not, since he never heard her mention his name. It might not be amiss, he thought, in any case, to undermine him a little in her good opinion, so he set to work one morning with this worthy end in view, having previously arranged his plans.

Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean were engaged, the one in working, the other in drawing, and Mr. Grant was amusing himself by cutting Gwenllean's pencils, and caressing Fleet whilst he conversed, principally with Lady Llewellen, upon the different members of the Hastings family. Gwenllean was attentive, and evidently interested in all he said, but a deeper blush overspread her face, when he carefully introduced Herbert amongst the family group he was describing, and observed that he was highly considered by most people. Gwenllean never liked Mr. Grant so well before, and began to think her prejudice against him unfounded. After one or two remarks upon Herbert's success at college and general abilities, Mr. Grant said—

"Aye, he was one of the luckiest fellows I ever knew. Lucky in more ways than one—in love as well as in literature. I never saw him equalled amongst the fair sex. He was a universal favourite, and ran away with more hearts by his quiet, insinuating manners than a rattling, talkative man, such as I, for instance, could ever hope to do. But I believe, poor fellow, he was severely wounded himself. Did he ever mention Lady Lousia Lovel to you?"

"Frequently," replied Lady Llewellen. "She was a very charming girl, I believe."

"So Llewellen thought, I fancy," said Mr. Grant, "and, to do justice to his good taste, so every one else thought. But he and Lady Louisa were inseparables; and, unless universal opinion was false, there was more between them than the world was aware of. Indeed, it would have been beyond the powers of human nature to resist so many attractions, when thrown for months together in his way. She took it into her head to study languages, and he, being, as you know, a capital linguist, became her master. They read Tasso together, and who could read Tasso with a beautiful woman and not fall in love with her? It was a sad case; but, when too late, Llewellen took flight into Wales, and thence to the Continent, it is rather supposed on account of this unfortunate attachment. Oh, Miss Llewellen! how did you manage that? You have actually let your brush drop upon that exquisite face and ruined it irretrievably."

Whilst Mr. Grant had been speaking, Gwenllean had gradually ceased to draw, and the brush which she held tremulously between her fingers fell upon her drawing, and, as he remarked, entirely spoilt

it. Her feelings were indescribable, and her endeavours to appear calm, whilst her heart was trembling with emotion, made her face pale and her voice agitated. Her mother perceived and understood her conflicting feelings, and in order to conceal them from Mr. Grant, said, with somewhat a severe tone of voice—

"Herbert Llewellen could never be guilty of an unworthy or dishonourable action. I am convinced there must be some mistake in this. If he admired the Lady Louisa, I am sure he never, in her brother's house, and knowing the disparity of their conditions, sought to gain her affection."

"Really, my dear madam," said Mr. Grant, with an air of offended truth, "I cannot pretend to answer for Mr. Llewellen's honourable feelings in a matter where the heart is concerned, and in which, we all know, prudence, sense and discretion are so easily forgotten or set aside. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me and on the strength of my own observation. Of course, I know nothing of their private motives; but this I know, that if singing together, conversation in public and private, glances on the one side, and blushes on the other, ever told tales, they told, in this instance, of a sincere, but, I fear, unhappy attachment; since, much as Lord Hastings respects Llewellen, I do not imagine either he or his mother would consent to his marrying Lady Louisa."

Mr. Grant stopped to pat Fleet, and then suddenly looked at Gwenllean.

"Dear me, Miss Llewellen," he said, "you are ill; you must not draw so closely. You will injure your health. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Gwenllean, with a strong effort; and rising from her seat she walked towards the window; "I believe I have drawn too long."

She was deadly pale; but she did not allow her self-command to forsake her. Mr. Grant perceived the advantage he had gained, and felt that his suspicions were not unfounded. He was already partially revenged on Herbert, for he had shaken her faith in him. Still he could not understand the calmness she displayed, if she really loved his rival; for there was no visible emotion in her countenance, and in a few moments she spoke as usual. Could he have looked into her breast, however, he would have seen enough of tortured feeling to satisfy him as to whether she loved or not. Lady Llewellen looked anxious and uncomfortable; she longed to renew the subject that she saw was occasioning Gwenllean so much pain, but feared to increase it by doing so. Mr. Grant thought he had better leave them to digest what he had already said, before he attempted any further disclosures, and wishing them good-morning, returned home to ruminate over the success he had already had, and to plot the best means of improving it. He knew he was on safe ground, as regarded himself, because Lady Louisa's regard for Herbert had been generally remarked upon, and various suppositions had been made concerning Herbert's guarded conduct.

When Mr. Grant was gone, Gwenllean looked at her mother, and burst into tears. Lady Llewellen tried to comfort her, by assuring her that there must be some mistake; but she could only lay her head upon her mother's bosom, and sob hysterically. She firmly believed all that Mr. Grant had said, although, whilst believing it, she excused Herbert. He had loved the Lady Louisa, deeply, devotedly; she was beyond him, and he wished to forget her. Then he came home, and saw her—his poor little sister Gwenllean—and fancied, perhaps, that—she knew not what he fancied; but she felt that he had acted unkindly by her, in making her believe that he had never loved before.

As she became composed, and crept away, even from her mother, to obtain entire solitude, she thought and thought until her heart swelled into indignation, and she dashed the tear from her eye, and declared that Herbert could not be worthy of her love, if he could have deceived her so cruelly. She was haunted by the demon of doubt and mistrust—an evil spirit she had never harboured before—and no effort she made could chase him from her soul. That short half-hour had changed her—had implanted the first feelings of cold misanthropy in a heart that had scarcely thought an evil thought, or dreamed an unhappy dream; that had never certainly supposed it possible that she could be deceived in those it loved best. The first bitter drop had fallen into Gwenllean's cup, and, for a time, she fancied that all the world must be deceivers. Her cheek was pale, and her heart cold when she said so. There was an unnatural resolution in her step, and compression in her lip, and the universal love that generally warned her to exertion for the good of others was gone. She would not shed another tear or utter another regret—nor did she for several long, weary, gloomy hours.

But when night came, and they drew together for family worship, the cold, hard heart softened. She heard her mother read a portion of Scripture, as was her custom. She felt almost sullen, and scarcely listened. But when they knelt down, and the recollection burst upon her that she was in the immediate presence of the Searcher of hearts, a feeling of penitence overcame her, and she prayed to be enabled to forgive, as she would wish to be forgiven. The tears again rolled slowly down her cheek—the weight on her heart became less oppressive, and before she had risen from her knees, she had prayed for him, whom she considered as her deceiver, and freely pardoned him the wrong she believed him to have wrought.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

The Telegraph Message.

This is the message the telegraph messenger handed to him: "Come down as soon as you can. I am dying. Kate."

Three hours later he arrived at the distant hydropathic establishment at which she was staying and was met at the gate by Kate herself, bright and smiling.

"Why—what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she sweetly said, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."

Our Ancestors.—The number of ancestors any one of us has is astonishing at first sight. At first two parents, father and mother, then a generation farther back four, the parents of our father and mother; then eight, the parents of our two grandfathers and grandmothers. By the same rate of progression, in the tenth generation, one thousand and twenty-four; and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations every one of us has over a million ancestors.

Notes on Alphabets.

The letters in the alphabets of different nations vary in number from twelve to two hundred and two.

The Sandwich Islanders have the first-named number, the Burmese 19, Italian 20, Bengalese 21, Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldean and Samaritan 22 each, Latin 23, Greek 24, German, Dutch and English 26 each, Spanish and Slavonic 27 each, Arabian 28, Persian and Coptic 32, Georgian 35, Armenian 38, Russian 41, Old Muscovite 43, Sanscrit and many others in Oriental languages have 50 each. Ethiopian and Tartarian have 202 each.

Cultivate Good Manners.—"With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide people for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill-judgments. We don't need to do much to be thought proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse."—*La Bruyère.*

The Imitator.

"An arrow from a bow just shot,
Flew upwards to Heaven's canopy,
And cried with pompous self-conceit
To the King Eagle, scornfully:—
'Look here!—I can as high as thou
And towards the sun even higher sail!'
The eagle smiled and said 'O fool,
What do thy borrowed plumes avail?
By *other's* strength thou dost ascend
But by *thyself* dost downward tend.'"

From the German.

Transposition of Letters.—By the transposition of letters fifty-six words can be made from one word containing seven letters, and being of two syllables, namely remains. The words are main, aim, rain, man, ream, name, mire, remain, men, rein, same, ran, sam, smear, ire, ram, is, arm, ear, an, air, rim, seam, am, mar, sea, in, me, are, mane, sir, mare, sin, raise, sire, arms, rime, rase, sear, rinse, aries, I, arise, inseam, manes, names, marine, miser, resin, miner, snare, mine, sane, mien, manse, amen!

HOUSEKEEPING IN FLORENCE.



is astonishing with how much volubility some people can state as facts matters of which they are in the main absolutely ignorant. A tourist will stay in a fashionable hotel at a certain town for a couple of days, and his bill will most probably startle him by its heaviness; he will thenceforward go home and say, "I have been to ——, and I can confidently state that it is one of the dearest places in the world!" Another, a Bohemian, will, in the course of his peregrinations, drop into some wayside inn, and, after having regaled himself heartily for a few pence, vent forth his gratitude to the world by vehement protestations that —— is, to his certain knowledge, the cheapest corner of the globe. Such statements as these are valueless.

To speak with authority upon the housekeeping of any town or country one must have taken up one's abode in the place, have lived amongst its people, visited its shops, and traded for its merchandise

The writer, before coming to Florence, was quite at a loss to know whether it was a reasonable or costly city in which to live, so conflicting were the statements made concerning it, so unreliable and uncertain all the information received. The object of this article, therefore, is to state in pounds, shillings and pence the actual cost of living either simply or sumptuously, and consequently to aid any whose footsteps may lead them to this land of flowers, this monument of glories past, this city of the Medici—this Florence.

"O Florence, with thy Tuscan fields and hills,
Thy famous Arno, fed with all the rills,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!"
Coleridge.

To begin this article in a general way, it may be well to state that, in the principal hotels, terms are just as high in Florence as in other European towns. Dinner costs from four francs to six francs a head, *dejéuner á la fourchette* two francs to four francs, and service one franc. The price of rooms varies from three to five francs daily. Wine is usually included in the tariff, and the cookery is decidedly good.

The principal restaurants are in the Via Tornabuoni. "Doney and Nipoti" and Capitani are both excellent, the former is the "Gunter" of Florence, and a dinner with wine and ices included may be had for seven francs. At Capitani the prices are somewhat lower—the tariff varying from four to six francs.

There are, of course, besides these an immense number of Italian restaurants where dinners can be got for three francs or less. The cooking is invariably good, the company interesting, and itinerant musicians aid the digestion and dignify the viands.

With *pensions* Florence is liberally provided. These are well warmed in winter and are provided with all desirable comforts. The prices vary from five to ten francs a day, but terms can be made for a lower sum if the tourist intends staying for any length of time. A student could be found a small room and fairly liberal table for about 100 francs a month.

Cab fares are at the following rates: For a course within the city, one franc during the day; 1 franc 30 centessimi* for the night. If taken by the half hour, 1 franc 20 centessimi for the first half hour and 75 centessimi for the following. The prices are slightly higher at night-time. Trunks or bags are charged for at 50 centessimi the piece.

The principal Italian moneys are the following—

The lira, equal to a franc, equal to tenpence; the soldi, equal to a sou, equal to a halfpenny; and the centessimi, ten of which go to our English penny, and a hundred to the franc or lira.

Most of the houses along the Lung Arno, in the Borgognissanti, and in the principal piazzas are let in lodgings. Good single rooms can be obtained in these fashionable quarters for from 25 to 35 francs a month, suites of two or three rooms from 60 to 100 francs.

On the left bank of the Arno is the student's quarter of Florence, and consequently the unfashionable and cheap part of the town,

Here a good suite of rooms, either on the *terrenò* (ground floor) or on the fourth storey, can be got for about 40 francs a month. This suite would be ready furnished, and would consist of two bed-rooms, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, sufficient for two or three students to live comfortably together.

Assuming that you have set up house by yourself and that you have not sufficient means to supply yourself with a servant, the next important business is to buy your food.

In the winding, dusky streets, little shops, set sometimes back like caves and sometimes standing boldly forward, will assert themselves. Greengrocers with luscious fruit and vegetables, tobacconists where you can also get salt, sugar, and postage-stamps, and grocers with macaroni of various shapes and sizes and great chunks of salame and carnesecca, inviting entry.

At the doors of these shops well-developed peasants with rich complexions and dreamy eyes will await your pleasure. If you only wish to spend one soldi on their wares you will still be greeted with enthusiasm, and with marked reverence and politeness. These children of the Lily city possess the art of gracious courtesy, as strongly bred in their being as they have the gifts of simplicity and content.

On entering a shop point to whatever article you require and say, "*Quanti costi questa?*" (what does this cost). The polite peasant will then put a price to which, whether high or low, you must immediately make an objection. The right word to use here is simply "*Ché.*" *Ché* is an expressive little term savouring of contempt. The polite peasant, without a murmur, will forthwith lower the price of his wares, but you must continue saying "*Ché, Ché,*" until your heart tells you he has descended enough. This is the art of "haggling," an art which in Italy has to be thoroughly understood by rich and poor alike; for not only at the little stalls, but sometimes even in the best and most fashionable shops, fancy prices are put on wares in the hopes of fleecing unsuspicious foreigners.

In buying vegetables or fruit, don't forget to ask for some "*odore.*" The writer has often (after having bought 20 centessimi of vegetables) had presented to her gratis as "*odore*" a lettuce, or an onion, a couple of sticks of young celery, mint, parsley and garlic.

* Ten centessimi=one penny.

The customers are not always content with this present but add to it, of their own accord, a handful of cherries, a couple of pears, or a cooked potato. The writer has never yet been able to reconcile to her conscience this system of open theft; and yet the dear contadine who owns the shop will smile on benignly all the time, and wish their thieving customers "*Buon Giorno*" and "*A Riverderci*" with as much gusto as if they had been duchesses come to spend a fortune on their wares.

The writer has often had blessings called down from heaven for buying from some poor *mendicante* a box of matches for a soldi, or a currant bun for the same sum.

A very useful establishment in Florence is the "48 Centessimi Store." In this can be bought nearly every necessary of life except food. Furniture, cooking utensils, millinery, glass ware, groceries, articles for dress and the toilette, stationery, lamps, small stoves, and artificial flowers—all for the modest sum of 4¾d.

As for natural flowers, they are as plentiful in this city of the Medici as are weeds in an ordinary country lane. They seem to blossom everywhere; they almost grow under your feet. In the springtime, on the hills, great bunches of red tulips, multi-coloured anemones, and waxy hyacinths may be gathered by armfuls, and the city itself is filled with a luxuriance of odorous blossoms laid out for sale on the cold grey basements of palaces, or in the picturesque baskets of dark-eyed southern maidens.

For the very poor, and those well-versed in the art of "haggling," no better way of business can be contracted than from the barrows of itinerant vendors. The vociferous yells of these men, as they pass by, are sufficient to wake the "seven sleepers," and you will be warned of their arrival long before they come in view. From these barrows may be obtained cherries strawberries and grapes, often at one soldi the pound.

Materials for dresses, corsets, powder-puffs, linen, dried fruit, bright ribbons, paper and hats, are all items of the barrow-men, and may be purchased at a price which would sound laughable to English ears; yet the inevitable "*Ché*" is here as necessary as elsewhere, for the rascals, seeing you have an English look, will slyly insert an extra soldi unless you show them that you are awake to their tricks.

Food is, on the whole, cheaper than in England, especially vegetables, and fruit, oil and wine.

Meat is fairly good and cheap. Beef-steak or veal cutlets can be got for a franc a pound, chickens for from 1 franc 50 centessimi to 3 francs apiece. Mutton, for some reason or other, is very little eaten.

Groceries, such as tea, sugar, salt and condiments in general, are very dear. Sugar costs over 1 franc the pound, and tea sometimes as much as 6 francs. A good plan, in coming over to Italy, is to bring a pound of tea with you, as that quantity is allowed to each person without the payment of duty.

Bread, milk and butter are slightly cheaper than in England. The brown country bread, which is excellent and nutritious, may be got for from 30 to 50 centessimi the loaf, according to size. Rolls and large currant buns can be got for 1 soldi the piece.

Wine, which is sold in the celebrated flaschi, can be got for various prices. The red chianti, which is a pure and excellent wine, if somewhat crude to the palate, costs from one to three francs the flaschi. A flaschi contains about half a gallon; it is a very picturesque-

looking bottle covered with a network of straw. For the preservation of this wine, it must be poured from the flaschi into smaller bottles, otherwise it will quickly sour. Each bottle should then be covered on top with a thimbleful of olive oil, no corks are needed.

New laid eggs may be obtained at eighty centessimi the dozen; cooking eggs are usually one soldi apiece. Vegetables are always cheap, fresh, and good. For the convenience of students they can be obtained at the greengrocer's ready cooked, as well as in their raw state; quite a large quantity of spinach, beans, potatoes, or beets can be got for two soldi.

At some of the smaller restaurants a dish of cooked macaroni seasoned with butter, and either cheese, tomato, or onion, may be got for twenty centessimi. Another excellent and cheap dish is of ready-cooked haricot beans well flavoured; a bowl of these can be got for ten centessimi.

Salad lettuces, when in season, may be had at three for one soldi. Tomatoes at twenty centessimi the kilo. A kilo is equal to nearly three pounds. The Florentine "libro" is slightly less than our English pound—twelve ounces instead of sixteen.

Materials for clothing, millinery and under-clothes cost about the same as in England. Dress-making and tailoring slightly less. Boots and shoes are dear and ugly.

Good servants, more learned in cooking and sewing than in reading and writing, may be got for twelve francs a month. A contadine will come and give your rooms a thorough cleaning and sweeping for eighty centessimi, or one franc.

Pianos can be hired for from eight to fifteen francs a month, according to the quality of the instrument, and as to whether it be "cottage" or "grand."

Altogether, with good management, it is possible to live, and lodge in "La Bella Firenza" for the small sum of eighty francs a month, but you must be a good manager, otherwise you will be easily imposed upon, and your bills will readily mount to twice that sum.

If you are not inclined to do your own cooking, you can order in meals from an adjacent "trattoria"* for the modest sum of eighty centessimi or one franc. The writer never gives more than 80 centessimi for a meal which is sent in daily, at half-past eleven, in a long closed tin box, with shelves for the different courses. A very good invention for keeping the food warm.

This eighty centessimi meal consists of macaroni or soup, meat and vegetables, and there is such a generous supply of each that the writer invariably has sufficient for both *colazione* (lunch) and dinner. Besides this the writer has left at her door every morning butter for one soldi, milk for one soldi, bread for two soldi, and wine for two soldi. Her expenses are, therefore, rarely over one shilling *per diem*. When the weather is hot it is good to spend the "wine-money" on a pound or two of fruit, cherries, strawberries, and grapes often being procurable for one soldi the pound.

In the coffee-houses a cup of *café-au-lait* can be got for from fifteen to twenty-five centessimi. Ices cost thirty or forty centessimi. Beer, which is good, but far more expensive than in England, costs either thirty-five or fifty centessimi according to the size of the jugs.

There are several modes of conveyance in Florence—cabs, electric tramways, steam tramways, omnibuses, horse tramways, and diligences.

The charge for the omnibus course is ten centessimi on ordinary days, and fifteen on the holidays or *festas*.

The electric tramways, which start daily from the Piazza San Marco, make the object of their course that far-famed, lovely hill Fiesole. The cost of this trip is only one franc twenty-five centessimi for a return ticket, and the air, the views, the sublime scenery obtained on every side, the wild profusion of vines and olives, roses and every trailing flower, are worth a fortune if only to remain in the memory as one sweet spot on this terrestrial earth worthy of Paradise. The steam-tramways, also, will take you for a few centessimi among scenes of radiant beauty. Cestello with its avenues of chestnuts, Lastra a Signa, that ancient city, is renowned in ages past, Campi, Poggeo, the Viale de' Colli, the vine-clad Chianti, and the wide famed glorious Certosa, from whose ancient monastery the view obtained of Florence is worthy of an Arabian fairy tale.

Besides all these near excursions there are, of course, many interesting towns and rural spots lying within short train distances from Florence, as Pisa, Bologna, Siena, and Vallombrosa. This latter, though a somewhat costly journey, is one that should be taken by all who have the possibility of doing so, for it is said to be, and with truth it must be, one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Situated at about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, the air is bright and salubrious, the views on all sides noble and awe-inspiring in the extreme, the diversity of scenery obtained as radiant as it is marvellous. Here the roaring of the cataract mingles its crash



WASHING-UP.

* Restaurant.

with the gentle murmur of the running stream, and the smiling fertility of grassy slope shows up in clear distinctness the dusky haze of forest pine and branching cedar; here the grotesque shagginess of thickets overgrown lay side by side with banks of tender sylvan blossoms, and above and all around are peaks on peaks of mountains, bare and grey except when clothed in silver clouds, or purple haze of mystic indistinctness.

It was at Vallombrosa that Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost*, and Browning commenting on the fact, says of him—

"He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled,
Remembering Vallombrosa."

Il Paradisino, which is a little further up the mountain beyond Vallombrosa, possesses a beautiful hermitage and chapel, and the view obtained over the adjoining country from the elevation is inimitable in its sublimity.

Before concluding my article, let me answer a question which has been addressed to me from all sides, since taking up my abode in the Lily City. "Is Florence, after all, as charming a city as it is said to be? Is Florence beautiful?"

I answer simply and emphatically, "Yes." No writer has exaggerated its worth, no poet sung too warmly of its radiant loveliness. Florence is beautiful. Beautiful in its architecture, beautiful in its situation, beautiful in its wealth of sculpture and its paintings, beautiful in its winding, dusky streets, its glowing colour, and its matchless frescoes. Beautiful in the winter, when its snow-capped range of mountains melt their whiteness in the lowering clouds, beautiful in the summer, when the strong, pure sun shines from the azure skies, and the nightingale sings wildly from the perfumed brushwood. Beautiful in its sluggish, green-hued river, from which white houses rise, and into which the willow and the ilex throw their shade. Beautiful in its breadth of fields and smiling vineyards, in its pines and myrtles, and its sad-hued olive branches. Always, at all times, and under all circumstances, beautiful.

For the artist there are the galleries of Pitti and Uffizi, filled to overflowing with all that is greatest of the great and matchless dead; for the lover of architecture the Roman arches, the rugged towers, the churches and cathedrals, numberless and costly. For the curio seeker are a thousand nooks and niches, bas-reliefs and lintels, teeming with the past, and speaking mutely of its glory, and for all and everyone there is the pure, strong sunshine, the glowing skies, the clear, sweet southern air.

Yet, in spite of this, how many are there who, after having given Florence a passing glimpse, return home disappointed with its charms? This is either because they are unable to appreciate the beautiful, or because they see it only through the medium of the tourist spirit—the spirit of hurry and unrest. To these this city of the Medici is bound to lose its subtle charm, for to understand and appreciate it in all its entirety, one must linger thoughtfully amidst its surroundings, and, whilst enjoying its present matchless beauty, be also fully alive to the history of its famous past. Then will the sluggish Arno serve a world for thought, and Taddeo Gaddi's quaint old bridge become a monument of glory. Then will every dusky street and tower and gable sound the chronicle of bygone greatness, and every ruined arch or broken battlement fill heart and soul with reverence and awe. In yonder crumbling niche the divine comedian sat and gazed upon his lore; within the walls of this old stately house lived Michael Angelo, the man "possessed with four souls." Upon the heights beyond Le Colle, embosomed in its nest of trailing flowers, worked the great master of the moon and stars, Galileo; by this sequestered vine-clad pathway of Fiesole, the monk Angelico planned out and drew with magic art his hosts of seraphim. And the tower of the Signoria, beautiful in its rugged grace; Giotto's Campanile, white and fair as an arum lily rising from its stem; and beyond and above all, watching over the city like a sentinel, and dominating the landscape from whatever point of view, the glorious Duomo. Who but the ignorant could remain unmoved before this feast of beauty—who, amongst those who know, would refuse to sing its praise with poet, architect, and artist?—

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray, and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without! all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery."—*Rogers.*

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"THEY WERE BOTH TO BLAME."

"It befits a son to be dutiful to his father."—*Plautus.*



As Alwyn uttered these despairing words, Greta shrank back in alarm, but Olivia, with a reassuring smile, put her hand gently on his arm.

"Do not talk so wildly, Mr. Alwyn," she said soothingly; "you are frightening poor Miss Williams. How can you have killed your father when he is not dead? My husband has only just left me. He seems hopeful about him; he thinks consciousness is returning; but he must have perfect quiet. Even our voices may disturb him—that is why I must beg you to come back with me at once."

"You are not deceiving me, Mrs. Luttrell?" returned Alwyn suspiciously. "You are sure that he is not dead?"

"Quite sure," she returned quietly; and then again Greta put out her hand.

"You will come with us, will you not, Alwyn?" she said with sisterly tenderness; "there is so much that I have to hear and that you must tell me, and we must not talk here. To think that we should have met in this way, by accident—if there be such a thing as accident in this life of ours. But no; it was Providence that brought me to this house." And as Olivia followed them down the dark shrubbery she could hear her quiet tones still talking, as though to a younger brother.

Olivia was too tired to do more than wonder vaguely as she listened; the sight of her own little parlour and Martha's sturdy figure arranging the tea-table gave her a pleasant revulsion of feeling. When Martha whispered confidentially, as she brought in the lamp, "The seed-cake is nicely baked; hadn't I better bring it in, ma'am?" Olivia gave a little hysterical laugh. After all that tragedy it was so odd to think of freshly-baked cakes.

"Yes, yes, and make the tea quickly," she said, waving off the little handmaiden impatiently; and Martha, somewhat affronted and vaguely alarmed, retreated to the kitchen.

"What's come over the mistress?" she said to herself. "I have never known her so huffy." But Olivia, with difficulty recovering her calmness, busied herself in ministering to her guests.

"Mr. Alwyn," she said gently, "you must rest on that couch—you are just worn out; but a cup of tea will do you good. Greta, you must stop and have some too. Do you know this is the first time you have entered this house? Dot is asleep. I am going up to see her now. Would you like to come too?"—for she guessed intuitively that the girl was longing to question her—and Greta with a grateful look followed her at once.

Olivia kissed the sleeping child with her usual tenderness. How she longed to lie down beside Dot and sleep off her overpowering weariness; but the day's work was not over.

Greta, who had only just glanced at the little one, put her arms suddenly round Olivia and drew her down beside her.

"Mrs. Luttrell," she said breathlessly, "tell me what it all means. What has happened to Alwyn, and what makes him talk so strangely? Do you know, for one moment I believed him! In the old time they often quarrelled—but of course it is paralysis." And then Olivia told her all that had occurred that afternoon.

Greta listened with painful attention; then her eyes filled with tears.

"And he never knew that his mother and Olive were dead," she observed. "Oh, Mrs. Luttrell, how sad—how terribly sad it all is! No wonder he looked bewildered, poor fellow; it must have been such an awful shock to hear that, and then to see his poor father fall at his feet."

"Yes, and he had been ill too; think of all the hardships he has been through." And Greta shivered as Olivia said this.

"How little I thought," she said, "that when you were telling me about the poor young artist that Dr. Luttrell had found on the doorstep on Christmas night, that it was Alwyn Gaythorne, my old playmate and friend!" Then she added with a sigh, "What would his poor mother have said? She and Olive almost worshipped that boy."

"We ought not to leave him too long alone," observed Olivia wearily. "I promised my husband that I would look after him. We must coax him to take some food, and then he must go to bed; he is very weak still, and all this has exhausted him." And as Greta evidently shared her anxiety, they went back to the parlour.

They found Alwyn pacing the room restlessly. He stopped and looked relieved as Greta entered.

"I was afraid you had gone," he said abruptly. "Do you know you passed me in the street this morning? You had that thing on"—touching her sealskin mantle—"but you were not looking at me. I thought it was a ghost, and then I tried to follow you, but some vehicles got in my way, and then you disappeared."

"I wish I had seen you," she said softly. And then Alwyn resumed his restless walk.

It was with difficulty that Olivia could induce him to come to the table, and then he could not eat; his eyes looked feverishly bright, and his cough made Greta glance at him anxiously.

When tea was over Olivia left the room for a little. Alwyn had utterly refused to go to bed until he had seen Dr. Luttrell; he was evidently tormented by remorse for his hardness to his father, and Olivia thought that he might unburden himself more freely to his old friend; and she was right. On her return she found them talking together, and the strained hunted look had left Alwyn's eyes.

Greta's were swollen with weeping, but there was a smile on her lips.

"Alwyn has been telling me his troubles," she said simply, "and I could not help crying over them, he has suffered so, and I felt so sorry for him. If only we had not gone abroad! But when we came back the Grange was empty, and no one knew what had become of Alwyn. He had quarrelled with his father, and it was supposed he had enlisted and gone to India; and he had talked so often of doing this that I thought it was probably the truth. Now I must go, but I shall come again to-morrow." And then she smiled at him and rose from her seat.

"He has talked it all out and it has done him good," she observed, as she and Olivia lingered a moment in the passage; "but if his father dies Alwyn will never get over it.

"Oh, he is much to blame," she went on; "he has been very wild, very imprudent, utterly mad and reckless; but his poor father was to blame too. A high-spirited lad like Alwyn would not be kept in leading-strings. Mr. Gaythorne was far too strict with him—his own mother said so—and yet in his way he loved him. How often poor Olive would cry about it to me.

"Dear, dear Olive, how I loved her! And I was very fond of Mrs. Gaythorne too, she was so sweet and motherly; she always called us her big and her little daughter. I was so much taller than Olive; but there"—interrupting herself—"if I begin talking about the old days at the Grange I shall never finish."

"But you will come to-morrow?"

"Yes; indeed, how could I keep away? Do you know that for years Alwyn and I were just like brother and sister—I don't believe he cared much more for Olive than he did for me. I think I understood him better than she did—his mother always said so. Well, good night, dear Mrs. Luttrell; I shall come to-morrow as early as I can."

When Olivia went back to the parlour she found Alwyn lying back in his chair looking utterly spent and exhausted.

"I believe I shall have to take your advice and go to bed," he said. "All this has taken the starch out of me, and I feel dead beat"—and he looked so ill that Olivia half thought of sending for her husband. Fortunately he came in half an hour later, and went up at once to Alwyn's room.

He was some time with him, and then he came down and told Olivia that she had better fill a hot-water bottle and heat some flannel.

"It is a sort of nervous attack," he explained, "and his teeth are chattering with cold, and he is shaking as though he were in an ague fit; but I am going to mix him a composing draught, and he will soon quiet down. I have brought him a favourable report of Mr. Gaythorne, but he is too weak to be cheered by it. This will have done him no end of harm. We shall have him in bed for the next day or two."

Olivia gave a tired sigh, but she would not add to Marcus's burdens by selfish complaints of her own fatigue. She would have taken the eider-down off her own bed, but Marcus preferred borrowing a couple of blankets from Mrs. Crampton. In a few minutes he returned again laden with warm things that the housekeeper had sent for her young master's use, and soothed by the unaccustomed comfort and the powerful narcotic Alwyn sank into an exhausted sleep.

It was eleven o'clock before Olivia could lay her own head on her pillow. As Dot nestled to her with a sleepy cry, the young mother breathed her nightly thanksgiving for her two blessings, and then knew no more until Martha came to pull up her blinds in the morning.

When Marcus came across for his breakfast he seemed in excellent spirits. He had had three or four hours' rest, and in his opinion the stroke was a slight one. Mr. Gaythorne had regained consciousness, and though the right arm and his speech were certainly affected, he believed that it was only temporary mischief.

"Of course one knows at his age that it is the danger signal," he went on, "but I hope with care that his life may be prolonged for years. I shall get Dr. Bevan to look at him, as I do not care for such undivided responsibility. And perhaps it will be well to have a nurse for a week or two. Mrs. Crampton is not as young as she was, and it is a pity to knock her up."

As the day wore on there were still more cheering reports. Mr. Gaythorne had said a few words almost distinctly—at least Dr. Luttrell had understood him.

"Where is Alwyn?" He was quite sure those were his words; but he had seemed quite satisfied when Marcus told him he was with his wife, and had not spoken again.

Olivia had hoped for a talk with Aunt Madge, for it was quite three days since she had been round to Mayfield Villas; but she found it impossible to leave the house. Alwyn needed a great deal of attention; he was very low and depressed.

Marcus had given orders that he was to have frequent nourishment, and as Mrs. Crampton had sent Phœbe across with a store of good things—soup and jelly and grapes—there were no demands on Olivia's simple larder. A ready-cooked pheasant would be sent for his dinner, and anything else that he could fancy.

"Mrs. Crampton says that she knows her master would approve, so I suppose we need not be too scrupulous," observed Marcus; but at that moment the surgery bell rang.

Dr. Luttrell's services were required at number seventeen, and with an expressive look at his wife Marcus took up his hat and hastened out.

Olivia had expected Greta quite early, but she did not make her appearance until late in the afternoon. She had been detained, she said—nurse had asked her to take her place for a couple of hours. And then she looked anxiously at Olivia.

"I am afraid Alwyn is ill," she observed; but Olivia assured her that it was only a temporary break-down. "We have such good news of Mr. Gaythorne that he cannot fail to be cheered, but of course he is fretting about the loss of his mother and sister. It was such a shock, you see, and as my husband says, we must give him time to pull himself together. But you do not look very well yourself, Greta; you are terribly pale."

"Oh, that is nothing," she returned. "I suppose I was too much excited, for I could not sleep for hours. I seemed to be living through my old life again. They were such happy days, Mrs. Luttrell; one's existence was not meagre and colourless then."

"I wish you would tell me a little about it all," observed Olivia as she ensconced Greta in the most comfortable chair. "You cannot imagine how it interests me." And then Miss Williams smiled.

"Oh, you are so sympathetic—that is your great charm; but indeed I love to dwell on that part of my life. You know the Gaythornes lived at Medlicott Grange. It was a quaint, picturesque old house, covered with ivy and with a

lovely garden. There was a lime-walk that was delicious on hot summer afternoons; I can smell the limes now.

"Mr. Gaythorne, who had been abroad a great many years, had taken a fancy to the place and half thought of buying it, but he changed his mind later.

"We lived at the Lodge, a much smaller house, looking over the village green; it was rather an inconvenient house, full of small rooms all opening out of each other, and long, rambling passages; but dear mother and I were very fond of it. We liked the three-cornered little drawing-room with its bay-window, where we could sit and work and watch the old men in their grey smocks having a palaver under the big elm in the centre of the green.

"Mrs. Luttrell"—interrupting herself—"do you know Ivy Dene Lodge is to let now? I saw the advertisement in the *Standard*. Now I should love to live there again. If anything happened to poor father I know I should go back there; it is the only place I ever called home. Don't you love a village green, with geese waddling over it and a big pond where little bare-legged urchins are always sailing their boats, and then the church and the lich-gate and the vicarage smothered in creepers?"

"Why, Greta, what a charming description! You quite make me long to see it."

"But it is not as charming as it really is; even strangers allow that Medlicott is a pretty village. It is true that Ivy Dene has not much of a garden—just a little patch of lawn and a mulberry tree and a flower-bed or two; but as I spent most of my time in the Grange garden that did not matter.

"Dear mother was always so unselfish. She would never let me stay at home with her. She thought it good for me to be with young people of my own age, and so Olive and Alwyn and I were always together. Olive was my friend, but I always looked upon Alwyn as a dear younger brother. He is not really much younger—only a few months—but I was always a little older than my age."

"He must have been very handsome," observed Olivia, and Greta coloured slightly.

"Yes; all the Gaythornes were handsome. Mr. Gaythorne himself was a fine, stately-looking man, only a little foreign and unusual in his dress. I was always a little afraid of him, and I never approved of the way he treated Alwyn. He had been over-indulged and petted in his boyhood, but later on his father thwarted him unnecessarily. He was always calling him to account for some foolish imprudence. And though his mother and Olive shielded him as much as possible, there were often sad scenes at the Grange. Mr. Gaythorne had set his heart on Alwyn's reading for the Bar. He thought he had sufficient money and influence to warrant the hope that his only son might eventually enter parliament, but Alwyn had already secretly determined to be an artist. He detested his law studies and could not be induced to work, and spoilt all his father's plans.

"As I told you last night," finished Greta, "they were both to blame. But at the time I could not help taking Alwyn's part. He was not good to his father, and often lost his temper and said disrespectful things. But Mr. Gaythorne had no right to be so tyrannical.

"When my mother died father would not hear of our living at Ivy Dene. He said he hated the place, and we went to America for a year or two, and there I heard of Olive's death. Olive had told me in her letters of Alwyn's disappearance.

"'There has been an awful scene,' she wrote, 'poor dear mother has been so ill. Father thinks that Alwyn has done something very wrong, but of course neither mother nor I believe it for a moment, though it cannot be denied that appearances are terribly against him. Forgive me, dearest Greta, if I do not enlarge on this painful subject. We do not know what has become of Alwyn; but we think he has enlisted.'

"This was the last letter I received from Olive. Before many months had passed she died at Rome, and her mother did not long survive her."

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

E. F. BURR *asks for the origin of the quotation "The sleep of the just."*

We are sorry to be rather late in answering this question, but the fact is we have explored many learned authorities in vain. The opinion most worthy of attention seems to be that which refers the expression to the passage in Job xi., where Zophar promises to the just man, "Thou shalt take thy rest in safety. Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid." This untroubled slumber has come by a natural inference to be called "The sleep of the just," and the phrase has passed into common parlance.

S. W. *writes: "I have often been perplexed by this passage in 'In Memoriam:'*

"I held it truth with *him who sings*
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"Whom does Tennyson mean by the words in italics?"

The poet is often supposed to be Longfellow, and the allusion to be to his "Ladder of St. Augustine:"

"St. Augustine, well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

But it is in reality Goethe.

Lord Tennyson himself is the authority for this statement. He could not identify any special passage as being referred to, but when a small book on "In Memoriam" was submitted to him by the author (Rev. Dr. Getty, Vicar of Ecclesfield, Yorkshire), he wrote across this stanza: "It is Goethe's creed."

The teaching runs through both parts of Goethe's strange and terrible tragedy *Faust*. Man is tempted and errs, but when he has repented, his "dead self" is made the means by which he can rise higher, until at last his soul is delivered from the tempter's power. The angels sing in chorus—

"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen."

"Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming."

A LOVER OF FLOWERS *asks: "Will you explain to me the origin of the expressions 'In clover,' and 'Under the rose?'"*

To be "in clover" is simply to be in luck, or extremely comfortable, as cattle are in a clover-field.

"Under the rose," or *sub rosa*, which is the Latin phrase, is more obscure. "In strict confidence" is the meaning of the expression. The ancient legend runs that Cupid gave to Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, a rose, as a token to remind him not to betray a certain secret. Hence this flower became the emblem of silence. The rose was sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting-rooms, as may be observed at Haddon Hall, to warn the guests that they were not to proclaim abroad what was uttered in the freedom of social intercourse; and in 1526 it was placed over confessionals. The rose was also adopted by the Jacobins as an emblem of the Pretender, because his friends could only render him assistance *sub rosa*, i.e., secretly. The lines from *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* may occur to some readers. Mrs. Browning is describing the marble statue of "Silence," in the fountain: "So asleep, she is forgetting to say 'Hush!'"

"Mark how heavy-white her eyelids! not a
dream between them lingers;
And the left hand's index droppeth from
the lips upon the cheek,
While the right hand—with the *symbol-rose* held slack within the fingers
Has fallen backward in the basin—yet
this Silence will not speak!
Nay, your Silence,' said I, 'truly, holds
her symbol-rose but slackly,
Yet *she holds it* or would scarcely be a
Silence to our ken.'"

NURSING.—*I much wish to become a nurse, and should like to be trained at a London hospital, but I have no means. I am strong and not afraid to work. My age is twenty-four. I am rather good in the sick-room. I do so much want to do some good in the world, and I think I could as nurse.*—ELSPETH.

As your inclination leads you to hospital-nursing, we would encourage you to persevere with this intention. The chief difficulty at the outset is pecuniary. The rush of women into the nursing profession leads the hospitals to charge fees for training. We fear you could only be admitted as a paying probationer to any of the large London hospitals. In your position, the best plan is to seek training through one of the large and well-managed infirmaries. Apply, then, to the Matron of one of the following:—Chelsea Infirmary, Gale Street, Chelsea; Kensington Infirmary, Marlebone Infirmary, Notting Hill; Poplar Sick Asylum, or St. Pancras Infirmary.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 891.] JANUARY 23, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



"HE RAISED HER FROM THE GROUND."

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XVI.

As it is the fashion nowadays to take sudden trips to the Continent, and to return from them almost as fast as the horse in the fairy-tale, I may perhaps be pardoned for transporting my readers, with a velocity even greater than that of the afore-mentioned magic courser, into the lovely land of Italy. Should I choose to bring them back again in the short space of one chapter, my excuse must be, the ruling fashion, which is, speed and change; and, at any rate, I shall do no more than our English world does daily; and that is, take a trip to the Continent and back, for no reason but that it amuses me, and enables me to say—"I have seen foreign parts."

As neither Herbert Llewellen, the Earl of Hastings, nor his brother, has any intention of publishing a volume of travels, or, "A Tour through the South of Europe," we must put on a pair of seven-leagued boots, and arrive at once in Italy, which our travellers reached in perfect safety, after having had the usual number of adventures, imbibed some experimental knowledge, and eaten as many good dinners as young men in search of the picturesque are unsentimental enough to eat, whenever they arrive at good hotels.

A storm amongst the Apennines is a splendid sight, and so thought Herbert and his companions, when they took shelter from one under a ledge of rock that stretched forth a kind of friendly roof to welcome them. Not "Alp on Alp," but Apennine on Apennine rose in mysterious grandeur around them. The road upon which they stood overlooked a precipice, where they heard the roar of waters, the voice of which mingled hoarsely with the tempest. Nothing was visible or audible, but nature in her sternest, wildest mood. The black sky rested, like a heavy pall upon the giant mountains, that lay as in a death-trance beneath it. Like the heralding trumpets, and rolling chariots of victorious armies, "leapt the live thunder;" and the lightning—arrow of the warring elements—alone pierced the intense gloom, as it darted through the sky, and seemed to break against the mountain. Whilst the heart of inanimate nature burst with groans and sobs, every living creature was struck dumb with awe. The lordly eagle hovered motionless over the mountain's crest; the goat sought shelter amongst the cavities in its sides, and crouched, terrified, in its hiding-place; whilst the travellers stood spell-bound beneath the rock, and watched in breathless silence the splendid horrors of the tempest.

Suddenly, round an abrupt angle of the rock, there appeared a horse, that was rearing and plunging, from the effects of fear inspired by the storm. He approached the part of the road that overhung the precipice, and the danger was imminent. When Lord Hastings and Herbert rushed from their place of concealment, they perceived that his rider was a woman. Although the horse was on the brink of the precipice, she uttered no scream, but resolutely keeping her seat, and drawing in the bridle with masculine energy, she kept his back towards the mountain, as he reared till his haunches touched the ground. Nothing but strength of arm, and determination, restrained him from leaping down the chasm in front, and as it was, had not the road been of tolerable width, he and his rider must have gone over. There appeared no possibility of rendering assistance; indeed, when the travellers seemed about to offer it, the lady waved them off with an agitated gesture, and tried to pacify the terrified animal by words of encouragement. Another horse appeared, from which a servant leapt, equally incapable of aiding her, whilst her horse drew nearer to the edge, and her arm appeared to lose power.

"Throw yourself off," cried Lord Hastings and Herbert simultaneously, whilst each cautiously went on one side of the horse.

A vivid flash of lightning darted across the eyes both of the horse and rider, that seemed to blind them for a moment. The horse reared again, and tried to push forwards. The lady disengaged her foot from the stirrup, and her leg from the pommel of the saddle, and in so doing her hold on the horse loosened, and he wheeled round, thus placing his back towards the precipice. It was an awful moment. Another plunge, and they must have been hurled into eternity. Lord Hastings succeeded in creeping round to the verge of the precipice just as she was meditating throwing herself off, as a last chance of life. He seized the skirt of her habit tightly with both hands, himself almost underneath the horse's hoofs, and she loosed her hold of the bridle, and gave herself up, either to death or life, according as her fall might be far from, or near to, the edge of the abyss. Had not Lord Hastings retained a strong hold of her habit she must inevitably have perished, but just as the noble animal, from whose back she fell, was precipitated down the frightful depth, above which he had been struggling, he dragged her forcibly towards him, and by so doing saved her life. He raised her from the ground as soon as he recovered his own footing, and found that she had sustained no injury, but was unable to speak or move for the moment from fright and agitation. They bore her to the sheltering rock, and stood aside whilst her servant approached, and asked her if she were unhurt. She looked round her with a bewildered gaze, clasped her hands, and ejaculated—

"Thank God!" Then after a few moments of hesitation, she added, "but Pegasus! Alas! my poor horse! Is he really killed, Giovanni?" and rising hastily she went towards the edge of the precipice, and tried to glance down its unfathomable depth.

"Gone, signorina," said the man in a low, melancholy voice, "but praised be the blessed Father, you have escaped."

"Gone!" repeated the lady, still looking down the abyss in search of her poor horse.

"Take care, signorina," said the man, as a vivid flash of lightning passed them by, and vanished in the depth below.

The lady returned slowly to the rock, sat down upon a large stone, covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"There was not his equal in Italy," she said at last, brushing a tear from her eye and looking at the servant.

"Signorina, no; gentle as a lamb, yet swift as a wild deer."

"Alas! poor Pegasus! would I had been less obstinate, and refrained from riding to-day: dear faithful friend, he owes his death to me."

"Ah, signorina, rather than lament, you should be thankful to God, and these good gentlemen for your escape."

The good gentlemen had been looking on from a little distance whilst the young lady had been speaking to Giovanni; but she had been quite unconscious of their presence, thinking that her servant had rescued her. Her hat had fallen off when she fell, and a profusion of rich black hair hung down over her back and shoulders. As she leaned her head upon her hand, and looked mournfully at her attendant, the bystanders had an opportunity of seeing one of the handsomest faces they had ever looked upon. Such eyes—large, lustrous, black, speaking orbs—that shone like stars at twilight, from beneath long lashes, on which hung bright, dewy tear-drops. The face was pale and agitated, and the lips quivered with emotion; but the fine, expressive countenance was visible through all. As she pushed the long masses of dark hair, that had been matted by the rain, from her face, she looked like some sybil of old, brought to that wild place to perform her incantations. The storm still raged around, and the lightning occasionally shot across her path, or even quivered above her, lighting up the gloom, and giving an unearthly effect to the whole scene. When conscious of the presence of others she arose and advanced towards her rescuers; there was a dignity and grace in her tall, commanding figure that made an immediate impression even on the fastidious Earl of Hastings. Her thanks were warm but brief, and the colour mounted to her cheeks as she expressed them. She felt that the strangers she addressed had been witnesses not only of her dangers but of her weakness; and there was something about her that seemed to say that weakness was the last thing she would like to display.

As she stood in a kind of awkward uncertainty, and the gentlemen in equally awkward silence, she seemed to recollect the state of her toilette. She put her hand to her forehead, and pushed aside the hair that fell over it; and, as she did so, Lord Hastings perceived that blood was trickling from her temples.

"You are hurt," he said pointing hastily to the wound; "pray sit down quietly, whilst we arrange some means of getting you home."

The lady put her hand to her forehead and perceived the blood.

"It is nothing," she said, "less than nothing. Giovanni, will you find my hat, and I will endeavour to proceed."

"But," said Lord Hastings, bringing a handkerchief that she had left upon the stone, on which she had been sitting, "at least, wipe the blood from your temples."

She did so, smiling, and begged Giovanni to look at the wound, which he pronounced to be only a slight cut from a stone. He then brought the hat, which was so battered as to be unwearable.

"You must wear mine, signorina," he said, "it was new but yesterday."

"Perhaps you will honour me by accepting this cap," said Lord Hastings, drawing a travelling cap from his pocket. "It has never been worn, and has, at least, the advantage of being dry."

She took the cap with a pleasing smile of thanks, and retiring again to her former seat, wrung the wet from her long hair and twisted it up. She put on the travelling cap, which was edged with fur, and in which she looked like a handsome Russian. After slightly arranging her dress, and glancing towards the strangers to see that they were engaged in consultation, she again went to the edge of the precipice and shed another tear over the grave of her poor horse. The storm had ceased as suddenly as it began, and the sun was making his way through the clouds, and peeping cautiously over the mountains, as if to determine whether he could venture forth once more. He looked down upon the sorrowful young lady, and, as if by a similar attraction, Lord Hastings was looking at, and admiring her, at the same time, and paying little attention to the conversation of his companions.

"Ah! the poor signorina," said Giovanni, addressing Herbert in Italian, "she loved her horse as if he had been her friend or brother. He knew her voice —came at her call—ate from her hand, and was as gentle as a lamb with her. She would ride out amongst the mountains, although people blamed her much, and this has been the end! She has a fine, proud spirit, the signorina. They call it obstinate, but I call it noble."

"But what are we to do to enable her to return to her home?" asked Herbert. "Where does she live?"

"At the Villa Sforza, with her aunt, the Countess Sforza, near the town," replied Giovanni. "But I should not like to leave her here."

"Cannot I ride to the Villa and procure assistance?" asked Herbert.

"Grazia, signor," said Giovanni. "I will tell the signorina."

The signorina hesitated, said she could walk, but finally accepted Herbert's offer, who, after he had received proper directions from Giovanni, mounted his horse and rode off as fast as the slippery mountain road would let him.

"We will proceed on foot until the carriage comes, Giovanni," said the signorina.

"Will you allow us to accompany you?" asked Lord Hastings, overcoming his natural shyness. "Although on a swift horse you may have ventured to scour these mountains, with one attendant, the presence of others may be of service in case of danger."

The signorina replied with singular frankness of manner—

"I am unaccustomed to be under the protection of strangers, but I will gladly accept your kind offer. I can never be grateful enough for the service you have already rendered me, and only wish I could repay it.

Lord Hastings bowed low, and looked at the speaker with admiration. He thought he had never seen so handsome a person, with so much dignity of manner.

They proceeded side by side along the road, and as the signorina's foot slipped frequently upon the moist ground, Lord Hastings found it necessary to offer her his arm, which she accepted at once. Her horse evidently occupied her thoughts, and the conversation was carried on in occasional short remarks upon the country. Lord Hastings spoke Italian with some difficulty, and was surprised at being addressed by the signorina in perfectly good English, slightly touched by a foreign accent. She occasionally turned to Giovanni, and asked some questions about her horse, lamenting that she had ridden him that day. The man condoled with her as with a spoilt child, and Lord Hastings ventured a few questions concerning the cause of his taking fright, and, as he was himself a great lover of horses, expressed much sympathy with the signorina for her loss. She said that a very heavy peal of thunder, accompanied by a flash of lightning that seemed to dart into the eyes of the horse, and to blind him for the moment, had made him unmanageable, and occasioned him to run away. That she had had him ever since she was a child, and that he had always been most tractable with her, though sometimes wilful with others, and that he was the noblest animal in Italy. In spite of her endeavours to repress it, another tear gathered in her eye. She turned away, and ceased speaking. Lord Hastings was naturally shy and reserved with women—indeed, considered the sex as too frivolous to deserve much consideration from a man of sense—so that he had few general subjects of conversation with them.

(*To be continued.*)



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BE very careful where you throw lighted matches. It is very common for people to carelessly throw them aside when done with, and a lady of our acquaintance had her dress set alight by a match thrown down from a window-balcony. In another case, last summer, a lighted match thrown from the top of an omnibus fell on a cart-horse's head, frightening him so much that a serious accident was the result.

IN a case of dropsy, the following recipe has been found a great alleviation. Take a few dried figs—the tenderest you can find—cut them up into small pieces, pour over them sufficient rum of good quality, let them soak in it for some hours and then give to the patient to eat.

A LITTLE water should be mixed with the milk given to cats. It is better for them and improves their fur.

COOKS should never be allowed to stick pins in the front of their dress; these are apt to drop into the cooking. A cake was once found to contain three pins.

THE greatest care should be taken in purchasing violet-powder—only to have that made by a firm of repute. Lead, arsenic, and other injurious ingredients are sometimes mixed with it, and a little while ago some of this deleterious mixture caused the death of some infants. Where there is any uncertainty about it, the finest oatmeal should be used instead.

BREAD and good raisins with a glass of hot milk are an admirable luncheon. The hot milk is a good stimulant, and the raisins are very sustaining.

THE insides of banana skins are said to be very good for cleaning tan shoes.

EVERY young person should learn how to carve joints of meat, poultry and game. It is not a difficult accomplishment if learnt at leisure and at home. It should be practised at one's own table, and will be found to be of practical use and benefit at the table of others. A good carver is a public benefactor.

IT is not always safe to carry money in one's glove. You do not know who has handled it last, and it is safer not to carry it next to one's skin.

CHAMOIS leather should not be used for rubbing lenses or glass, as it scratches a delicate surface.

BOOTS that have been cleaned with blacking should not be left where black-beetles can get at them. They will quite destroy the leather in their eagerness to devour the blacking, for which they have a particular liking.

THE BROOCH IN SAXON TIMES.

It was the custom of the Anglo-Saxon people who settled in this country, after the withdrawal of the Romans in the fifth century, to bury their dead fully attired as in life, with their ornaments and weapons and often accompanied by their domestic implements and household effects.

This custom has not only preserved to our own time a number of valuable and highly interesting relics, but has given us an insight into the character and life of these early settlers, which would otherwise have been veiled in the obscurity of the past.

Like all barbaric peoples, the Anglo-Saxons were much addicted to the use of personal ornaments, and undoubtedly the most beautiful and interesting objects discovered in their grave mounds and cemeteries are the *fibulæ* or brooches, which present a variety of form, and often exhibit great artistic merit and skilled workmanship.

Before describing these objects in detail, it may be as well to briefly review the facts of the Anglo-Saxon invasion and conquest of this country, and the final settlement of the island; as it will be shown later on that certain types of *fibulæ* are peculiar to certain districts, and it is only by following up the history of certain tribes that we shall be able to allocate to each its characteristic ornament and, maybe, tribal badge.

This heterogeneous people, known to history and archæology as the Anglo-Saxons, was compounded of three principal tribes, the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes, with a small admixture of Frisians and perhaps other kindred races.

Freeman in his *History of the Norman Conquest*, states that, "From the very beginning of the Conquest, all the Teutonic settlers, without distinction, are spoken of as belonging to the English kin."

The first to arrive on our shores were the Jutes who, at the close of the fifth century, landed in Kent, and settling themselves in the island of Thanet, then called Ruim, spread thence over the mainland and along the coast as far north as London. A second instalment of this tribe colonised the Isle of Wight and part of Hampshire.

The Jutes were a Gothic people who inhabited that part of the "Cimbric" peninsula to which they have given their name, and which is known as Jutland at the present day. They were closely allied to the Saxons, who speedily followed in their wake, and landing near Selsey Bill, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in holding their own, and in obtaining a foothold in the country. These formed the colony of South Saxons in what is now Sussex, while other hordes grouped themselves into West Saxons, Wessex; East Saxons, Essex; and Middle Saxons, Middlesex. The Saxons were a brave, war-like, sea-faring people, more inclined to piracy, it must be allowed, than to the peaceful pursuit of commerce. They appear to have derived their name from the short sword or knife, *sæx* which they always carried about the person. Their home was the country at the base of the peninsula of Jutland, near the mouth of the Elbe, the present Schleswig-Holstein.

The Angles, from whom this country received its present name, seem to have been the last of the confederation to come over and settle in the island. Their first descent upon our shores was in A.D. 547, when they landed in Bernicia. The small body of pioneers was soon followed by the whole tribe, and the country previously occupied by them, at the southern extremity of Schleswig, was totally abandoned. Their settlements stretched from the Forth to Essex, and consisted of Bernicia between the Forth and the Tyne; Deira, Yorkshire; Lindisware, Lincolnshire; and East Anglia, the North-folk and South-folk. Later on, they extended their boundary to the Midlands, and about the same time their Wessex kinsmen advanced into Gloucestershire and the Vale of Severn.

To return to the brooches, five principal types have been found in this country; the "cruciform," the "square-headed," the "saucer-shaped," the "annular," and the "circular."

The cruciform *fibulæ* are found to be widely distributed throughout the Midland and Eastern counties, and were evidently characteristic of the Angles who colonised those districts. The type is said to be abundant in the graves of Sweden and Norway, but is rare in those of Gothland and Denmark.

Those found in this country are of bronze, sometimes gilt or plated with silver, but are never set with garnets or stones of any kind; they are occasionally made of silver, and are often ornamented with interlaced work, scrolls, and borders of various designs carefully engraved on the metal. In size they vary considerably, one of the largest found at Stow Heath, Suffolk, being as much as six inches in length. When of large size they are generally decorated with rudely executed masks, or faces, of great originality in design.

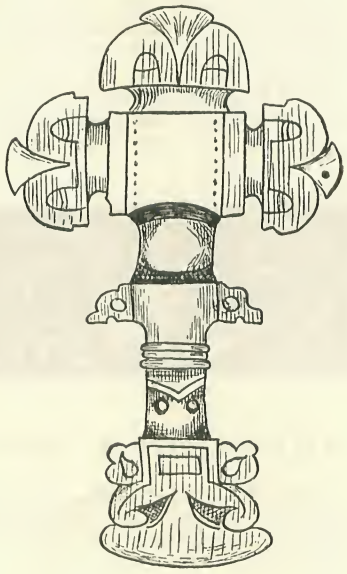
One of these cruciform *fibulæ* was found on the right shoulder of a skeleton in a grave at Barrington, Cambridgeshire, and was accompanied by two smaller brooches of the same type, amber and terra-cotta beads and other objects. Two others were discovered on the breast of a woman in a barrow near Driffield, Yorkshire.

The square-headed *fibula* is often classed with the previous type; but, although it frequently assumes a cruciform shape, it is nevertheless distinct in its characteristics. The head always retains its rectangular form, and it is the base only which sometimes assumes the cross-like formation. This type has been found in France and Germany as well as in Scandinavia. The cruciform *fibula* is assigned by the Swedish antiquaries to the First Iron Age; which, according to Montelius, dates from the first to the middle of the fifth century; the square-headed brooch, on the contrary, is considered to belong to the Second Iron Age, which flourished from A.D. 450 to about A.D. 700.

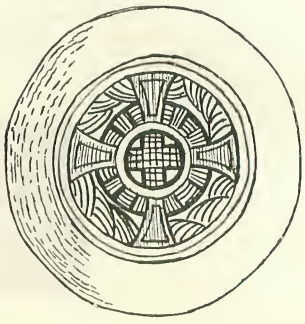
The square-headed brooches are found in all the Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, but are rare in the North and in Kent. They were probably cast in a mould, the incised decoration being added after; sometimes they are thinly plated with gold and silver.

The saucer-shaped *fibula* is specially characteristic of the Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Buckinghamshire graves, and has never been found in any of the other countries of Europe which were invaded or colonised by the Anglo-Saxon tribes. Its limited *locale* seems to point to its being the favourite ornament of the West Saxons. As its name implies, it is circular in form, and concave like a saucer, and is usually of bronze or copper, with a plain edge and decorated centre; the ornamentation, consisting of rudely engraved outlines of the human face or of some animal, is executed in the same style as that seen on the cruciform brooches.

Fibulæ of this type have been found in some numbers at Fairford, Gloucestershire, and always occur on or near the breast of the



Cruciform Fibula.



Saucer-shaped Brooch.

Anglo-Saxon Brooches.

skeleton; whilst at Harnham and other localities, the usual position is on the shoulders.

The annular brooch is in the form of a flat ring of bronze, sometimes plated with tin, or white metal, or silver; with a pin crossing the whole width of the *fibula*. The decoration consists of engraved lines, rings and dots, chevrons, or twisted scroll work; occasionally bosses of ivory or slabs of garnet, or a dark-green stone are attached.

The most beautiful brooches, however, of the Anglo-Saxon period are the circular *fibulæ* which are almost exclusively found in the cemeteries and grave mounds of Kent and the Isle of Wight. These appear to have been worn almost exclusively by women, as they are rarely found in the graves of men. They are formed of plates of gold, silver, or bronze, ornamented with filigree work and set with garnets, lapis-lazuli, mother-of-pearl, ivory, glass, and stone. One found at Wingham, near Sandwich, was made of a disc of bronze, covered with a gold plate which was decorated with filigree work; the centre ornament consisted of *cloisonné*, in the form of a four-rayed star, in coloured glass, garnets, and blue enamel. A stud, inlaid in a circular plate of red glass, occupied each space between the points of the star, the central stud being ornamented with an uncut garnet.

Another type of this brooch consists of two metal plates, placed one over the other, the upper one divided into compartments for the reception of slabs of precious stones, or of glass; another kind is formed by a slightly concave disc of silver or bronze, into which a second disc of gold, divided into cells and covered with geometrical patterns, stars, and bosses, is fixed. A third type is a simple metal disc, decorated with incised patterns and set with stones; an example discovered at Gilton was of silver, ornamented with garnets, set round an ivory boss, the spaces between the stones being of incised work, gilt.

There remain three other types of Anglo-Saxon *fibulæ*, which are found in the graves of Kent and the Isle of Wight, and occasionally in other parts of the country. Owing to their rarity, they are considered to be importations from the north-west of Gaul, and not of local manufacture. They are known as the "radiated," the "S-shaped," and the "bird-shaped," and deserve a brief description.

The radiated *fibula* has been found in Eastern Europe, in France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, and Southern Russia. It has a square or semi-circular head, ornamented with *radii;* the base varies in form, being sometimes quite simple, at others a lozenge-shape; the centre forms a bow, uniting the two extremities.

By continental archæologists it is considered to be of early Frankish or Merovingian origin. It rarely occurs in the graves of this country; one only having been found in the cemetery of Little Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire, explored by the Hon. R. C. Neville, which yielded no fewer than one hundred and eighteen brooches of the Anglo-Saxon period. A pair found near Folkestone were of gilt bronze, set with slabs of garnet; and one from Searby, Lincolnshire, was of silver, also ornamented with garnets or red glass.

The S-shaped brooch is also very rarely found in England. It is usually of bronze, plated with tin, and ornamented with punched designs. An example discovered near Oxford was decorated with slabs of garnet, underlaid with gold foil; and a pair from Faversham, Kent, were united by a slender chain, and were probably worn so that the chain crossed the breast, the *fibulæ* being fastened on the shoulders.

Of equally rare occurrence is the bird-shaped type; the Baron de Baye considers it to be of Gothic origin, the Goths having had a great fondness for the bird in decorative art, and its frequent appearance in the countries occupied by that people seems to bear out his theory.

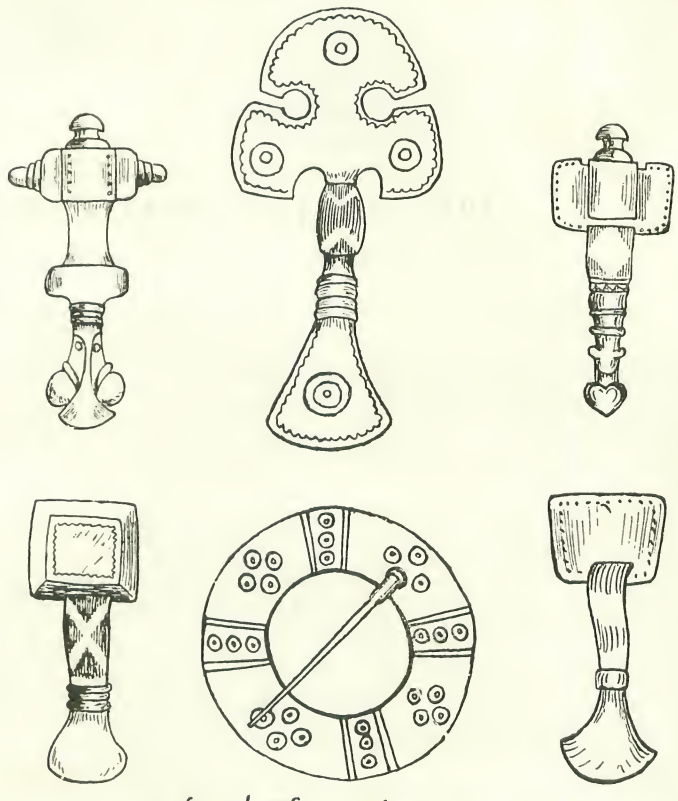
The presence of these continental types in this country in graves of the Anglo-Saxon period, is interesting as affording evidence of the intercourse which existed between England and the Continent at that early date.

The art of enamelling was well understood by the Celtic inhabitants of this country prior to its conquest by the Romans; and the craft was also practised by the latter people. The process as known to them was that which is termed at the present day *champlevé*, which consists in removing a portion of the metal of the object to be decorated, chiselling out, in fact, a cell for the reception of the enamel, which was fused in under great heat and then polished.

With the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons an entirely new method was introduced, which till then appears to have been entirely unknown.

The ancient Egyptians cemented into gold cells small pieces of glass or precious stones, carefully shaped, but do not seem to have been acquainted with the art of fusing enamels. Dr. Birch, an authority on Egyptian antiquities, describing the jewellery of an Egyptian queen, says: "The pastes which decorate them are not enamel, but cut into the required shapes and inlaid. The principal substances used were lapis-lazuli, jasper, etc., or opaque glass to imitate them and the delicate blue of the turquoise." He considers the real enamelling to be not older than the time of the Ptolemies, or the Roman occupation of Egypt.

Embedded enamels are of two kinds, *cloisonné* and *champlevé*. The former method was by forming, on the metal plate to be decorated, little cells with short narrow strips of metal, bent to the pattern required and fixed upright on the plate. These cells were then filled with powdered enamel in the form of a paste, and fused in a furnace; when thoroughly cooled they were ground and polished.



Anglo-Saxon Brooches.
Cruciform, Square-headed, & Ring Types.

The Baron de Baye, in his work on *The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons*, says: "When the Eastern Goths spread over Central and Western Europe they introduced *cloisonné* work among all the Germanic races, Alemanni, Franks, Saxons, etc. This art, of which they were the founders, necessarily underwent certain modifications according to the tastes, the material resources, and the distribution of the various nations. The style at first thoroughly Eastern, and among the primitive Goths very ornate in form and in composition, gradually lost its strength and brilliancy, and when it reached England had arrived at its smallest dimensions. The process, however, remained unaltered."

In our own country the Kentish *fibulæ* exhibit in the greatest degree the original method of the craft; all the materials used, garnets, lapis-lazuli, ivory, mother-of-pearl, turquoises, and rubies being of Eastern origin.

So characteristic of the Teutonic tribes is this form of metallic decoration, that their migratory path through Europe can be traced by the presence of these skilful and artistic ornaments.

ARTHUR WRIGHT.



DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUSY DAYS.

"Rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing or learning, but doing. We only know so far as we can do; we learn to do by doing; and we learn to know by doing; what we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that and only that we are."—*Rev. Frederick Robertson.*

WHEN Alwyn heard that Greta was downstairs, he brightened perceptibly. "She is a dear creature," he said, "except in looks she has not changed a bit. She used to be rather a pretty girl—interesting-looking, that was the word for Greta; but she is very graceful still. Will you give my love to her, Mrs. Luttrell; I shall hope to see her to-morrow or the next day," and then he turned wearily on his pillow, as though talking were too great an effort.

The following afternoon Greta came earlier; but as she was unable to stay long, Olivia found an opportunity of going round to Mayfield Villas.

It was just in the gloaming, Aunt Madge's rest hour as she called it, and there was unmistakable gladness in her voice, when Olivia's tall figure appeared on the threshold. "Welcome, welcome, little stranger," she said merrily, "do you know, Livy, that you have played truant for four whole days. I was just thinking of sending Deb round this evening to know if anything were the matter. Oh, I see," as her bright penetrating glance read her niece's face. "You have something wonderful to tell me. Draw up your chair and I will be as quiet as a mouse. I am a splendid listener, as my dear Fergus used to say."

"Something wonderful," repeated Olivia breathlessly. "Why, Aunt Madge, I feel as though I were in the third volume of a sensational novel. What do you think? Robert Barton whom Marcus found starving on a doorstep is Mr. Gaythorne's long-lost son, Alwyn."

It was evident that Mrs. Broderick was intensely surprised for she quite flushed up with excitement.

"Go on, tell me everything from the beginning, I will not interrupt," she said quickly, and Olivia, nothing loath, gave a graphic account of the afternoon at Galvaston House.

"Is it not grand, Aunt Madge," she finished, but Mrs. Broderick's voice was not so steady as usual as she answered—

"So the blessing has come to him—and he will have his heart's desire; but there is a heavy load laid on him, too, poor stricken man. Oh, Livy, we must just pray for him until he is able to pray for himself."

"His brain is really much clearer today," returned Olivia; "he spoke quite sensibly to Marcus, only his speech is a little affected; he asked why his son had left the house, and then Marcus told him that he was weak and needed rest, and that I was taking care of him.

"'Crampton will see that he has all he requires,' he said, and Mrs. Crampton came over of her own accord last night; do you know, Aunt Madge, I felt so ashamed of her seeing him in that bare little room, and I tried to explain to her that it was only a sort of disused lumber room; but she soon made plenty of suggestions for his comfort. She has sent a pair of thick curtains for the window, and a big rug that nearly covers the floor, and a softer mattress and another pillow. And now the room looks so cosy; Marcus quite stared when he went up this morning. It was quite touching to see Mr. Alwyn with her, he actually kissed her, and called her his dear old 'Goody.' I find she has lived with them ever since they were quite children. I think she was Olive's nurse. And the fuss she made over him—calling him her 'poor ill-used lamb;' it almost made me cry to hear her."

"Poor fellow he has certainly had his fill of husks."

"Yes, indeed; but Mrs. Crampton is determined to kill the fatted calf now. The things she sends over would feed half a dozen prodigal sons, game and soups, and jellies and fruit. She says her master has given her *carte blanche*, and that the doctor has laid a great stress on nourishment, so of course we can say nothing."

"Well, Livy, your life is not exactly stagnant just now."

"No indeed, but oh, there is one thing I forgot to tell you, Marcus has another patient, that is number five. Actually the surgery bell rang twice yesterday."

Mrs. Broderick clapped her hands, then she said in a teasing voice, "Are you not glad that you kept Martha?" and Olivia laughed.

"Why, Aunt Madge," she said in an amused tone, "Marcus actually proposed this morning that we should get an older and more capable servant; but I told him I would rather work twice as hard than part with Martha, she is such a good willing little soul.

"Of course, as long as Mr. Alwyn keeps his room we shall have plenty of running about, and Dot is cutting some more teeth, and is rather fretful, so our hands are full; but the only thing that troubles me is that I see so little of Marcus, he is out most of the evening, either at Galvaston House, or in Brunswick Place. Alas, things are no better there, and if this influenza epidemic comes on, as the doctors predict, he will have a busy spring."

"No doubt, but as we have only to live one day at a time, we will not trouble our heads about that. Well, you have given me food enough for some days. I shall send Deb round to-morrow evening to inquire after the invalids, but you must not come again until you are more at leisure; teething troubles and the care of a sick man are enough for any woman."

"Dear Aunt Madge!" exclaimed Olivia affectionately. "If I could only be as unselfish as you. I do believe you never think of yourself at all."

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Broderick, "I am an old bundle of selfishness. Well, I shall be thinking of those two poor things. My heart aches for that young man, but I pity his father too. I was reading about the deaf man with an impediment in his

speech this morning; it is the lesson for to-day, you know, and I could not help pondering for some time on those words—'Jesus took him apart from the multitude.' Just as though quiet and stillness were needed for the healing. I think that is the lesson that sickness teaches us; the poor sufferer is led apart to wait for the word of healing, sometimes he waits long, but the time has not been lost. 'Lord, it is good for us to be here;' I think some of us will say that when our painful sojourning at the Mount of Suffering is over. Yes, it is good for us to have drunk of His cup without complaining."

Aunt Madge's eyes had a dreamy look in them; the beautiful voice vibrated in Olive's ear like music; but as she stooped to kiss her, somewhat awed by her unusual solemnity, the old kind smile returned to her lips.

"Good-bye, Livy darling, my love and congratulations to Marcus."

Olivia was putting a good face on things, but Marcus, oppressed with the heavy responsibility of three serious cases, hardly knew how hard she worked from morning to night. Dot, feverish and fretful was always wanting to be in her mother's arms. Martha, with all her willingness, was too young and inexperienced to be a very efficient help; so although Olivia always wore a bright expression when Marcus came in for his meals, and chatted to him in her old cheerful way, she was often too weary to sleep.

It was a relief therefore when Alwyn was able to leave his room, and lie on the couch downstairs. Greta's afternoon visits were then a real boon; she could leave them together while she went out and did her business.

Olivia's healthy, robust constitution always needed fresh air and regular exercise. Confinement to the house tried her, and the small rooms and low ceilings at No. 1, Galvaston Terrace, were certainly rather cramping. Half-an-hour's brisk walk always refreshed her and acted like a tonic. She would look in at Mayfield Villas for ten minutes and give her report of the invalids, and then come back to tea looking so fresh and invigorated that Alwyn once told her that she was as good as a whiff of moorland air.

Alwyn was slow in recovering from that terrible shock. His nerves had suffered severely, and at times his restlessness and depression were sad to see.

"If he could only be reconciled to his father," Greta would sigh, "but the thought of another interview seems to terrify him. He is so painfully morbid," she went on, "and distrusts himself. He is afraid of saying and doing the wrong thing; somehow he seems to have lost all faith in his father's love.

"'I long for his forgiveness. I know that I have been a bad son,' he said yesterday. 'But he will never believe in my penitence.' Oh, it is dreadful the way he talks and works himself up."

"Marcus says it is a good deal owing to nervous exhaustion," returned Olivia, "but he is very sorry for him. Mr. Gaythorne has begged more than once to see him; he is evidently craving for a sight of him, but Marcus dare not bring them together yet. Mr. Gaythorne is only just able to sit up, and he is very weak. And then while Mr. Alwyn is in this nervous state he is hardly to be trusted."

"Yes, we must be patient I suppose. I have perfect faith in Dr. Luttrell's opinion," and then her manner changed and she said mournfully, "Do you know how badly he thinks of father. He is afraid he will never leave his bed again."

"Yes, I know, and Dr. Bevan agrees with him; poor Greta, I am so sorry for you," and she laid her hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"Yes, but I dare not murmur," returned the girl in a low voice. "It would be more merciful to let him die than to linger on in suffering and"—with a little burst of feeling—"the disease that is killing him has not been brought on by his own fault. Oh, the gratitude I felt when Dr. Luttrell said that it has been latent in the system, and that only lately Dr. Bevan suspected it. But, oh, dear Mrs. Luttrell, do not wish him to live. No one who cared for him could wish it."

"Poor child. Yes, I know, Marcus explained things to me."

"He is quite himself," went on Greta drying her eyes. "And so dear and affectionate, but it hurt me so to hear him asking my pardon for the life he had led me. 'I have not deserved such a good daughter,' he said over and over again. 'Since your poor mother died you have been my one blessing.'"

"Dear Greta, you will let these words comfort you."

"Oh yes; I was repeating them in my dreams all night. When he was talking to me I felt that I had got the old father back. What do you think, Mrs. Luttrell, he actually asked me if I should go on living at Brunswick Place when he was gone, and then it came into my head to tell him about Ivydene, and he was so interested. I am sure he was pleased when I told him that I should like to go back there. He actually wanted me to write to the lawyer about it. But when he saw how shocked I was at the idea, he said perhaps we had better wait a little."

Olivia thought over this conversation when Greta left her; her heart ached for the lonely girl. When Marcus came in a few minutes later, he seemed struck with her unusual gravity.

"Is there anything wrong, Livy?" he asked. "You seem in the doldrums." And as she smiled and shook her head, he continued cheerfully, "I am glad to hear it. Do you know I have actually a free evening until ten. I feel as though I was a schoolboy again, and had an unexpected holiday. In my opinion only busy people know how to enjoy a holiday properly."

"And I am really to have you to myself for three whole hours," and Olivia's face beamed with delight. As Marcus drew his chair to the fire and took up the long neglected book, Greta's troubles went into the background.

"Oh don't read just now," she said imploringly, "let us talk a little first. Marcus, is it very naughty of me? but once or twice during the last few days, when you have been too busy to stay with me, or to play with Dot, I have thought that even prosperity will have its limitations; that being a successful doctor means that I shall see far too little of you."

Then Marcus drew back his head with one of his boyish laughs.

"Oh, Livy, what a child you are; have you just found that out. How delightfully illogical a woman can be. It stands to reason that I cannot be in two places at once."

"Oh, of course your patients will want you, and I am not really grumbling. Do you suppose that I shall not be proud of your success. I was only trying to tell you, that in spite of all our difficulties and little petty troubles, that I have been perfectly happy."

"Especially on Saturday evenings, when you totted up your little red book, and the balance was always on the wrong side. I have seen you pull an uncommonly long face on those occasions. I am not quite sure about the perfect happiness then." Then as Olivia looked reproachfully at him, his teasing manner changed.

"Dear Olive," he said tenderly, "I am not really laughing at you. I understand quite well what you mean. I am not such an old married man that I cannot appreciate a compliment like that, when my wife tells me with her own lips that my society can sweeten even poverty and hardship.

"You are quite right, love, prosperity will have its limitations; these pleasant evening hours will often have to be sacrificed. But in all professions we must take the rough with the smooth. We must just put our shoulder to the wheel, you and I, and 'Doe the nexte thinge,' eh, Livy?"

"Oh yes," she answered eagerly, "and yours is such a grand work. I have always been so thankful you are a doctor. When I was quite young I used to tell mother that I wanted to marry a clergyman. But I think a doctor comes next. Oh, Marcus, did you ever read Whittier's verses on this subject. Greta brought me his poems and read them to me. I think I know the last two verses by heart—

"'Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.
The good physician liveth yet
Thy friend and guide to be,
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk thy rounds with thee.'"

And as Olivia repeated the lines in a voice tremulous with deep feeling, Dr. Luttrell's firm lips unbent with a moved expression.

"That is beautiful," he said. "I think those words ought to be illuminated and hung up in every doctor's waiting-room."

"'The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk thy rounds with thee.'"

(To be continued.)

"IN THE NIGHT WATCHES."

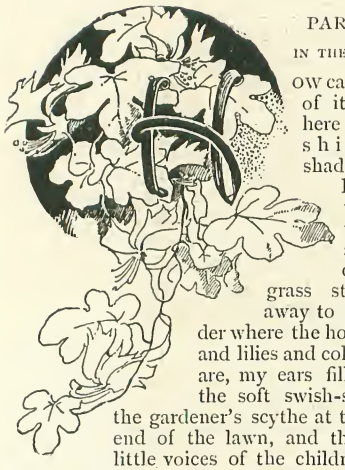
WHEN Thy sons have called Thee "Father,"
Thou hast answered to Thy name;
In their troubles they have found Thee,
Through all ages, still the same.
But they dwelt within the borders
We have traversed long ago,
And the courses we have followed
They would never even know.

We are weary of the pleasures
We have sought away from Thee;
Weary of the pains they cost us,
Weary of ourselves are we.
Wilt Thou hear the wilful children
Who have wandered from Thy side,
If they raise their feeble voices
In the desert drear and wide?

Ah! Thou wilt; we cannot doubt it,
For Thy Word is ever true,
And Thy Son, our Elder Brother,
Bids us call Thee "Father" too.
Father, in the name of Jesus,
Hear our late, repentant cry!
Let Thy constant Spirit whisper,
"Yes, My children, here am I." H. C. A.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



PART IV.

IN THE DARK.

OW can I write of it, sitting here in the shifting shade of the lime-trees, with the sunny daisied grass stretching away to the border where the hollyhocks and lilies and columbines are, my ears filled with the soft swish-swish of the gardener's scythe at the other end of the lawn, and the merry little voices of the children away in the meadow?

Only by shutting my eyes and ears to the sweet sounds and sights of summer and the sun can I recall at all for you the dead silences, the frozen terrors of the long, dark nights when I was little, and lonely, and very very much afraid.

The first thing I remember that frightened me was running into my father's dressing-room and finding him playing at wild beasts with my brothers. He wore his great fur travelling coat inside out, and his roars were completely convincing. I was borne away screaming, and dreamed of wild beasts for many a long night afterwards.

Then came some nursery charades. I was the high-born orphan, whom gipsies were to steal, and my part was to lie in a cradle, and, at the proper moment, to be carried away shrieking. I understood my part perfectly—I was about three, I suppose—and had rehearsed it more than once. Being carried off in the arms of the gipsy (my favourite sister) was nothing to scream at, I thought, but she told me to scream, and I did it. Unfortunately, however, there had been no dress rehearsals, and when, on the night of the performance the high-born orphan found itself close to a big black bonnet and a hideous mask, it did scream to some purpose, and presently screaming itself into some sort of fit or swoon, was put to bed, and stayed there for many days which passed dreamlike. But that old woman haunted my dreams for years—haunts them still indeed. I tell you I come across her in my dreams to this day. She bends over me and puts her face close to mine, and I wake with a spasm of agonised terror; only now it is not horrible to me to waken "in the dark." I draw a few long breaths and as soon as my heart beats a little less wildly I fall asleep again. But a child who wakes from an ugly dream does not fall asleep so quickly. For to a child who is frightened, the darkness and the silence of its lonely room are only a shade less terrible than the wild horrors of dreamland. One used to lie awake in the silence, listening, listening to the pad-pad of one's heart, straining one's ears to make sure that it was not the pad-pad of something else, something unspeakable creeping towards one out of the horrible dense dark. One used to lie quite, quite still, I remember, listening, listening. And when my nurse came to bed and tucked me up, she used to find my pillow wet, and say to the under-nurse—

"Weakness, you know. The precious poppet doesn't seem to get any stronger."

But my pillow was not wet with tears of weakness. These were the dews of agony and terror.

My nurse—ah, how good she was to me—never went downstairs to supper after she found out my terrors, which she very quickly did. She used to sit in the day nursery with the door open "a tiny crack," and that light was company, because I knew I had only to call out, and someone who loved me would come and banish fear. But a light without human companionship was worse than darkness, especially a little light. Night-lights, deepening the shadows with their horrid possibilities are a mere refinement of cruelty, and some friends who thought to do me a kindness by leaving the gas burning low gave me one of the most awful nights I ever had.

It was a strange house in Sutherland Gardens—a house with large rooms and heavy hangings—with massive wardrobes and deep ottoman boxes. The immense four-post beds stood out about a yard from the wall, for some "convenience of sweeping" reason, I believe. Consider the horror of having behind you, as you lay trembling in the chill linen of a strange bed, a dark space, no comforting solid wall that you could put your hand up to and touch, but a dark space, from which, even now, in the black silence something might be stealthily creeping—something which would presently lean over you, in the dark—whose touch you would feel, not knowing whether it were the old woman in the mask or some new terror.

That was the torture of the first night The next I begged that the gas might be left "full on." It was, and I fell asleep in comparative security. But while I slept, came some thrifty soul, and finding the gas "burning to waste" turned it down. Not out—down.

I awoke in a faint light, and presently sat up in bed to see where it came from, and this is what I saw. A corpse laid out under white draperies, and at its foot a skeleton with luminous skull and outstretched bony arm.

I knew, somewhere far away and deep down, my reason knew that the dead body was a white dress laid on a long ottoman, that the skull was the opal globe of the gas and the arm the pipe of the gas-bracket, but that was not reason's hour. Imagination held sway, and her poor little victim, who was ten years old then, and ought to have known better, sat up in bed, hour after hour, with the shadowy void behind her. The dark curtains on each side, and in front that horror.

Next day I went home, which was perhaps a good thing for my brain.

When my father was alive we lived in a big house in Kennington Lane, where he taught young men agriculture and chemistry. My father had a big meadow and garden, and had a sort of small farm there. Fancy a farm in Kennington!

Among the increase that blessed his shed was a two-headed calf. The head and shoulders of this were stuffed, and inspired me with a terror which my brothers increased by pursuing me with the terrible object. But one of my father's pupils to whom I owe that and many other kindnesses, one day seized me under one arm and the two-headed horror under the other, and thus equipped we pursued my brothers. They fled shrieking, and I never feared it again.

In a dank, stone-flagged room where the boots were blacked, and the more unwieldy chemicals housed, there was nailed on the wall the black skin of an emu. That skin, with its wiry black feathers that fluttered dismally in the draught, was no mere bird's skin to me. It hated me, it wished me ill. It was always lurking for me in the dark, ready to rush out at me. It was waiting for me at the top of the flight, while the old woman with the mask stretched skinny hands out to grasp my little legs as I went up the nursery stairs. I never passed the skin without covering my eyes with my hands. From this terror that walked by night I was delivered by Mr. Kearns, now public analyst for



"IN THEIR TROUBLES THEY HAVE FOUND THEE,
THROUGH ALL AGES, STILL THE SAME."

Sheffield. He took me on his shoulder, where I felt quite safe, reluctant but not resisting, to within a couple of yards of the emu.

"Now," he said, "will you do what I tell you?"

"Not any nearer," I said evasively.

"Now you know I won't let it hurt you."

"Yes."

"Then will you stroke it, if I do first?"

I didn't want to.

"To please me."

That argument was conclusive, for I loved him.

Then we approached the black feathers, I clinging desperately to his neck, and sobbing convulsively.

"No—no—no—not any nearer!"

But he was kind and wise, and insisted. His big hand smoothed down the feathers.

"Now, Daisy. You know you promised. Give me your hand."

I shut my eyes tight, and let him draw my hand down the dusty feathers. Then I opened my eyes a little bit.

"Now you stroke it. Stroke the poor emu."

I did so.

"Are you afraid now?"

Curiously enough I wasn't. Poor Mr. Kearns paid dearly for his kindness. For several weeks I gave him no peace, but insisted on being taken, at all hours of the day and night to "stroke the poor emu." So proud is one of a new courage.

After we left Kennington, I seem to have had a period of more ordinary terrors—of dreams from which to awaken was mere relief; not a horror scarcely less than that of the dream itself. I dreamed of cows and dogs, of falling houses, and crumbling precipices. It was not till that night at Rouen that the old horror of the dark came back, deepened by superstitious dread.

But all this time I have not told you about the mummies at Bordeaux. And now there is no room for them here. They must go into the next chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE MINE TO THE MINT.

By EMMA BREWER.

PART IV.

GOLD, silver and copper, either separately or in combination, have formed the materials of nearly every system of money which has ever existed, probably because each and all of these possess the qualifications necessary for money—viz., they exist in sufficient abundance, they are of acknowledged value, they resist wear and tear, and they are not difficult to work into those sizes and to mark with those stamps which certify the quantity and quality.

We have already dealt with the gold and silver coins, and desire now to speak of the bronze.

Of course, to be the possessor of a large number of bronze coins or "coppers" does not make us rich in the sense that the same number of gold or even silver pieces would, yet we could ill spare them from our daily life, which would run far less smoothly in their absence. They may not possess much actual worth, but there has been the same trouble in bringing the materials of which they are made from the mine to the Mint as was the case with gold and silver, and it is not necessary to state that the moment they find themselves within the Royal Mint on Tower Hill they receive the same amount of care and treatment as their richer sisters, and are started on their career as perfect in every respect as those of gold and silver, and, according to my judgment, with more of interest about them.

They are not often found in the pockets of the rich—indeed, apologies are made if more than one or two are offered in change—but they are real friends in the homes of the poor, where one penny often brings more pleasure and real help than a sovereign in those of the wealthy. And as to the farthing, who among the "better-off" can tell its marvellous power of supplying wants in poor neighbourhoods, where nearly the whole trade is carried on by farthings, and where no credit is given? I have seen people with four farthings who thought themselves rich as they went into the general shop and bought "a farthing's worth of milk for baby, a ha'porth of bread, and a farthing's worth of tea." And, to satisfy the demand of children for "a farthing's worth of sweeties," a thousand people are constantly employed in one factory in the north of London, and 13,000 tons of sugar worked up in a year. Such is the power of a farthing. But to the history of our bronze coins, of which, it is supposed, there are over 700,000,000 in circulation in Great Britain at the present time.

The first coinage produced by the Mint after its removal to Tower Hill in 1810 was one of pence, which at that time were made of copper. Since 1860 our less valuable coins have been made of bronze, a material formed of copper, tin and zinc.

The Mint buys bronze by contract and deals as carefully with it on its arrival as it does with the more precious metals, weighing it in the delicately-constructed scales with minute exactitude and noting any variation from the weighing outside.

If the silver coinage is a source of profit to the Mint, so also is the bronze coinage, which, during the financial year ending April 1896, produced a net profit of £35,310.*

Intrinsically, each bronze coin is worth only about one-fourth its nominal value or purchasing power.

These coins are only issued as they are needed. Sometimes there is a glut in the market, followed after some delay by a sudden want of them. For example, from May to November last year the issue of pence and halfpence from the Mint was almost suspended as far as London was concerned, because the various banking, tramway, brewing and other large firms reported that they had sufficient stores to meet the wants of the public. But towards the close of the year a sudden and brisk demand sprang up for "coppers," owing possibly to improvement in trade and requirements for Christmas, or, quite as likely, the desire to possess coins with the new design. The public, therefore, and not the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, control the issue of the bronze coins. The number coined in 1895 was: 5,599,812 pennies, 3,133,405 halfpennies, 2,936,360 farthings, and the money expended in bronze metal was £5,244.

It is one of the privileges of our Queen that she may, from time to time, by proclamation, determine or alter the design of any coin. Accordingly, in May last year she proclaimed that "Every penny should have her likeness on the obverse side, with the inscription 'Victoria Dei Gra. Britt. Regina Fid. Def. Ind. Imp.,' † and that on the reverse the figure of Britannia should be seated on a rock in the sea, her right hand holding a shield which should rest against the rock, and grasping a trident with her left hand, and that the inscription 'one penny,' with the date of the year and a plain edge should be there. Further, that every halfpenny and farthing should be exactly the same except that the name halfpenny and farthing should take the place of the word penny."

The words *Ind. Imp.* have now for the first time been added to the bronze coin; the whole of the Imperial coinage now bears an identical effigy of Her Majesty and an identical legend.

In carrying out this command of Her Majesty it was thought to be a good opportunity to improve the figure of Britannia on the reverse.

It may be of interest to some of the readers to know that this figure of Britannia occurred on the copper coins of Charles II., holding a spear in her left hand and a branch in the other, and the oval shield at her side bore the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, commonly known as the "Union Jack."

Thus it remained until 1797, when the figure was made to bear a trident, and for the first time a three-masted ship was seen in the distance.

In the reign of George IV. Britannia was provided with a helmet, and the ship and the sea disappeared.

This design remained unchanged on the copper coins down to 1860, when bronze took the place of copper. On this new coinage a lighthouse is seen behind Britannia and in front a three-masted ship is sailing away from her, while her right arm entwines the trident.

The design now adopted for the reverse shows Britannia firmly grasping her trident with one hand and her shield with the other. The figure displays great strength and a dignified pose; the shield is improved and looks less like a cart-wheel; the old-fashioned sailing vessel has again disappeared and so has the lighthouse.

It would be interesting to compare the various pennies and note the alterations, and their teaching power may be seen in the eighth chapter of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1886 and 1887.

The penny is a very ancient coin and was in use during the Saxon Heptarchy; it was then made of silver and had a larger purchasing power than now, for thirty of them could buy an ox.

Copper pennies were issued by royal authority in 1797; they had a broad rim and weighed an ounce; they remained in circulation until 1860, when, as I have said, they were superseded by bronze pennies.

---

* Mint profit goes to make up Mint loss.

† Or, in other words, "Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India."

Copper farthings were first issued in the reign of James I., in whose time there seems to have been great difficulty in carrying on the daily traffic for articles of little value in consequence of the want of coins of a small denomination, and tradesmen were driven to strike what were called farthing tokens. The King granted letters patent to Lord Harrington to make farthing tokens of copper, for which he was to be paid £20,000 in the course of three years. The new coin was circulated with difficulty, and it was utterly refused in some counties.

The Saxons had a silver coin of the value of the fourth part of a penny called a feorthing, the coinage of which was discontinued between the dates 1461 and 1483.

There has been a plentiful coinage of farthings during the last fifty or sixty years, much to the satisfaction of small purchasers.

It is our boast that every coin, whether of gold, silver or bronze, that is made in the Royal Mint on Tower Hill is as perfect as human integrity and ingenuity can make it, but if we were asked to prove this, could it be done? Certainly it could.

Have you ever asked yourselves what "the trial of the pyx" signified which year after year figures in the columns of our newspapers?

The object of the trial of the pyx is to satisfy the public that the coins issued during the preceding year from the Mint are accurate. This annual testing of the standard of gold and silver coins is a ceremony of very ancient institution. It is called the Trial of the Pyx, from the pyx or chest in which the coins are kept that are to be examined.

From each bag of coin delivered to the Mint Office from the Operative Department one piece is taken out and put into a box called the pyx, and one piece from every ten bags is also placed in the pyx. Once every year these gold and silver pieces are tested as to weight and assay with great ceremony, the Goldsmiths' Company assisting the Masters of the Mint in the trial.

The trial took place this year on July 8th in the Board room of the Goldsmiths' Company. The *Times* speaks of it as "of great importance, because it affords a guarantee to the commercial world that our coinage is maintained to the highest pitch of purity and weight and is of great value to the officers of the Mint, showing that they have faithfully fulfilled the important functions intrusted to them."

It took place before the chief officers of the Mint, the clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company, the Superintendent of Weights and Measures of the Board of Trade, who had charge of all the delicate instruments used for weighing the gold and silver coins selected for the tests, some of which are capable of weighing to the ten-thousandth part of a grain, and before representatives of the Queen's Remembrancer and High Court of Justice.

The jurors were selected from the freemen of the Goldsmiths' Company, and their duties consisted first in counting all the coins in the pyx to ascertain that the number agreed with the Mint accounts.

Second, to select a number of the coins and submit them to searching tests as to weight and fineness, either individually or in the form of ingots into which some of them are cast.

These men were sworn* in at ten o'clock in the morning and gave in their verdict at half-past six in the evening. This was in all respects highly satisfactory to the public and very much to the credit of the Mint authorities.

The amount of gold coinage brought to trial on July 8th this year was £6,492,233, out of which 6,500 sovereigns and 2,761 half-sovereigns were placed in the pyx.

The amount of silver coined was £1,175,526, out of which were deposited in the pyx 292 crowns, 1,016 half-crowns, 1,222 florins, 2,245 shillings, 810 sixpences, 4 fourpences, 354 threepennypieces; and of Maundy money 4 twopences and 12 pennies, making a total of £459 5s. 6d. submitted for trial.

Thus you see that the way from the Mine to the Mint is in every respect honourable and satisfactory, and when once the precious metals are in the charge of the Mint everything is done not only to sustain and build up the credit of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, but to enable us to hold up our heads as English people with other nations in the matter of our coinage as in everything else.

* As a rule the Queen's Remembrancer administers the oath to the jury and presides over the proceedings.

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

Among fish that are especially good in February, we have whiting and skate. A very good way of cooking the first-named now that eggs are dear, and to be done without whenever possible, is to turn them round, the tail in the mouth, dip them in dissolved butter, lightly sprinkle with pepper and salt, strew them with pale raspings, put them in a baking-dish with a little butter, and bake in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. They are also delicious, especially for an invalid, when boiled; for which, place them in a saucepan with hot water and a pinch of salt, or what is better—hot milk; let them simmer gently for five minutes, then serve with a creamy white sauce.

Skate improves with being kept for a day or two, and should always be skinned. It is best cut into fillets and simmered in a white sauce, then laid on a dish. A few fine bread-crumbs sprinkled over and grated Cheddar or Parmesan cheese. Slightly brown before a quick fire, and serve very hot. Or if boiled in water, then drained and served with black butter sauce, *i.e.*, butter that has been allowed to frizzle until it turns colour and spruce sprigs of parsley thrown in—it is also very good. Skate is a somewhat cheap fish and often despised on that account, but there are few that better repay right treatment.

Our vegetables are still sufficiently numerous to give us a fair variety; peculiar to January however, is the mock oyster-plant or—

Salsify.—This, though a somewhat troublesome vegetable to prepare, is most delicious when fried or scalloped. For frying it must be previously boiled until tender, then cut into inch lengths, dipped in a batter, rolled in raspings, and fried in boiling fat. A dish of these, garnished with parsley, finds acceptance on the supper or luncheon table. (Of course the salsify is scraped before boiling.)

Scalloped Salsify.—Boil the roots after scraping and washing in salted water until tender, then drain and crush them in a colander to a paste. To the paste add a few fine bread-crumbs, a little butter, some pepper, a pinch of celery, salt and the yolk of an egg. Butter some scallop-shells, sprinkle with crumbs, fill with the mixture, sprinkle more crumbs over, and a pat of butter, then bake in a quick oven until the surface is brightly browned.

Some salsify, when scraped and cut into inch lengths is a delicious addition to a stew of mutton or veal.

Cooked celery is a winter vegetable we should profit by, as it is most wholesome and good. Boil it until tender in sufficient water to cover it, after which stir in a little thick white sauce, a spoonful of cream, and season rather highly.

Here is a Dutch way of cooking carrots. Take long well-shaped carrots, split them lengthwise into thin strips and cut across in short lengths. To a vegetable dish full of carrots add one medium-sized onion cut small. Place the vegetable in a saucepan with a good-sized piece of beef dripping or butter, and pepper, salt and half a teacupful of water. Stew until thoroughly tender. Turn out into a vegetable dish when ready for the table.

Brussels-Sprouts if drained when partly boiled, then laid in a stewpan with several little dabs of butter and a sprinkling of salt and pepper, then stewed until quite tender through, are very much nicer than when plainly boiled.

Chestnuts in Brown Sauce make another good winter vegetable dish. Boil the nuts until the husks begin to crack, then throw them into cold water; peel them, removing the brown skin also. Make a little thick brown sauce with stock, a spoonful of soy and potato flour to thicken; season rather highly and make very hot, letting the chestnuts simmer for a few minutes in the sauce, then pour into a vegetable dish.

Leeks are very good and large this season, and—

Leek Soup is both stimulating and invigorating. Into an iron saucepan put a piece of good beef dripping, when it is hot add to it a bunch of leeks cut up small. Cover the saucepan and stew—stirring occasionally—until the leeks are tender and nicely brown. Dust a little flour over them, pepper and salt them liberally and add a grate of nutmeg. In a stewpan put a pint and a half of water (cold), and add to it a slice of white bread an inch thick, cut into dice and without crust. Boil this, then add the leeks to it and simmer all together until wanted.

Stewed Figs are excellent; the best figs cost but sixpence a pound, and they are by far the best for cooking purposes as well as for dessert. Separate them and place in a stewpan with sufficient water to well cover them; let them stew in a corner of the oven for a couple of hours at a gentle heat. When cold, and with the addition of a little cream, these make a splendid *compôte* for the dinner or nursery table.

A Rice Sweet to eat with stewed figs or prunes. Simmer a quarter of a pound of rice in sufficient milk to well cover it until all the milk is absorbed and the rice is dry and flaky. Whilst it is cooking take a pinch of saffron and stir it into the rice, to which it will give a beautiful golden colour. Add a spoonful or more of golden syrup to sweeten it, then pour on to small plates and sift more sugar over.

Quaker Oats, if boiled as directed on the wrappers, and then poured into scallop-shells or little tin moulds previously wetted with cold water, and turned out after a few minutes, make an excellent nursery sweet to go with baked apples or stewed fruits.

Lucy H. Yates.



"HANDSOME JACK."

A VILLAGE LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER III.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES.

"WELL, Ellis, and what do you think about it all?" was Mr. Black's first question.

He had asked his foreman to take supper with him about a fortnight after his visit to "The Nook" to see Jack, in order that they might discuss again the matter of the missing money.

The meal over, and the things cleared away by Mr. Black's trusty housekeeper, the two men drew their chairs nearer to the fire. Mr. Black invited Ellis to "light up," and having himself followed suit propounded the question above.

"Indeed, sir, it is very difficult to know what to think, I'm sure," replied Jack gravely. "I have watched the men closely, but so far I can detect nothing about any one of them that would justify suspicion. I have, however, thought of a plan by which something might be ascertained, if you agree to it."

"What is the plan, Ellis?"

"Just this, sir. You know ever since the money was missing you have locked the door between the office and the workshop on going to dinner, a thing you did not often do before, and there's no doubt the thief, if it is one of our own men, has taken notice of that, and not attempted to pilfer any more, knowing that to force the lock would be impossible without being discovered. It would take some time to do, and any of the men might return from their dinner a little sooner than expected, thus catching the thief. What I propose is this. If you recollect, you had some dark curtains put up at the office window to keep out a draught you felt when sitting at your desk. Now I think if you would, as the Irish say, 'accidentally on purpose,' forget to lock the door in question some dinner-hour, I would pretend to go to my own dinner, but in reality slip round to the private door on the other side of the office. Then we might each station ourselves behind one of the curtains and watch. It might lead to something or it might not. In any case the most likely day for making a discovery would be after someone had called to pay an account. It would be well, too, not to lock your desk and to leave the money there."

For a few moments Mr. Black smoked in silence, puffing great clouds into the air, and watching them gradually disappear. Presently he said thoughtfully—

"It is not half a bad idea, Ellis, and, so far as I can see there is no harm in making the experiment. God knows, I have no wish to be too hard on the thief, whoever he may be. I would far rather help him to make a fresh start and a better one; but for everybody's sake, the sooner this affair is cleared up the better, since it exposes all the men to suspicion as things are at present."

To this Jack cordially agreed, and it was settled that the plan should be put into practice on the first opportunity.

A short discussion upon some other business matters, and then master and man parted with a hearty hand-shake for the night.

It was a common occurrence for those who had required Mr. Black's services to come to the office to pay their accounts, but it really seemed, during the next few days, as if everyone who owed the good builder any money had determined to stick to it till the last moment. On the sixth day, however, after the events related above, a customer did turn up at last to pay his bill.

Whatever these six days had been to any one else, they had certainly been fraught with a terrible anxiety to Lawrence. Pressed for money which he owed, and which had been lost in betting at the recent Crampton races, the unhappy man did not know which way to turn. If he could get part of the sum he needed, thought he, even then he might persuade his creditors to wait for the rest. If he could get five, or say eight pounds, now, he was sure the rest might be paid in instalments from his weekly wages. But some he must have, or else he would be summoned, and then all would come out and he would lose his situation, and, more than that, Lucy, for he knew enough of her to feel sure she would have nothing to do with him after.

Jack, watching carefully, could not help a growing conviction that in his rival would be found the pilferer, and a great pity for Frank arose in his heart.

"How he had spoilt his chances," mused Jack sadly; "and he might have done so well! Poor Lucy, too! How would she bear the blow when it fell?" For that it must fall, and soon, seemed certain.

There was no thought of self in Jack's true heart, no idea that Lucy, if Frank were proved to be a thief, might turn again to her old love. All hope of such a thing had left him long ago, and determining that, in future, the only love he would have would be his work, Jack had thrown himself with even more energy than before into the business.

On this sixth day, when twelve o'clock began to strike, Jack Ellis was successful in his manœuvres, and entered the office without being detected. He at once slipped behind one of the curtains, in each of which a small slit had been made to see through, and Mr. Black, after going through the performance of locking the private door, only on the inside this time, slipped the key into his pocket and silently took up his position behind the other curtain.

The money paid in that morning was left in the desk, which, after a little consideration, had been locked; but the keys had been laid on the top as if forgotten.

Quietly the two waited, the elder man being as excited as the younger at playing the part of amateur detective.

For some little while it appeared as if they might wait in vain, for not a sound was heard beyond the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. Just, however, as the two men were about to give up hope and had exchanged glances from behind their respective curtains indicative of despair, a slight sound fell upon their listening ears. Instantly the watchers were all attention, and as the sound drew nearer and resolved itself into the cautious tread of a man, it is difficult to say whether Jack or his master were the more profoundly agitated.

Not many more seconds elapsed before the opening door apprised them of the entrance of the intruder, and, peeping from their coigns of vantage, the watchers beheld, as one of them at any rate expected, the face and form of Frank Lawrence.

The latter advanced at once to the private desk of Mr. Black. One try at the lid showed him it was fast, and a groan of mingled rage and despair broke from his white lips. Eagerly he glanced around, when, suddenly espying the keys, Lawrence seized them with a sigh of relief. A moment or two and the desk was open before him. Drawing forth a paper from the breast-pocket of his coat Frank laid it inside the deck!

Mr. Black's feelings, and Jack's also, on beholding this proceeding, are more easily imagined than described. What? Was the man not intending to steal after all? A thought flashed across Jack's mind that the paper might be the missing bank-note, which, afterwards, it proved to be.

Quick as lightning, Lawrence turned over the contents of the desk, and, espying the money left there on purpose by Mr. Black, with an exclamation of delight he pounced upon it, then, pocketing it, turned to go. But Jack Ellis was on the *qui vive* and too quick for Lawrence to make good his escape. Springing from behind the curtain which had concealed him, Jack reached the open door in time to shut but not lock it. Placing his back against it, however, he was prepared to prevent the thief making his exit.

Seeing himself entrapped, Lawrence stepped back with a start, then, with a howl of fury and despair, flung himself upon the foreman in the mad endeavour to force a way out for himself.

Poor wretch! He might almost as well have tried to move a mountain. Jack Ellis's powerful frame scarcely felt the attack, and, though Lawrence struggled frantically for a few minutes with the courage and strength born of desperation, he eventually ceased to try to escape. Standing before Jack, he asked, sullenly—

"Well, now you've caught me, what do you mean to do?"

"Ask him you have robbed," replied Jack, at the same time pointing behind Lawrence.

Starting, the wretched man turned rapidly round to confront the stern face of his employer—Mr. Black the builder. Amazement, confusion, terror, dismay, in turn expressed themselves on the countenance of the miserable Frank. White as death, with wildly-staring eyes, he gazed upon Mr. Black, as if he were glued to the spot. For a few moments master and servant—robbed and robber—looked at each other, then, with a groan, the thief dropped his head upon his breast. The game was all up now, he thought, wretchedly, and he was only sure of one thing beside, viz., a lodging in some gaol.

Presently the builder spoke. Something in the hopelessness of Lawrence's attitude touched him strangely.

"My lad," he simply said, "how came you to do this!"

The gentle tone in which the words were uttered amazed the unhappy man to whom they were addressed. He looked up, attempted to speak once or twice, then, with one appealing gaze, he burst into tears.

Jack pushed a chair towards the man who had "cut him out," and into it he sank, sobbing wildly and uncontrollably. Tears were in Mr. Black's kind eyes, and it must be confessed that "Handsome Jack" felt an odd choky sensation in his throat. Far from rejoicing at the downfall of his rival, our hero had never pitied any one so much in his life before.

But it was drawing near to the time when the workmen would be returning from their dinner, and Mr. Black, after a short whispered consultation with his foreman, walked up to the shame-stricken Lawrence, and, laying a hand on his shoulder, said—

"Come with me, my lad, and we will talk over this affair together."

As if in a dream, Frank rose and followed his employer out by the private door and round to his comfortable house.

Very different from the usually gay Frank Lawrence looked the trembling wretch whom Mr. Black ushered into the cosy dining-room and left for a brief interval alone, himself departing to interview his housekeeper and give instructions for some dinner to be sent to Mr. Ellis at the office, because they "had been detained longer than usual about a matter of business."

Mr. Black's housekeeper was a wise woman, and, although she had greatly marvelled at her master's most unusual lack of punctuality and was possessed of a not unnatural curiosity as to the cause, she betrayed nothing of it in her manner. With a quiet "Certainly, sir, I will attend to it at once," she proceeded to carry out his orders.

Divesting himself of his outer coat, the good builder returned to the dining-room to find Lawrence still cowering in a chair as he had left him. Quietly, but with authority, he bade his *employé* rouse himself to partake of food, "and afterwards," added he, "you shall tell me all about it."

It will not be necessary for us to follow in detail the conversation which took place between the two men. A few particulars only will suffice.

Gently Mr. Black drew from the erring man the story of his fall. It was a common enough story—more's the pity! Motherless, with a drunken father whose habits had driven his son to seek comfort and pleasure anywhere rather than at home, falling in with bad companions whom he had not sufficient strength of mind to resist, and who were only too eager to initiate "the youngster" (as the lad of eighteen was to them) into the pleasures of "seeing life," poor Lawrence's history was one which, unfortunately, "repeats itself" on every side of us. Gambling at cards led to betting at races. "Tips" given him by (so-called) friends proved false, and he lost money, but, not until lately, to such an extent that he could not repay. Then came the temptation to steal, which Frank, relying entirely upon his own strength, had been too weak to resist, and so the tale went on, winding up with the events of the day, which are already known to the reader.

It was a sorrowful confession for a young man to make, and Lawrence seemed to feel it so too; for when he had with tears related the whole to his master, he buried his face in his hands, too thoroughly ashamed to meet the kind eyes looking at him.

After a pause of some considerable duration, Mr. Black, who had been turning over in his mind how best he could help the misguided man to start afresh, suddenly spoke.

"I think I can see my way clear to help you to a better life, my lad," said he, "if you will give me your promise to entirely forego betting or gambling in any shape or form. I will not prosecute you," meeting Frank's amazed look with a half-smile, "because I would rather give a man a lift upwards than downwards; and because one whom you may have heard of, though I fear, sadly neglected, when a great sinner was brought unto Him, said, 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more!' I have always hoped, my lad, that if ever I had to judge anyone, I might be led to follow the Divine example; and now that the time has come, with His help, I will do so; only, as He imposed a condition of 'sin no more,' so must I impose a condition, for your own good. I have told you what it is. Have I your promise?" Eagerly, with new hope dawning in his haggard eyes, Frank gave the required promise.

Then the good old man explained his idea for Frank's future. A brother of his own, out in New Zealand, had a large sheep farm, and in his last letter had complained of a scarcity of men to assist in the work on the farm. To this brother Mr. Black proposed sending Lawrence, with a letter of introduction. "What is needful for him to know, I shall tell him," said he, "but no more. I will pay your passage out there, and give you a little sum besides, so that you may not be quite without funds, until you receive your first wages. Then I shall hope to hear good accounts of, and from *you, regularly;* and oh! my poor lad, do let me beg of you to seek strength where alone it can be found, and to take the 'Old Book' as your guide." The honest builder's voice shook with emotion, as he rose and laid a fatherly hand on the bowed head which he had indeed "heaped with coals of fire."

One other thing Mr. Black insisted upon, viz. that Lucy Barker should be left free. This was the hardest wrench of all to Frank, but rather than meet her scorn, which he knew he merited, if he told her the reason of his departure, he agreed to leave her without a farewell, Mr. Black undertaking to explain matters to her in person, as soon as Frank had set sail.

That very night Lawrence started for Liverpool, there to wait until all the final arrangements were completed. A few days later and he bade "good-bye" to the shores of old England, but into his new life he carried a lasting remembrance of the goodness of one who had acted a true father's part to him, and the practical application of Christianity to his own case was a turning-point in his life, which led him, "as a little child," to the feet of his Father in Heaven.

* * * *

But little of my story remains to be told. With the disappearance of the villain from the scene, as a rule the play comes to an end. In an interview which he sought with Lucy, Mr. Black unfolded to the astonished girl the history of the past fortnight.

But the girl made no sign, until when showing her visitor out, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder and said in his kind voice, "Don't take it to heart so, lassie. Better you should find out now than when it would have been too late."

Lucy raised her eyes full of tears to Mr. Black, but could not speak. Instead she lifted the kind hand to her lips, and left upon it a tremulous kiss, then turning away she ran up the stairs of the cottage to her own little bedroom. Locking the door hastily, the girl sat down to think. Tears fell fast at first, tears for her own disappointment, tears for her lost lover, to be succeeded by tears of indignation, and finally tears of real genuine grief that she had thrown away her chances of happiness in the first place.

Her thoughts travelled rapidly back to the time before Frank Lawrence appeared on the scene. "What happy times those were!" she sadly thought, yet smiled through her tears in thinking of them. Those long rambles during the sweet summer evenings with Jack beside her, those long talks about the future and what it had in store, the plans for adorning "The Nook," how sweet all had been! And what had happened! Why, at the first temptation her love had proved less strong than her vanity, and she had flung away the true heart and honest affection of the man who had loved her for years, in order to feed her vanity with the admiration of a more "flashy" man, for whom she only felt a spurious passion, unworthy to be dignified by the name of "love." She had dropped the substance to grasp at the shadow, and the metal she had taken for gold had proved to be a base counterfeit!

(*To be concluded.*)

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," "Beautiful Sewing," etc.

PART I.

GENERAL HINTS.

Practical Knowledge of Plain Work.

That this is of great use to every woman is undeniable. Although you may be rich and never require actually to sew for yourself you may at some time or other be very glad to have this knowledge to impart to others to whom it may be of much value. Of course the improved state of needlework instruction in schools has done a great deal towards better sewing being produced, but still you will often, among the poor, find more who do not know in the least the right way to do very simple things in plain work, and if you know how to do them yourself—practically, not only in theory, please!—you can impart your knowledge to them.

Then too, among my readers may be girls, who for one reason or another do not sew neatly, and yet have no idea where and how they can learn, so perhaps these papers may help them. Only let me give you a hint! Take a piece of old calico or linen, and when you come to instructions how to do this or that stitch, get a needle and thread and work the stitch until you do it well.

Education of the Hand.

How many girls, I wonder, remember that learning and practising good sewing is an excellent means of training their hands and eyes? A writer says:—"Of all the human powers, the hand is that, perhaps, which admits of the most cultivation, because its education is twofold; it may be educated in knowing and educated in doing. We absolutely have a mine of wealth in those ten fingers, which the longest life cannot exhaust. We multiply it in the same proportion as we use it, and the hand, which can do the most, is the readiest in the performance of anything new." Does not this spur one on to making real efforts to learn what is of so much better worth learning than it at first appears to be?

Right Position for Sewing.

Some people say that it makes their backs or heads ache to sew, others that it hurts their eyes, and neither of these complaints are strange if one notices the way in which so many set about it. The position of the body is one of the first things to be thought of in the matter.

It is not at all necessary that you should sit all cramped up or stooping very much over your work. Get your table and chair the right height, and get into the way of so holding your work that you are not obliged to bend your head much if at all. Do not fasten your work to your knee. That plan, ugly as it is, has the disadvantage of making you stoop. If you want to fasten your work to anything, then make a lead cushion for yourself. The French often use one. It is nothing but an ordinary pincushion with a heavy piece of lead in it which suffices to keep it in place, and to which you can pin one end of your work and have it kept steady.

Good Light for Sewing.

This is also very important. To sew by firelight, in waning light, by bad artificial light is all the very best way of doing bad work and spoiling your eyesight. For sewing at night remember that a small light close to you is better than a stronger light which is diffused over the room.

Contents of Work-basket or Box.

Keep your materials for work in some receptacle for the purpose. A nice well-furnished work-box or basket should contain all you need for sewing. A great many of these things which cost so little in themselves have much to do with the correctness and excellence of your work.

Two pair of scissors are necessary. A large pair used for cutting out with a blunt as well as a sharp point, and a smaller pair with both points sharp. Take care that the handles are large enough, as small handles are so very uncomfortable and leave an ugly mark on your hand. If you can have a pair of button-hole scissors as well, you will find them most useful. A thimble that fits you is necessary. Steel lasts longer than silver.

Of course you will have a needle-book with needles of various kinds and sizes in it, and an assortment of sewing cottons, darning cotton, woollen "mending," and black and white thread, tapes, hooks and eyes and buttons of different kinds and sizes. A box of mixed pins is necessary. For very fine work I always use some tiny pins called dolls' pins.

A yard tape measure marked with inches is absolutely necessary if you do any cutting out. An emery cushion removes the rust from your needles, and a piece of wax strengthens cotton or thread.

A stiletto is much nicer for making eyelet-holes with than the point of your scissors; you will find a sharp penknife very useful in unpicking, and of course you must have a bodkin.

If you have an open basket make a cover of some kind to keep out the dust, and if you keep your basket in order all the better for your temper when you are in a hurry to mend a glove or sew on a button.

Materials.

Let me tell you as briefly as I can a little about the various materials used in plain work. Good calico should be free from dressing, which some manufacturers use so as to whiten the material. This preparation of lime only tends to rot the calico, so that it is to be avoided. Rub the calico in your hands and if there is any dressing in it, it will fall out, and it is well to remember that good calico should not be too closely woven or very fine. Long-cloth is better made and altogether a superior article to calico.

Look at the selvedges of your calico or long-cloth and see that they are even, and if you notice any little knots or spots they are defects.

Twill calico is very nice and soft. Before you work at any calico or linen let it be thoroughly scalded, and soaked just as if it were dirty so that every scrap of dressing is removed from it. Let it soak well and then have it pulled quite straight and mangled or ironed before it gets quite dry, or you will not be able to cut it out neatly.

It is most important to get good calico or long-cloth, as if you do it will wear well for many years. But good does not necessarily mean very fine or very white. Unbleached calico if you have not much to spend on your underclothing is most durable, and after a few visits to the wash-tub it becomes very white. Linen is very little used in this country for underclothing, but it still obtains for sheets, pillow-slips, mens' shirts, etc. It is very much stronger than calico, but is most unsuitable as underwear, and particularly in very hot climates it is so, because it is cold and checks moisture.

A few Practical Don'ts.

Don't tear lawn or linen but cut it by the thread. Don't tear calico, flannel or long-cloth if you can avoid it, as doing so is apt to pull the materials out of shape if they are thin. Don't forget that if you cut out one entire set of underclothing at once that it is an economical plan and prevents waste. Don't have any hard seams, buttons, etc., on baby clothes where they will have a chance of irritating the skin. Remember a baby's skin is very delicate and tender.

Don't sew with a bent needle. You cannot possibly do good work with it, and it is well to note that the eye of your needle should always be large enough to carry the thread easily. Don't bite your cotton, please, cut it off with your scissors, having first threaded your needle with the end from the reel.

Don't pull your cotton in working, as you will only succeed in puckering your work.

Don't push your needle in with your thimble only but help it through with your thumb. Don't be lazy about pinning, tacking or basting—as it is sometimes called—your work. The more attention you pay to this and all measurements as well, the better your work will be.

Dainty Underclothing.

There is no reason at all why any working girl should not aim at having nice underclothing. It is quite within her power to sacrifice a little finery so that she may have everything concerning her underwear as good and lasting as possible, and if she has a desire—and a very laudable one—to be refined and womanly let her remember this is one of the most important ways. There is truer refinement in clean, dainty underwear than in smart dresses. Many girls think nice underclothing means articles covered with lace and embroidery. Now if you can afford good lace and embroidery have it by all means, but let me assure you that the cheap finery of this description generally found decorating poor materials is most objectionable.

Then are we not to have any trimming? Yes certainly, but let it be simple and good. You can get torchon lace good, cheap and lasting that looks and wears well. Coventry frilling can be had in many kinds and always looks pretty. If you cannot get either, then a little simple coral or feather-stitch done with crochet cotton will give a finish to hems, etc., and you can do that very easily yourselves.

Neat Work.

Annie Keary, a well-known authoress of some years ago, said: "I am very fond of sewing myself, and I think there is so much pleasure in learning to do anything with one's fingers really well and beautifully. Do you remember my showing you the beautiful way in which the wild-flowers were made? All the little leaves finished off with such delicate fringes of soft hairs, and the blossoms so carefully fastened on to the stalks, and the seed-vessels fitted so neatly; and we said it was a lesson in finishing off work well, which God gives us in every little flower and leaf. He never leaves anything half done; not the tiniest little moss or weed has an end or an edge that is not beautifully ornamented and finished off. It is the same with shells, even with rocks and stones. God makes everything perfect to its last little atom, to show us how carefully we should work. We should not be satisfied with the things we make looking well in a rough, outside way. We should find pleasure in turning out work that will bear looking at all through, as His work will."

(*To be continued.*)

MOTTO WORK-BAG.

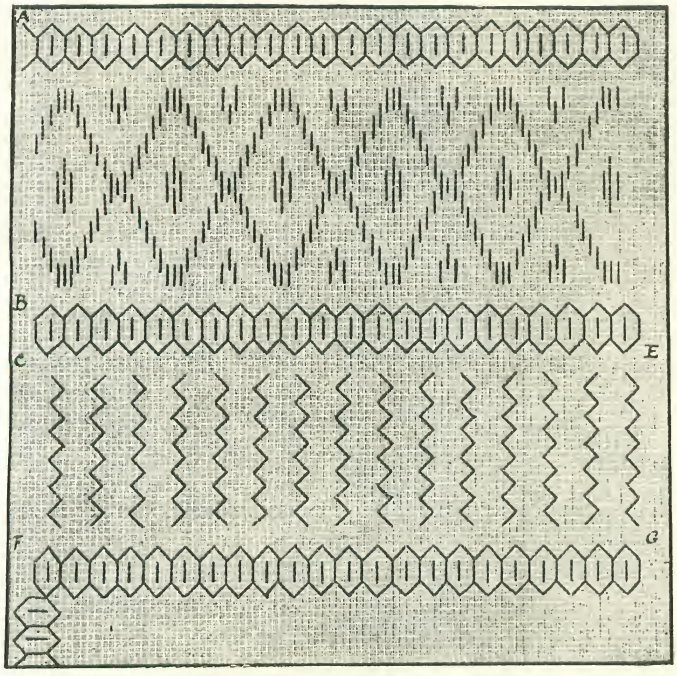


FIG. 1.



FIG (3)

THIS pattern comes to us from artistic Antwerp, and we think it will charm our workers.

The one before us is made of white linen somewhat resembling canvas, but quite soft, and as all the threads are woven double, it is easy to count the stitches.

It measures 14½ by 11 inches each side, and is sewn together at the bottom and one side, so that the border round the top is worked in one continuous piece, and when joining the side seam be careful to leave it open from A to C, Fig. 1, and catch it again securely at B, it will be found more convenient for use.

The one in our possession is worked in a pretty shade of olive-green filoselle silk, two strands being used, the lining is of eau-de-nil surah, and the cord and tassels are of these two shades of green.

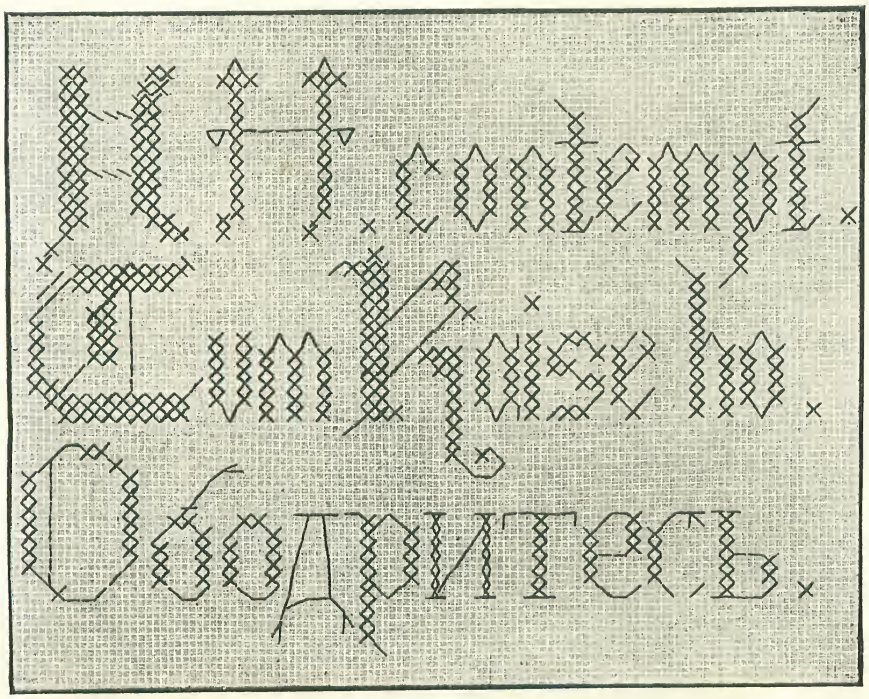


FIG. 2.

Fig. 1 gives a detail of design at top, and Fig. 2 shows how the lettering should be worked, especially the Russian and Chinese.

Figs. 3 and 4 show each side of the bag, and a good method of arranging the many mottoes. A running should be made of the double filoselle through bag and lining, Fig. 1, C to E and F to G, and a button-hole cut and worked in the linen only at the opposite end to the opening B C, through this the cords are run as shown in Figs. 3 and 4.

We would suggest that a list of the mottoes with translations cut from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and pasted on a card, be always kept inside the bag, wherewith to satisfy inquiring friends.

1. English.—Familiarity breeds contempt.
2. Italian.—*Che sàra sàra*—What will be, will be.
3. Swedish.—*Kort och goot*—Short and good.
4. Magyar.—*Aki hizeleg hamiskodik*—He who flatters is a traitor.
5. Flemish.—*Oost west t'huis best*—Wind from the east, the house is best.
6. Spanish.—*Quien quiere a Juan, quiere a su con*—Who loves John, loves his dog.
7. Russian.—Have courage.
8. Irish.—*Shu ligga lum*—Come walk with me quick.
9. Latin.—*Quo fas et gloria ducunt*—Where faith and glory lead.
10. German.—*Kein Pfeifer, kein tanz*—No pipe, no dance.
11. Wallon.—*Quan dia pu, dio co*—All's well that ends well.
12. Hindostani.—*Tum Kaise ho*—How are you?
13. Chinese.—Word of honour.

14. Servian. — *Bara bory* — Thanks to man.

15. Volapuk.—*Menad bal, puk bal*—One people, one tongue.

16. Welsh.—*Gwastwch dim och amser*—Do not waste your time.

17. French.—*Deux têtes sous un bonnet*—Two heads under one hat.

18. Greek.—*Eureka*—I have found.

19. Portuguese.— *Andar direito* — Go straight.

20. Norwegian.—*Morgen stund har guld i mund*—Morning hours are golden.

21. Scotch.—*Com pree ma mou*—Come kiss me.

22. Japanese.—*Jiki jiki ni*—The end.

It will be noticed that in Fig. 4 "Alleluia" has been substituted for the Latin motto No. 9; but we consider the latter preferable.

"COUSIN LIL."



FIG (4)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

GERTIE CORNWALL.—You cannot permanently remove hairs from the face. Peroxide of hydrogen bleaches them but does not remove them. It is about twopence an ounce.

JOSEPHINE.—For "sleeping hands," wash in warm water and rub well with a rough bath-towel. Do not work in a cold room.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—An enlarged toe-joint is rather indefinite. We presume you mean a bunion on the joint of the great toe. You may treat it by removing all pressure from it. If it is really bad you had better see a surgeon.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.—You suffer from acne. Use sulphur soap for washing your face, and apply sulphur ointment every night and your face will rapidly improve.

ENID D'ARCY.—Fulness under the eyes, in your case, is almost certainly due to anæmia. It is rarely, if ever, caused by heart disease. You had better take some preparation of iron, and wash your eyes every morning in warm water.

S. S.—Remedy for blackheads and pimples. Use sulphur soap for washing the face. Apply sulphur ointment locally.

P. H. K.—If you treat styes when they come by freely opening them and using some antiseptic wash, such as boracic acid, and wash the eyes with the lotion every morning for a week after the styes have completely disappeared, you will not be troubled with their recurrence.

FLORRIE FIELDING.—The red lumps and pimples that you mention are all due to acne. You had better treat them by smearing them with sulphur ointment, and they will rapidly improve. Acne does not "run in the blood," but is simply a skin affection. The fact of your mother having had erysipelas would not affect you in any way.

MADCAP VIOLET.—1. "The Girl's Own Paper" is published in weekly as well as in monthly parts.—2. We are afraid that your friend will have to put up with her "rather prominent nose," but perhaps a surgeon may be able to do something for it.

F. M.—1. It is by no means easy to cure gôitre. Since it is usually connected with certain districts, removal to some other place may cause it to become less in size. Iodine locally applied and taken internally sometimes does good. The treatment you mention is never used now.—2. A "medical correspondence column" has been started in "The Girl's Own Paper."

ANXIOUS.—You do not tell us whether your hair falls out in certain places only or equally from all over the head. If the former, apply "white precipitate" ointment. If the latter you had better see a physician.

ANXIOUS CYCLIST.—Cycling is not bad for the back unless carried to excess. You had much better see a medical man and have your back examined at once.

DAISY.—Bicarbonate of soda and tartaric acid is neither good nor bad for the blood; but it is good for the stomach, or as an aperient.

NEARLY NINETEEN.—All your symptoms are due to a sluggish circulation. You should eat well, take a good deal of exercise, and some preparation of iron with a bitter tonic.

MAIDIE.—1. Perhaps if you smear your eyelids with boracic ointment the eyelashes will cease dropping out. Eyelashes grow very quickly, in fact, in a day or two. Washing the eyes is in reality washing the lids, as very little of the water reaches the eyeball.—2. No, cycling is not bad for girls if they are healthy.

VICTORIAN PUELLA.—The habit of eating starch is very common amongst girls. Beyond the fact that it makes you fat, it does no harm. Indeed a large part of the food we eat consists of starch.

"ERMENGARDE."—To prevent your throat aching try some astringent lozenges, such as "rhatany and black currant." The medicine you mention is very valuable.

"D. G."—Continue the boracic lotion for the eyes and apply boracic ointment to the eyelids and your eyelashes will grow again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOTHER.—1. The Sea-Shell and Scrap-Book Mission has been taken up by Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. You cannot do better in the work of training your own children, than in selecting recreations for them that conduce to the happiness of others. A stay at the sea in the summer may promote this work, and provide occupation in making boxes and other useful articles with the shells on their return home; and scrap-books afford pleasant occupation for the many days at home in winter.—2. To make "candied orange peel," select thick-skinned oranges and lemons; remove the rinds in halves and boil them in plenty of water until tender and the bitterness be removed. Change the water once or twice, and clarify the sugar, allowing half a pound of sugar and half a cup of water for each pound of peel. When the sugar is clear put in the peels, cover the pan and boil until clear and the syrup almost a candy; take them out and place on inverted sieves to dry; boil up the syrup with some more sugar, put in the peel again, and stir them about till the sugar shall candy around them; then take them out and place on sieves to dry, setting them in a warm oven, or in front of a fire. They should be packed in a wooden box, with tissue paper in between each layer.

FLORA.—The plural is "geese," of course. What other plural could there be to goose?

TALPA.—After using the saltpetre, the skins must be scraped with a dull knife or piece of glass, and rubbed and pulled carefully till they be flexible and soft.

MARGARET.—1. If you do not feel equal to travelling by night to Switzerland, we recommend you to break your journey at Bar-le-Duc, which makes an equal division of the time, *i.e.*, twelve hours each day, and allows a good night's rest. The route is from Victoria, viâ Dover and Calais to Bar-le-Duc; and next day from thence, viâ Basle, to Berne.—2. We have already given a recipe for elderberry wine, but will repeat it. When quite ripe, remove the berries and place them in large earthenware jars, filling to not more than two-thirds, cover with paper, tie down, and bake in a very slow oven. When baked, to every two quarts of juice add three quarts of water, three pounds of coarse sugar, boil it, and free the liquor of all slime; pour it through a sieve into a tub to cool; when cold add some yeast, and let it work in the tub for two days; then barrel it, and after a week, when it has ceased working, add one pound of raisins to each gallon. The raisins should be chopped, not too small, and before stopping up the cask put in two ounces of isinglass; let the wine stand till January or February before bottling. This wine is made without spice, because the flavour of the fruit is so improved by baking, it is not needed. This is a very valuable recipe from Holland.

A. M.—No, Blondin was not the real name of the celebrated tight-rope walker. Being of a higher class in society than persons adopting such a vocation can usually claim to be, he adopted that name to preserve his incognito, in lieu of his own—Jean François de Gravelet. His famous journey across Niagara was not made, as commonly stated, across the Falls, but across the river below them.

M. I. G. C.—Hair mattresses are the best; feather-beds are not desirable, though a very light feather *duvet* laid over the bed in the winter would not be similarly objectionable.

BABY.—The question suggested to you by the well-known nursery song—

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are?"

can be easily answered. All stars shining by their own light are suns, like our own, in various stages of development. They consist of dense masses of glowing gas enveloped with a fiery atmosphere in which various metals exist in a state of incandescence. The great star (or sun) Sirius gives out fifty times as much light as our own, and Arcturus about two hundred times as much. The colours presented by the stars are caused by the metallic or other substances existing in their atmosphere. You should study some first book on astronomy; we have space only for a very simple answer to the question suggested by the nursery song.

DICKIE.—1. The question of copyright could only be settled in one way, *i.e.* by writing to the author of the book, which you wish to put into Braille writing, for the library at Belsize Road, and state your wishes, asking leave to carry them out. The publishers' names will always be found on the title-page, and your letter to the author can be addressed to their care.—2. Women are not entitled to use crests at all, nor would you be entitled to use your mother's arms, unless under some very special circumstances, such as the assuming of her name. The coat-of-arms only is used by married women, widows and unmarried daughters being placed on a "lozenge."

A. R. A.—In going to Rome (or Naples) for the winter, you should bear in mind that you cannot, without serious risk, remain there later than April 1. Sooner or later you will get the fever.

IRIS.—The proper method of obtaining an introduction to the family who have lately come to live near you would be for you to call on them, taking your mother's card, and explaining the fact that she is an invalid, and does not visit herself, but would be very glad to see them and make their acquaintance. This is the usual etiquette, and would be the same either in the case of a daughter or a son living at home with an invalid mother.

GEORGIE.—There are various fabulous monsters employed in heraldry which may have been suggested by those of pre-historic creatures—combinations of bird, beast and reptile. The gryphon, or griffin, of which you speak is only an imaginary bird. The ancients described it as having four legs, a beak and wings, while the lower part was like a lion. It was consecrated by them to the sun. The dragon and wyvern have two legs only.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 892.] JANUARY 30, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRODIGAL SONS.

"But by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thy own."—*Whittier.*

It was some weeks before Mr. Gaythorne was allowed to see any one, and then Olivia was his first visitor. To her great surprise he had asked for her.

"I think I can trust you," Marcus said to her; but there was a trace of anxiety in his manner that did not escape her. "You must talk to him, of course; but you must be very careful not to agitate him, he wants all his strength for to-morrow;" for on the following day father and son were to meet again.

Olivia felt a little nervous. Marcus's professional gravity frightened her.

"Do you not think it would be better for me to wait a day or two," she asked. "It is very nice of him to want to see me, but it seems to me that Mr. Alwyn ought to be his first visitor;" but although Marcus agreed with her, he said that Mr. Gaythorne had expressed such a strong wish to see her first, that he dared not refuse him.

"He was never fond of contradiction," he returned. "And we should only excite him if we opposed his wish. Although he is quite himself, little things irritate him; don't make yourself nervous



All rights reserved.] "THEY BOTH LOOKED SO COMFORTABLE AND CONTENTED."

beforehand ; you will say the right thing when the time comes for saying it ; " and though Olivia could not be sure of this, she felt that it was sensible advice.

But when the moment came and she saw how shrunken and aged the invalid looked, and heard the slight hesitation in his speech as he held out his hands to her with a pathetic smile, Olivia's warm womanly nature was not at fault, for she bent over him and kissed his cheek as a daughter might have done.

"Dear Mr. Gaythorne," she said earnestly, "if you knew how thankful we all are that you are better."

"Thank you, thank you," he said, with a faint flush of pleasure. "You speak kindly and as though you meant it. Sit down, my dear, we must have a little talk together, you and I. If I ever get my boy back, if the breach between us is ever healed, it will be owing to you and Dr. Luttrell."

"Oh, please do not say that, we were only the means under Providence."

"Yes, yes," with a touch of impatience—"I am not forgetting that. In some ways I am a civilised heathen ; but I have never omitted my prayers, thank God. 'He loveth best who prayeth best,' Who said that, Mrs. Luttrell ? Perhaps I never prayed enough, or my boy would not have wandered so far. Ah, well, do you remember how hard I was on you for sheltering tramps, and now I can only say, God bless you for your divine charity."

Olivia's eyes glistened, but she only pressed his hand in acknowledgment of this. "And to-morrow you are to see him," she said softly.

"Yes, to-morrow," he repeated slowly, "that is why I must not talk much to-day ; but I wanted to thank you for bringing Alwyn, and to tell you how grateful I am to you both.

"I am an old man," he continued, "old in sorrows more than in years ; for, with Jacob, I can truly say that 'few and evil have been my years.' Oh, Mrs. Luttrell, my dear, take warning by me ; you have a little one of your own, and perhaps in future years you may have sons growing up beside you, never for one instant let anything come between you and them."

He paused for a moment and then went on—

"When Alwyn was a little child, I simply worshipped him ; his own mother begged me with tears in her eyes not to set my heart so much on him. He was delicate, and I knew what she meant, that she feared whether we should rear him, and I remember as she said this, that I struck my hand passionately against his little cot, 'if that boy dies I shall never hold up my head again ;' how well I remember that speech. Oh, my dear, the time came when I wished that I had no son, when the sharpness of the serpent's tooth entered my very vitals. God grant that you and Dr. Luttrell may never have to blush for a son's misdoings."

"Dear friend, remember you are not to agitate yourself."

"No, no, I will take care, but I think it does me good to talk a little, the steam must have vent, you know, and I have kept silence for so many years. All these weeks they have kept my boy from me ; but they were right," his voice trembling with weakness. "I could not have borne it, neither could Alwyn. Ah, how changed and ill he looked."

"Dear Mr. Gaythorne," returned Olivia beseechingly, "indeed I must go away now, unless you will consent to rest and let me read to you a little."

"Well, well, do as you like," he replied, closing his eyes, "you all tyrannise over the sick man, but perhaps I am a bit tired," and then Olivia found a book and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him sink into a peaceful sleep. What a grand face it looked with its fine chiselled features and grey peaked beard lying against the dark red cushions. Alwyn would never be such a handsome man as his father, Olivia thought. There was power and intellect on the broad forehead, the thin lips and obstinate chin were hidden under the drooping grey moustache,

Olivia sat by him for some time, and then softly left the room. When Marcus had paid his evening visit he was able to assure her that her little visit had done his patient no harm.

Mr. Gaythorne had stipulated that he should see his son alone, but Dr. Luttrell, who was keenly alive to the danger of any strong excitement, had decided to remain in the house during the interview.

Alwyn seemed so unnerved and miserable that it was impossible to do more than give him a word of warning.

"Say as little as possible, Gaythorne," he had observed as they walked across together ; "if you take my advice you will just let bygones be bygones. Don't be more emotional than you can help, remember how ill he has been, very little excites him."

And though Alwyn only nodded in answer to this, Marcus was sure that he understood him ; but as he stood by the hall fire caressing Eros he could not help feeling very anxious.

"They are neither of them to be trusted," he thought, and he determined that if the talk were too prolonged he would make some excuse to go in and interrupt them ; then he raised his head uneasily and listened as the sound of a man's stifled sobs reached his ear.

It was what he had feared, that Alwyn weak and unstrung would break down utterly, and the next moment Dr. Luttrell had opened the door of the library.

Neither of them perceived him as he stood for a moment, watching them with keen professional eyes. Alwyn was kneeling with his face hidden on his father's knees, and Mr. Gaythorne's clasped hands were resting on his head. "My boy, we must both say it," he whispered. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them"—but Marcus heard no more, he closed the door again softly—the scene was too sacred—not even to his dearer self—his wife—did he ever speak of what he had seen.

The Prodigal had eaten his fill of husks and had returned to his father's roof and his father's love. But in this case the father had also sinned, for surely undue severity and exacting hardness and failure of sympathy are sins to be bitterly repented. No one can gather grapes of thorns, or glean corn from a harvest of tares. And no parent who has first unwisely indulged his son, and then ruled him with a rod of iron, can well claim the glad obedience of a free son.

If Alwyn Gaythorne, trammelled and embittered by his father's tyranny, had dashed recklessly down the path that leads to destruction, his father had first driven him to the verge of frenzy.

Young limbs will not always adjust themselves to the Procrustean bed. Alwyn, who had inherited his father's strong will, refused to bear the yoke of his despotism.

"I would rather starve, and have room to breathe," he had once said to Greta. "There is no room here."

Another half-hour passed before Dr. Luttrell ventured into the room again. He found Mr. Gaythorne leaning back in his chair looking very white and exhausted, but with a peaceful expression on his face. Alwyn had just left his side and was standing by the window with a miniature in his hand.

"Dr. Luttrell," observed the old man feebly, as he gave him some restorative, "my son will stay with me to-night." And then Alwyn flushed as he met the doctor's eyes.

"He wishes it very much, and perhaps it will be better," he said in a low voice. "Will you explain how it is to Mrs. Luttrell ? I will see her to-morrow."

"Very well, but there must be no more talking to-night. If you will go into the next room I will see you presently," and Alwyn nodded.

"It is all right, happiness never kills," observed Mr. Gaythorne, "and for the matter of that grief either. We must just bide our time." Then with a flash of strong feeling in the deeply-set eyes, he held out his hand to the young doctor.

"God bless you, Luttrell. He says you have been like a brother to him. And as for your wife, he has no words for her goodness. May Heaven repay you both for what you have done for me and my boy."

When Marcus returned home he found Greta sitting with his wife ; they both looked at him anxiously.

"Mr. Gaythorne will not part with his son," he informed them. "Mrs. Crampton is getting a room ready for him, so your labours will be lightened, Livy. She looks tired, does she not, Miss Williams ? though she will not confess it. Well, it has all passed off well. Mr. Gaythorne is very much exhausted, but nurse is getting him to bed, and I have told Alwyn to rest. I left Mrs. Crampton fussing round him, so he will be all right," and then Olivia smiled as though she were satisfied.

But more than once that evening, she observed to Marcus how quiet the house seemed without their guest.

"Do you know I quite miss him," she said. "I suppose one always gets attached to any one for whom one takes trouble. He was the sort of person who was always wanting something ; you

could never forget him for a moment. I wonder what Martha will say when I tell her he is gone away for good. He gave her plenty to do, but I expect she will be sorry to lose him."

And Olivia was right. Martha burst out crying in quite a lamentable manner.

"Oh, ma'am," she sobbed, "and he was such a kind young gentleman. I am sorry, that I am, that he won't live with us no more. And he painted Miss Baby and the kitten so beautiful too; and he thought such a deal of you and master." But though Olivia smiled at Martha's lugubrious speeches, she could not help being rather sorry herself.

Alwyn was not a perfect character by any means, but somehow he had such nice ways with him—little caressing ways that go to a woman's heart. His nature was affectionate and emotional, and all his troubles had not hardened him. Even Marcus had observed more than once lately that "he could not help liking the fellow."

"He was not cut out for a black sheep," he said once, "and the character does not suit him. He has the makings of a good man, only he has let himself drift so terribly. Well, he has pulled himself up in time. He could not have roughed it much longer."

When Olivia returned from her next visit to Galvaston House she went straight to Marcus.

"I just felt I must come and tell you all about it," she said in her enthusiastic manner. "I have had such a happy afternoon. Mr. Alwyn was reading to his father when I went in, and they both looked so comfortable and contented. They made me stay and pour out their coffee for them. At first Mr. Alwyn wanted to leave us; he declared that two was company and three none, and that he was only in the way, but of course I would not hear of that, and I was so glad to see him too.

"He is his father's right hand already, and does all sorts of things for him. It is so lovely to see them together. When he went out of the room for a moment, Mr. Gaythorne told me that he could scarcely realise sometimes that it was Alwyn."

"He has just Olive's ways," had been Mr. Gaythorne's words. "I could almost fancy it was my little Olive near me. If he were only stronger I should not have a wish ungratified, but I cannot help troubling about his cough. Dr. Luttrell thinks a sea voyage would do him good, but I do not know how I am to bring myself to part with him.

"Oh, by-the-bye, did Alwyn tell you that Greta Williams is coming to see us. She was my Olive's friend, so of course she will be welcome," and then in rather a meaning voice, "I rather think she is Alwyn's friend too."

Olivia made no answer to this remark, but more than once lately she had noticed that Greta and Alwyn seemed very much engrossed with each other, and she was almost sure that Marcus had noticed it too.

"Surely Greta would never consent to marry him," she thought. "With her sad experience she would never venture to link her life with a man whom she could not wholly respect."

Greta's nature was a noble one. She had lofty aims and a high sense of duty. In spite of her gentleness she had plenty of firmness and backbone.

It was one thing to be sorry for her old friend and playmate, and to show him a sister's tenderness, but quite another to give herself to him, and more than once Olivia had felt uneasy, but delicacy had led her to keep her thoughts to herself.

"I do hope she would *not carry self*-sacrifice to such a length as that," said the young wife to herself. "Alwyn may be lovable, but he would never satisfy a girl like Greta. A woman ought to be able to look up to her husband, as I look up to my dear Marcus, and not be always trying to drag him up to her level.

"I do want Greta to be married. When her father dies she will be so utterly alone, but I cannot reconcile myself to her marrying Alwyn Gaythorne. For one thing his health is so unsatisfactory, that his wife would never be easy about him. Even Marcus owned the other day that he feared he would never be fit for much. But there is no use in trying to manage other people's lives. As Aunt Madge says, it takes all our strength and cleverness to manage our own. 'A medler is always a muddler,' how well I remember her saying that. We did not make the world, and we cannot rule the world. When I see grown-up folk trying to arrange for other people, I always think of children playing at snap-dragon. One gets one's fingers burnt so badly, when we try to pull out our neighbour's plum. No, no, bearing other people's burdens never meant that."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Managing Wife.

Some women are never happy unless they are scrubbing, brushing, sweeping, or otherwise toiling in household affairs.

The Honourable Henry Erskine's wife was one of this sort, and her extreme nervous irritability and eccentric ways, it may be supposed, did not contribute greatly to Henry's domestic happiness.

One of her peculiarities consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hours. She would frequently employ half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was missing, and that everything was in its proper place.

One morning, about three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr. Erskine from a sound sleep in order to put to him this important question—

"Harry, my love, where's your white waistcoat?"

In Writing and Speaking.—"Be simple," says Dean Alford, "be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning, and in the estimation of all people who are qualified to judge, you lose in reputation of ability. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are."

Happy Are The Humble.

When Ptolemy the Second, King of Egypt, looked out one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious living, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he saw a number of his poorer subjects laughing and singing as they lay at ease on the sandy banks of the Nile.

"Miserable fate!" said the monarch, "why was I not sent into the world to be one of those."

Tell the Truth.—"Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome and sets our invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good."—*Tillotson.*

"Vicious-looking Creatures."

As some lady visitors were going through a county jail, under the escort of the chief warder, they came to a room in which three women were sewing.

"Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home," blandly responded the chief warder. "This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and daughters."

A Touching Epitaph.

There is something singularly affecting in the following epitaph which is translated from the Gaelic of one that stood many years ago in the parish church of Glenorchy in Argyleshire.

"Lo, she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of Melody and the hand of Elegance is now at rest.

"No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou no longer wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, oh feeble, is thy wonted help?

"No more, my fair one, shall we meet thee in the social hall, no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board.

"Gone for ever is the sound of mirth; the kind, the candid, the meek, is now no more. Who can express our grief? Flow, ye tears of woe!"

Reform Yourself First.—"What we wish to do for our fellow-creatures we must do first for ourselves. We can give them nothing save what God has already given us. We must become good before we can make them good, and wise before we can make them wise."—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Loser Wins.

Guilt's a game where losers fare
Better than those who seem to win.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IV.

SELF-DEDICATION.

"Give me thine heart."



A NEW year has dawned upon us, dear girls, since you and I parted, after our last talk on that dark December evening. I wonder if you have drawn a mental picture of our parting, as I have done. Shall I tell you what I have imagined it would have been, had we really sat and talked together? We should have lingered over our farewells, and exchanged the affectionate wishes usual amongst friends at such a season.

I think we should have said that our talk had hardly been a twilight one, for the day had been dull and sunless, and no bright gleam had come to lengthen it as evening approached.

Standing, muffled in our warm out-door garments, we looked forward to our next meeting, and said, "Even a month hence the days will be a little longer. The old year will have turned its darkest corner, and a new year will have begun."

I would fain believe, too, that in each of our minds there would be thoughts which were really prayers, though they were not spoken aloud.

If you and I have large and loving hearts, our uttered good wishes and silent prayers will not have been offered only to and for those of our own home circle. Naturally they will have spread beyond it, and embraced kindred, friends, neighbours, and acquaintances. Perhaps we may have paused for a moment, and it may have cost us a little struggle to wish for the same blessings on behalf of those who have pained or injured us, but the echo of the angels' song, first heard by Bethlehem shepherds, has reached our ears too. So the spirit of peace and goodwill has constrained us, and our wishes and prayers have extended until they embraced all sorts and conditions of men, and reached the very ends of the earth.

In this way each of us will have given "glory to God in the highest," and manifested our love to our neighbour. Look into your hearts, dear girl friends, and ask yourselves, each of you, "Have I had my share in this?"

What varying feelings have filled our hearts since we met, as we have looked forward to what is generally called the festive season. A festive season it is, in the best and highest sense, if we have Christ dwelling in our hearts, if we recognise Him as the guest in our homes, and rejoice to think that He is truly near us, and sees our going out and our coming in, though invisible to mortal eyes.

How sweet it is to feel that we can be sure of Christ's presence. His own message tells us that He stands at the door and knocks for admission. He speaks to us in so many ways; by His word, His invitations, His Spirit, His promises, His life, and above all by His death for our sakes. We have only to listen and to open our hearts to Him.

"If any man hear My voice, I will come in to him." It is enough if we really want Christ to dwell in our hearts. He is ever waiting to be gracious, and to give far more than we can ask or think.

Perhaps in some young hearts there is an inward feeling of shrinking from the thought of Christ's presence. It may be that some amongst you, dear ones, fear it would interfere with your pleasures, that religion would make life hardly worth living; that it means the denying ourselves everything that we like best, and that it would take all the sunshine out of our existence. If any amongst you are possessed by such fears, it is quite easy for you to find out whether there is any real foundation for them. There is no teacher like experience, so why should you not learn from it?

It has often been said, and wisely, that no human being ever learns by the experience of another. This is only partly true as regards outward things; for even the very young cannot help learning what to do or avoid by noticing the failures or successes of others. It must be profitable for us to observe those lives which are patterns of consistent well-doing, always supposing that we wish to learn from all that is going on around us.

In spiritual things, each human soul stands alone. Each has its actual experience, its searchings of heart, its longings after better things, its trials, temptations, efforts, failures and successes, its individual knowledge of God, and communion with Him through Christ.

I say this to you, dear girls, because I know it by the experience of many years. I know also that if I could open my whole heart to you, if I could show you every step of the way by which I have been led, or driven, my experience would not suffice for you. You must each tread the path of life on your own account, and, in one sense, alone.

The obstacles and troubles, the temptations and crosses which beset me as, step by step, I journeyed onward, would probably differ from those you have encountered up to the same point in each of our lives. The helps and encouragements may have come from entirely different quarters, and under varying circumstances.

Still, if we could compare notes individually, we should find points of resemblance between each and all. Above all, we should find how wonderfully our crosses have been lightened, obstacles removed from our path, strength given to resist temptation, and according to our day in time of trouble, if we have asked for help in a spirit of childlike submission to God's will.

A few moments ago, I used the word "driven" in alluding to the journey of life. Did it sound very harsh and cruel in your ears? If it did, believe me, my dear ones, that I, looking back over sixty years, can thank God for many blessed troubles which were mercifully sent to drive me, as it were, to the only Friend whose love and mercy never faileth.

You and I have seen a mother standing in the doorway, looking round and about with anxious eyes for a missing little one. She had thought the child quite safe, playing on the doorstep, almost within reach of her hand. But a sudden whim had seized the little creature, and she has wandered away from her place of safety. There are many busy passers-by, and the wee golden head stands at no great height from the ground, so the mother cannot see it from the doorway. She loses no time. She goes in search of the child, yet half-doubting whether she may not be taking the wrong direction. Her heart gives a glad bound as she catches sight of her darling, amongst a troop of somewhat older children who are listening to a street musician.

As the tune ceases, and the man shoulders his instrument, some of the children prepare to follow, and amongst them toddles the little runaway, heedless of all save the wish to hear again the sounds that have charmed her.

"Elsie, come back, come back!" cries the mother.

The words are heard, but the child heeds not the call, only laughs and runs the faster in her wilful, baby-fashion, resolved on having her own way. She knows not and cares not that she is out of sight of home, and that dangers await her helplessness at every step.

In a few moments, her mother's strong hand restrains her. Elsie, the runaway, is being borne back to her home, though she kicks and struggles, and even tries, in her impotent passion, to strike the loving arms that surround her.

It is enough for the mother that her little one is safe, for the time, at any rate. Does she regret, think you, the child's tears, struggles and useless rebellion against the greater strength she was obliged to exert? No. She would have spared Elsie those tears; she feels sorry for the fit of anger; but she knows it was in love for her child that she forced her back to safety.

Many a mother sighs when she is compelled to cross her child's inclinations, or to punish her for some fault; but it is true love which makes her faithful to that child's best interests, even at the cost of pain to herself.

As the children grow into young men and maidens, they recognise this, and are thankful for the discipline and the restraining hand which kept them in the safe path, in spite of themselves. We, old parents, have rejoiced to hear such acknowledgments from young lips many a time.

So it is with the children of Our Father in heaven. We look back on His dealings with us and thank Him for crosses and troubles, which were only veiled blessings and proofs of His love.

It may be some of you have heard, as I have done, such expressions as these from young lips.

"If only my father had been more firm, or my mother had insisted on my obedience, instead of letting me have my own way, how differently should I be placed to-day. They meant to be kind, but——"

The pause has been only too eloquent, as the young speaker has turned aside to hide the quivering lips and tears that would not be restrained.

But I must go back a little. I said, if any of you were afraid that a religious life would involve too much self-denial, and rob existence of much of its brightness, you can test this for yourselves.

There is no real foundation for such fears. Those who truly love God are the happiest people on earth, and they carry sunshine and increase the happiness of others wherever they go. God's children obey His commandments, and they bring their religion into all the lesser duties of daily life. They study the comfort of those at home. The daughter lightens the mother's daily household burdens; the sister is ready with kindly help to cheer the younger children of the household, to make peace where they are on the verge of a quarrel, to turn frowns into smiles by pleasant words, and to wipe away tears when the little ones are hurt or troubled. Her religion makes her tender-hearted and kind. She does not laugh over the small grievances of the little people, but remembers, that to them, they are real troubles, and she comforts them accordingly. She meets her father, when he returns, weary and depressed with business cares, and tries to tell him of some home incident that is calculated to cheer him, and make him forget the worries of the day. She is unselfish, and though perhaps the eldest of the family, she thinks of the claims of others as well as of what she desires for her own adornment. She is considerate to those who serve in the household; treats them with kindness and courtesy, and tries to spare them needless labour.

She is compassionate to the poor, the suffering and the degraded, remembering how Christ cared for all, how "He, for our sakes, became poor," and thus sanctified poverty, and how, when all men shrank from the leper, He laid His kind hand on what was so loathsome to others, and by that very touch, made glad the sufferer in his misery before He spoke the words, "Be thou clean."

She sees faults in others, but is silent, feeling that, by spreading abroad a story of wrong-doing, she does nothing to amend the evil, but may help to harden the sinner by taking away a sense of shame.

Her religion is not a fitful thing, but goes with her everywhere, and thus, accompanied by a spirit of peace and love, she is always happy and always welcome. Her brightness infects others, her life influences others, and instead of thinking or asking herself how much she has given up on entering Christ's service, she repeats the Psalmist's question, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?"

Does any dear girl-friend say, "I should like to be all this; but how am I to make a beginning?"

Go into your room or any quiet spot where you can be alone with God, shut the door of your heart against all intruding thoughts, kneel, and, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving for all the mercies He has already given you, make known your requests unto God.

A long prayer is not needed. Ask only that He will make you His dear child and teach you by His Spirit to love and serve Him for Christ's sake. If you are in earnest, you will soon realise how much you need, and words will not be wanting. "Of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

One of you wishes to know what I meant by saying that each of us must, in a sense, tread the path of life alone?

Just this. That, whilst in spiritual, or, if you like, we will say religious matters, we may be helpful to each other, no one can shift the burden of responsibility to the shoulders of another. If one has done wrong, no other human being can repent in her place, make acknowledgment of the fault on her behalf, or win for her the forgiveness she needs. But, thank God, we have Jesus, the Friend above all others. With Him to plead for us, "Who bare our sins" upon the cross, and "now ever liveth to make intercession for us," we need have no fear. We have only to cast our burden of sin at the foot of the cross, in humble penitence and longing for pardon, and we shall not be sent away mourning, but with light hearts, full of joy and thanksgiving.

I hope I have not talked too long. If I have, believe me, it has been because, having known the blessedness I have been speaking about, my heart has been filled with a great longing that each and all of you should have a like experience.

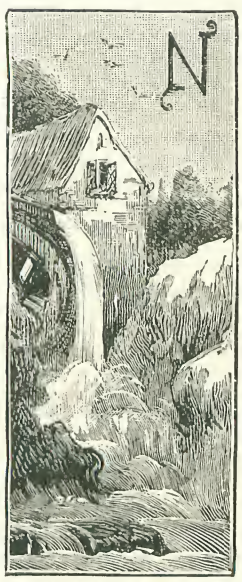
May you have a truly happy New Year. May your hearts be given to God, and your lives be dedicated to His service. And when this year has become old, may you be gladdened by sweet memories of its progress, and strength be given you for new efforts as followers and soldiers of Christ.

"HANDSOME JACK."

A VILLAGE LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

"HANDSOME JACK TO THE RESCUE."



NOVEMBER came, and with it the influx of "hands" for the paper-mills to the newly-erected dwellings. There was a vast amount of confusion for a few days, until the new-comers got settled down a bit into their places, then time flowed on, with little to mark its course, save that at the New Year Mr. Black took his young foreman into partnership.

Jack was glad of his increased work and responsibilities, because it gave him less time for private thought.

Sundays were his saddest days, in a way. His thoughts would go back to the time when he and Lucy walked to God's House in company, and held sweet communion with each other afterwards. Jack had his Sunday-school class, and never missed the morning and evening services, but in spite of this, and the fact that he often took supper with Mr. Black after evening church, the sense of loneliness remained, and he felt that all hope of happy wedded life for him was over. In vain other girls cast longing glances at "handsome Jack;" he never saw them, and if he had it would have made no difference. His heart had been given once for all to his childhood's playmate, and none else would ever possess it, or him.

As for Lucy, if Jack was dull, she was duller. Her work in winter-time was very little, since scarcely anyone thought it worth while to indulge in new clothes at that time of year, so she had not even that distraction.

But Lucy had learnt a great many things of late. Her pride seemed to have almost disappeared, and her manner to her parents had never been so sweet and gentle. She was learning to put others before herself, to judge, not by outside appearance but by the real worth of characters, and, above all, she learnt to see herself as a little child, in need of the guidance of a Heavenly Father. At His feet she sought help, and strength to bear her trouble bravely, and live for others, and, like all who truly seek, she found both.

So the time passed on until January was half gone. With the exception of light falls of snow and occasional hard frost, the winter had been very mild. But one day a change took place. The wind veered round to the north-west, and began to blow hard. Rain, mingled with snow fell heavily, and the river began to rise almost level with its banks.

The following day the wind had not abated, and the river was a rushing brown torrent swirling along, tossed by the wind into waves like those on a lake in a storm. The bridge was more than two centuries old, but solidly built and firm as possible, with two massive pointed pillars supporting the three arches in the centre of the river-bed.

It amused many of the lately-arrived inhabitants to walk down to the bridge, and stand watching the brown water as it rushed under the arches carrying with it branches of trees which whirled rapidly by.

It was a fine sight, but the wind blew hard and cold, and everyone seemed to find a fireside attractive, for nobody stayed out very long.

During that evening the wind increased in violence until it blew a gale. Rain fell in torrents too, and even the inn was deserted.

Jack lay tossing in his bed, unable to sleep for the noise made by this war of the elements. He could hear the roar of the river rushing along, even above the fury of the gale, and at last he rose and dressed, and setting the fire alight in the house-place, he filled his pipe and drew up a chair beside the blaze, intending to read.

"Click-clack" went the doors on the latch as the wind tore by, and now and again puffs of smoke were blown down the wide old-fashioned chimney.

Presently "thud, thud," something fell on to the flower-beds outside. "Two tiles off," thought Jack to himself. "Creak, crick, crash!" A loud report startled Jack out of his seat. In a moment he had opened the door and stepped outside the house, only to catch his foot in something and measure his length in full on the path. The tall old poplar tree, which had withstood so many gales, was

snapped off like a twig, and lay prone. Picking himself up, Jack beat a retreat into the cottage again, finding it a job of considerable difficulty to fasten the door.

"Well," he said aloud to himself, "this is the most violent storm I ever recollect. What a state the river will be in to-morrow!"

Higher and higher raged the storm. With ever-increasing violence blew the wind, and Jack Ellis began to think at last that the house would fall about his ears.

It was nearly half-past six when Jack thought he heard the sound as of a very much increased volume of water in the river. Somehow it disturbed him greatly, for he could not forget that a certain cottage containing his one and only love stood very close to the raging waters. "Still," thought he, "the water never has reached their cottage at any other time, so I don't see why it should now. We have often had storms before, though perhaps scarcely so bad as this one."

It was no good. Jack felt his uneasiness increase, and although it was only just possible to see outside, since day had not properly dawned, he determined to sally forth, and making his way to the bridge, satisfy himself of the safety of the Barkers.

A short coat, a cap tightly tied down over his ears, strong boots and leggings hastily donned over his other clothing, and Jack felt he could do battle with the howling wind and rain.

His progress was slow at first, and not many yards had he gone before he stopped and turned back to "The Nook." Entering, he possessed himself of a small bull's-eye lantern and a box of matches. Then, with the lantern lighted, he once more set forth. Cautiously he made his way, choosing the most sheltered road, and shielding the lantern as much as possible from the wind, which threatened to blow it out. Many a time he could scarcely stand against the fury of the gale, and often he turned round to take breath. So slowly, stumblingly he gained ground. About two-thirds of the way to the bridge had been traversed when suddenly a noise that made Jack's heart stand still rang out above every other sound.

"The mill-dam!" burst from his lips. And he rushed on wildly. What if Lucy should be in danger.

Others had heard the sound, and men came running into the road from their cottages.

"The dam's burst," shouted one whom Jack recognised as Evans, one of his own workmen.

"Bring a rope, Evans, my lad," he cried; "and two or three of you others come with me to the Bridge-end now. That house will be in danger."

Instantly half-a-dozen strong fellows followed Jack Ellis, eager to help him in anything. They loved him dearly, and could understand his present anxiety.

"It's Mister Ellis's sweetheart what used to be as lives at th' Bridge-end," said one to another, as they struggled along.

Dawn had broken, and in the dim grey light what a sight met their eyes as the men stepped on to the bridge.

A wild waste of brown waters reached far and wide. The broads were completely covered, and all the low-lying pastures and fields on either bank of the river were for the time being converted into a miniature sea. White-topped breakers were everywhere over the water, and the gusts of wind struck the river, lifting the spoon-drift right over the bridge and stinging the men's faces like hail as it came upon them.

Underneath the stout old bridge the water nearly touched the tops of the arches as it flew along, bearing whole trees on its bosom. Dead cattle, sheep, and pigs swept by, and Jack shuddered as he gazed in the direction of the Barkers' cottage. Thank God! there it was, still standing, but surrounded by waters, which beat against the old walls until they tottered again.

"Men," rang out Jack's voice, "that cottage will fall, I fear. We must get the folks out at once."

"Aye, sir," shouted the men back again.

"Come on, then." And they ran to the point on the bridge nearest to the cottage. Just then a form appeared at the window of an upper room, and flinging it open, waved frantically to the men on the bridge. It was Lucy.

Jack made a sign to her that he understood and would help her, and a great peace stole into the girl's heart as she saw and recognised him. She knew then that if human power could save her, she would be saved so long as Jack Ellis had breath in his body. How strong he was, and how brave!

Meanwhile Jack was rapidly arranging in his own mind how he should deliver Lucy from her perilous position. The water round about the house appeared to be about four feet deep, as near as he could tell, and even now was gradually rising. The current, too, was considerable in force, though nothing like so strong as in the centre of the stream. The ordinary approach to the cottage was through a stile some little way farther down the valley road at the lower end of the bridge. But this, being on the same level as the broads, was now also under water for quite fifty yards, if not more.

Hastily deciding that to go that way round would be waste of time, since he would have to double to reach the cottage, which stood nearer the river than did the stile, Jack turned to look for the rope.

Fortunately two had been brought, another man having procured the second from his own home as he passed. But this was much shorter than the other. Still it was stouter, and Jack coiled it up and put it in the pocket of his coat. Fastening the other one round his waist he directed the men to hold their end very firmly, and to haul in at a given signal. Then he made them lower him gradually over the wall at the lower end of the bridge on to what had formerly been dry land, but was now, as he had judged, about four feet of rushing water. He could feel the grass beneath his feet, and was thankful that it was grass, and not stones, which would have made the task of rescue much more difficult. Wading along, he with some difficulty reached the cottage, and holding on to a tree, looked up at the windows where he had seen Lucy.

There she was, and her parents beside her. Throwing carefully into the open window the second and shorter rope he had brought with him, Jack made signs to Lucy to make one end of it fast to something and let herself down by it. It was little use shouting, since scarcely a word could be heard. Another fortunate thing which Jack had discovered on his way to the cottage was that the little old garden-gate and wooden railings had been swept away. Had this been otherwise it would have been extremely difficult to approach the building and hit off the exact position of the gate under water.

Lucy fastened one end of the rope to a bed-post, and the other round her mother, and she and her father together lowered her gently down. The distance to the ground outside the window was not great, as the rooms were low and old-fashioned. Jack at once flung one arm round Mrs. Barker, and holding her firmly, undid the short rope, which Lucy at once drew up again, slipping over her head and arms that which had been fastened round himself. Then, supporting his companion, he signalled to the men to haul in gradually from the bridge, which they did; and arrived there Mrs. Barker was drawn up in safety. Taking the rope again in his hand Jack turned back to the cottage. The current was becoming stronger, and the water, he felt sure, was a trifle higher than when he first entered it, all which tended to make his task more dangerous. The waves buffeted him, and the spoon-drift at times almost blinded him, while the wind blew harder than ever.

Reaching the cottage the second time, Jack fully expected that Lucy would be the next to leave the doomed building. But the girl had positively refused to leave until her father was in safety.

"I am young and strong, father dear," she said, "and can stand more than you can, so make haste and go quickly, before the water gets deeper."

She fairly hustled him out of the window, heaving a great sigh of relief when he and their deliverer had started on their way.

Suddenly Lucy heard a bang, followed by a rush of water, and knew that the outer door had given way at last.

Jack, starting back for a third time, saw it too, and prayed he might be soon enough to save the brave girl before the walls, weak enough before, fell in. He reached the cottage, just in time to hear an ominous, groaning noise, and shouting at the top of his voice to Lucy to jump at once, held out his arms to catch her

The girl had heard the noise too, and, without a moment's hesitation, flung off the rope she had slipped under her armpits, and jumped down from the window into the arms held out to receive her, causing Jack to stagger with her weight, and almost fall. By a great effort, recovering himself immediately, "handsome Jack" made all speed to get away from the proximity of the building, and only just in time, for scarcely had the two got half-way to the bridge, when, with a hugh crash, the old cottage fell and disappeared beneath the waters.

A fragment of a tile struck Jack near the temple as it was hurled through the air, turning him white with pain. But half-supporting, half-carrying Lucy, he managed to gain the spot where help was awaiting them both, and first she, and then he, reached the higher level of the bridge in safety.

No sooner, however, had our hero set foot on dry land, than he tottered and fell into the arms of one of the men standing near. Lucy, for the first time, caught sight of a stream of blood flowing down Jack's face from a cut on the forehead, and with a slight scream she darted forward.

"Oh! he is hurt, my poor Jack!" she cried. "Oh!" as he turned whiter still, "can't somebody fetch the doctor?" Then, seizing his hand imploringly—"Jack, darling, don't die, oh! don't die, for my sake!"

Jack opened his eyes and looked at her, slightly returned the pressure of her hand, and murmuring "My Lucy!" relapsed into insensibility.

When Jack Ellis came to himself again he was lying in an old-fashioned four-poster in a room strange to him, but which he subsequently discovered to belong to the village inn, whither he had been carried by some of the men. A bright fire crackled in the grate, and, standing beside the bed, Jack perceived his old friend, Dr. Wilton, who had known him from his boyhood.

"Ha! that's right, Ellis. Glad to see you're coming to your senses at last. I began to think that knock on the head was going to prove more serious than I anticipated. Now, don't you attempt to move, my good fellow, for I shan't permit it. Just you lie still and drink this beef-tea, and then go to sleep."

"One word, doctor," said Jack, faintly. "Are they safe?"

"Safe as possible, thanks to your bravery,

Ellis. What might have happened if you had been any later on the scene, won't bear thinking of, but, except for the wetting, they are all right now, and for aught I can say, fast asleep at this moment under this very roof. Perhaps," he added, "I should rather say I hope they are asleep, for"—slily—"I had much to do to persuade a certain young woman to obey my orders and go to bed, until she was assured that you were conscious and in no danger. I shall have to go and set her fears at rest now, and mind"—holding up a threatening forefinger—"you must do exactly as I told you, and go to sleep straightway, or else——" and, with a final shake of his finger, the good doctor bustled out of the room, leaving Jack in a glow of happiness at his words. The more he thought of Lucy's expressions when he fell, and of what the doctor had just said, the more he was convinced that his former sweetheart's love was still his, and that her fancy for Frank Lawrence was a fleeting one that had never stirred the real depths of her heart.

Nature soon put an end to his speculations, however, by enfolding "handsome Jack" in a sound sleep, thus asserting her needs. The next day Jack still kept his bed, by the doctor's advice, but on the following one he was allowed to get up and come downstairs in the afternoon. Entering the little parlour rather suddenly Jack surprised Lucy, who was sitting there sewing busily, to supply herself and her mother with clothing to take the place of that swept away with the house in the flood. On seeing who it was, she rose hastily, and was for running away, but Jack, divining her purpose, prevented her, and, drawing her near to the fire again, with one hand raised her face to his, and looked long and fixedly at her. Lucy met his gaze for a moment, then blushing, dropped her eyes. Jack was pale and his head still strapped up, but to Lucy he appeared handsomer than ever before. She had learned at last to appreciate the noble character of the man she had jilted, and when, in obedience to a "Lucy, look at me," she raised her eyes to meet those tender ones regarding her so lovingly, her own filled with tears.

Jack was touched, and, stooping his head down, whispered, "Lucy, shall we take up our old relations again? Can you put up with a man who is not 'flashy' for your husband?"

"Oh, Jack, can you ever forgive me?" sobbed the girl. Jack's only answer was to draw her very closely to him and lay his lips on hers.

RUTH S. COVE.



PROSPECTUS PUZZLE: "DELIGHTS IN STORE."

SOLUTION.

DELIGHTS IN STORE.

Full many a page of fairy lore
Has stirring tale of magic store,
By dread enchantment, guarded well,
Till fearless knight undid the spell.
The wealth that in our volume lies
Is not spell-bound from eager eyes;
Yet magic's there! and fairy gold
Rewards the seeker as of old.
Our witchery is not to harm,
But to attract, enrich, and charm.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Alice Clara Clarke, Senfred House, Redruth, Cornwall.
Leonard Duncan, Brombrough, Birkenhead.
Mrs. Fleming, 12, Melville Crescent, Edinburgh.
Mrs. A. D. Harris, Redcote, Llanishen, near Cardiff.
Edith L. Howse, The Glen, Torquay.
Annie G. Luck, 136, Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells.
Mrs. Donald MacAlister, Barrmore, Lady Margaret Road, Cambridge.
Miss K. Munn, Rock Cottage, St. James Road, New Brighton, Cheshire.
A. Phillips, 15, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.
Elizabeth A. Reynolds, 42, Crawshay Road, North Brixton.
Miss A. C. Sharp, Lymington, Hampshire.
Mrs. T. G. Smith, Bridgend, Glamorgan.
Isabel Snell, Llanrwst, Mere Road, Leicester.
Edith M. Younge, Tor Crest, Torquay.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Mary F. Acheson, A. Maud Baker, Edith K. Baxter, Pauline Bracken, Gertrude E. Clarke, Annie K. Edwards, Miss E. Fraser, Edith E. Grundy, Agatha Honnywill, Frank Inglis, J. A. Jones, B. W. Lewis, Jessie Middlemis, Ellen Mitchell, T. M. Noltenius, A. W. Pender, F. A. Powell, Mrs. Pratten, K. M. Richardson, Jas. L. Slade, Helen M. Smith, Ernest A. Smoker, Agnes Taylor, Christian Thomas, E. Wilson.

Highly Commended.

Gwenddolen Barkworth, A. J. Batchelor, Lydia Belling, M. Sophia Bottomley, Mildred A. Carr, Mrs. Clifford, M. R. Conder, Mary Cornish, Helen M. Coulthard, R. S. Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb, Maria Cunningham, Hilda D'Rozario, Isabel Fletcher, Florrie Flude, Helen M. Gordon, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Mrs. Grubbe, Norah Hardy, Henry T. Harry, Mary Hinkson, J. Hunt, F. S. Jackson, Carlina V. M. Leggett, F. McLaren, Ethel C. McMaster, E. Mastin, Maude Onslow, Walter S. Pate, E. M. Plumptre, Bessie M. Rendall, J. Clarke Richards, Mrs. Robertson, Harriett E. Smith, Helen M. Smith, Ethel Spencer, J. Sumner, Caroline E. Thurger, B. M. Tritton, C. H. Walker, Kate Whitmore, Wm. Henry Willcox, Alice Woodhead, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

In accordance with one condition of the competition, the prize money has been divided equally between the senders of fifteen perfect solutions. Competitors who omitted the hyphen in "spell-bound," or who wrote "searcher" instead of the more euphonious "seeker," will find their names in the next list. Even the third list does not mention any competitor who made a really serious mistake, and we could conscientiously have given "honourable mention" to at least two hundred other solutions. But the limit of space forced us to draw a very hard-and-fast line, and only the very best solutions could be immortalised.

There are few points in the puzzle calling for explanation. In line 5, "wealth" is clearly a more appropriate reading than "gold"; and no perfect substitute for "spell-bound," in line 6, could be found among the many suggested. For the rest, all stumbling-blocks will vanish in the light of the solution, and the chorus of self-congratulation will only be marred by an occasional "Why didn't I think of that before."

One competitor writes: "If this is not a correct solution of the 'puzzle poem,' I should like to have the author of it placed under police supervision, as I consider that he is endangering the mental equilibrium of the public in general, and of myself in particular." Well, "this" was not quite "a correct solution," and we must leave the author of it to take what steps she thinks to be desirable. She evidently has a very wholesome faith in the efficiency of police supervision, and possibly rural members of the force have time for such an ethereal duty as the preservation of mental equilibrium. In London it is as much as they can do to prevent your being run over. But we are grateful for the suggestion, and happy would the policemen be upon whom the duty devolved!

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



VELVET COSTUME.



GREEN CLOTH DRESS.

I MUST begin by mentioning several small things, which will be of interest to cyclists particularly, which, unless they have visited one of the recent shows, they have probably not seen nor heard of. The first is the new method of waterproofing, which is far better and more sanitary than the old, and can be applied to all descriptions of materials. It is called cravenette, and no doubt some of my readers will have seen the advertisements of it, which give us to understand that its happy wearers can do without umbrellas, and yet keep out the rain with perfect success. Its application to all materials leaves them so soft and pliable, that no one could believe they had been really made waterproof. Serge, cloth, homespun, and tweed, can all be cravenetted, and so can thinner materials, we hear.

I may perhaps be permitted to say that green, in a very pretty shade, has nearly replaced the beautiful shade of geranium-red, which has been seen on every one, and has been the favourite colour for gentlemen's neckties, and, even though this is a girl's paper, I may remark that green is often more becoming than red, especially to fair-skinned people. Shot-silks are also used for the newest neckties, and brocaded designs on them are not unknown. The new brocaded waistcoats have not attained any popularity as yet, but every one has, doubtless, noticed that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has given orders for several handsome pieces to be woven in preparation for next season.

My next note of novelties applies to velveteen, which material, as well as its more expensive relation, velvet, is one of the most fashionable materials of the year. The new colours, especially the lighter ones in this material, are very lovely, cream-colour in several tones, apple-green, citron, apricot, and orange-yellows, sky-blue, peach, rose, and madder pinks; and numbers of reds, clarets, wine, and mulberry. There is no doubt of the value of a good velveteen, and when soiled it can either be cleaned or dyed with good effect. Black and green velveteens are seen everywhere, generally trimmed with fur, and ornamented with jewelled embroidery of all kinds.

Plaids and tartans have been enjoying a revived popularity. I have seen several very pretty tartan skirts, made very full, and well off the ground. The bodice, however, is not made of the tartan entirely, but mixed to a very large extent with either shot-silk or velveteen; for instance, if the plaid was one of the greeny-bluey ones, with either a red line or a yellow one crossing it, then the colour chosen is more often green than blue, because green is decidedly one of the season's colours, and a very bright and lovely apple-green is the colour most liked. It appears in capes for jackets of various shades of brown, fawn, or a pink shade of grey. These capes are made of velvet, and edged with fur, and are very stylish and novel. The illustration of the green cloth gown which we give, shows very much the style of one of the tartan gowns we are describing. The high band is made either of the silk or the velveteen, and there is a full front of the same.

I have no doubt that some of my readers have noticed the prevalence of black and coloured velvet dresses, for both out-of-door and in-door wear, such as we have illustrated in the sketch of the green and the black velvet costumes. These gowns are generally made very plainly indeed, only a little handsome jet has been used to trim them, a pretty full ruff of black lace ornaments the neck, and three rows of jet *passementerie* the front of the dress. The cape is a plain and well-cut circular, and it is trimmed with rows of the jet placed upright from the collar to the edge of the cape. It is sometimes, though not often, edged with fur.

The dress of red cloth is very pretty and suitable for a young, slight figure. It has a small Bolero jacket, and two or three buttons on each side of the front. The bodice is partly of cloth and partly of silk, the full front being of shot-red and yellow silk, and the high band of the same. These red dresses are much seen this winter and are most comfortable looking during these dark and dreary days of winter. The French have adopted red-cloth jackets for out-of-doors, very lightly and prettily braided with black and trimmed with black Persian lamb or astrachan. They are most becoming, and the few models which have been brought over have been immediately bought by those who detected their extremely dainty appearance.

I see that velvet muffs lined with a colour to match the dress or bonnet are worn quite as much as ever. They are extremely long in shape, and thus are not pretty, to my mind;

but they are at times beautifully decorated with lace, bows of ribbon and bright buckles, which make them extremely smart. The bonnet and muff often match each other, and there is also a collar of the same material and colouring which has both a cape-collar and a very full ruff. Cream-coloured lace is much used on all these winter-gowns; and, indeed, all neck decorations seem to be composed of it.

The very fashionable weddings that have taken place during the last week or two before Christmas have been quite surprising to people who had not paid attention to the changes of fashion and the much more sensible method of dressing which is now in vogue. All the costumes seen were suitable to the season and the cold weather which prevailed at the time. In fact, the dresses worn were nothing but an ordinary handsome winter gown. One lady of rank wore a plain tailor-made gown of green cloth. To be sure, this was only underneath, for, outside, she wore an exquisitely-made and trimmed velvet mantle and a charming black and violet bonnet which covered all things. The bridesmaids, too, are much more sensibly clad at the present time, for they have got as far as cherry-coloured velvet, and even apple-green velvet is not unknown. But the bride remains constant, and has not yet adopted the fashionable white velvet—a style inaugurated by the young Duchess of Marlborough, who selected this material for her wedding-gown, an excellent choice considering the coldness of New York and its fitful and windy climate in the months of January and February. White velvet is the most charming of materials, but also one of the most liable to injury and to show every spot and crease.

The new flat-topped Edward VI. toques were seen in great force just before Christmas, some of them quite remarkable for the beauty of the pearl embroidery on the top of the head. This top is usually of a pale colour, and I notice that a very light sky-blue is a prime favourite amongst the younger ladies. The edge consists of a band of fur, generally sable, or something that resembles it, and the tails are used to make an aigrette on the left side. Some of the crowns are very full indeed, and look like many of those worn in the other Tudor reigns. These have also a band of fur—grebe or chinchilla being favourites. In fact, both in hats and bonnets the crowns may be said to be remarkable, and much attention is paid to their decoration. The large-sized picture-hats, with huge crowns of the jam-pot order, are also much worn; but the high crowns give them a top-heavy air, which is anything but pretty or graceful.

A word must be said here on the subject of hair-dressing. All styles seem to be in vogue, and though, for the last month, we have seemed to be threatened with hair raised to the crown of the head, the idea has not been much adopted, and we see hair parted in the centre and hair unparted, hair over the ears and hair above them. All styles seem to be worn.

The new mixture of colours in Paris is heliotrope and pale blue. A pale blue bonnet will have bunches of violets on it, or *vice versâ*, and a heliotrope velvet costume will have *révers* and trimmings of pale blue satin. The effect is very good, although it does not sound well; and tomato-red is also trimmed with pale blue. In velvet and satin this is a delightful combination. Pearl-grey and yellow is another idea, and apple-green and pearl-grey. Green and scarlet are also mixed in cloth gowns, trimmed with fur; and black and white seem evergreen, and appear to suit all ages and all complexions. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the jewelled *passementerie* worn at present. The colouring of it is the most harmonious possible, and the expense of it is equally as remarkable as its beauty. The new jet trimmings are also very pretty, and some of them are rather more within the scope of a moderately-sized purse.

Lace-topped gloves are amongst the winter novelties. The glove proper reaches a little above the wrist, and the rest of the long arm is made of lace. Lace flounces are seen, in some of the best of the West End shops, applied to the tops of evening gloves; and these generally have trimmings of coloured ribbon, and bows with ends at the sides.

The stitching of gloves too, has greatly improved; and has become quite decorative. Even beads are used to ornament the backs. Perhaps we are gradually returning to the embroidered gloves of the Tudors, as we have already adopted the flat cap of Edward VI.

The blouse is still with us. The other day, at a rather smart afternoon reception, I think every woman wore a blouse of some kind, generally lace trimmed and made-up in the smartest possible style. In spite of the cold weather, women still wear the silk blouse; and, I suppose, must wear a warm under-jacket; for they would certainly suffer from cold if they did not do so. Deep frills of lace decorate the collars, and fall over the wrists, a dark shade of cream-colour being more liked than coffee or string colour.

Some new winter travelling capes, with a double front and back, have been recently introduced. The under-part is sleeveless and double-breasted; and the upper cape fastens on underneath the collar of the under part; and this can be so buttoned over as to become double-breasted also, for additional warmth in the very cold weather. The edges



BLACK VELVETEEN DRESS.



DRESS OF RED CLOTH OR SERGE AND SILK.

of the upper cape are generally only plainly stitched; but the under part may be handsomely braided, an Arabesque design being generally selected in preference to any other. There is a turn-down collar, which is usually of velvet or perhaps *moiré*.

I have forgotten to mention the prevalence of orange and flame colour in millinery. Some of the orange tints are clear and pale; others are like burnished copper. The use of black velvet prevents these hues from appearing too bright; and, indeed, the linings of the bows and ends are usually of white satin, which makes a very pretty relief. Bright scarlet hats and bonnets form also a feature of this year's millinery, but they are rare. The use of white and cream lace, and the flash of the Parisian diamond, render the hats and bonnets of the moment extremely dainty and beautiful.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PARSLEY should never be given to fowls or birds of any kind. It has been known to have caused the death of some valued fowls.

COLD tea is said to be very good as a stimulant for plants—especially geraniums, which can be watered with it occasionally.

COFFEE grounds can always be boiled a second time, and they can then be used as manure in the garden or burnt on the fire, but should never be thrown down a sink.

THE mouth of every chimney should be swept as far as a brush will reach before any fires are lighted.

TINNED meat and fruits or fish should never be left in the tin after it has been once opened, but immediately turned out on to a dish, or it may become quite poisonous.

IF jam or fruit is supplied in glass jars, care should be taken to observe if the rim is in any way broken, for it is very dangerous to swallow glass. A child's life was very nearly lost by some broken glass being found in its food.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY walked on in silence, until, in a shorter time than they expected, they saw a light carriage approaching, in which a lady was seated, preceded by a courier.

"My dear child, what have you been doing?" she exclaimed, as she descended, and with tolerable calmness, considering the circumstances, embraced the signorina.

"Only an adventure, my dear aunt," was the reply; "but, alas! poor Pegasus!"

"Well, my dear, if you will ride, you must take the consequences, and luckily you have no one to blame but yourself. As for Pegasus, we can soon replace him. I have been so dreadfully nervous since you left, that I really thought I should have died. My goodness, child, what a figure you look! where on earth did you get that cap?"

The signorina pointed to Lord Hastings, and the aunt immediately thanked him for his kindness to her niece.

"I should not be here now but for that gentleman, aunt," said the signorina, in a low voice.

"Dear me; how fortunate. I am sure we shall be for ever obliged to you. Will you accept of a seat in my carriage, as we are delaying unnecessarily, and you must all be wet through. I can make room for all, if one of you will take the coachman's place, and, so well attended, there will be some chance of our getting safely out of these odious mountains."

They were soon seated, and *en route* again, Lord Hastings driving, with Herbert by his side, young Lovel in the carriage with the ladies, and the coachman behind, whilst Giovanni mounted his horse. The countess soon managed to extract from young Lovel the respective positions of himself, his brother, and Herbert, with which she seemed well satisfied. She was a languid, fashionable lady, apparently half English and half Italian, very nervous, and very much in love with herself, to judge from her attitudes, and the frequent arrangement of her dress. When they reached her beautiful villa, she invited her new acquaintances to come in and rest and dry themselves. They declined, upon plea of the necessity of change of attire. She then begged them to return in the evening to a small *conversazione* that she was going to give.

"You will meet several *literati*, Italian as well as natives of other countries," she said.

"*Il*literati," murmured her niece,

with a scornful smile, that seemed scarcely to belong to the same face as the pleasant smile Lord Hastings had once before seen upon it.

Our travellers having promised to return in the evening, the countess insisted upon sending them to their quarters in the little town in her carriage, and on their way they learnt from Giovanni all that he knew of his mistress and her niece. He believed that they were English by birth, but had lived so many years in Italy as to have become naturalised there. The aunt had married an Italian count, who died, leaving her as rich as the Pope. The signorina was to be her heiress. She was the most beautiful, the most courted, the most spoilt, yet *la piu cara donzella* in all Italy.

"She is like a wild bird," said Giovanni, "no one can tame her, yet every one loves to hear her sing. She is wayward, and some say proud, because there are few she cares to please; but she has a good heart—*un cuor eccellentissimo, signori.*"

"How I hate heiresses and spoilt children," said Lord Hastings to Herbert, when Giovanni had departed.

"Not the signorina, I hope," said Herbert. "I never saw a finer countenance."

"A very handsome girl, certainly," replied the earl, "but ruined by Italian education and mannerism."

"There was no mannerism in the tears she shed for her horse," said Herbert, "but we shall see."

The evening found them in a drawing-room crowded with people of every nation. They were welcomed by the countess with as much warmth as she was capable of showing, and by her niece with kindness and politeness. Simply and elegantly dressed, the resolute horsewoman of the morning was converted into the star of the evening. She was evidently the one grand centre of attraction, and Lord Hastings smiled significantly at Herbert, as they both watched the circle of adorers by whom she was surrounded. Italians, French, and Germans, were collected together, and the "*conversazione*" was a perfect Babel; a confusion of languages. But she appeared entirely careless of the adulation that was poured in upon her—received the compliments with which she was deluged as a matter of course, and looked unutterably malicious when a particularly killing French shrug of the shoulders, or Italian languish, was intended to conquer her hard heart.

The countess had also her train of followers, to whom she introduced our travellers, and who were all *litterati, dilettanti, improvisatori*, or geniuses of some kind or other, who considered it their duty to discuss Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, or to pick to pieces all the painters and statuaries of the land of song in which they had flourished. Lord Hastings thought of the Signorina Sforza's one word "*Illiterati*," in the morning, and inwardly complimented her on her discernment, though he whispered to Herbert—

"That girl has no heart. See how coldly she receives the devoted attention of the eager throng, and laughs at them whilst they yield it."

"Say rather," replied Herbert, "her admirers have no hearts; and she merely acts 'a Roland for an Oliver.'"

Lord Hastings was a man who listened rather than talked, and after the manner of Addison's "Spectator," commented upon the follies of mankind, without being at the trouble of mixing himself up with them. The scene amused him, for it was not only a novel but a curious one, and he sat within hearing of the signorina, and remarked upon what was passing. Herbert, on the contrary, liked not only to gather from the general hive of conversation and amusement, but to add his share of honey thereto; so he joined the group by which she was surrounded, and by means of his knowledge of languages, managed to enter into what was going on. There was one old lady, an Italian, whose appearance greatly interested him, and who was the only person who ventured to differ from the signorina, or to whom she appeared to pay any particular respect and deference. The conversation turned principally upon the event of the morning, and the indefatigable signors did not cease to utter expressions of admiration upon the signorina's intrepid horsemanship, and regret at the melancholy fate of her poor horse. She was already in possession of a dozen impromptus, describing the tragic circumstance, and one dolorous-looking, thin Italian count was pouring forth a mean improvisation to a guitar, in which he regretted that the wings of the actual Pegasus should have been wanting to his name-sake, to have borne his lovely burden to some Olympus of the Apennines, away from the frightful precipice that threatened her precious life.

When this delightful melody was over, and whilst the applause was going on, Herbert's eyes and those of the signorina chanced to meet. An irresistible smile was the consequence, and Herbert said that he was sorry, as far as he was concerned, to differ with the sentiments contained in the *canzone*, since had the Pegasus been winged he should not have had the pleasure of an introduction to the present company. The Signora Gherardo—the old lady towards whom Herbert had been attracted—said with much heart, that she was indebted to the English gentlemen for their kind assistance to her dear young friend, and hoped they would remain long enough to enable her to improve their acquaintance. The Signorina Sforza's looks seemed to echo these words, and from an occasional sentence that escaped unawares from her lips, Herbert's opinion of the mind that lay concealed beneath her carelessness of manner was strengthened. Her attention to her aged friend also pleased him; and Lord Hastings admired the grace of her figure, and the fine expression of her face, when she rose quickly from her seat to offer the old lady an arm to conduct her to another apartment.

The countess was principally occupied with her set, and left her niece to follow her own inclinations in everything. This she appeared fully to do, though she did not forget her position as one of the mistresses of the mansion. All present, however, appeared to do as they chose, and the ease of each member of the company was remarkable. So was the dignity of the signorina, which, in spite of this ease, effectually repelled all approach to familiarity; and Herbert's penetration discovered that not one of her adorers understood her character. He was mentally contrasting the difference of English and foreign manners, and endeavouring to separate the English from the Italian in the signorina's, when a vision of Gwenllean came before him, and he remarked upon the shades of variety occasioned by station, position, and education. How opposite was she, he thought, from the strikingly brilliant creature before him; yet both were beautiful, accomplished, and, he believed, amiable.

The Signorina Sforza would not sing or play that evening, though entreated to do so. Herbert heard her whisper to the Signora Gherardo—

"Indeed, *madre mia*, I cannot. That awful escape this morning! and poor Pegasus! Pray do not ask me!"

But Lord Hastings heard nothing of this, and felt disgusted with what he considered the waywardness of a spoilt child. He was obliged to acknowledge, however, that she was a spoilt child of no every-day kind. Her facility in speaking the different languages of her different guests—the brilliancy of her conversation—her sparkling wit—her evident contempt for everything *médiocre*, and her careless reception of the most flattering speeches, together with her more than ordinary beauty made up a most fascinating whole, towards which he felt drawn in spite of himself. He watched, and listened, but scarcely spoke to her, at which she appeared piqued, and the cordiality of her manners when he entered the room soon changed into hauteur and reserve.

The countess invited her new acquaintances to visit her again the following morning, when she proposed to show them her villa, its paintings and statues. They readily acceded to her request, and as there seemed little chance of getting any conversation with the signorina, apart from the throng of her adorers, they took their leave somewhat early. Lord Hastings, who seemed desirous to prove to the signorina that she had not enlisted him amongst the crowd of her dying swains, made a polite English bow; Herbert, on the contrary, half extended his hand, which was met by the signorina's most frankly and readily. The friendly shake that ensued told of warm hearts as by a secret freemasonry, and when Lord Hastings again declared that their lovely acquaintance was as cold as the snow upon her own mountains, Herbert maintained that there was a warmth beneath that covering of frigidity, genuine as the natural heat of the earth, which quickens flowers and vegetables into life whilst the snow covers them, and causes them to burst forth into beauty when their cold outer garment has melted away.

(*To be continued.*)

DIET IN HEALTH AND SICKNESS.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

Why do we eat?

You will at once answer, "Because we are *hungry*."

But why are we hungry? This is more difficult to answer, and it will be best, therefore, to begin the study of diet by considering this question—Why are we hungry? Hunger is the healthy manifestation that the body requires food. This food is needed for two purposes—for work and for growth.

The work of the body is roughly divided into two sections, first, the production of heat; secondly, the production of action. Four-fifths of the body-energy produces heat; one-fifth produces action.

It is obvious that energy must come from something in the body, and it does, as a matter of fact, result from the chemical action of the air we breathe upon the food we eat. We may compare the body to a steam-engine which, when properly fed, produces energy in two forms—heat and motion. The engine will not work without fuel. It has to be fed with fire and water. So with the body; it must be fed with food and air.

Chemical action always produces heat, and it is the burning of the food taken into the body by the oxygen of the air inhaled that produces the heat of the body. The other form of energy which is manifested by muscular action, etc., is produced by the same chemical action, but altered by the vital activity of the living organs of the body.

Growth is of course dependent upon food, for it is obvious that all increase in weight of the body must result from what is taken in from outside.

But here a caution is necessary. If energy is the result of food, then perhaps you think that the more food taken the greater will be the production of energy? This is so to a certain extent. The food, to be of any use, must get into the blood. Strictly speaking, food in the stomach is not in the body at all, and therefore it does not follow that the more food eaten the better is the body fed. We are bound to eat a certain amount to remain in health and not lose weight; but if we eat more than this amount it not only does no good, but may do harm by upsetting the digestion and the functions of the liver.

How much should an ordinary person eat in the twenty-four hours? Various physiologists have calculated the amount of food necessary, and they have come to totally different conclusions; but the mean of their observations may be taken as the standard for ordinary persons.

Everyone is agreed that the diet should be varied and must contain the following constituents, in definite quantities: (1) Proteid (albuminous matter); (2) carbohydrate (farinaceous food); (3) fat; (4) salts (chiefly table-salt); (5) water.

Meat is a typical proteid food, bread a carbohydrate, and butter a fat. But meat besides proteid contains also carbohydrate, fat, salts, and water. Bread likewise contains proteid and salts. A man cannot live on meat alone, because, although it contains all the necessary ingredients, it does not contain them in right proportion; it is too rich in proteid, too poor in carbohydrate. Bread is too rich in carbohydrate, deficient in proteid.

The ordinary daily diet should be something like the following: Beef, eight ounces; bread, one pound; potatoes, one pound; eggs, two; cheese, two ounces; milk, half a pint; butter, four ounces. This is what is known as the physiological diet table, and it would be a very liberal diet if it all found its way into the body, but no allowance is made for what is not absorbed.

Practically, all persons should eat when they are hungry, and eat till they are no longer hungry; and in a healthy person this gives the exact amount required to keep the body in a perfect state.

Breakfast should always be taken, as after sleep the body requires food, since it has been fasting all night.

At whatever time the chief meal is taken an hour's rest after it is extremely beneficial to the digestion, and no work should be undertaken during that time.

It is better to take several small meals a day than one or two large ones, as in the former case the digestion is kept working pretty regularly and all the nourishment is absorbed by the blood.

We are now in a position to discuss the important question—What to eat and what to avoid.

For the food in health there are five qualities necessary, (1) The food must contain proteid, carbohydrate, fat, salts and water in definite proportions; (2) it must be palatable; (3) it must be digestible; (4) it must be nutritious; (5) it must be properly cooked. Of the first of these attributes I have already spoken. The question as to the food being palatable varies with the taste of the individual, and it is impossible to lay down any law, or even suggestion, as to what food is palatable and what is not.

That the food should be digestible is of immense importance, and, though, what is easily digested by some is poisonous to others, still there are certain laws appertaining to the assimilation of foods that are applicable to most persons.

Butcher's meat, provided that it is kept for the right time and is not tough, is usually easily digested by people in heath, but pork and veal disagree with some. Beef and mutton are readily digested, and being always procurable, form the staple diet of the population. Kidneys and liver are not very digestible, but tripe, and, still more, sweetbreads are more easily digested than any other form of flesh meat.

Most poultry and game birds are very readily digested; but water-birds, such as ducks and geese are very fat and difficult to digest. Swan, which is scarcely ever eaten now, and sea-birds are exceedingly indigestible, and even the strongest stomachs are apt to rebel against them.

Pâté de foie gras and game when kept till it is very high are also inclined to upset the stomach.

Dried meats, such as bacon and ham, are usually digested without difficulty in health, but in sickness are apt to disagree.

Nearly all fresh fish are easy of digestion, the best being: whiting, soles, turbot and plaice. Salmon, eels, mackerel and herrings are not digestible. Dried fish also is difficult to digest.

Vegetables and fruit, with the following exceptions, are readily digested: dried peas, beans, potatoes, cucumber, radishes, lettuce, cherries, plums and nuts. A great deal, however, depends upon the freshness of the vegetables, and the way in which they are cooked.

Dairy produce contains many important articles of diet, such as, milk, cheese, eggs, butter and cream. These are all wholesome and fairly digestible, but cream and new cheese sometimes cause biliousness. Eggs should never be cooked hard, as in this form they upset the digestion.

The farinaceous foods, as a whole, are not easy of digestion, and unless persons partaking of them take plenty of exercise they often suffer from chronic dyspepsia. The best of these starchy foods are, bread, oatmeal and cornflour; the worst, Indian corn and its preparations.

Drinks form an important item in dietary, and unfortunately the majority of popular drinks have the two-fold disadvantage that they are indigestible and liable to be taken in excess.

Milk and ærated waters are thoroughly good drinks, but alcohol in any form (except, perhaps, the light wines), tea and coffee are indigestible and liable to produce derangements of the heart and nervous system, unless taken in small quantities. Cocoa is more a food than a drink, and, to those who can digest it, is a nourishing and wholesome article of diet.

The next necessary attribute of foods is that they should be nourishing, and this being the aim and object of feeding, it is, of course, the most important consideration. All the articles mentioned above contain abundant nutritive material, but I would again impress upon you the importance of a varied diet, containing most, if not all, the above constituents. We have all heard of men living on beans only, and many people have tried to copy their example and thereby established for themselves a chronic and inveterate dyspepsia. You might as well try to copy the "fasting man," and be surprised that you do not thrive on air, as to think that you can live on one article of diet alone.

The most important of foods is albuminous material or proteid, and it is likewise the most expensive. All meat, birds, fish, cheese and eggs belong to this class. Albuminous food, with the exception of milk, must be taken in a solid form, as cooking renders all albumen solid. Clear soups and meat extracts, although usually considered to contain all the nourishment of meat, consist almost entirely of water and extractives, neither of which possess the slightest nutritive properties.

Gelatine and gelatinous foods are indigestible and not nutritious, for gelatine is only assimilated in small quantities; so jellies, turtle soup (clear), etc., do not possess the nourishing power that has been attributed to them.

Milk, which forms the staple food during the first few years of life and during sickness contains all the necessary constituents of food, and, what is important, it is unaltered by boiling. The milk of young cows should never be used for human food. It is usually sold for twopence a quart and can be told by the fact that it curdles on boiling.

That the food should be properly cooked is of great importance; that it should be rendered palatable, and that all germs that it may contain should be killed.

Watercress, lettuces, and other vegetables that are eaten uncooked may contain the germs of a parasitic worm, which in man produces "hydatid disease."

Milk should always be boiled, especially if it is to be given to children or invalids, as it may contain the germs of various diseases.

It is now universally held that the diet in sickness, although it has to possess certain extra qualities, should depart from the diet of a healthy person as slightly as possible.

To invalids only the most nutritious and easily digested foods should be administered.

Milk and milk-puddings usually form the chief articles of diet. Meat is rarely required by people who are confined to bed, but poultry and the more digestible fish should take its place. Green vegetables and fruit may also be given; but it is better to withhold the starchy foods.

Do not be tempted to feed invalids on beef-tea or meat essences. As I said before, they contain little or no nourishment, and therefore they are unfit for food for invalids, though they are useful as stimulants.

To convalescents, as much food as possible should be given. Plenty of meat, green vegetables and milk, with anything else the patient may fancy.

In wasting diseases the diet is often more important than any other part of the treatment. It should consist of the more easily digestible foods; plenty of them, varied, and above all well-cooked. Milk in large quantities and cod-liver oil are also useful, as they are very nutritious and easily digested.

There are special points in the feeding of children that need attention. Up to the end of the first nine months of life they should be fed with milk and milk only. When they are nine months old it is good to begin to give them some other diet, but till the end of the second year milk should still be their chief food. It is usually the custom to begin by varying the diet of children by giving them farinaceous foods. This is a great mistake. Farinaceous foods should not be given till the last, as they are the most difficult to digest. Begin with gravy, meat chopped up very fine, potatoes and other vegetables and fat. The disease known as rickets is entirely due to wrong feeding, usually to giving starchy foods to young infants. It is cured by correcting the diet, by giving meat and fat, and excluding carbohydrates.

In old people it is of importance that the food should be very digestible. It is better to give meat in the form of hashes and stews than as joints, especially to people who have lost their teeth. Old people should not work till at least an hour after each meal. It is also advisable for them to take a light supper.

Of late years much has been talked about the diet in obesity, and various methods of feeding in this condition have been used, and found more or less successful. The older authorities simply knocked off the fatty foods. But now this treatment is considered to be erroneous, as it started with the idea that fat taken into the body was stored up as fat, but this is not the case.

The most approved modern method of dieting in obesity is to reduce the amount of carbohydrates to a minimum. No alcohol should be taken in this condition, as this of itself produces a state of the body which tends to the production of fat.

The following is one of the most modern methods of dieting fat people now in use:—

Breakfast.—White bread, two ounces, well toasted and buttered. Tea without milk or sugar, eight ounces.

Dinner.—Soup made with beef marrow, fat meat with fat sauce, four ounces. Asparagus, spinach, peas, beans, or cabbage. Tea without milk or sugar.

Supper.—An egg. A little roast beef with plenty of fat. An ounce of toasted bread covered with butter. A cup of tea without milk or sugar.

I quote the above because I have seen it used with comparatively fair results; but there are many more methods that are equally good. The albuminous and farinaceous foods are reduced to a minimum, and fatty substances given in their place. The fluids taken should always be restricted. One may sum up the treatment of obesity thus: no soup, no sugar, no milk, no untoasted bread, no alcohol, very little to eat, no drugs, but plenty of exercise.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART II.

WITH a family of ten children (soon to become a still more majestic circle of twenty-two little people) education in a country-house, deep in the wilds of Ireland, became a great responsibility. During Mrs. Edgeworth's illness Maria had been placed in a boarding-school at Derby, to which she always referred with great affection, and afterwards was sent for the benefit of masters to London, to another boarding-school, kept by a Mrs. Davis, in Upper Wimpole Street. The result of these flittings was to increase her love of study and power of concentrated work, which stood her in such good stead in after years.

But the family circle at home?

It would scarcely have been expected that the father, rich and exceedingly accomplished, would have given his whole mind and heart to the education of his children, even teaching the very tiniest to read, and devoting his inventive faculties, which were great, to the discovery of ingenious ways of making study clear and interesting to them.

It has been a distress to the writer that, long years ago, when the knowledge would have been of the utmost use to her, she was ignominiously ignorant of works on education by Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, on which her attention was fastened after she had been asked to write on this subject. Is there a cheap edition of *Practical Education* by this father and daughter? It is so simple, so practical, so full of help to those who love children, and have struggled with the difficulty of teaching without wearying, interesting without demoralising, and keeping the little ones perfectly happy, very busy, and quite well, that one would gladly see it in every parent's bookcase.

With this experience Mr. Edgeworth would write to a friend, "In a whole month there is not a word of reproof heard in this house nor a tear shed."

All the essays are strictly practical and useful, and the writer might recommend those who care to pursue the subject to look over the articles on Toys, Tasks, Truth, and Obedience, there is no fear that after reading these they will omit the rest. Meantime other writings of Maria Edgeworth came to the front. First, *Stories for Children*. Sir Walter Scott, who best knew how to write for the young, so as to charm grandfathers as well as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., and all the grandchildren, is said to have wiped his kind eyes as he put down *Simple Susan*, and John Ruskin, after some excellent advice on young girls' dresses (a subject on which we should scarcely have expected hints from him), tells his readers, "if they have never read *Parents' Assistant*, to ask their parents to buy it for them," and advises all "to read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan in the draper's shop."

These stories were so successful, and brought the young writer such fame and such friends, that she was encouraged to go on writing more stories for children, such as *Harry and Lucy*, *Frank and Rosamund*, but also tales for older readers, first those of purely Irish interest, such as *Castle Rackrent*, and later on *Ormond*, full of wit and humour, and the best side of Irish life and character.

Her father used to transact all his business arrangements in the large hall or common room, surrounded by his family, and Maria was his right hand and secretary, so she had unusual opportunities of noticing, and her quick eye and warm heart helped her to record and sympathise with the lights and shades of peasant life which came before her.

Then came those charming stories, *The Absentee* (of which Lord Macaulay said the scene in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry was the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*), *Patronage*, *Ennui*, *Almeria*, *Belinda*, *Vivian*, and last and best of all *Helen*, her latest work. As these gradually came out and her quiet, happy home-life went on, her works gained the appreciation of the best critics and the noblest minds of her time.

An American writer tells us, that "In American and English literature there are constant allusions to the characters in Miss Edgeworth's tales and novels. She has left the indelible impress of her genius on our literature, she had also a continental reputation." Sir Walter Scott owned "that it had been his desire in *Waverley*, in some degree, to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth," and added, "Edgeworth, Ferrier, and Austen have all given portraits of real society, far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature, and that he should, in all likelihood, never have thought of a Scotch novel had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character"; and Lord Jeffrey, an authority perfectly unsuspected of over-indulgence, says "that Miss Edgeworth need not be afraid of being excelled in that faithful but flattering representation of the spoken language of persons of wit and politeness, in that graceful tone of raillery and argument, and in that gift of sportive but cutting *médisance*, which is sure of success in those circles where success is supposed to be difficult and desirable." In support of his statement he points to the conversation of Lady Delacour (*Belinda*), Lady Dashfort (*Absentee*), and Lady Geraldine (*Ennui*).

In 1802 the family went to Paris. The highest scientific circles welcomed Mr. Edgeworth, whose inventions were appreciated in France, and where he had as engineer carried out great works round the city of Lyons. The literary world was enthusiastic at the distinction gained by the young, modest, and retiring little lady, and the *haute noblesse* opened their gates with "effusion" to the name of Edgeworth. Lord Charlemont came to meet him, saying, "I must claim relationship with you, Mr. Edgeworth. I am related to the Abbé Edgeworth, who is, I think, an honour to the kingdom—I should say to human nature." (The Abbé Edgeworth, at

the peril of his life, had stood beside his king, Louis Seize, on the scaffold, as has been related, and claimed to minister to him to the bitter end.)

It was not only fame and distinction which awaited the Edgeworth family in Paris in 1802, where the First Consul only allowed them to remain on the ambassador's explanation of the cousinship, not brotherhood, of Mr. Edgeworth's relation to the abbé—love waited for the gentle little lady there. In that brilliant circle was a certain Chevalier Edelcrantz, private secretary and friend of the King of Sweden, who understood and appreciated the sterling home-qualities as well as the literary genius of the young Irish authoress.

He was not handsome, rather remarkably plain, but with very fine eyes and expressive features, and of sterling qualities of mind and heart. Mr. Edgeworth used to rally his daughter on her preference for ugly people, but she liked his lofty tone of mind, his high principles, the spirit and strength of his character, and his very able conversation, and became extremely attached to him, as he was to her.

But—there so often is a but—to the most desirable event, the Chevalier said "there was nothing he would not sacrifice for her except his duty." He said he had been all his life in the service of the King of Sweden. He was placed under him, and is actually employed in collecting information for a large political establishment. He thought himself bound in honour to finish what he has begun.

He said he should not fear the ridicule or blame that would be thrown upon him by his countrymen for quitting his country at his age, but that he should despise himself if he abandoned his duty for any passion.

His lady-love (shall we say fortunately or unfortunately?) was of the same self-sacrificing nature. Her mother writing of her said: "She was exceedingly in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself, but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting from us. She decided rightly for her own future happiness and that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. He was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married.

"From the time they parted in Paris there was no sort of communication between them, but to the last the unexpected mention of his name, or even that of Sweden, always moved her so much that the words and lines in the page became a mass of confusion before her eyes, and her voice lost all power."

Mrs. Edgeworth continues: "I think it right to mention these facts, because I know that the lessons of self-command which she inculcates in her works were really acted upon in her own life, and that the resolution with which she devoted herself to her father and her family, and the industry with which she laboured at the writings which she thought were for the advantage of her fellow-creatures, were from the exertion of the highest principle. Her precepts were not the maxims of cold-hearted prudence, but the result of her own experience in strong and romantic feeling."

It is a satisfaction to hear that he married no one else. While she sat writing and not forgetting in the pleasant library at home, one can imagine the romantic Chevalier in his distant court, faithful to the sudden and romantic devotion by which he is now remembered.

Romantic and chivalrous friendship seems to belong to his country and to his countrymen—remembering also the devotion of Count Fersen in the worst times of the Terror, to the Queen and Royal family of France.

The above are interesting passages because they show clearly that as Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "Maria was capable of the deepest feeling!" Many writers have accused her of being cold. Grace Oliver, in her very interesting *Study of Maria Edgeworth*, says, Cold! prudent and calculating! Cold! the writer of *Patronage* with the beautiful womanly character of Caroline Percy could never have been. She was denied the happiness of the sweetest relations of domestic life; the tender joys of wife and mother were not to be hers, but it did cost her many struggles to give up bravely the possibility of such happiness. She showed so plainly in her life-long devotion to a living father, and regard for his memory when gone, by sympathetic interest in her own brothers and sisters, the many other children and the wives of her father, what she was capable of feeling, that one cannot doubt her capacity for loving.

She drew too many portraits of lovely women in all the relations of life, as maid, wife and widow, to leave a shadow of uncertainty as to her genuine belief in marriage.

"It is hard to look into happiness through another man's eyes," says Shakespeare. Maria did this all her life, and the wonder is that she depicted so delicately yet so charmingly, the effect of love on so many characters. She does it admirably in *Patronage*, where she contrasts the volatile Rosamund, under the influence of the tender passion, with her high-sprited yet tender Caroline. Both love and are wooed and won, but how different the wooing! How characteristic the sentiments of the lively Rosamund, with her vivacity and redoubled life, and the calm deep happiness of the well-balanced mind, and the sympathetic, yet self-contained nature of Caroline! While Rosamund it steadied and improved by her love for Mr. Temple, the noble nature of Caroline finds its perfect finish in the happiness of loving and being beloved by Count Altenberg.

When Maria painted Caroline Percy, struggling to control what she supposed was a hopeless passion for Count Altenberg, she probably drew the pages from her own experience. The fate of her heroine was, however, happier than her own—her lover did not return to her, and they never met again.

But he never married and she never forgot him.

(*To be continued.*)

ON BIBLE STUDY.

TO MEMBERS OF THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD, AND OTHERS.

SOME readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will recollect the dialogue between the clergyman and "little Jane":—

"Do you read your Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"With pleasure? Are you fond of it?"

"I like Revelations, and the Book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah."

"And the Psalms? I hope you like them?"

"No, sir; the Psalms are not interesting."

Jane was undoubtedly somewhat wayward, but natural. The child who takes up the Bible not as a lesson-book, but for delight, will value it first for its store of lovely pictures, from Old Testament and New. We all remember them, from our early days—Joseph in the pit, Moses the babe in his bulrush-ark, Ruth gleaning in the cornfields of Bethlehem, Daniel in the lion's den; with many a scene from the Gospel story, all unwearying in their charm. Such is the child's Bible—a kind of *picture-book*—interesting, romantic, stirring: with great moral lessons, as yet but dimly understood.

Then to many who reflect, the Scriptures become a *text-book*. Here and there a verse lays hold on the imagination, or touches the feelings. We learn the texts, scarcely heeding where they are found. The habit of collecting these holy words and placing them severally, in almanacks, birthday books and the like, as well as the use of them in the sermons that we hear, fills the thoughtful mind with scattered phrases and sentences—"jewels five words long;" which become familiar and sometimes very precious. Many of these are from the Psalms, which, unlike little Jane, we now begin to love.

But it was a great advance when all these "pictures and texts" began to take their place in the order of a *history;* and the Bible came to have for us a beginning, a middle, and an end. We were taught, or found out for ourselves, that the three great ages of the world's long story—Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian, formed a regular progression; by degrees we learned where to place our pictures and our texts, and they became still better loved because more clearly understood.

Best of all has it been to find, as not a few of our readers have done, that all this has a direct *meaning* and *purpose* for ourselves, that there is a voice to us from every page, of warning, instruction, encouragement, and if we will heed it rightly, of salvation.

Now that these lessons may be well learned is the aim of all wisely-directed Bible study. I would then offer some closing hints to those who have so earnestly and successfully pursued the course marked out for our Guild, as well as to other girl-readers who feel that this study is of all the most important, and who will be thankful for help in undertaking it.

First, then: Make sure of your historical outline. Get "a bird's eye view," especially, of the Old Testament history, so as to see quite clearly, at any point, whereabouts you are. If at the same time you are in the way of gaining some knowledge of other ancient histories—Egyptian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, so much the better, as then the comparative chronological tables given in most Bible "helps" and "handbooks" will become full of interest. But if not, be sure to acquire an orderly view of the personages and events of the early history, and of the Hebrew kingdoms. Store your memory with the lists of the kings of Israel and of Judah. Compare the "Kings" and "Chronicles." I well remember, how when beginning seriously to study the Old Testament, I took two copies, and with a pair of scissors cut up those books, pasting the parallel passages side by side.

It was but a boyish "harmony" but was useful, and I store this memorial of early days, as giving an insight into that part of the sacred record never to be lost or forgotten.

The effort, too, is worth making, to place the other books, as far as possible, in historical order. Even our little Jane, as she grew up, would have found the Psalms "interesting," when once she learned to connect them with the history. We cannot indeed be certain how many of them are David's; learned men have different opinions on the subject, and the titles of the Psalms are not inspired. Yet many of them do beautifully fit in with David's story. The Twenty-third Psalm becomes to us a deeper delight when we can associate it with the fields and flocks of Bethlehem; and we feel the sweetness and sorrow of such Psalms as the Third and Fourth all the more when we think of the king fleeing from his son Absalom, and homeless for a time beyond the Jordan.

Let the Prophets, too, have their place in the history. You know already, no doubt, that these important and difficult parts of the Old Testament are not arranged in order in our Bibles. Thus Jeremiah and Ezekiel lived and taught long after Hosea, Joel, and Amos. To find the proper place for every one will be no easy task, and you will need helps. But the effort will be wonderfully interesting. Read, for instance, the historical chapters in Jeremiah together with the story of the last days of the Jewish monarchy; or study the prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah, side by side with the account of rebuilding the Temple after the captivity, and you will begin to understand the wonderful way in which the prophecy illuminates the story.

But if unable as yet to undertake studies like these, the New Testament History in its two parts—the "Gospels" and the "Acts"—may be explored by all. Take your scissors again, I would say, and try to arrange the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke, side by side (following mainly St. Mark's order). For these three Gospels, as you will often have noticed, in great part give the same accounts; and to attempt making a "harmony" of these will be a truly pleasant task. To bring in St. John's Gospel with them in this way will be more difficult, and may be reserved for a further stage in your studies. You will note the different accounts of the same miracles; will observe how some of the parables are recorded by one evangelist only, others by more than one; you will ask why and for what persons especially the several Gospels were written, and will, above all, discern in these various accounts the character of the same glorious Son of Man.

The Acts of the Apostles may be divided into three parts; the Church in Jerusalem, the Gospel sent to the Gentiles, the travels and work of St. Paul. You should clearly note where these several sections begin and end; and when you come to the third, should compare the history with St. Paul's Epistles. These last, again, should be placed in order. Perhaps you know which were really first—the two Epistles to the Thessalonians—and which were written during his imprisonment in Rome. Careful study, with such help as that given by Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, will enable you to compare the letters with the different parts of the great apostle's life, and, if the subject is really mastered, will be to you a lifelong joy.

The second thing I want to say is, Study the books separately. The Bible is one, the Scriptures are many: our singular and plural names for the sacred volume are both appropriate. It is at once a Book and a Library. So, while you seek to attain "a bird's eye view" of the whole, you may take up the several parts, each with a meaning and a message of its own. Seek to know, as far as possible, the authorship and intention of every one separately. Some good people are apt to say that they try to forget the human authorship in the Divine, to think no more, as they read, of Moses or David, of Paul or John, but only of the Spirit of God. It is a great mistake! The Divine Spirit sends the word through human minds and hearts, addressing His messages to people in different times and places, amid different circumstances and with different needs. All these we must understand if we would apprehend the teaching. Take, for instance, St. Paul's Epistles. Now these are simply *letters;* and who could understand a letter without knowing its address, and something at least of the persons to whom it was directed? St. Paul wrote, in the first instance, not to you or to me, but to the gay and proud Corinthians, to the half-barbarous Galatians, to the honest and light-hearted burghers of Philippi—and so of the rest. Rightly to apply his words, we must put ourselves in the position of these people, and learn what through them he would say to us.

Or, to refer again to the Old Testament prophecies. Each book, to be rightly understood, must be considered with reference to the condition of Israel or Judah at the time. For it is a great mistake to think of the prophets as solely or chiefly engaged in predicting things to come. They were, indeed, fore-tellers, but chiefly they were forth-tellers; that is teachers; often statesmen of their own generations, advisers of kings and people as to present needs and duties, while at times they glanced forwards into future ages, and heralded the coming kingdom.

For all that has been described, much help will be needed by most readers. Some, no doubt, are studying in Bible classes, others have lessons at school, or are preparing in different ways for "local" examinations and the like, in which such studies happily form a part. The only fear is that in this way what should be a delight may become too much of a task. Many of our readers again, as the records of the Guild will show, are dependent upon less formal and scholastic aids, and many will be glad to know how they may continue their work. The books that we have from time to time recommended will still be serviceable.* And among the help provided in other ways, I may mention that the work begun by a former correspondent of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, Miss Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A., now Mrs. Carus Wilson, is still effectively carried on. The "College by Post," for girls of sixteen and upwards directs, under competent guidance, the systematic study of the Holy Scriptures, in a much more extended and elaborate course than was possible under the conditions of our guild. The work is connected with the Church of England, but I am assured that there is nothing sectarian in its Bible teaching.† Other societies and correspondence classes up and down the country are engaged in the same good work, and the conductors of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will always have pleasure in directing attention to any such well-conducted efforts from any quarter.

Nothing has been said here of the right interpretation of individual texts. This of course must be borne in mind by all earnest Bible-students. Mistakes of ignorance are innumerable, and often sad. But it is a subject on which I cannot now enter, save by a single illustration. A story I have lately been reading all turns upon the misinterpretation by a clergyman of the words in the parable—"The lord commended the unjust steward;" and much misery was the result. Of course "the Lord" who uttered the parable did not commend dishonesty, *but "the lord," the* steward's master, praised the man's ingenuity, that was all; and even in fiction we might have thought that the clergyman would know better!

The letter of Scripture, rightly understood, is the way to its spirit, and should therefore be diligently conned and considered. Let none be discouraged by the difficulties they are sure to find, but humbly strive for a solution, or should the attempt fail, leave the difficulty alone for a while. Nor will every part of the Divine word appear equally suited to our wants. There are some Scriptures that "find me," as a great man observed,* others not so. But read on, think, study, pray for light, and by-and-by the adaptation will appear.

I was travelling, long ago, on a sunny afternoon, in a railway carriage with a little girl and her mother. In the carriage roof a lamp was burning, and after a while the child pointed to it. "Why is the lamp lighted in the daytime, mother?" The mother only smiled, and said, "My dear, you will soon see." Then in a few minutes, the train rushed into a long tunnel, and the question of the child was answered.

There is many a lighted lamp in Scripture which we do not value, perhaps do not even see, until the darkness comes. Then the words which we had not heeded shine upon our ignorance or our sorrow; and we understand how Scripture is in truth a light upon our way.

This light is for those who earnestly and thoughtfully study; and the attempt is worth making by all.

S. G. G.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

391. What writings are known as the "General Epistles"?

392. How many disciples named "James" are mentioned in the New Testament? What do you know of them, and which of them was the author of the epistle so called?

393. What do you know of the life of St. Peter, and concerning his writings?

394. To whom were the three epistles of St. John respectively addressed?

395. Who was St. Jude, the author of the epistle to which his name is given, and by what question put to our Lord is he identified?

396. When did the fall of Jerusalem take place, and what great epoch in the history of Christianity did it mark?

397. Who was the only member of the apostolic band that survived the fall of Jerusalem; in what island was he at the time of the writing of the Revelation, and by what name is that locality now known?

398. What is the meaning of the word "Apocalypse," where does it occur, and of what writings is it the only type in the New Testament?

399. Into what three parts is this book divided? Give the several names of the seven churches to which special addresses were made by St. John in chapters ii. and iii.

400. Compare the account given of the Garden of Eden and that of the new Jerusalem, state the points of resemblance and those of dissimilarity.

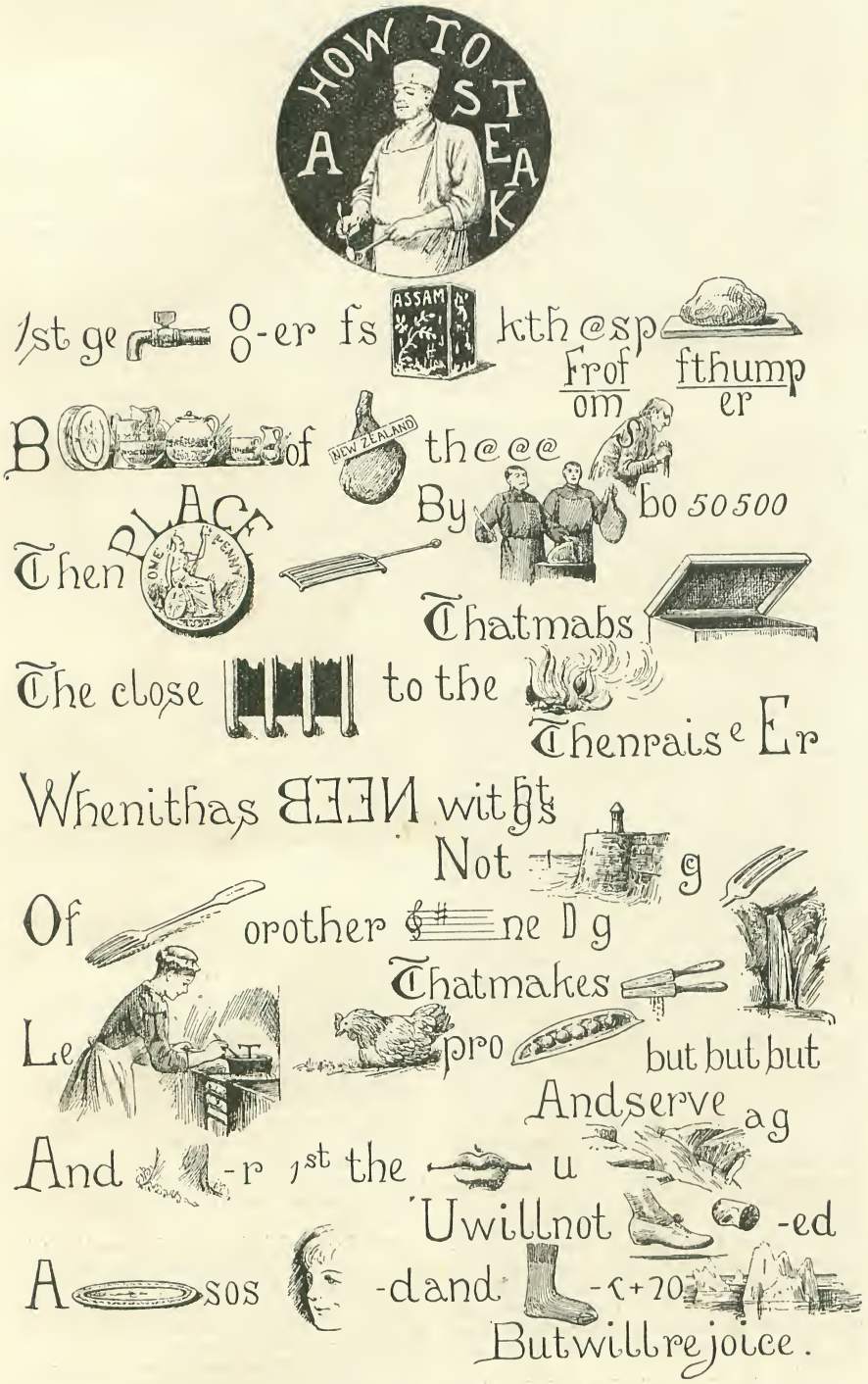
---

* I may add to these Messrs. Nelson's *Illustrated Bible Treasury and Combined Concordance*, just published, and full of such information as young students need.

† Miss Elsie M. Waller, of St. John's College, Highbury, kindly allows us to refer intending girl-students to her for further information. Among helpful books, such as have already been indicated in our columns, may be mentioned Mrs. Carus-Wilson's *Clews to Holy Writ; or, the Chronological Scripture Cycle; a Scheme for Studying the whole Bible in its Historical Order during Three Years.* (Tenth Thousand, Hodder & Stoughton.)

* S. T. Coleridge.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** Prizes to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be March 16, 1897; from Abroad, May 17, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dodo.—If about to learn one foreign language only, we should recommend your acquiring French; for though it ranks last amongst the most-spoken languages in Europe, it is much in use throughout Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. English ranks first on the list, being spoken all over the world, more or less correctly; Russian follows next, then German; and, last of all, French. Chinese is the most difficult to acquire, and Russian next. If you propose to spend some time on the Continent, engage some French woman to come in and give you conversation lessons; as the learning of phrases and writing exercises are by no means sufficient in acquiring any language.

Flora.—Of window-box plants that will do well even in a north-east, or west aspect, there are a good number. There is the sea-spleenwort, the hart's-tongue fern, which will bear a north aspect, inside or out, and the black maidenhair spleenwort. Also hardy dwarf heaths. Perhaps the *Erica vulgaris* and the *Erica carnea*, the former flowering in shades of silvery white, and the latter in sanguine, or purple red. The lily of the valley will also do well in a north window. The euonimus, a beautiful variegated (green and gold) plant, will bear an east aspect, in a pot, and outside the window. You should plant snowdrops for your window (east or west) in October; also the stonecrop is suitable, for any aspect, for an outside window-box, and the varieties of the *Saxifraga*. The Chinese *Arborvitæ*, and Spanish broom, would bear a north aspect, and do well in large pots in a balcony. If you have no south window, you may at least cultivate the flowers ("greeneries") above named amongst many others.

Amy.—There are no English coins known of Cœur de Lion. Those employed in his reign were struck in his father's (Henry II.) name. Of Edward I. there are silver pennies, halfpennies and farthings; but no coins in gold. There are several varieties of the former, and the value appraised at from 1s. to £3 for the pennies.

Philatelist (New South Wales).—The Czarnawodda, or Schwarzwasser, is a river of Prussia which joins the Vistula on the left at Schwetz. Its length is 80 miles. Kustendji, is the same as Kistendjeh—a fortified seaport on the Black Sea in Roumania. It is the termination of Trajan's wall, of which some fragments exist. Bhopal is a native state of Central India, of which the capital is Bhopaul. The Maderaner Thal is in Switzerland. It is reached from Amsteg, on the St. Gothard route. Belalp, where Professor Tyndall has a châlet, is on the mountain of the same name, in Switzerland. It is reached from Brigg, at the foot of the Simplon. You are so far away, and are probably remote from books, that we have answered all your questions at length; and must also acknowledge your kind expressions of regard for, and praise of, our magazine.

A Daughter of Jubal.—The organist of Canterbury Cathedral is W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc.; of Winchester, G. B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.; of Chichester, F. J. Read, Mus. Doc.; and of Salisbury, Charles F. South.

Rebecca.—All depends on the state of preservation, as well as the date, of your coins. Of George II. and George III., the half-crown of the former may be worth 3s. 6d., and the shilling from 1s. 6d. to 2s. Of the latter, the half-crown of 1816-17, might be 3s. 6d.; and the shilling of 1787, 2s. 6d.; and of 1816 and 1820, 2s.

Mildred.—The lines are from Elizabeth Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess of May," viz.—

> "The little birds sang east,
> And the little birds sang west,—
> Toll slowly!
> And I smiled to think God's greatness
> Flowed around our incompleteness;
> Round our restlessness, His rest!"

Miss Brine.—We are very happy to give your excellent society, The Bible Seamen's Union, of which you send us the cards; and repeat, for the benefit of our readers your advertisement and address, Miss Brine, Claremont, High Barnet, and that the cards of membership will be supplied on receipt of an annual subscription of 4d., paid in advance.

T. A. M.—There is the Booksellers' Provident Institution, founded in 1837, at 48, Paternoster Row, E.C., apply to Mr. George Larner, assistant secretary, and there is also the Booksellers' Provident Retreat at Abbott's Langley, Herts. Apply at the same office. The members, widows and children of indigent booksellers receive annual pensions under certain conditions.

Gill.—Your first question has been answered too often to claim any notice. Your second, as to the signification of the initials "A.E.I.," inscribed on the trinket, they represent an adverb in Greek, meaning "for ever," or "always."



[*Photographic Union, Munich.*

A HAPPY FAMILY.



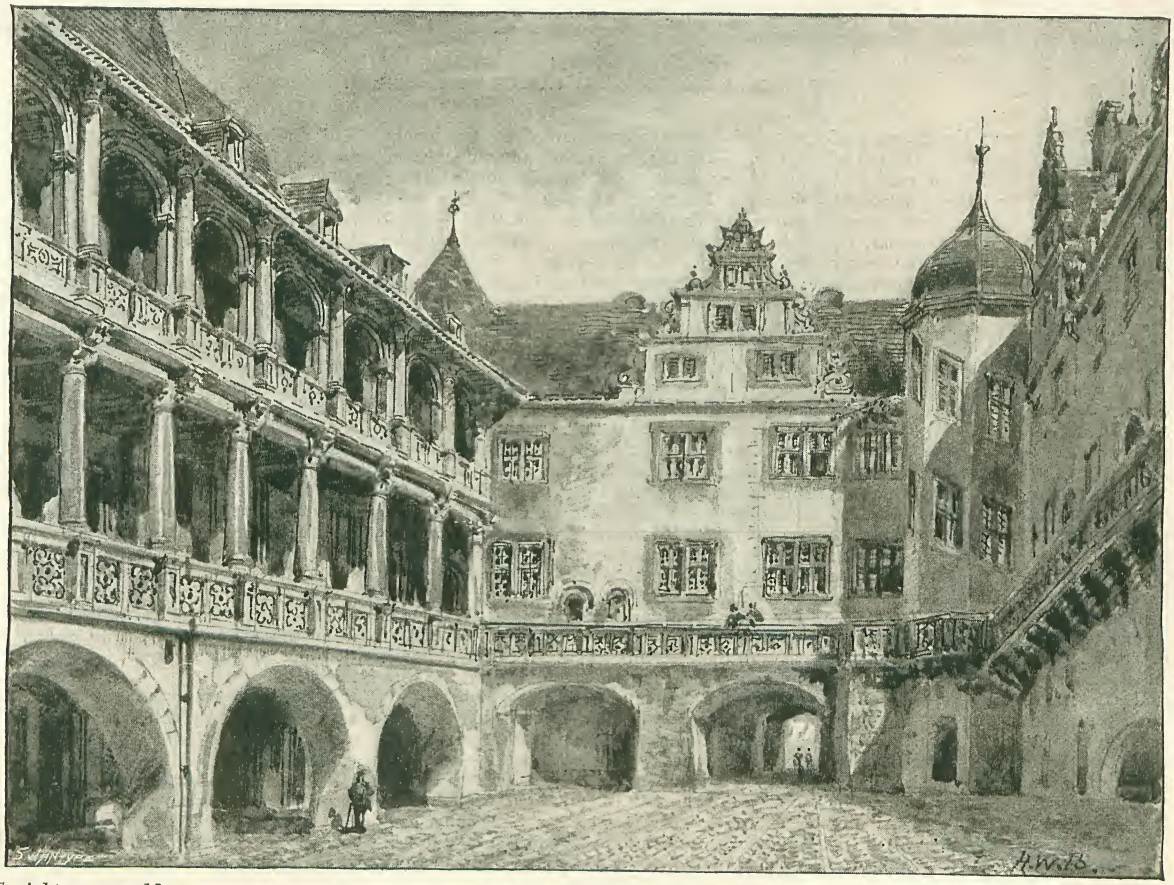
VOL. XVIII.—No. 893.] FEBRUARY 6, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN HOHENLOH LAND.

BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE KEELING.

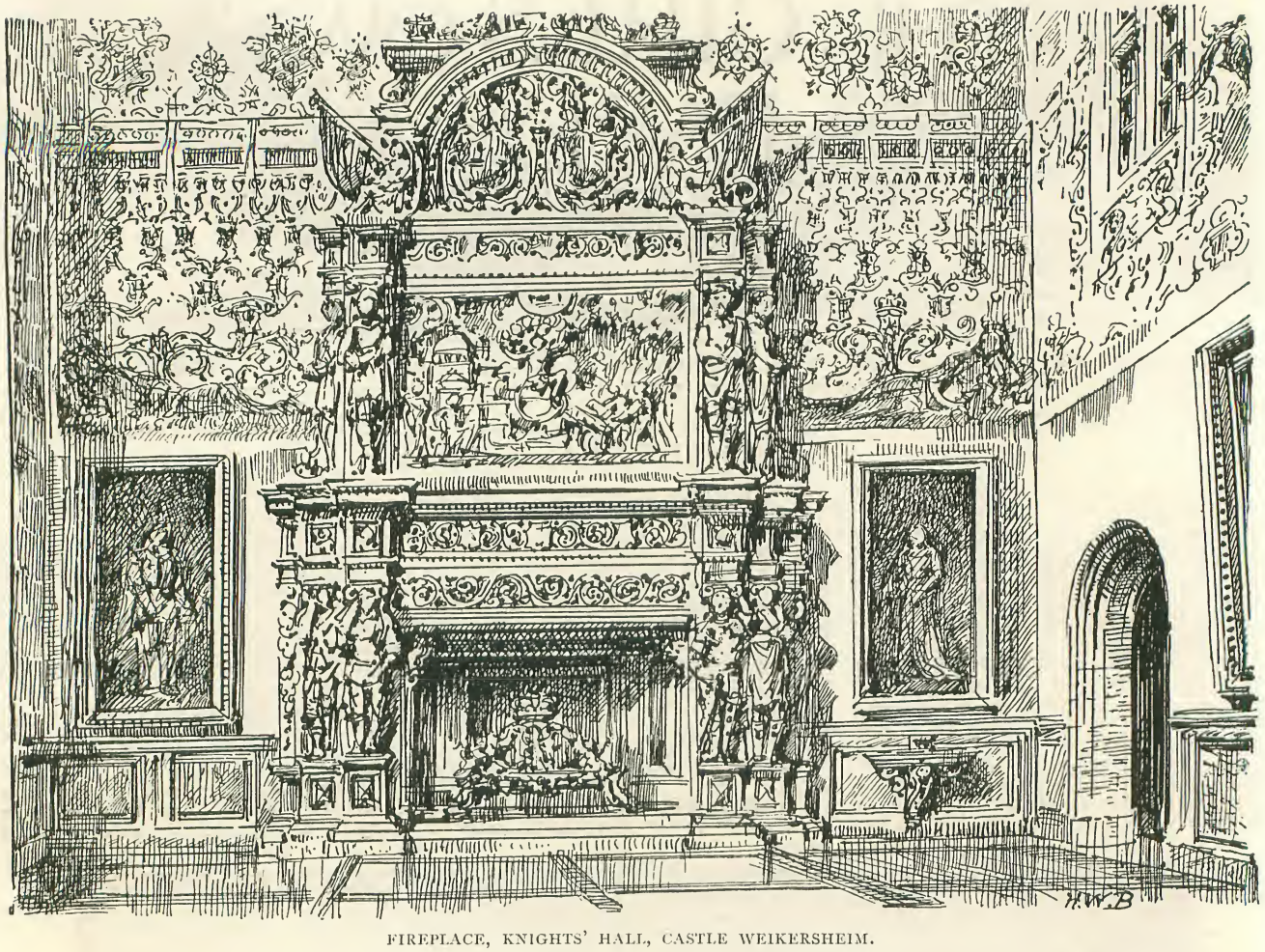
IN the heart of Germany, between the ancient cities of Würzburg and Rothenburg, there lies a fair and fertile tract of country, the former principality of Hohenloh. Its princes are no longer reigning potentates, for the great Napoleon when he created the little kingdom of Württemberg made it a trifle larger by incorporating this tiny principality with it. It is said that an Englishman's house is his castle, and with equal truth it might be said that a German's plot of ground, be it never so small, is his Fatherland. The Bavarian's home is Bavaria, the Swabian's is Swabia, and if you ask a native of this little province where lies his home, he will not answer, in Württemberg, but *im Hohenlohschen*, that is, in Hohenloh's land. The rich princes of Hohenloh have been recompensed for their loss of territory by being given high positions in the State, and the head of the house now holds the important position of Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine. Not many months have passed since the heir of Hohenloh brought home his young bride—the English princess the people call her—the seventeen-year-old daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Crowning a hill, covered with century-old trees, stands proudly the ancient castle of Langenburg, the home of many generations of Hohenlohs. On three sides the hill is nearly perpendicular, on the fourth side a shady road leads by winding paths up the steep incline, till, at the top, we find ourselves on a long, narrow table-land; passing through a picturesque old gateway we see before us a quaint village street, with houses on either side, at the further extremity of which, and on the edge of the hill, stands the castle in which Princess Alexandra spent her honeymoon. A double moat with stout walls and bastions surrounds it, but times have changed since these grim foundations were laid, the dreary dungeons no longer echo the hideous cries of



All rights reserved.]

LANGENBURG.



FIREPLACE, KNIGHTS' HALL, CASTLE WEIKERSHEIM.

tortured prisoners, but serve the purpose of an extensive brewery. The moats, drained of their dank waters, are filled with rare and beautiful flowers and great trees, amongst which two huge oaks, sprung from acorns taken from the crop of a wild pigeon shot by Prince Christian in 1750, stand out like trusty sentinels, and lift their gnarled trunks towards the windows above.

The castle of Langenburg is built round an unusually beautiful courtyard, the entrance to which is through a smaller outer court. Adjoining this is a dainty terrace overhung with vines, and here the young couple have been wont to take afternoon tea. From here they look sheer down the forest-clad hill to where, in the valley beneath, the river Jagst runs in and out among the meadows, dancing along in the sunshine to meet Mother Neckar. Just beyond, on the summit of a neighbouring hill, lie the ruins of the castle of Katzenstein, the pretty legend of which the young prince will not have failed to tell his child-wife.

This is the story—

It happened towards the end of the thirteenth century that there was living at the castle of Katzenstein a stern, proud knight called Kunibert, with his only son Wildemar. In those days it was the custom to send youths of noble birth to the castle of some neighbouring prince to learn the arts of war and chivalry, but Kunibert had no mind for such trifling, and thought his son might learn enough by staying at home with him and his servants, though he received no company, had no friends, and even scarcely noticed the boy himself. Wildemar, left entirely to his own resources, soon found that the village-green afforded better amusement than the lonely castle. Growing up without the guidance of any loving hand he felt himself more at home with his father's peasant-subjects than with the young daughters of the Count of Hohenloh, his nearest neighbour, and before long he let it plainly be seen that his visits to the village were due to the bright eyes and gracious smiles of the fair Gertrud, niece of the local magistrate. Every evening he met his sweetheart, and after a happy talk they parted on the bridge over the Jagst, she to return to her humble home and he to his dingy castle. News of these meetings soon reached the ears of the old baron, and, furious that his son should have demeaned himself by taking notice of a rustic maid, he determined to put a stop to the unequal courtship. Disguising himself in a dark cloak he waited on the bridge till the young couple had parted; then seizing the girl roughly he threw her over the bridge into the rushing, foaming river. But her despairing cry had reached the ear of her lover, and rushing to her aid, Wildemar was just in time to see the dastardly action though too late to prevent it. One moment more, and he too was struggling in the wild waters in a desperate effort to save her.

The baron, with an angry oath, left them as he thought to their certain death, and returning to his castle he forbade that the name of his son should ever again be uttered in his presence.

Thirteen years passed away. Gruffer and sterner became knight Kunibert, till at last no one dared to address him but one old faithful servant, Willibald.

The first of May was drawing near, the fields had never been so green, the fruit-trees never so full of blossom, and the people of the village were preparing for their gay May festival. A deputation was sent to ask the baron to allow the children to gather round the great ash-tree in the courtyard of the castle, and Willibald was their spokesman.

"A May festival indeed!" exclaimed the angry knight. "How can they think of such wasteful foolishness when last year there was not even enough to pay my tithes. Begone, I will have no fooling here!"

"But, noble master," pleaded Willibald, "shall, because last year the harvest was bad, the children not have their pleasure now? See, the trees are white with blossom, the young corn is full and green, such a year as this promises to be has not been seen within the memory of most of us. Let the people rejoice, and you, dear lord, were better too of some diversion. The life up here is sad and still."

The old servant's prayers were at last successful, and a sullen acquiescence was won from the grim knight, who only stipulated that he might be spared any part in the festivities.

When, however, the gay procession was seen ascending the hill Willibald was able to persuade his master to come out of his dingy castle to watch it. First came the children, all in their Sunday clothes, the girls with wreaths of spring flowers on their heads and garlands in their hands, the boys with bright ribbons which fluttered gaily in the breeze. Behind them came the youths and maidens, and last of all the old people. Everyone was keeping this great and glorious May-day. A

timid curtsey to the stern baron and then even he was forgotten, while round and round the ash-tree the children danced, led by a little girl some twelve summers old, whose grace and beauty seemed to win a strange power over the old man.

"Come hither, little maid," he said, when at last the light feet paused for a brief space. "Tell me, what is your name, and to whom do you belong?"

"My name, gracious lord, is Gertrud, and my uncle is the village magistrate yonder."

"Then, little Gertrud, since you dance so prettily, ask of me some favour." And the knight drew the child towards him tenderly.

The old magistrate was listening anxiously to this conversation, and smiled now when he heard the child's request.

"My uncle must pay to the gracious lord a tenth of all his earning; pray grant that he need only pay a thirtieth."

"So be it; from this time the magistrate of the village, whoever he may be, shall only pay a thirtieth."

A great shout greeted this gracious speech of the old knight. Dancing now began again, refreshments were served to everyone, and when at last the company withdrew, the village magistrate and his little niece were invited to stay and sup with the old baron.

The rest is soon told. With trembling lips Gertrud's uncle confessed to Knight Kunibert that on that fateful evening, his son had succeeded in rescuing his sweetheart, but fearful of another attack, they had journeyed to the home of her parents in the distant village of Hohebach. There, exchanging his velvet coat for the peasant's homespun, Wildemar remained, married his Gertrud, and working in the fields, had earned their simple living. His title he had laid aside and was known as the *Edelbauer* or noble peasant.

Touched by the tale the old baron sat for a time lost in painful thought, but his mind was soon made up. Next day, holding his newly won grand-daughter by the hand, he went to seek his son. The sight of his once familiar figure struck terror to the mother's heart, and she gathered her little ones round her.

"Have no fear," said her husband. "See, my father leads our Gertrud by the hand. He comes in peace."

And so it was. There was something to be forgiven on both sides, and while the reconciliation was being effected the great carriage with its high-stepping horses drew up before the peasant's door. When all were seated inside, the faithful Willibald led up the old baron's horse and the happy party returned to the once dingy castle, which now grew gay again, presided over by the gentle Gertrud, and echoing to the glad sounds of children's merry voices.

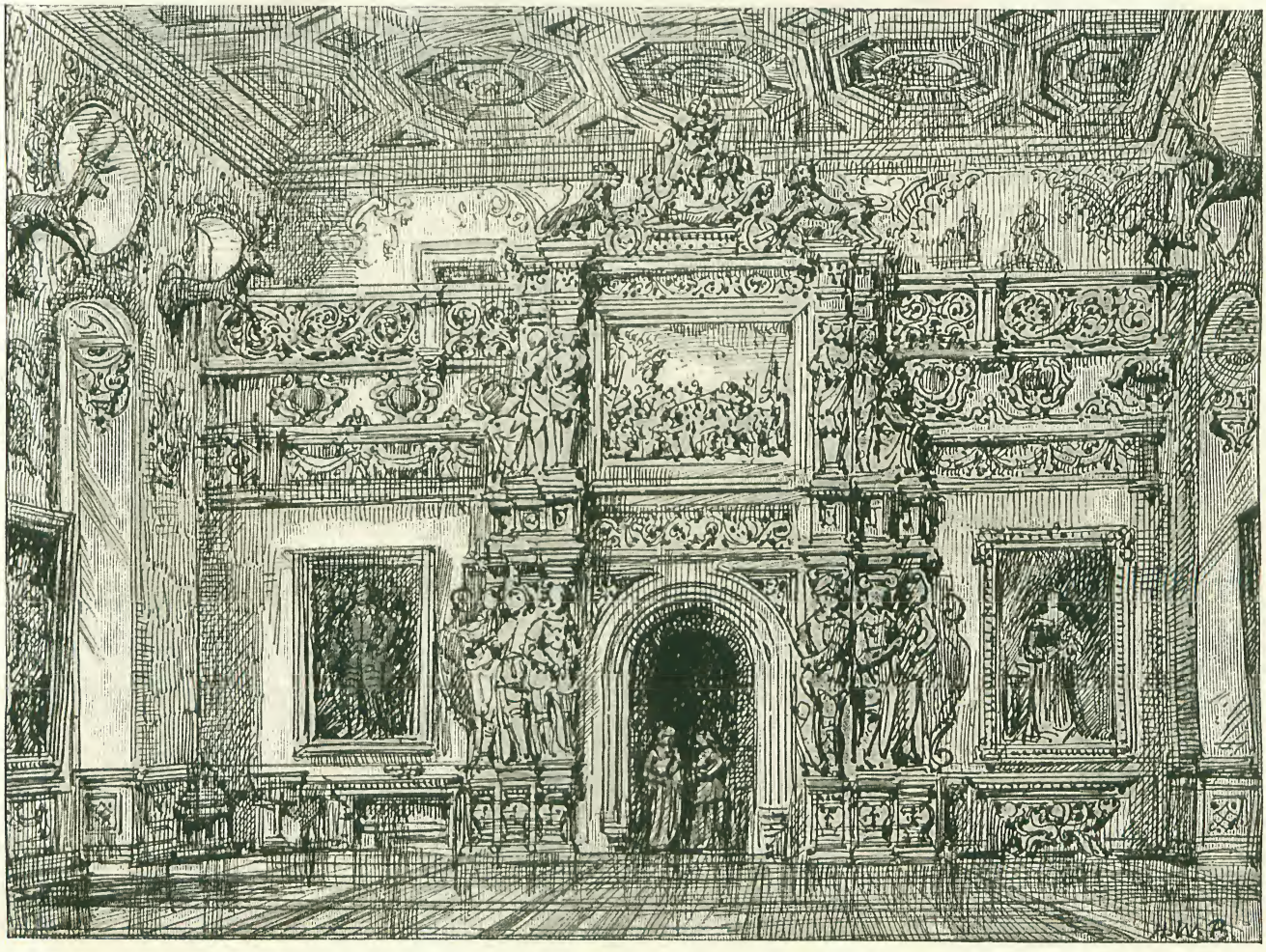
Across the hills round Langenburg there are numberless delightful drives. The railway has not marred the beauty of the scenery, and the princes of Hohenloh may spend a day in driving from one of their proud castles to another.

Amongst these carriage excursions last summer the young bride and bridegroom visited the old castle of Weikersheim, which is almost surrounded by the River Tauber. So pleased were they with this beautiful domain that they determined to spend some weeks there, and, satisfied with the comforts of their own apartments, a cook was at once despatched to test the capabilities of kitchen and larder.

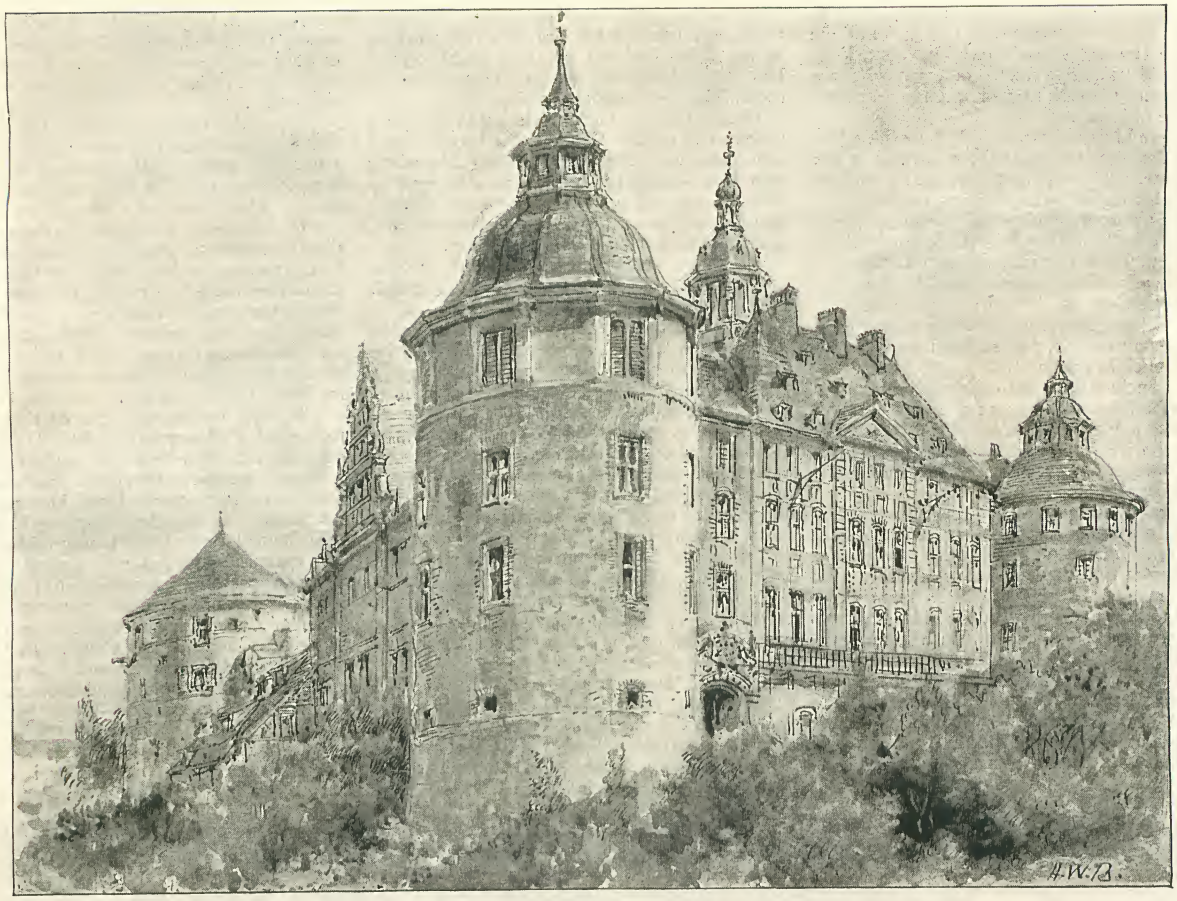
Part of this castle dates from the thirteenth century, but when Count Wolfgang von Hohenloh changed his residence at Langenburg for it in 1587, he built it almost entirely anew. The plans were drawn by the celebrated architect, Wolfgang Beringer, one of the designers of Würzburg's grand university. It is amusing to learn how in those days a famous architect was paid. Beringer received during the time of building, seventy guldens yearly (less than seven pounds); also annually six measures of corn, cloth for a cloak, a tanned deer-skin and free board and lodging for himself and his horse.

The most noteworthy part of the castle is the great *Rittersaal* (Knight's Hall), which contains a truly magnificent sculptured doorway and equally fine fireplace opposite. The wooden ceiling is painted with hunting scenes. At each side of the fire-place is a great genealogical tree of the family of Hohenloh, and curious figures of wild beasts, with real tusks, protrude from the walls at a considerable height. All of this was the work of Count Wolfgang, who appears to have been as kind as he was artistic and clever. In the little church at Weikersheim a much battered monument in black marble and alabaster records his good deeds as follows—

"Da man zält 1500 Jahr
Vierzig und sechs, geboren war



KNIGHTS' HALL AND MUSICIANS' GALLERY, CASTLE WEIKERSHEIM.



LANGENBURG.

Der hoch und wolgeboren Herr
Graf Wolff von Hohenloh, welcher
Zur hoch und wolgebornen Frau
Magdalena, Gräfin von Nassau,
Anno sechzig und sieben sich
Verheyrath hat hochlöblich,
Gezeugt sechs Herren im Ehestand,
Deren vier Kriegsobristen genannt,
Auch acht Fräulin Gräfin zart
Ein Preis hohenlohisch Stammes Art;
Hat gottselig, weislich regiert
Gemehrt die Grafschaft und geziert
Ins 43. Jahr, dabei
Geführt Kirchen und Schulgebaü,
Sechzehn hundert und zehn allhie
Den 28. Martii,
Seines Alters 64 Jahr,
Versetzet in die himmlische Schaar."

TRANSLATION.

In 1500 Anno Domini
Forty and six was born the high
And well born Count of Hohenloh,
Hight Wolff—for he was christened so—
Who took for high and well born spouse
Magdalena, of the Nassau house
Countess, to him in wedlock given
Anno Domini sixty and seven.
Whereof issue 6 gentlemen
Of whom 4 colonels since have been.
Also 8 ladies, fair of face,
Worthy to be of Hohenloh race.
A pious, godly rule held he
Through every year of forty-three,
His lands they grew each day more fair
And churches he and schools did rear
Till sixteen hundred ten A.D.
The 28th of March died he,
At sixty years and four the ghost
Up-giving to join the heavenly host.

In a hard time of famine Count Wolfgang once called his subjects before him, and said to them, "Be comforted, dear people, I will help you. As long as I have, you shall have."

VARIETIES.

"REAL NEAT."

Two tailors were sailing on Loch Lomond when the mighty Ben Lomond stood before them in awe-inspiring grandeur. The tailors looked at the mountain. For some minutes they were speechless, until one of them gathered breath enough to exclaim—

"Man, Tam, it's real neat. Isn't it awfu' nice aboot the shoothers?"

WHAT IS MOTHER-OF-PEARL?—Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster-shells is of this nature; but the mother-of-pearl used in the arts is much more variegated with a play of colours. The large shells of the Indian seas alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

THE DAY OF REST.

O sweet, fair day of silence,
When echoes come and go,
Of voices praising Him, the King,
Who lived so long ago.

As though in benediction
It brought us nearer Heaven,
His face to see, His own to be—
Day sweetest of the seven.

THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.—The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which over-rides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things.

FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD.

"We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes."—*J. Russell Lowell.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC I. (p. 211).

1. L yndhurs T
2. O b e a H
3. N e r v A
4. D r e a M
5. O riflamm E
6. N arcissu S

London. Thames.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUNT MADGE GIVES HER OPINION.

"Death is a black camel that kneels at the gate of all."—*Abdel-Kader.*



FTER all, the dreaded influenza epidemic did not make its appearance, and though people still talked learnedly of germs and microbes, and put meddling fingers into the medical pie, it was decided by the legitimate authorities that the mischief had blown over for the present.

It is a curious fact that there is a fashion even in talk. A subject is discussed until it is worn threadbare. When the germ theory was exhausted the bicycle craze took its place Perhaps future students of hieroglyphics may yet discover in some palimpsest that in old days the Egyptian maidens had quaint iron machines that carried them swiftly through the desert.

In the early March days, when the winds were keen and blusterous, Mr. Williams died; his end was very sudden.

Greta had just retired to her room for the night when the nurse noticed a change in him, and hastily summoned her. A messenger was sent for Dr. Luttrell, but before he could reach the house Mr. Williams was dead.

He could have done nothing if he had been there; that was the sole comfort Marcus could give to the stricken daughter, and she knew that he spoke the truth.

The bow of the king of terrors is never drawn at a venture. The arrow goes deep and true, but to Greta and Olivia he was only the angel of sorrow, who did his master's bidding. Alwyn in after years worked out this idea in a noble picture called the "House of Mourning."

The little one, evidently the sole child and heir of a goodly heritage, lay panting out his feeble life on the pillow. The broken-hearted parents bent over him hand in hand. The filmy look of unshed tears in the mother's eyes was wonderfully rendered. On the threshold stood a kingly presence, in dark trailing robes of majesty and a starry crown on his head. The face solemn and beautiful wore an expression of infinite pity, the arms were stretched out to the child with a gesture of tenderness.

Underneath was written those striking words: "Is it well with the child," and the answer, "It is well." It was that picture that made Alwyn Gaythorne's name.

Olivia hurried round to Brunswick Place as soon as her husband broke the news to her, and spent the greater part of each day there for the next week or two.

It was touching to see how the poor girl clung to her friends, she would do nothing without their advice.

Dr. Luttrell saved her as much as possible. He and Alwyn did the necessary business, and Olivia brought her work and Dot, and strove in every way to cheer and console her.

It was a very quiet funeral, only Marcus and his wife and Alwyn and the lawyer were present. When they went back to the house the will was read. The provisions were perfectly simple; everything, with the exception of a few minor legacies, was left to Greta; the house in Brunswick Place, and an income of nearly three thousand a year.

Olivia opened her eyes a little widely when she heard this. She had no idea that Greta would be such a rich woman. But Greta herself seemed utterly indifferent.

"How am I to live on here alone," she said with an outburst of grief, when she found herself left with Olivia. "Dear Mrs. Luttrell, you must both help me. All my friends must help me to some decision, but to live alone in this house just because it belongs to me; oh, I cannot do it," with a sudden shiver of repulsion. "I would sooner go into a hospital and learn nursing." But when Olivia repeated this speech to Marcus he only smiled.

"An attractive young woman with three thousand a year will soon discover some object of interest," he said a little dryly. "But it would hardly do to hint at this just now. Nursing in a hospital is a fine work no doubt for any one who has a vocation, but you may as well tell Miss Williams not to ask my advice. She has not the physical strength, besides, in her position the idea is absurd.

"Why take the bread out of other women's mouths. No—no—just counsel her to patience, and in a few months we shall see which way the wind blows," for though no word had yet passed between them Marcus was quite aware of Alwyn Gaythorne's *penchant* for his old playfellow, though the idea was hardly more pleasing to him than it was to Olivia.

"There is not enough of him," he said to himself. "He does not come up to her mark. It is not her money, for Mr. Gaythorne is a rich man and his son will have plenty, but she stands on a higher plane than his, and in my humble opinion Miss Williams could do better for herself."

Strange to say Mrs. Broderick differed from them. She had already made Greta's acquaintance, and they had mutually taken to each other. Greta had been charmed with Mrs. Broderick's cheerfulness and quaint speeches, and Aunt Madge in her turn had declared herself fascinated by Greta's gentleness. "She is exactly my idea of a young English gentlewoman," she had said after her first visit. "I thought the article had gone out of fashion. Oh," as Olivia looked shocked at this, "I grant you there are hundreds and thousands of good, honest girls, I'm thankful to say, but they are so terribly outspoken and up to date. Of course I am only an old-fashioned frump, and sadly behind the times, but though slang may not be sinful, and a little outward roughness is only the husk, and there is plenty of sweet, sound kernel inside, yet I must own, Livy, I like gentleness as well."

Alwyn and Aunt Madge were already firm friends. She shared his artistic tastes and could talk intelligently to him on the subjects he liked best, and from the first she refused to see any defects in him.

"My dear Livy," she once said when Olivia had made a somewhat disparaging remark about his want of steadiness, "you are far too critical. You judge men by Marcus' standard, but you must remember every one is not a moral son of Anak.

"Now Mr. Alwyn is a great favourite of mine, and I think highly of him. Few young men would be so good-natured as to come two or three times a week to chat with an elderly invalid. And yet that is what Mr. Alwyn does, and he knows I enjoy his visits.

"Yesterday when he came in, he found Miss Williams sitting with me, and they both looked as pleased as though they had not met for years. And it made me feel quite young to look at them. Oh!" in an exasperated tone as Olivia shook her head, "I know what that means; that you and Marcus forbid the banns, but you might just as well try to stop an express train with a penny whistle, so you may as well save your breath.

"Those two mean to take each other for better or worse. They don't know it themselves yet, but it is written already in the book of fate."

"Oh, Aunt Madge, how can you say such things. You have not seen Greta more than three or four times."

"All the same the oracle has spoken," with a wise nod of her head. "My dear, Greta Williams was born into this world to be someone's crutch. A strong, healthy-minded man could not utilise her best qualities. She would be simply wasted on him. She has got to mother her husband, you see, and that is what Mr. Alwyn wants his wife to do. Leave them alone, they will soon find out their need of each other. And then they will settle matters. And for pity's sake, Olive, don't you try and put a spoke in their wheel." But Olivia, who was a little huffy on the subject, refused to say another word.

"It was no business of hers or anyone's," she said pointedly, "whom Alwyn Gaythorne chose to marry, but in her opinion it was always a pity to couple names together beforehand," and with this virtuous snub she rose to take

her leave, but Mrs. Broderick only indulged in one of her hearty laughs.

"Livy, I do declare you are actually cross with me—well, there, I will not say another word; don't look as though I have been talking treason. I quite allow your Greta is too good for any ordinary faulty man, and that even my young friend is not worthy of her," and at this admission Olivia's brow cleared.

"Thank you for saying that, Aunt Madge. I know we do not really differ, only—only," with a little laugh, "you are always so ready for a love-story."

"Yes, I love a lover," returned Mrs. Broderick playfully, and then her manner changed. "No, I will not jest about it; life and death and love are no subjects for jests, they are three splendid realities. Yes, my dear Olive, you are right, and love-stories, even the poorest, interest me. Haven't I lived mine? Do I not know how it glorifies life? but we can only read the first chapters here, there is eternity for us presently. 'The many mansions,' I think I love those words more than any in the Bible, they always make me think that even there there will be a special home for Fergus and me and our boy."

Olivia certainly found it difficult to satisfy the various claims on her; her household tasks occupied most of the morning; as long as Martha remained their sole domestic, it was necessary for the mistress to superintend the cooking. To look after Marcus' comfort was her first and paramount duty, and it was seldom that she found herself at leisure until the afternoon, and then she and Greta were generally together, either at Brunswick Place or Galvaston Terrace.

Sometimes she would combine her duties by taking Greta with her when she went to Mayfield Villas, but she never ventured to take her to Galvaston House after her first visit, as she found out that Mr. Gaythorne preferred her to come alone.

"Miss Williams is all very well," he said once, "and we are always pleased to see her, but I like my pleasures singly, besides Alwyn always monopolises her. Invalids are allowed to be exacting, so I may tell you plainly that I like to have you to myself," and after that Olivia went alone.

It was always a pleasure to her to go there, she had such a warm welcome from the father and son, and it did her heart good to see the light of happiness in the old man's eyes, he seemed hardly able to bear his son out of his sight. Alwyn's health, his comforts and his tastes were his chief topics of conversation. One day he made Alwyn take her upstairs and show her the new studio that had been planned, two rooms were to be thrown into one, and a fresh window put in.

Directly the work was commenced he and Alwyn were going to Bournemouth for a few weeks. The sea voyage had been postponed for the present. Mr. Gaythorne fretted himself at the idea of parting so soon with his boy, and he hated the thought of his going alone.

"If there were someone to look after him," he would say to Dr. Luttrell, "but I feel as though I could never trust him to take care of himself again; look at him, he is a perfect wreck." And though Marcus still held to his opinion that a long voyage would be his best remedy, he thought it more prudent to wait a little, and on his side Alwyn seemed reluctant to go.

"I have been too much my ain lane already," he said, "I should prefer to stay at home a little longer," and then Bournemouth was selected as a compromise. Mrs. Crampton would go with them, and at Mr. Gaythorne's request, Marcus went down first and chose their rooms.

"Why not go from Saturday to Monday, and take your wife down? I will frank your expenses," he said, "and the little trip will do you both good." And though Marcus hesitated over this, as Martha was too young to be trusted with the care of Dot, Greta came to the rescue, by undertaking to look after the child.

Olivia could scarcely believe her ears, when this magnificent project was unfolded to her. Two whole days with Marcus by the sea! And they had neither of them had an outing since their modest wedding-trip—a week at St. Leonards.

"It will be another honeymoon," she said flushing with pleasure. And as they sat together in the hotel garden that Saturday evening, she thought of the humble lodging to which Marcus had taken her, and what fun they had got out of their first attempt at housekeeping.

The little change did them both good, but, though neither of them would have owned it for the world, No. 1, Galvaston Terrace, certainly looked a little dreary on their return.

The bright spring weather only made the dinginess more apparent, but nothing would induce the landlord to treat them to a fresh coat of paint. Marcus white-washed one or two of the rooms in the intervals of his work; and Olivia put up clean curtains and purchased a plant or two. As far as scrupulous cleanliness could avail, the little house was in first-rate order. Nevertheless Marcus gave vent to an impatient sigh now and then as he looked round the small, low room. The side windows had been blocked up in the days of the window-tax, and the one small window lighted the room imperfectly.

"If we could only move," he said once. "I want you and Dot to have more light and air. We are too near the cemetery too. We should do much better in Compton Street or Norfolk Terrace." And then as Olivia looked at him in surprise, he said a little impatiently—

"Oh, I know it is not to be done yet. We shall have to want a little longer. I believe it was that insufferable woman, Mrs. Tolman, put it into my head. She actually told me that we ought to move, as no good class of patients would ever come to Galvaston Terrace. It was just like her impudence—eh, Livy."

"Oh, Marcus, I am so sorry," and Olivia put down her work and looked at him sympathetically. "I thought something had annoyed you the moment you came in. It is too bad of Mrs. Tolman always to tread upon people's corns in this fashion. She might wait until one asks her advice."

"Oh, but it is true all the same," he returned with a tinge of despondency in his voice.

"A good house in a good neighbourhood would make all the difference to the practice. A house in Brunswick Place for example."

But Olivia only laughed. "Someone besides myself can build air castles," she said archly. "You might as well go on, Marcus. Why not be Dr. Bevan's partner too?" Then Marcus started and an odd little smile played round his mouth. The very same thought had already occurred to him.

(To be continued.)

WHEN BUD AND BURGEON COME AGAIN.

By "MEDICUS."

"February fills the dike,
Either with black or white."
Old distich.

WELL, the word "dike" has one meaning in Scotland and another in England. For up north it signifies a stone wall, or fence built without mortar, while down here in the south it means a ditch. If we read the above couplet thus, there is not only a modicum of sense in it, but a flavouring of truth as well. February fills the ditch either with dark water or with snow.

This puts me in mind of the anecdote of the boy and the tourist. The former was an Inverness lad—so we're told—and the latter an Englishman pure and simple. Very simple perhaps. However, he is said to have asked the boy: "Does it always rain here, my lad?"

And the answer was: "Na, sir; it sometimes snaws."

Of course there is no truth in it, because there is not, nor ever was, a single word of broad Scotch spoken in Inverness. Nothing but Gaelic and good English.

But, reverting to the ditch, there is no doubt that, if we don't get snow in February, we get sleet and wretched rain, which soaks through the strongest tweeds or tailor-built dress you can wear. And, but for one thing, I cannot help looking upon this month as the most miserable and coldest in the whole calendar. In its favour, I can say this, it gives a promise of the beautiful spring and

summer on ahead. Mind you, girls, that in some parts of the north the seasons have what seems to me a more natural division than they have here. Thus, February is the first month of spring, because bud and burgeon are coming back to the brown trees and hedgerows. They are just throwing off their winter's sloth and slumber, spreading their arms out in the westerly winds and looking forward to having a real good time of it later on. Well, March and April are the two other spring months. Then,

"Summer comes lilting out-o'er the green lea
And the rose—O! the rose—and the thistle are blowing."

It comes lilting in with May. The sun is higher and warmer now; leaves in their tenderest green adorn our poplars, chestnuts, our larches and lindens, wild-flowers spring, wanton to be pressed, and mavis and blackbird sing in every copse and garden, and the wild pigeons purr or croodle in the woodlands, while far away on the brown heathy moorlands the linnet's sweet lilt is heard on the golden furze bushes, that hug the ground and perfume the air for yards and yards around them.

Then comes the joy of June and the beauty of our more sedate July. This ends the summer, and August ushers in the autumn, with its golden grain and crimson poppies that still linger among the ripening corn, and lordly look the tall crimson foxgloves against the green of fern or bracken. In September —autumn's second month—the harvest is smiling o'er all the land; but, in October, comes the "fa' o' the year." Though there are autumn tints of gold, orange and crimson on every tree, the fields look "dowie" (sickly) and bare, and yonder we see the starlings and sparrows gathering in flocks; while the swallows and martins hurry away to warmer climes, and soon all our other migrant birds follow their example.

November approaches now with whistling winds and "blauding" rains, and soon our trees are once more leafless and bare, and so throughout the cold of December and wilder January they are sleeping sound and fast till spring-time sweet returns.

Well, we are now in February once more, and our gardens are—if they have had anything like justice—beginning to look pretty again. I know of no out-door occupation that is half so health-giving as gardening. Though an ardent lover of cycling, I feel certain that this fancy is nothing to be compared to gardening from a health point of view, and therefore I would like to hear of more girls in the country or suburbs taking to it. It is easy to conduct and look after a garden in the cool, green country. You have only to get your ground to begin with, and get some one to lay it out for you. The work of laying out might be copied from plans of your own sketched on paper. They need not be altogether your own ideas. They may be gleaned from others.

To begin with, a week's study of a book on gardening (illustrated) like that called *The English Flower Garden*, published by Murray, would give you an excellent start. If space is no object, and your garden-ground has hedges or walls around it, you may and should go in for vegetables as well as flowers and fruit. As for the former, there is nothing looks better, if arranged with mathematical correctness and in the Scotch style, than beds of such vegetables as parsnips, especially when the long, even, green rows are just peeping through the brown earth in April. There should be a beauty of symmetry about these beds, each with its little path between, all even, and not the ghost of a weed to be seen, a beauty which it is difficult to describe without plans.

But, if you do not go in for vegetables—and it must be confessed that greens and potatoes are "somewhat disfiguring in autumn," although French beans and scarlet runners in rows are very pretty—you can easily have both flower-beds and borders. The annuals of various sorts, if sown in drills, are beautiful beyond compare. But the borders should be filled with old-fashioned perennials to suit each season. Hollyhocks of different sizes make glorious backgrounds, and so do dahlias; but irises and gladioli are gorgeous enough for anything.

Then in out-of-the-way corners the common male fern looks pretty, especially if it has the crimson light of the wild foxglove to enhance its waving fronds.

Well, even if you have no garden at all, why, you may decorate your balconies and windows with any creeping and climbing flowers, and even roses in pots.

Now what do I claim for gardening from a health point of view? Many benefits—too many to mention here in fact. There is first and foremost the exercise, and if one keeps moving and fairly energetic, there is no need to dread catching cold even on the dampest day. It is a pity that the old-fashioned pattens have disappeared. Though I have never seen them, still, from descriptions, I believe they would just be the thing for gardening in during wet weather. Goloshes keep the feet wet with perspiration; but pattens could be worn with shoes and would not obstruct the ventilation of the feet. Well the exercise is not only gentle, but it is recreative, owing to the pleasure one cannot help taking in tending flowers. Then the fresh, pure air is so healthful and exhilarating that liver complaints, biliousness, and indigestion soon vanish after a girl takes earnestly to gardening as a fad or fancy. The consequence is that the heart is strengthened, and the blood rendered far more pure, so that every organ of the body is strengthened and regenerated. The roses return to the cheeks of the delicate, the carmine to the lips, and the blithe blink to the eye.

Is this all? By no means, for gardening is a contemplative occupation, and you cannot help being drawn nearer and nearer to God in nature while so engaged, nearer to the Creator by the creations you tend and admire.

Ah, but there are a thousand and one things to love and marvel at in a great old-world country garden; the leaves of the trees that whisper in spring, and rustle as the year goes on, the birds that sing to you, the wind that never talks in the same voice two days running, and never has exactly the same tale to tell you twice, the butterflies that flit in the sunshine, the bonnie, bonnie, busy bees, who from the steadiness and earnestness with which they work, cause one almost to believe that even they know that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,"

and feel themselves under

"That fixed Decree, at silent work, which will
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
Good unto better, better unto best
By wordless edict. . .
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things according to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth and use."

But have you not also the myriads of tiny insects that creep, or fly, or leap from leaf to leaf, from flower to flower, tiny nomads and wanderers in your garden wild and wide, Nature's most real of gipsies, homeless, careless, happy and free; and although so minute as to be barely visible by the naked eye, still as perfect in form, in features and in structure as we ourselves are; for God manifests as much kindness and care in the construction of those wee wildlings of nature, as in that of the animals who roam through field and forest.

But even after sunset, and in the long twilight of spring, summer and autumn, we have the lovely moths, and many a strange insect and fly, that seem to believe their beauty is too rich and rare to be exposed to the bright strong glare of the sun. These pretty creatures are ever attracted by light, just as we ourselves are, and on evenings when the stars are very brilliant and near-like, they are more numerous—for each and all of them appear to have made up their minds to fly to some particular star. Will they ever get there, I wonder—or will we? Who knows?

But now I must say a word or two about one at least of the troubles that afflict the delicate in early spring. You will note that I say "the delicate," and I do so advisedly, because those who, having no inherited ailments, obey the laws of health, need have no fear at all. These live fairly well; they are temperate not only in food and drink, but even in their language and exercise and pleasures as well. This is true temperance, and the temperance that leads to beauty and to strength. Of course, ablutions and the bath must go hand in hand, and what with exercise, fresh air and bed-room windows open night and day, good sleep is sure to follow; so that the refreshing night ushers in a day of comfort and happiness, apart, of course from the worldly troubles that mankind is born to as the sparks fly upwards.

About common colds: Whatever the more ardent students may say to the contrary, I still hold that a strong chill, which drives the blood inwards upon the delicate lining membrane of the lungs, is often productive of congestion thereof, and consequent coughing up of phlegm, clear at first but afterwards purulent. But the inhalation of microbes may give colds. If one goes out, for instance, from a heated atmosphere into a chilly air, then, by a law of nature, the germs will flock towards one's heated body, and thus cold or other ailments occur. Now take my advice, because it is born of common sense: do not send off for a cough mixture the very first day a cold comes on, because for a time it is in the inflammatory stage. If you want a mixture, let it be a cooling one, consisting of sweet nitre, mindererus spirit, a little spirits of chloroform in syrup and water, then, keep indoors, well wrapped up for a day or two. Rest on the sofa, but don't hug the fire. After this, I believe that inhalations of pinol or eucalyptia, now so much used by the best physicians, will do more good than any amount of stomach-irritating, nerve-disturbing mixtures. A tiny little inhaler is sold for this purpose by all respectable chemists with two little bottles of the spirits. I don't know the price, but the inventors are Burroughs & Wellcome. These inhalations, you see, go direct to the seat of trouble.

Terebene for bad colds and sore throats is rapidly coming into great repute with doctors. It must be had pure. We begin by taking three to four drops thrice a day on a lump of sugar, and gradually increasing to fifteen drops. I should tell you, however, that a drop from a tiny bottle is not quite a *minim*, so a little more should be used.

I trust that but few of my readers will require medicine. They should not if they go in for gardening. But there is no earthly reason why they need discard the bike on that account.

In conclusion, just one tiny hint: never ride hard when you have a cold.



"'YOU'LL BE GOING TO BED EARLY, MOTHER,' SAID LYDIA."

A SONG OF HOPE.

WHAT though the day be dark, and storms rage over the seas,
What though the fields are brown, and leaves fall fast from the trees,
What though the birds are flown, and skies overhead are grey,
What though the sun goes down so soon on a winter's day?

Spring will come with her joy and glory of bud and flower,
Spring with her song of hope in every bright'ning hour,
Spring with her dress of green embroider'd with woodland bloom,
Spring with her April tears and sunlight after the gloom.

Deep in the warm earth's breast the flowers are living still,
Hid till the spring shall come proclaiming her royal will:
"Wake! O ye sleeping flow'rs and bloom on the earth once more—
Wake! for the spring has come and the winter-time is o'er."

I. K. N.



HER GIRL.

By AMY IRVINE.

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE.

MRS. MORGAN sat under the pear-tree knitting, for it was now too dark to hem the shirt she had brought out with her. It was a rest to lean back in her chair and breathe the sweet evening air, while her fingers were employed upon her stocking, never idle, for the Morgans were too poor to waste their time. As the old woman sat there, she smiled, and the lines which toil and trouble had written prematurely over her face were softened away while she thought about her girl.

A slow step came dragging up the hill, and halted at the little gate. Mrs. Morgan turned and nodded.

"Good-evening, Johnny Baker!"

"Is your Lydia in?" he asked not noticing her salutation.

"No, Lydia's down at Mrs. Lane's, gone to fetch a parcel of work."

He leaned heavily on the gate, fixing his eyes on the old woman. He had a sorrowful expression, not natural to a young fellow.

"Mrs. Morgan," said he, "do you think your Lydia'll ever be able to care for me? I know I'm a rough chap, but I love her true, and would be a faithful husband to her."

"That you would, Johnny, and it's just the one thing as the dear Lord hasn't granted me. I think I could die happy if I left my Lydia with you, but I can't make her out, she seems that set against you, and we can't force these things."

"A good daughter makes a good wife," muttered the young man, "and I've set my heart on Lydia."

"She's the best girl in the village, though I say it as shouldn't," burst out her mother; "there's nothing my Lydia can't do, and she's such a scholar, you should hear her read, and she writes like a clerk. It's splendid to be so clever, though sometimes I fancy she's a bit too fond of reading, she buys them little books all about lords and dukes, and such-like. Not that she wastes her time, Johnny, she's that industrious I'm sometimes afraid she does too much for her health, and just lately she's been a bit down. I say to her as she must not overdo herself, or what would become of us? My sight's getting poor, and I can't do the finer sewing now. I'm not grumbling, our Heavenly Father has cared for me all the way through, and let me keep on in the old place, and given me my girl." The old woman's eyes shone, thinking of her blessings, and especially of that last one.

"She won't so much as look at me," said the young man, in deep dejection.

"I can't think why it is," answered Mrs. Morgan, glancing at the fine strong figure and the rough, but handsome face. She wondered if Lydia would not have softened if she had seen the tender and wistful expression that filled his eyes, for what could be more winsome to a young woman than the sight of so much gentleness coupled with such strength? "I'd give a lot to see her married to you, Johnny Baker, it's been my prayer many a day, but we must bide the dear Lord's time."

It was very quiet, there seemed no sound but the soft humming of the summer insects, until a brisk step coming towards them broke the silence. Johnny started, and a blush dyed his cheeks—even a strong young labourer can blush at times.

"She's coming," nodded Mrs. Morgan, and when the figure of her girl appeared in sight, her eyes rested upon it almost in exultation. No mother in the world was prouder of her daughter than Mrs. Morgan.

But when the girl saw who it was that stood there talking to her mother, she frowned, and it was easy to see how greatly she was displeased—even stupid Johnny Baker could not mistake her manner as she brushed past him and set down her parcel before Mrs. Morgan. The very sight of him had enraged her.

"Good-evening to you," said Johnny slowly.

He looked at the girl long and sadly, and

then shouldered his bag of tools, and walked away.

"He's breaking his heart for you, Lydia," said Mrs. Morgan gently.

"Let him!" snapped the girl. "What business has he coming here worrying me? I wouldn't marry Johnny Baker, not for a fortune."

"What have you against him?" asked her mother.

Lydia stood up straight and slim before her mother, and her eyes flashed proudly.

"Mother," she said, "look at me. Do I look like a common girl, born to marry a common labourer, eh?"

"You shouldn't be proud of your looks, Lydia; they were given you by God, they shouldn't lift you up above your station!"

"Mother," said the girl, with some excitement, "before now common girls like me have married earls and baronets. There, don't look, scared, I never said I was going to marry an earl, I was only jesting. But I am not going to be tied down to a common labourer."

"Lydia," answered her mother, "it sort of scares me to hear you talk like that. I've always thought as our Heavenly Father set us in stations of life, and that no good ever came of trying to get out of our station. I may be wrong; I'm not clever like you, my dear, but it scares me, Lydia, it scares me to hear you."

"I was only jesting," repeated the girl. She picked up the parcel, and whisked off to the cottage, hiding the rebellion and dissatisfaction she felt by a great show of industry.

Mrs. Morgan followed her, and looked wistfully after her. Had she vexed her girl? Young folks do not like to be lectured; it doesn't do to preach at them. She must not estrange her Lydia—she was all that she had.

"You'll be going to bed early, mother," said Lydia, wheeling round from her seat at the door and facing the old woman; "you're tired out, and you ought to rest your eyes plenty. We've got an awful lot of work to do for Mrs. Lane."

The widow's face lighted up. How kind and thoughtful her girl was, God bless her! What a comfort she was, everything that her mother could desire.

Mrs. Morgan would have liked to sit in her corner watching her girl, and talking to her, but she went to bed instead, and lay there in the dark praying to God for her darling.

As soon as she was out of the way, Lydia pulled a paper out of her pocket, and sat down by the candle to read. It was a halfpenny novelette, and the story was of a farmer's daughter, who was beautiful beyond compare, and was badly treated at home, so she ran away with a few shillings in her pocket, and eventually married a duke. "If one can do it, why not another?" Lydia asked herself. It never came into her head that the story might not be true. In their prosaic village life, no one was gifted with much imagination, and they were accustomed to believe what each other said without questioning—and Lydia was very young.

While she read her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkled. The heroine was a tall dark girl, "like me," Lydia whispered to herself; she had large black eyes. "So have I," murmured Lydia, springing up and carrying the candle to the dresser. She reached a small hand-glass off the wall and studied her features eagerly. The story might have been written about her! She was the handsomest girl in the village, she'd heard it said often; and it really seemed too bad that such a beautiful, clever girl should be wasted in this wretched little place.

Oh, if only her mother could be persuaded to let her go up to London and make her fortune!

Lydia pushed away the glass impatiently. What was the use of thinking such idle thoughts? Didn't she know that her mother would nearly die of horror if she so much as suggested such a thing?

CHAPTER II.

JOHNNY BAKER.

"HULLO, Johnny!"

Johnny Baker looked up. He had been sitting over his little fire trying to fry a herring, and something had gone wrong with the cooking.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Jenkins," he answered. "Won't you come in?"

His neighbour complied. She sat down on a chair near the door.

"You didn't hear me knock, Johnny," she said, smoothing down her apron. "Well, how are you gettin' on?"

He shook his head.

"It's a bit lonesome of an evening, Mrs. Jenkins."

"And that it must be, too," added Mrs. Jenkins. "You'll have to get married, Johnny; it ain't natural like for a young fellow to be livin' alone. Let's see, it's just two months since your mother died, ain't it?"

He nodded his head, but did not speak. Johnny had loved his mother, and even now he felt a lump in his throat whenever the neighbours spoke of her. It was not usual amongst these simple, hard-working folk to mourn so long, generally in a month or two they got accustomed to the blanks in their families made by death; but Johnny was unlike the rest in many ways.

"I came in to ask you if you'd be able to sit up an hour or two with poor Toby; his mother's laid up, and his poor young wife ain't fit for the nursing by day, let alone by night. I couldn't sit with him myself, though I'd do it willin' but for the childer, so I thought as I'd run in and ask you."

"Very well, I'll sit up with him," answered Johnny; "I'll go as soon as I've had my supper."

"This place looks as if it wants its missus," remarked Mrs. Jenkins. Her eyes were very sharp to take in every detail of discomfort or untidiness, and Johnny winced under the scrutiny of her quick eyes. "Now, I should say that ere grate hasn't been blacked for more'n a month."

"Does it want blacking?" asked Johnny helplessly. "I'm not sure as I could do it, unless you tell me how, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Look here, Johnny," she said, for after all she had a kind heart, "if you'll give me permission, I'll come and do it for you myself, it'll look twice as comfortable-like, and we all know you, as is willin' to do a good turn to whoever'm in trouble."

"Thank you kindly," said Johnny, touched by this unexpected neighbourliness; for, as is so often the case, he was more often asked to confer than receive kindness.

"And the chairs do want a rub," continued Mrs. Jenkins. "In your mother's time they shone as you could see your face in 'em."

Johnny rose abruptly and poked his herring till the fat spluttered all over the hob.

"She was that proud of her furniture," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"I'll go in to Toby's directly I've had my supper," burst out Johnny, and Mrs. Jenkins nodded and took her leave.

As soon as she was gone, he wiped his forehead, and drew a deep breath.

He looked all round the room that was so fast losing that nameless likeness to the owner which rooms often absorb, and he had to acknowledge to himself that it would have gone to his mother's heart if she had seen it now. Yet he could not tell what was the matter with it.

When he set his blackened herring on the table, and took his simple supper, he felt very forlorn. Lydia had cut him dead, and he had seen the enmity she had not so much as tried to conceal. Why did she hate him? He was ready to sacrifice his life for her. Well, well, he must have patience, and in the meantime there was plenty to do. He must make an effort to restore his mother's kitchen to something of its old appearance.

While he gulped down his unsavoury supper, he looked about him, and then it seemed that the heart went out of him. If he had been preparing it for Lydia it might have been different, but if it were only to be for himself, it seemed not worth while.

"I'd go into lodgings and give up the cottage, only somehow I cling to the place," he muttered; "it's all that I have of home."

He put his plate beside the mug he had used for his tea in the morning, and which he would not wash until he wanted it to-morrow, and then reached down his hat. There were several dirty plates and knives on the dresser, but he never had a general wash-up until he had used all the things. The tea-pot, with the leaves in it still, he filled with water and set on the hob, thinking a cup of tea would be refreshing after his night with Toby. The fact that he would be drinking poison never entered his head—fortunately he was not a great tea-drinker.

Out of his dreary home went Johnny, feeling terribly forlorn, but when he rapped at poor Toby's door, and was let in by Toby's wife, he had a bright smile and cheery word for her, and one would think by his manner that it was quite a pleasure to him to lose his night's rest for his neighbour. The poor young wife burst into tears, and blessed him from the bottom of her heart.

"I'm tired to death," she sobbed, "and that poorly I can scarce stand. I think the Lord must have sent you, Johnny Baker, though it's little I deserve it; I've been a-fretting and a-fuming against Him since Toby was took ill, and now his mother's bad, and I haven't had a wink of sleep dear knows how long."

"Look here," said Johnny, "you just go right off to bed. Tell me what to do for Toby, and don't you bother about him."

"God Almighty bless you," said Toby's wife, gladly availing herself of the opportunity.

Johnny might have had a sad heart, but it was a cheerful face he carried up to his poor sick neighbour, and the invalid, who had been tossing and tumbling about in his bed, bitterly complaining of his hard lot, said that the moment he set eyes on Johnny, he felt better. In after days he often declared that he owed his recovery to that night when Johnny Baker sat up with him.

They were both young men, and might have been shy of talking as they did, but Toby's illness broke down the barriers of reserve between them for the time, and they saw into each other's souls. They were common workmen (as Lydia would have said) but in the rough shells were hidden the most beautiful of all things, and the fact that they were simple and unlearned did not tarnish that beauty. It was a night to be remembered by both, and Johnny went home very tired, but much less dejected.

As for Toby, he had "turned the corner," and the doctor cheered the poor wife by telling her that her husband would be at work again in no time. He thought the medicine had cured Toby, but the sick man said it was Johnny Baker.

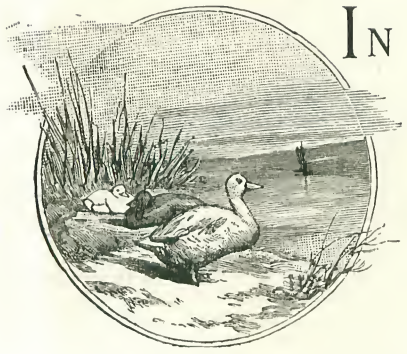
(To be continued.)

PROFITABLE DUCK-KEEPING.

By T. WILSON-WILSON.

PART III.

REARING THE DUCKLINGS.



In my last paper, I left the duckling just at the stage when it was about to emerge from the shell.

During the last day or two of incubation, it is essential to see that the ground around the nest is sufficiently damp, as duck eggs need even more moisture than hen eggs.

I do not mean that the eggs ought to be wet, but there ought to be sufficient moisture about, so that the warmth of the hen's body will draw up a humid atmosphere round the hatching eggs.

This matter must be left to the discretion of the attendant, and the nest does not need so much moisture in cold weather as during the hot season; I generally find that some water poured around the nest each day, for the last four days, is quite sufficient. Some people sprinkle the eggs with warm water, but there is a good deal of risk in doing this, especially if the hen be stupid, and decline to return to the nest immediately.

Many advise that the eggs should be put into a dish of hot water, about as hot as the hand can bear, and left there for a few minutes.

During hot weather there is no harm in this plan, and it may do good. At any rate it is a good plan by which to test the eggs, as those that are alive will bob about in the water, if watched for a few minutes, while the dead ones will remain motionless. Do not try this test until the twenty-seventh day of incubation.

Generally speaking, the ducklings will make their own way out of the shell without this assistance.

By the twenty-eighth day on going to the nest in the morning, there will almost be sure to be some little downy creatures nestling under the mother. If all the eggs are not hatched, it is best to remove the ducklings, and put them in a basket, not too close to the fire, or better still, heat a hot-water bottle, and arrange it so that the ducklings can cuddle around it.

Ducklings do not need too much heat.

Some of the remaining eggs may have chipped, and if so, they may be left to hatch, but those that have not chipped, will either be dead, or may need some extra assistance.

The eggs should be taken, and a sharp penknife should be inserted at the large end. If the skin underneath the shell be dark, or there is any smell, or thick yellow matter oozing out, then the egg is bad, and may be discarded.

If the skin be white, the duckling is alive. If the blood comes, then the egg had better be gently put back under the hen, as it is not quite ready. If no blood follows, then the duckling is ready to come out, and the probability is that its bill is laid in a slanting direction against the shell.

With care the end of the bill can be found, either at this large end, which is most usual, or at the small end.

The shell should be carefully broken away near and around the bill, and the egg should meanwhile be held in hot water, all except the point of the bill. This softens the skin, and the egg may be returned to the nest; the duckling will probably finish the matter itself.

No written description can exactly make up for practical experiment and experience, but where it would be dangerous to take chickens from the shell, it is comparatively safe to assist ducklings a little.

Where only new laid eggs have been set, the ducklings are generally well out by the twenty-eighth day, and often a day earlier.

When all are safely hatched, the hen should be cooped out, under a large warm coop. I think that the ordinary coops are often too small for the hen, as she ought to have a little room to walk about, even though it be advisable to confine her.

We must now remember that the hen has been without proper food for a month, and is naturally a little worn.

She should therefore have a good meal of nice soft food, with a little meat, and have plenty of water, and be allowed to give herself a good dusting.

After that she will be willing to pay attention to the ducklings when given to her.

There is no hurry whatever about feeding the ducklings. They do not need food for fully thirty-six hours after they are hatched, and seem to actually continue to increase in size during that time. The fact is that the last thing they do before coming out of the shell, is to absorb the yolk of the egg into their bodies, and this serves as food for the first thirty-six hours. In fact it is positively better that a good part of this yolk should be properly digested, before anything more is forced on the digestive organs.

From this time forward the ducklings should never be allowed to stop growing, as if they are brought forward early on, they will always be better framed birds, than if even for a day they stand still.

The first thing they will go for will be water, or milk. This should be supplied them in guarded troughs, so that they cannot get into them and wet themselves.

A little oatmeal should be sprinkled on the top of the water, and they will very soon find out their own eating capacity.

For the first week food should always be left near them, and they should have access to clean water. The food should consist of biscuit-meal, varied by oatmeal porridge mixed crumbly with dry oatmeal, chopped egg mixed with bread crumbs, a little meat chopped fine, or granulated meat well soaked with hot water, and they greatly relish some of the family rice pudding mixed dry with meal. For hard food, groats should be given twice daily during the first week, and for another week they may have broken wheat, buckwheat, and after that a variety of whole grain.

It is a great mistake to think that ducklings require their food wet and sticky. They should always have their soft food mixed crumbly moist, so that if a lump were thrown to the ground it would break. They will thrive better and grow far quicker if their food be given to them in an appetising manner.

After the first week they should have their regular meals, every hour for the next week, and the water should only be given them after the meal, as if they are always going for water they do not grow so large. As they grow, the meals may be given at longer intervals, but whatever is done, there must be absolute regularity for success. It is not the least use to give some meals quite close together, and then to leave the ducklings without food for many hours. It is steady, regular feeding which puts on the flesh, and brings the ducklings on for the market at the earliest possible date.

One great element in successful duckling rearing is to see that they have plenty of sharp grit.

This grit must be put in the water, or it may be sprinkled on the food, or put in some shallow dish, to which the ducklings have access.

Also, it is economical and very beneficial to boil cabbage leaves and other vegetables to mix up with the soft food.

After a fortnight it will be found that oatmeal and biscuit-meal are rather too expensive for a regular diet, so an equal mixture of barley meal and sharps may be used instead. Once daily add to this a little oatmeal, maize meal, and ground bone-meal.

The egg should be discontinued after the first ten days, but a little meat must be given daily, up till the time the ducklings are killed. You will notice that I have not given any definite quantities, nor very definite directions as to what should be given at each meal. This is not necessary. It is far safer to throw down general principles, and allow the intelligent reader to work the thing out practically for herself.

Feed early, and feed late at night. After the first week take away the unfinished food after each meal. Be on the stingy side as to supplying water, but be guided by the heat or otherwise of the weather. Give plenty of fresh green food, chopped grass, or lettuce, or onion.

Let the last meal at night be of grain. Bear in mind that grit and oyster shell are as essential as food.

Let the ducklings have a moderate amount of liberty, and the more worms you can dig up for them the better. Keep their runs and sleeping place clean, and remove the hen after about three weeks, or earlier if the weather be fine.

Ducklings are very comical, and cause great fun. They will race about at an astonishing rate, and will follow a gardener from point to point in the greatest anxiety for worms or insects.

In fact, ducklings, far from doing harm in a garden, do good until they grow too large, as they eat all sorts of garden pests, and as they do not scratch like chickens there is practically no objection to them.

So far I have only considered duckling-rearing in detail, and in a simple case, and before going into duckling-rearing on a larger scale, and giving some particulars of artificial rearing, and killing and dressing for the market, I should like to give you a little idea of the breeds of ducks, and the various advantages connected with each.

If you go to a large poultry show, you will see that there are several classes set aside for ducks.

Not, however, as many as there ought to be; but probably ducks will never reach the infinite variety of the fowl.

However, at a show like the London Dairy Show, you would find classes for Aylesburys, Pekins, Rouens, Cayugas, and a class called the Any Other Variety class, in which you would see various kinds of fancy ornamental ducks.

There is not the least doubt that for utility purposes the Aylesbury takes the lead.

The Aylesbury is a large white duck, which takes its name from the Aylesbury district, which is the far-famed home of the breed, and is in fact, the place where the duck is more largely reared than in any other district.

There are several reasons why this bird is so popular for the market. It is white all over, and white feathers are a great deal more valuable than coloured ones, which is a great consideration where large quantities of birds are reared and killed.

Then it has the capacity for fattening readily, and maturing very quickly, so that the ducklings are ready for the market at from eight to ten weeks old.

In colour a pure bred Aylesbury ought to be of the snowiest white, without any straw or yellow tint.

The legs should be yellow, but the bill should be flesh-coloured.

The bill is a great point, and it is one of the ways by which the pure-bred bird can be told.

There are large numbers of so-called Aylesburys—white indeed with yellow bills—which are merely broken bred ducks or Aylesburys crossed with the Pekin. In choosing pure Aylesburys, always therefore look out for the flesh-coloured bill. While saying this I should add, that towards the end of the season, the flesh-colour does go somewhat yellow with the sun, but the colour is still different from a regular yellow bill.

Another very distinguishing point in the Aylesbury is the carriage of the body.

The bird is altogether square-looking, long, and deep-breasted, and the keel almost touches the ground when the bird is full grown.

In weight a good average duck will weigh six pounds, and a drake seven, while those specially fattened or bred from large exhibition stock will weigh as much as nine and ten pounds each.

In choosing birds for breeding purposes, it is not well to buy birds that have been to shows, as these have been fed up specially, and their merit as stock birds has therefore greatly diminished.

In any case, choose birds of a large average size, but not abnormally so.

Stock Aylesburys are very hardy, if kept under proper conditions, but they must be hatched early, that is in December or January, if they are to lay eggs in November and December.

Fresh blood must be imported into the stock every three or four years, and the drake ought not to be related to the ducks nor over two years old. As to the age of the ducks, opinions differ, but I have found that ducks three years old lay very well, and some people keep them longer than that. It rather depends on the duck, and as in other kinds of stock, the selection of the "fittest" must be critically carried out.

It is always best to have some young birds coming on, as the old ducks do not as a rule commence laying soon enough for the very early duckling season.

Pekin.—This is the other breed of large white ducks, which is so often mixed up with the Aylesbury.

The Pekin is also a white bird, of snowy plumage, but here the bill is bright yellow.

Our readers must not, however, thereby conclude that every yellow-billed duck is a Pekin.

The great distinguishing point is in the carriage of the body. Whereas the Aylesbury is square, and the breast line runs practically parallel with the ground, the Pekin stands right up with the keel off the ground. The legs are placed rather more backward, the tail is also carried curiously, that is, it is more turned up than the Aylesbury, and the neck is longer.

This breed is very hardy and grows fast, and one point is that the breed is very prolific. The weight is about the same as the Aylesbury.

Rouen.—Those who do not care about white ducks, and yet want large size, cannot do better than go in for the beautiful breed of Rouens. They breed to as great a size as Aylesburys, but do not mature quite as rapidly.

No written description will quite give the beautiful colouring of the birds.

Let us take the drake first, as he differs a good deal from his mate.

The bill is yellowish or with a greenish tinge. The head and upper part of the neck the most brilliant green, then comes a ring of white, quite slender, and the neck colour below is deep claret, right to the keel, and the under-breast and right under the body is a delicate French grey. There must be no white under the body.

For further description we are indebted to Mr. Lewis Wright.

The back is rich greenish black, the curls in the tail being a dark green. The wings are a greyish brown, with a "ribbon" mark across them, which must be a very bright and distinct blue, edged on both sides with white. The flights are grey and brown; white in a flight feather being highly objectionable. The legs are a rich orange.

The whole appearance of the drake should be noble and commanding, and nothing can exceed the beauty of a moderately perfect bird.

The bill of the duck is not quite so long as that of the drake, and is of an orange colour, with a splash of dark colour, nearly black, upon it; say two-thirds down from the head, but not reaching the tip or side. This colour changes during the laying season to a dirty brown, and sometimes it becomes almost black all over. The head is brown, with two distinct shaded lines on each side running from the eye down to the darker part of the neck—this is very essential to perfection. The breast and back are pencilled brown, and the wing has the blue bar across.

Altogether the birds are very lovely, and as beauty and utility go hand in hand, we give the above description, but would advise our readers to see for themselves the birds at the next show they have a chance of attending.

The Cayugas we mentioned are large and very handsome black ducks. A good specimen ought to be black all over with a wonderful green sheen, but this breed comes more under the heading of fancy than of utility ducks, though they are excellent for the table.

We must not, however, omit to mention one breed of ducks which is coming well to the front just now, on account of its very active habits and wonderful laying powers. We refer to the India Runner.

I will not go into the origin of the breed, as at present it is a vexed question, and even the right standard of shape and colour has not yet been definitely fixed by fanciers, but we hope to do this at the Water Fowl Club Meeting at the Palace this year, and those who have the chance of going to that show will see some specimens of the breed. In shape the duck is small and slender, with a long neck, upright carriage and a wedged-shaped head.

In colour, in the fawn variety, they ought to be a light fawn free from white, except on the neck, flights and back.

In the grey variety, the drake should have a pure French grey breast free from claret-coloured shading, with green on the head, and dark-brownish back, and green in the tail. Blue in the wing is a disqualification. The ducks are a brown colour.

India Runners, when at liberty in a field, will almost find their own living, and they are very hardy, and one drake will take six to eight ducks. Besides this the ducklings come on early, and can therefore be hatched rather later than the heavier breeds, and for table purposes though the ducklings are small, they have small bones, and so there is more meat than there appears to be, and the flavour is particularly fine, more like that of a wild duck than anything else.

A flock of twenty-two ducks and three drakes can easily be kept in one field, and with good housing they will pay well, and do no harm to the field. They will range for miles if allowed to do so, but will return home safely, but if their eggs are to be kept, they must be shut up every night without fail.

We have now gone through most of the really useful breeds, and I will only mention the names of some of the fancy ducks which require more or less special attention.

Those of my readers who have ponds in their grounds would find it most interesting to study the various breeds of fancy ducks; some of them are wonderfully ornamental.

There is the Muscovy duck; the East India black duck; the comical little Mandarin, and the charmingly coloured Carolina, beside several others more uncommon.

(*To be continued.*)



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



CHAP. XVIII.

GWENLLEAN found herself called upon for too much exertion to be enabled to lose time in useless doubts and lamentations respecting Herbert's conduct. She was very unhappy when she thought about it, but she determined not to condemn him wholly until the mystery could be cleared up. She hoped that one, apparently so irreproachable, could not have willingly deceived so grossly as Mr. Grant inferred Herbert had done, and she struggled against the wretched thoughts that would sometimes overwhelm her. But her cheek grew pale, and her spirits sunk under the effort to appear cheerful when her heart was sad. She had been labouring very hard, too, in order to obtain a trifle to assist her mother in the difficulties under which they suffered. She had completed a set of very beautiful drawings, which she entrusted to David's care, in the hope of his disposing of them at some of the gentlemen's houses or shops at which he stopped during his musical rounds; and she had added to these a few neatly copied Welsh airs, mostly with variations, arranged either by David or herself, all of which she sent forth into the world with fear and trembling. Mr. Grant's evidently sincere admiration of her paintings had first given her some idea of their value, and made her think of turning them to account.

Meanwhile a letter arrived from Italy, full of kind feeling, warm description, and continued affection. It was addressed to Mr. Lloyd, but spoke alike to all. Gwenllean felt cheered, in spite of her forebodings, for her pure heart, incapable of guile itself, could not suppose that anyone would pursue a course of deceit, even if they had been, for a time, drawn by circumstances into error. She almost determined to write to Herbert upon the subject, but the consciousness of his having forborne to form any virtual engagement with her, prevented her doing so, since she fancied that she had no absolute right to question him respecting his attachment for another. She little thought that the constant assistance she was receiving, sometimes in a handsome present from Mr. Lloyd himself to her, and at others through her little sister, had its origin in one whom she upbraided whilst she loved.

Mr. Grant, whose desire of revenge had originated her distress, was most assiduous in his attentions; but although he had, to a certain point, obtained his end, he had not improved her feelings for him. His were, however, gradually warming into something more than mere admiration of personal appearance towards her. He had begun his schemes with the intention of gaining her affections, and leaving her to her sorrow. Gwenllean's evident kind feeling for Herbert strengthened his resolution. He had used all his arts for months, but had made no progress, at least no certain progress towards obtaining his end. He was sometimes inclined to impute her reserve to concealed regard for him; but this, even his vanity allowed to be doubtful. The truth was he began to feel the unaccountable passion he had laughed at in others creeping into his own nature, and visions of happiness with Gwenllean floated indistinctly before him.

He had never met with anyone like her, so pure and uncontaminated by the world, yet so lovely both in mind and person. Shrinking from flattery as from an insidious serpent, against whose poison there was an antidote in her nature, all his ready phrases were thrown away upon her, if, indeed, she understood them: and the more he sought to please, the further she retired from his observation. There is always a pleasure in overcoming difficulty, and in gaining an object that seems to hold itself out of your reach. To the man of the world there is probably no greater incentive to love than opposition, especially if that opposition be the effect of natural feeling, and not of affectation. He will overcome all obstacles to compass his project, though the object, when gained, may decrease in value. The longer, therefore, it continues at a distance, the more eagerly it is sought; like fame, which appears all-satisfying when untasted, but which satiates when devoured.

Thus it was with Mr. Grant. During three months of intercourse with Gwenllean, she gave him no encouragement, either for flirtation, or a deeper, and for her, more dangerous feeling. What was more extraordinary, neither before her friends, nor during any chance private meeting, could he overcome the respect he felt for her, which he showed, not only by words but by actions—indeed his actions laid both her and her mother under obligations difficult to cancel. He saw they were poor, and his steward had orders to allow the rent to remain uncalled for, the gamekeeper to supply them with game, the other servants with poultry, until Lady Llewellen became anxious to put a stop to his generosity. But it was put a stop to, for a time, in a more decided way.

He actually proposed—honourably proposed for Gwenllean, and was refused!—gently, but decidedly refused. No wonder that he, the courted—the irresistible—should return moody and disgusted to his splendid drawing-room, and remain for hours in a gloomy reverie. There he sat by the fire-light, knitting his dark eyebrows and contracting his high forehead, rather like the demon of revenge than the fascinating, courtier-like Mr. Grant, the idol of the drawing-room and admiration of the fair. There he sat, biting his nails to the quick, and plotting revenge upon the innocent cause of his resentment. He looked round the apartment he had been fitting up so splendidly, and twice struck down his favourite pointer as he fawned upon him. Then he paced the room, muttering to himself in a low, ill-sounding voice—

"Refuse me," he said, for the hundredth time, "she shall rue it, I vow! They are poor, miserably poor; I know it! They are in my power, and by fair means or foul she shall be mine, or all—old and young—shall learn that Ronald Grant can be revenged. With that meek look, and saint-like voice, to tell me that she did not love me; that she could only regard me as a friend; as one to whom she should ever feel grateful for kindness shown to her mother. Friendship and gratitude from her: the very words are madness! No, no; there is no middle path in love: possession or destruction. They shall feel their poverty. Let her see her mother and sister pine for want; the old man, too, unable to assist them; and then, aye, then, see whether she will refuse me! But I must work slowly, softly, discreetly, with seeming justice and kindness; aye, work their ruin and hers, plausibly. I can do it, and I will!"

Hour after hour did Mr. Grant sit and ruminate, until night awoke morning, and the streaks of light gleamed through the curtains. Then he went to his bed, but not to sleep, with a dark smile of strange meaning upon his face, and a feeling of heavy determination at his heart.

Whilst he was thus fostering hatred rather than love for the girl who had stung him to the quick by her refusal, Gwenllean, in the innocence of her heart, was lamenting, and almost weeping, over the pain she had inflicted upon one whose conduct appeared so generous and noble. Her mother felt a little natural regret that circumstances should have so happened as to preclude her accepting an offer so advantageous, and calculated to raise her, not only above the frowns of fortune, but to fix her in the sphere where birth and nature had originally placed her. But she expressed no disapprobation to Gwenllean. On the contrary, she told her that she had acted well in refusing her hand to one who had obtained no portion of her heart. Besides she considered her partially given to Herbert, and, although his conduct appeared strange, she believed, from his open character, that some mystery lay undeveloped beneath the veil that had been cast over it. Seeing Gwenllean's unhappiness, she had come to a determination to write to Herbert upon the

subject without Gwenllean's knowledge. She was on the eve of doing so, when Mr. Grant's proposal reminded her that her interference might be a cause of dispute between the two young men, and might even occasion disagreeable results, if disclosed, in the family of Lord Hastings; since Herbert must, of necessity, discover the channel through which she had received the intelligence. She therefore decided upon letting the matter rest until his return, when she hoped to clear it up, without telling him that his rival was her authority.

Whilst terrible adventures with dire results were happening in Italy to Herbert and his friends, Gwenllean and her mother were still struggling on through their difficulties. They scarcely knew how they lived. They believed that the rapid and wonderful sale of Gwenllean's drawings was their only means of support, and so, really, it was. David found ready and constant purchasers for as many as she could do; but then Mr. Lloyd occasionally bought one, unknown to Gwenllean, for which he paid treble its value. Lady Llewellen had received no remittances, and the well-hoarded prize of the Eisteddfod was nearly exhausted.

In addition to their pecuniary sorrows, there was another, much more difficult, either to surmount or bear. Lizzie, the joy and comfort of both, fell sick, and none of the remedies they could give seemed of service. The little girl became from a bright, lively creature, a pale thin child, and the change, though gradual, was most distressing to the mother and sister. She complained of no decided pain, still she wasted away; and her patient, meek ways, so different from her former light-heartedness, seemed to indicate some malady unknown to those about her. Gwenllean nursed and tended her unceasingly, and tried to assure her mother that Lizzie's illness, or rather weakness, merely proceeded from rapid growth; but at heart she thought otherwise.

Amidst these accumulated home trials, Gwenllean thought comparatively little of Herbert and the Lady Louisa. Even the intelligence of her arrival in Italy, though it caused an additional sigh, scarcely remained upon her mind: nay, even the coldness of a portion of Herbert's last letter drew but a passing tear. So strangely do imaginary evils sink into nothing beneath the pressure of real ones. She felt the long silence that succeeded his letter more than anything else. It was written just before he and his friends started for an exploring tour, and many a weary week passed on without bringing any intelligence from him, either to his grandfather, her mother or herself. They all felt annoyed, attributing the cause of his silence to carelessness or forgetfulness; for they were assured that if anything were the matter, they should hear from some member of the Hastings family.

Mr. Grant's visits to the cottage had ceased, and Gwenllean felt keenly the obligation they were still under to him; for they found it impossible either to pay up the arrears of rent, or that which became due afresh. The money was never asked for, and Lady Llewellen expressed to Gwenllean her appreciation of Mr. Grant's gentlemanlike conduct in not allowing pique or ill-feeling to get the better of his kindness. Gwenllean only prayed to be enabled to pay him, and never to see him again.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS A-WHEEL.

By N. G. BACON, Hon. Sec. of "Mowbray House Cycling Association.

V.—The Tourist.



Of all the pleasant memories I love to cherish, my first tour occupies the first position. Touring, in fact, is the backbone of cycling. So far as London is concerned, the Mecca of cycledom is undoubtedly the famous seaside town of Brighton. "London-by-the-Sea," as it is commonly called, is the goal of every ambitious novice of the wheel, for directly she has done "Brighton and back," no matter how many long and weary hours have been spent in the achievement, she has emerged from her former state of cyclo-chrysalis into that of a full-fledged cyclist. London to Brighton and back is just 104 miles, a good day's work awaiting the intrepid wheeler. It is quite possible to get through comfortably in, say, twelve hours, and therefore the ambitious cyclist will start between 6 A.M. and 7 A.M., reach the Brighton Aquarium before 12, have a refreshing swim in the sea, a substantial lunch, a stroll on the sands, a fairly hearty tea, and a start homeward at 5 P.M., which will enable the weary wreck, who has spent so many hours in winning her spurs, to retire and enjoy her well-earned repose before midnight. The journey to Brighton is more or less uphill, so that the return ride is an easier performance.

On my first tour I did everything with care. I did the performance in a very leisurely, and perhaps somewhat philosophic manner. I was possessed with a curious, cunning cautiousness, of which I am not always guilty. At the very mention of a tour, I for the first time discovered, right in the centre of the matter-of-fact doll's-house in which at that time I was dwelling, there lived a typical representative of Dame Grundy. Now, I had hitherto had an excellent opinion of this old lady, and to this day I must confess the same weakness. In fact, I am determined always to have the highest respect for her. She is one of the most charming old ladies you could meet in a day's march, and with a little coaxing will allow you to do, a moment later, just those things she has, in a purely spasmodic burst of enthusiasm at the thought of your fearless ambition, denounced as most impossible for a lady to do with dignity. "Be dignified"—that is the key to the heart of Dame Grundy. If you really can ride from London to Brighton and back in a day in a dignified fashion, by all means accomplish your ambitious task, and this charming old lady will declare that the performance is a most creditable one, both to your riding powers, and to the excellence of your wheel. But tear along the Queen's highways, become overheated, untidy, and wearied, and arrive at your destination a miserable specimen of wretched humanity, and she will—and most wisely—denounce you as unwomanly and undignified.

My method of coaxing my friends to disperse all opposition to the solitary tour I intended to enjoy was a very simple one. To this day I can remember the uproarious laughter, the satirical and mirthful chaff, and the innumerable imaginary caricatures which were hurled at my unhappy head. For mental digestion, experience has taught me it is wiser when a laugh is very much against you to join merrily in the mirth. Directly I proceeded to tackle the luggage question, my friends took the position of Job's comforters, and threw, metaphorically speaking, cold water upon my contrivances to solve the puzzling problem of packing all my touring requisites in a single hold-all. Driven to desperation by the mere thought of defeat, and of becoming worthy of the whole host of wild epithets thrown at random, I worked hard and long until I was repaid by seeing my luggage safely packed and securely fastened on to my handle-bars ready for departure. At heart I felt sick and depressed, for the heavy list of unheard-of tragedies which were prophesied to befal me had calmed my mirthful spirits.

In a sad but perverse mood I agreed to everything so long as I was allowed to depart in peace. Three hours before sunset, I was informed, it was wiser to retire to my hotel, rather than face the merest possibility of a moment's ride after twilight. Hence, with patience exhausted, and my head overburdened with a never-ending list of possible sins of omission and commission, feeling sad and dispirited as if I were going to join a gloomy funeral parade rather than depart for an enjoyable holiday, I started on my journey at noon, and this late departure necessitated a break in my first trip to Brighton.

But those pioneer days are over. Nowadays nothing is thought of our girls a-touring to their heart's delight, provided they are members of the C.T.C., and take the necessary precautions for their safety and pleasure. The fascination of the wheel grows upon the true cyclist, and compels her to tour. It is said that there were over 22,000 people touring on their cycles last season, and to join the C.T.C. is indirectly to encourage and facilitate touring in all parts of the world, to assist in providing riding or touring companions, to arrange with hotels reduced rates to cyclists, to appoint a consul in each town who shall give his fellow-members the advantage of his local knowledge, to appoint "official repairers" competent to remedy defects in and breakages of machines, and to compile and issue to members maps and road-books specially adapted to the needs of cyclists, and generally to encourage an *esprit de corps* in the brotherhood and sisterhood of the wheel, and promote the interests of cyclists the wide world over—for to accomplish all this are the chief objects of the C.T.C., and by joining you are indirectly helping others to reap benefit as well as yourself.

Taking into consideration the fact that the comfort and necessities of the tourist have been steadily kept before the mind of the progenitors and organisers of the C.T.C., the usefulness of such a corporate body cannot be denied. To whatever part of Great Britain the fair cyclist travels, the path has been prepared for her so that in safety and comfort she may go. In the *Handbook* she will find in the alphabetical list of villages, towns, and cities, the names of two or more of the best hotels, the proprietors of which have given their assurance of attention to the comfort and convenience of cyclists. By reference to her *Handbook* also, in case of accident, trouble, or annoyance *en route*, or perplexity as to which is the best road on which to travel, she will find the name and address of the nearest consul, to whom she may write for assistance.

When our girls go a-touring, seeing that the roads are comparatively free from danger or trouble, the only cause for anxiety may with some parents arise as to hotels. There is a certain timidity latent in the mind on entering an unknown hotel. I must plead guilty to this myself on my first tour, and it was this timidity on the part of myself and my friends that caused me so many misgivings. I, however, got over the difficulty in this way. I happen to have the pleasure of knowing the Hon. Miss Kinnaird, of the Y.W.C.A., and I asked my friends if they would be satisfied if I put up at the houses and homes of the Y.W.C.A. To this proposal they agreed most heartily, and I obtained from the Hon. Miss Kinnaird a letter of introduction which admitted me to the Y.W.C.A. in any part of the country. Staying at these houses was a source of much pleasure to me. To have the run of the dining and drawing-rooms, and to have the companionship and society of my own sex for purposes of conversation and a happy exchange of ideas, were highly superior to staying at a lonely, and sometimes gloomy, hotel. But I must explain here that I have received great kindness from the proprietors of hotels, and almost always had placed upon my table many little delicacies unknown to the ordinary tourist, and outside the regular dietary offered to travellers.

To speak of one instance only, when I arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne at 9.30 P.M., tired, and oppressed by the never-ending stream of Saturday night traffic, and the network of innumerable tram-lines—for there is nothing more exhausting to the tourist, after revelling in the joys of rural nature for a hundred miles on a hot summer's day than to be suddenly thrown in the midst of a crowded, strange city. To make matters worse, there was a kind of a *fête* on, and I wandered for thirty minutes in a vain search of a temperance hotel. At last, thoroughly wearied and spiritless, I suddenly remembered my Y.W.C.A. letter of introduction, and immediately asked a friendly constable for the address of the house. It was within five minutes' ride, and to the day of my death I shall never forget the kindness of Miss ——, who received me with open arms, had prepared for me a most refreshing warm bath and a hot supper; but most of all I enjoyed the friendly welcome and the various reception-rooms. Speaking also as to expenditure, my stay at Newcastle only cost me, if I remember rightly, the modest sum of 5s., inclusive of my bath, supper, beds for Saturday and Sunday nights, with board all Sunday, and Monday morning's breakfast; whereas, on the following Sunday, after having travelled through Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc., at Carlisle just my bed, supper, and breakfast cost more than that at an ordinary hotel, with very few creature comforts, and only commercial men as my companions. It cannot be denied that a great future awaits the Y.W.C.A., and the owners of farms and private houses for lady tourists, who are furnished with references and letters of introduction. I may mention here that it is the desire of the Mowbray House Cycling Association in the future to act as a medium of communication between householders and boarders in this connection.

These country rambles a-wheel, how invigorating and instructive they are! After having decided to tour, and having joined the ranks of the C.T.C.-ites, the next thing is to plan out the tour, and select the route to be followed by the aid of various route-books, maps, and guides. The question of mileage has to be faced. If the rider is physically strong and of healthy constitution, with fair powers of endurance, it is possible to cover from 40 to 70, or even 80 miles per day, but for the first few days it is wiser to "potter along." Never force or over-exert yourself. Previous to any long tour, a little training of the riding powers will repay any trouble, for the mere task of sitting in the saddle for several hours per day is painful to a rider who has not taken the precaution of undergoing previous practice and seasoning for the work contemplated. The tourist who is determined to enjoy her holiday will wisely ride, say, ten or twelve miles per day for the fortnight prior to the day of departure.

Experience has taught me that it is much wiser to strap all the luggage required for a comfortable night at the hotel on to the handle-bar. Even supposing you have determined to reach a certain spot before nightfall, it is impossible to be certain in your movements. A careless spill, a sharp shower, the meeting of a friend, or an unrideable surface, may upset your plan; and, believe me, the rider who has sent the luggage on, casts envious glances at the comfortable slippers, the warm night apparel, and the other toilet necessaries, carried so conveniently, and always ready to hand by her fellow traveller, who never seems at a loss for anything, even for an interesting book. I remember once spending four of the dullest hours of my life at a miserable inn, where I could find neither book nor person to interest me, and this unhappy episode made me declare, "Never more, quoth the raven, never more!" In my travelling hold-all you will invariably discover an interesting book, or something by which I find it possible to pass many happy hours, companionless.

The luggage should consist of a thorough change of flannel underwear, an easy pair of slipper-shoes, with which it is possible to walk out-of-doors in dry weather, and not too heavy for indoor wear, the ordinary toilet necessaries, a good map and guide-book, stationery, and other impedimenta. Through the parcels post it is very easy to send and receive exchange linen, which can be posted at the various centres, at which a prolonged stay is arranged. I consider it a luxury at some periods to forsake cycling altogether, and stabling your wheel with the ostler, forget that you happen to be a cyclist. To accomplish this it is necessary to send through the post, or parcels delivery, a semi-evening dress, and other paraphernalia. I well remember passing a coach, whilst flying a very steep hill at the Lakes. Entering one of the grand hotels, I met the commiserate glances with a quiet smile, and at *table d'hôte* felt quite at my ease in my resplendent gown. It may or it may not be vanity, but my departure from the hotel was a semi-public function, as it was the pleasure of the visitors to "see me off." Dame Grundy and her numerous followers cannot pardon as the accompaniment of pure enjoyment an untidy or inappropriate appearance. A suitable cycling garment will be more readily agreed to if the wearer still retains some of the milder conventionalities of feminine life.

Before starting, the machine should be carefully overhauled by an expert, and in case of accidents the tool-bag should contain adjustable spanner, an oil-can filled with the best oil, a repairing outfit for the tyre, a piece of copper wire, a yard or two of string, a piece of wash-leather, etc. The lamp and bell should also be attended to.

In conclusion, just a word as to routes. After Brighton has been done, for some the next achievement is Hastings. Portsmouth, Bournemouth, and the Isle of Wight are spots peculiarly fascinating to the tourist. The Portsmouth road, indeed, is simply divine! Very hilly, it is true, but the rugged scenery well repays any trouble that is taken to get to it. Then there is the Great North Road, of which volumes and volumes have been written. No one is counted a cyclist until the North Road has been ridden. The surface is splendid, and it leads to the great industrial towns of the North of England. Then there is sweet and charming Wales, one of the most popular touring resorts, to say nothing of the lake district, to which all are supposed to go. Scotland is also fast becoming attractive to the tourist, although it costs just upon £3 from London to Edinburgh and back, either by train or by boat, the latter to be preferred. The midnight express lands you in Edinburgh in a very few hours, and many rural delights await the tourist within fifty miles of the Scottish metropolis. Sometimes Ireland is the chosen spot, the land of decreasing population, abandoned cottages, neglected and often unused mansions, the thought of which may create melancholy feelings, but there is many a wealthy individual who would part with much of his money to be as free from care as the inconsistent Irish folk. The Irish roads have often been severely condemned, but there is not a finer stretch of coast road in England than that from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway. In fact, it is said that the much-vaunted Great North Road of England does not excel the Connemara roads, and the gravel roads of Donegal afford capital riding. The interior of Ireland is admittedly dull, but the tourist's ground lies along the coast, plus the Killarney lakes.

But, after all, it is the potterer who knows the sweet rural lanes and the charming retired spots so dear to the city toiler. I remember riding only fifty miles one day, and spending the pleasant hours wheeling in and out of secluded beauty. Nothing can surpass the exquisite pleasure of wandering free as the air over hill and dale, with nothing to do but to drink in Nature's beauties. When one reflects upon the simple, grand, inspiring and sweet beauties to be found within easy reach of the wheelwoman on this tiny isle of ours, the love of Old England is awakened in our heart, and we rejoice and are glad.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

"HILDA MAY."—The cure for anæmia is iron in any form. You must also attend to your digestion.

"SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART."—We cannot advertise any particular soap here. Those soaps containing *tar, carbolic acid or sulphur* are satisfactory kinds to use.

"F. G. F."—The best way to treat the pimples on the nose, etc., of which you complain, is to apply sulphur ointment and to take a pill containing three grains of "ichthiol" every night. We are afraid that you can do nothing for your nails.

CORDELIA.—The best thing you can do to make your hair grow is to apply "white precipitate" ointment every night. If you object to this treatment wash your head with warm solution of borax every other week.

OLIVE BAYNHAM.—1. Cure for corns. The following prescription will remove corns: collodion (three-quarter strength), one ounce, salicylic acid, sixty grains, extract of Indian hemp, eight grains.—2. Wash your eyes every morning in warm water to which a little boracic acid or borax has been added.

HYACINTH.—We know of no powder which will remove blackheads, but sulphur ointment will do so. Always use sulphur soap to wash your face with.

OBNOXIOUS.—For unpleasant odour of breath—wash your teeth every night and morning with carbolic tooth powder and attend to your digestion.

AUNTIE EDIE.—For neuralgia try blistering over the seat of pain and take quinine internally.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot give the addresses of any physicians in this column. Any really good doctor would know how to treat valvular disease of the heart. It is certainly not advisable for anybody with valvular trouble to live in a hilly country if the disease is at all advanced.

RUFFEE.—The treatment for blackheads, etc., is to wash with sulphur soap, and to apply sulphur ointment.

P. S.—We cannot here criticise any patent medicine. You are quite right not to take any drugs unless you are recommended to do so. The pimples that you mention may be treated by applying sulphur or "white precipitate" ointment.

"BLUSH ROSE."—1. The flushing that you complain of is due to a disordered digestion. Attend to your food and take a bitter stomachic before meals. The new drug "ichthiol" taken in pills of three grains very markedly controls flushing.—2. You cannot remove hairs on the hands and arms; they can be bleached by peroxide of hydrogen or chlorine water.



MISCELLANEOUS.

L. MARCIA B.—The tradition respecting St. George (the patron saint of England) of which you wear the representation as a brooch, is that a dragon was about to devour the King of Beyrout's daughter, and the gallant knight and Christian soldier rescued her and killed the beast. The Arabs venerate his memory, styled by them Mar Djurios, and show a small ruined chapel originally dedicated to him in commemoration of this act of rescue; and also to a deep well out of which this monster used to seek for and devour his prey. The reputed tomb of St. George is situated in the bay of Kesrouan, between Nar-el-Kelb and Batroun, amidst beautiful gardens, convents, and picturesque villages.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—If you procure a book called *Medical Women*, by Sophia Jex-Blake, you will find that Anna Morandi Mazzoni was the first lady on record who held a medical diploma. About the middle of the last century she filled the Chair of Anatomy in the University of Bologna. Five other Italian ladies are named by her as having been M.D.'s. In our own country the first who graduated in medicine, previously to the year 1849, was Miss Elizabeth Blackwell; but in Germany Frau von Heidenreich graduated in medicine in 1817. You had better read for yourself.

B. L. W.—1. Spraying the throat and external sponging with cold vinegar and water, or salt and water serves to brace it and to strengthen the voice. Out-door singing requires a very strong voice, and would be likely to end in over-straining it.—2. We have a long list of Essay Clubs for girls, but in giving an address we by no means guarantee its correctness, nor even the prolonged existence of the club in any new locality. One is under the direction of Miss L. Walpole, 12, Wenlock Terrace, York (Poetry and Essay Club). There is another (advertised to us this year, 1896) under that of Miss E. Cosby, Ashley, Market Harborough, entitled Manuscript Magazine Club.

JOAN.—There are many societies for which you could prepare supplies of garments, and for which we would remind our readers to begin their work, in view of sending in what they have made before Easter. There is the Half-hour Knitting Society, under the patronage of the Bishop of Caledonia, to help in the Canadian missions in China and elsewhere. Book prizes awarded. Secretary, Miss Mary E. Bowen, Stoke Lodge, Ludlow. There is the Capstan Society in aid of the Mission to the Deep-Sea Fishermen, Hon. Sec., Mrs. Wreasted, 41, Bayston Road, Stoke Newington, N. Another is directed by Miss Dodd, 2, Petherton Road, Highbury, N. The articles are for the poor of North and East London of all denominations. The Soldiers' Friend Work Society, President, Viscountess Wolseley; Secretary, Miss Ethel Cole, Odiham, Hants. Another has been inaugurated by Miss M. S. Parry, 6, Richmond Hill, Bournemouth, Hants. The work is for a large parish at the East End of London.

IGNORAMUS.—The drinking glass called a tumbler, was so styled, because originally it had a convex base, and could not be set down so as to stand upright when containing a liquid. The object in view was that the person drinking the contents should be forced to finish the whole.

BERTIE L. Z.—A mother's help must be prepared to assist her mistress in every possible way, more with reference to the care and requirements of the children. A nursery governess must be qualified to give the children a thorough grounding in all those branches of education denominated English, spelling, writing, correct composition; good reading with the proper emphasis and intonation. The first three rules in arithmetic, needlework, geography and history; besides, Scripture study and the teaching of hymns and hymn singing, for Sundays especially. The wages, any monthly or annual holidays, must, in both cases, be a matter of private agreement with your employer.

B. R. and D. F.—Oct. 26, 1880, fell on a Tuesday; and June 8, 1883, on a Friday.

MARY ANN will find that warm food enables the hens to produce a larger number of eggs than cold. If she uses a good many potatoes she had better mix the skins with the remains of them with bran, squeezing all up together in the hands, and put in a few grains of corn or oats, and the whole may be moistened with hot water till of the consistency of dough. This they will enjoy. In Russia the seeds of the sunflower are employed with great success in fattening poultry, and they increase the number of eggs laid more than any other grain. If she thinks of rearing poultry to any considerable extent and could spare half an acre or more for raising a good crop of sunflowers she would find it profitable. An acre of land will suffice to produce some fifty bushels of seed. The dried leaves are a good substitute for straw, and the seeds roasted may be a substitute for coffee, and may also be boiled and eaten like beans. One more great advantage connected with the planting of sunflowers is, that they are credited as antimiasmatic, and fever of this kind is thereby checked and warded off.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 894.] FEBRUARY 13, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"THE XYLOPHONE."

By PRISCILLA HARRISON.

THIS little instrument is seldom heard in England, but may be often met with among the Tyrolese peasants, who make these instruments when tending their herds on the mountain side.

The xylophone derives its name from two Greek words—(*xylo*) wood, (*phone*) to sound.

This instrument is very cleverly constructed by a series of wooden blocks, increasing in size as the tone of each note deepens. These blocks are fastened together with string, each piece of wood being separated by a small wooden bead. The xylophone consists of two parts or sides, the left being somewhat smaller and containing the highest notes. These sides are slightly elevated by means of four rolls of straw tightly bound together and tied, two under each side or part, with string, raising the instrument about half an inch in order to augment the sound which would otherwise be "muffled."

To manipulate the xylophone, it is necessary, in the first place, that the instrument should be carefully placed on a table sufficiently large to allow the whole of it to rest upon it. Both sides must be exactly opposite, the two top and the two bottom notes being on a line without either side quite touching. The performer may sit or stand according to the height of the table. If the player is not tall, better command over the instrument and a more graceful appearance is maintained by standing.

The xylophone is played with two little wooden hammers, having at the ends flattened handles; these (the handles) must be placed between the first and third joints of the first and second fingers of each hand, while the thumbs should very lightly rest on the first finger of each hand in order to balance the hammer which must be allowed to rebound after each note is struck (Figs. 1 and 2.) It is most important that the hammers should be held loosely, the wrist somewhat depressed, and the hands placed closely to the instrument without quite resting on it. Each note must be played from the wrist, not from the elbow. The blow must be sharp, and the hammer allowed to rebound after each note is struck. A heavy use of the hammers not only spoils the instrument but entirely mars the effect of the music. This must sound very clear and light. When the "glide" is employed, the effect is not unlike the soft rippling of water.

The xylophone forms an exceedingly novel and effective "obligato," its tones being very



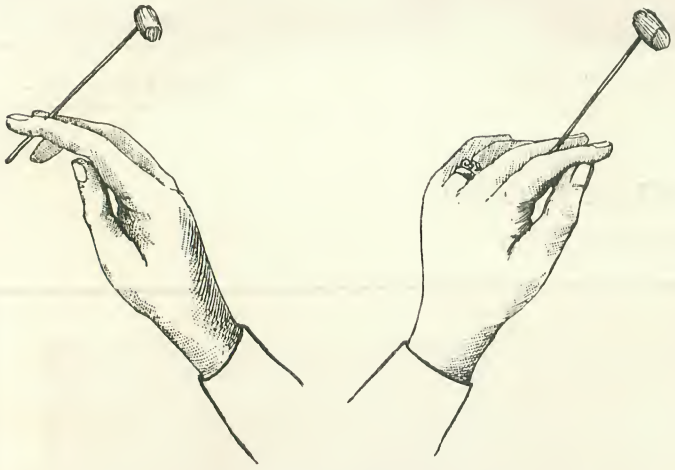
All rights reserved.]

penetrating when combined with other instruments. As a "solo" instrument it should have either harp, guitar, or pianoforte accompaniment; the last named is to be preferred.

The scale of the xylophone being somewhat peculiar, allows of only a certain number of notes being employed, but its extreme simplicity is preserved by its simple scale, and hence speedy proficiency is the result of a little careful study.

A small sharp penknife is required for the tuning. To "flatten" a note, a small piece of wood must be gently "shaved" off the outer edge, while to sharpen a note, a small piece of the wood from the middle of the under part of the note must be lightly "chipped" out. Instruments ready tuned to "concert" pitch, rarely require any cutting. The damp most easily affects both the wood and straw; this can soon be rectified by keeping the xylophone in a dry warm place. Chromatic xylophones are made, but are too complicated for the ordinary amateur, and are very seldom seen on that account. These are sometimes made of metal, in the form of tubes, the tone of which is far more penetrating, but much less mellow and sweet than those made of wood entirely. Either pine, rosewood or teak wood can be used, the first mentioned is mostly employed.

A small instruction book with tunes, containing directions for self-instruction may be obtained from the publishers, John Alvey, Turner & Co., London.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.

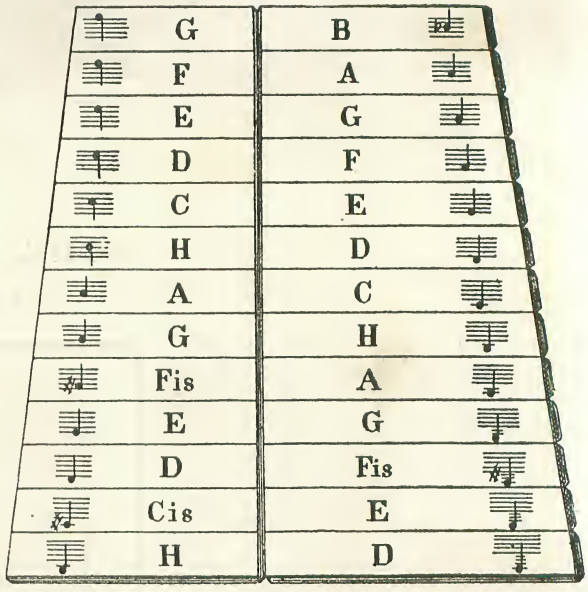


FIG. 3

HER GIRL.

By AMY IRVINE.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE STILE.

LYDIA was walking fast. Her manner was excited, and her eyes a little wild. She carried a large parcel, and as she hastened over the field, she talked to herself in an under-tone.

"Fifteen shillings to-day, and seven-and-sixpence last Wednesday. It'll be enough! There's nothing to stop me now, and mother, mother'll be glad by-and-by, it's only just at first that folks mind things, but——"

She ceased suddenly, and stood still in the path. A flush of annoyance rose in her cheeks. She had almost come to the stile, and there, leaning on it, with his back to her, and either in reality, or pretending to be, Johnny Baker stood unaware of her approach. What did he want out here at this time of morning? Why wasn't he at his work? It seemed to Lydia that he was there purposely to annoy her. His bag of tools was resting on the top bar, his face was hidden by one of his great hands.

For a moment she half turned as if to retreat, but that would extend her walk by a good mile, so she determined to give him a black look, and hurry past him. If he offered to walk by her she would refuse sharply.

"Stand out of my way, if you please," called Lydia shrilly, "how'm I to get over the stile while you're blocking up the way?"

Johnny started violently, and his bag of tools rolled over. He turned to face the girl, and she could not help noticing how pale and weary he looked.

"Why ain't you at your work, Johnny Baker?" she asked sharply,

"I've got a job down town," he answered. "I didn't hear you coming, Lydia. Are you going in my direction? You'll let me carry your parcel for you, Lydia, won't you?"

Lydia was more than ever vexed, because she felt a little sorry for him, but she answered tartly, "No, thank you, I'm quite well able to carry for myself."

"Are you angry with me, Lydia?" he asked wistfully. "If I've done anything to vex you, I wish you'd tell me."

"Oh, nonsense," cried Lydia, "you're always fancying things."

"Well, sometimes I do, when I sit alone of an evening; I fancy what it would be if I could look across the hearth and see your face where my mother's used to be, instead of looking round at emptiness. I try to make the cottage a bit bright with thoughts of you, Lydia, just to keep me from sinking into gloom and despair. It's terrible lonely of an evening, and something's gone wrong with the place. It seems like as if God never made folks to be alone, it ain't good for 'em."

"Johnny Baker," said Lydia, "please to let me pass, I can't stay here talking all the morning." She intended to speak so sourly that he would shrink back (as he'd often done before when she snubbed him), but there was a slight wavering in her tone that he detected, and his eyes lit up eagerly.

"If it's love you want, Lydia," he cried, "I'll love you with all my heart—I'm a big fellow, and I ought to have a big heart to match. I know I'm a bit clumsy with my tongue, but there isn't a man living who'd love you better."

She looked at him, and the blood rushed to her head. It was one of those moments that come to most people once or twice in their lives, when a great decision has to be made on the instant. She'd have given much to escape the responsibility of that moment. It was the first time she had in the least realised the depth of the young man's affection, and he had appealed to the woman's heart within her by his simple description of his solitude. She almost yielded to the impulse that urged her to bring back the sunshine that had lately left Johnny's face, it would be so easy—only just to smile up at him, and let him love her! He was worthy of a better girl than she; she felt that she ought to be proud of having such a lover, and she took a step forward.

"I know I'm nothing but a common labourer," said Johnny, "not half so good as what you might have, Lydia, for you're good and beautiful, and might look higher, only God knows I love you."

Lydia stepped back, her ears tingling. All unconsciously Johnny had said the very words that were best calculated to destroy his chance. Lydia was almost in a panic, she knew how nearly she had done for herself, and in the reaction of her feelings she flew into a passion.

"How many more times shall I have to tell you that I won't be courted by you, Johnny Baker?" she cried, "please to let me pass, I've got my work to do, even if you haven't.

I can't get over the hedge, and stiles were made to be got over, not to be leaned on."

"You'll let me walk beside you, I'm going to town," said Johnny, half whispering, his voice was so hoarse. He clung to the stile as if he needed its support.

"No, I won't let you, I'm not going to have everybody saying as I was seen walking out with you. I'd be ashamed of myself if I was you, going persecuting a girl as has refused me time and again."

The colour slowly rose and ebbed in Johnny's cheeks. He looked steadily at Lydia, trembling. Then his arm dropped from the bar of the stile, and he stood aside.

"You say right, Lydia Morgan," he said, "I'm ashamed of myself, and I'll never trouble you no more. If you could have brought your mind to be my wife, I'd have made you happy, but it wasn't to be, it wasn't to be. I'll say good-bye, and I'll never trouble you no more."

Lydia scrambled over the stile while he spoke, and started to walk on quickly. She felt injured and upset, and altogether badly used. "And just as I was fixing up so nicely," she muttered, "I declare it takes the shine out of a thing. Why can't he go a'courting Jenny Jenkins, whose mother's just dying to get Johnny for her?" There was some satisfaction in suggesting to herself a good idea like that for Johnny, and still more in an unacknowledged feeling that Johnny wasn't very likely to want Jenny Jenkins, he was sure to be true to her.

As for Johnny, he stood at the stile watching Lydia's lithe figure till it was out of sight, and then he shouldered his bag of tools, and followed heavily.

On her way home, Lydia paused at the spot where he had stood, fighting down the agony of his heart, and she pulled out her halfpenny novelette to consult it on a matter that had just troubled her. She thought she had succeeded in forgetting the unpleasant scene, and now her head was so full of a certain project that even the stile against which he had been leaning while he pleaded with her, did not arouse the discomfort caused by the interview earlier. She was determined not to think of it, but now and then a passing twinge of vexation would return, for his last words stuck unpleasantly to her, and needed an effort to forget. However, there was something else to think about now.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

"THIS day twenty year ago," murmured Mrs. Morgan, pausing in her work to look over at Lydia. "Twenty year is a good bit of time, and I was over thirty when I married your father, child."

"I don't remember father," answered Lydia. She was not much interested in hearing her mother's reminiscences, especially to-night, and it annoyed her strangely that it should happen to be the anniversary of her mother's wedding-day.

"We'd been courting ten years," continued the widow, "but he'd gone soldiering, and I never thought as he'd come back alive. I'd been true to him and he to me, and though he was never the same in health after the fevers he'd had, and it wasn't the dear Lord's will as we should be together long, still I can say, 'Thy will be done,' and feel grateful for what we had. When he lay dying, he said I was to remember as I had his little one to look after, and was not to fret. He said you'd be a comfort to me, Lydia, and so you have—so you have."

Lydia snapped her thread.

"A comfort and a blessing beyond anything as I could expect, and when I see the trouble some folks have with their daughters, I feel like just going down on my knees and thanking the heavenly Father for the good girl he's given me."

"There, mother, that'll do," interrupted Lydia.

"May I come in?" asked a voice at the door; and Mrs. Morgan hastened to welcome her neighbour, Mrs. Jenkins.

"It does one good to come out for a few minutes to see your mother," said Mrs. Jenkins, turning a tear-stained face to Lydia.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Jenkins?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, it's nothin' new; it's only as Timothy's off to the public again, and he's taken Bob with him."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Morgan, a deep flush slowly rising in her faded cheeks.

"Like father, like son," wailed Mrs. Jenkins. "I'll see to it as the other lads signs the pledge—leastways, I'll get Johnny Baker to make 'em. Johnny, he can do about what he likes with my lads, all of 'em but Bob, who's going after his father as fast as may be. You should be thankful as you've only the one, and that one a girl, Mrs. Morgan."

"My Lydia's the best daughter a woman could have, Mrs. Jenkins. It's her what keeps us here in the cottage; I couldn't afford it but for her."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Lydia, almost angrily. "With what you have, mother, and what you can earn, you'd be able to stay on here if you were all alone."

Mrs. Morgan shook her head and smiled. She knew better, but it was no good arguing with Lydia, who had lately been in the habit of depreciating her worth, and even suggesting that she was unnecessary to her mother.

"If it wasn't for Johnny Baker we'd be a sight worse in this village," said Mrs. Jenkins. "Last night he sat up with poor Toby, and they say as Toby's better to-day, and likely to overget his sickness. Me and Jenny have been cleaning up a bit for him, and made the cottage look that nice you'd almost think his poor mother was back in it. I shouldn't wonder if Johnny married my Jenny one of these days."

"That he never will," cried Mrs. Morgan, her eyes lighting up with motherly pride. "Didn't you know, Mrs. Jenkins, as he's been a-courting my Lydia?"

"No! Has he now?"

"Mother, do hold your tongue!" exclaimed Lydia. "You know as well as I do that I'm not going to marry Johnny, and wouldn't for a fortune."

"Then all I can say is as you're the silliest girl as ever I set eyes on," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"My Lydia's not silly," interposed Mrs. Morgan. "She's the best girl that ever was born, and it isn't right to try and force love, and I honour a girl which can refuse a good marriage because she can't bring herself to like the man, though I must say as Johnny Baker's just the man I'd love to see her married to."

"Do talk about something else," burst out Lydia. "I'm not going to marry Johnny Baker."

"What shall I do?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, returning to her trouble. "*If I leave them* two in the public we won't be able to pay the rent on Monday; and Timothy's found my savings, and he's made off with 'em, and there's all the childer. Oh, dear! what had I better do?"

"Send for Johnny Baker," sneered Lydia.

"And I will, too," cried Mrs. Jenkins, starting up. "You've given me the right word, Lydia, and I thank you. There's no one I wouldn't rather send for than Johnny, God bless him."

Mrs. Morgan fixed her eyes searchingly upon her girl, while Mrs. Jenkins hurried off. Surely the repeated testimonies that came from all sides of Johnny's sterling worth would in the end affect her Lydia until the wish of her mother's heart should be gratified, and she should see her married to Johnny. Lydia's head was bent so low over her sewing that it was impossible to see how she had taken Mrs. Jenkins' words.

"Don't work too late to-night, Lydia," said her mother gently.

"Why not to-night, mother? I want to finish this last bit of fine sewing."

"You'll be trying your eyes, dear, for you've sat at it so long."

"I went out this morning, taking back Mrs. Lane's parcel."

"But you've never stirred since you came in, Lydia."

"I want to finish this fine bit of sewing this evening," repeated Lydia, doggedly. "I may have my reasons, mother."

She glanced up and met the tender look that was fixed on her—so anxious, so loving, so proud, and ah! so unsuspicious.

"I wouldn't have you hurt yourself on my account for anything, Lydia; and if you're thinking that I want a new gown this winter, just put it out of your head, dear. I won't have you spoiling your eyes for no number of gowns."

"I wasn't thinking about one," growled Lydia.

The old woman winced; it hurt her when her girl took her up so sharply. Lydia's eyes travelled back to her mother's face, and she sprang to her feet and put her arm round her neck.

"Mother," she said. "Mother!"

The old woman trembled. This unusual exhibition of affection unnerved her, but it was something like rapture that thrilled through her when she felt her daughter's kiss upon her cheek. Lydia, too, was quite upset, and ended by becoming angry; but nothing she could say or do that evening could remove the kiss she had given her mother. It brought tears into the faded eyes, and sent the weary old woman to bed with a warm glow in her heart. It was not often that her girl kissed her. Ah, her dear girl—her dear girl!

(To be continued.)



ON POTTERY-MAKING.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.



I WAS staying last winter on the Riviera and getting very tired of doing nothing, tired of the blue sky, of the brilliant sun and of the grand, grey mountains.

This sounds very unappreciative and ungrateful, and I confess it to my shame; but I was loyal to our English climate, and longed for fog and mud and rain, for dull London days, and for wind and cold. I had exhausted all the immediate walks and resources of the neighbourhood, and I was tired of the olive-trees with their depressing, worn-out appearance, of the toy-box-looking orange and lemon-trees also, of the sea-front promenade with the monotonous splash of the waves, of the public gardens where the band played every afternoon, and tin-like little officers strutted about and tried to look grown-up and gallant, but, mostly, I was tired of myself. I wanted a new interest or occupation, an excitement if you will, and one came just in time to prevent me from falling into the proverbial mischief that Satan finds for idle hands to do.

One morning, some way out of the town up a pleasant valley celebrated for its primroses, I was attracted to a shop-window full of pottery, and, as some of the objects were hanging outside, I was able to examine them closely. It was pottery after *le genre* Palissy in imitation of fruit, flowers, reptiles, fish, shells, etc. Some of the specimens were most charming and artistic, and others wickedly, hideously ugly.

A handbill in the window invited inspection and stated that Monsieur I., *le maître potier*, would be glad to show any visitor his *faïences* and method of work. So, making the purchase of a plate an excuse, I went in, and the die was cast.

Monsieur, with all the suavity and politeness of his countrymen, greeted me most amiably, and conducted me round his store and show-rooms. A medley of articles was piled up on shelves, on the floor, hung up on the walls, anywhere, anyhow, making one grand hopeless profusion and confusion. There were articles decorative and domestic, ornamental and unornamental, useful and utterly useless, *plaques* and panels with groups of flowers or fruit, jugs with perfectly impossible spouts and handles, vases of stout and slim degree, cups and saucers, coffee-pots, candle-sticks, little figures of saints, of the infant Jesus in a cradle, of the Virgin Mary, of St. Joseph, crosses and wreaths for graves, photograph frames with no earthly means to fix a photograph in, fiddles of deformed proportions, flower-baskets, dishes, bowls, brackets, etc., everything being made out of the same material, viz., clay, and designed and decorated and finished on the premises. Then monsieur took me into the inner sanctuary of his own *atelier*, and there I was introduced to François and Pauline, his son and daughter.

They were seated at a table making some very pretty, artistic things, and, as I watched their clumsy-looking fingers working with such deftness and ease, I felt dreadfully jealous and left-out-in-the-cold like. So I asked monsieur very quickly—

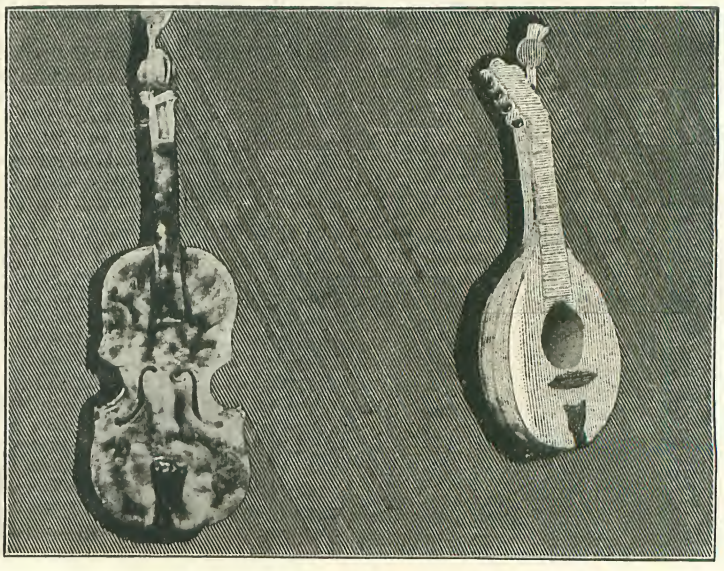
"Do you take pupils?"

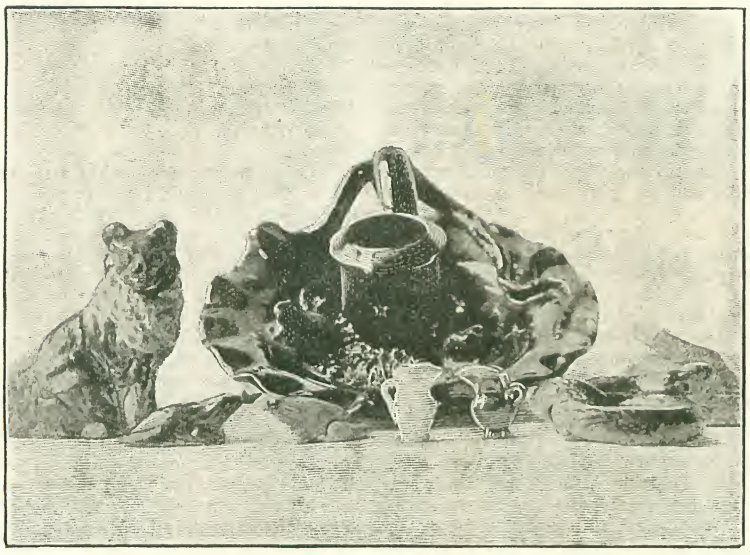
"Mais, certainement!" he answered. "Last season I had sixty."

This rather surprised me, and I wondered where he had stored them all, as space and chairs and tables were decidedly limited.

Now, monsieur was generous and hospitable







in everything, and there was nothing miserly about him, especially in his statements and statistics. I found out as we grew to be more intimate, that he had to be allowed a very wide margin for figures, in the same way that he had to allow for the contraction of his clay in the baking process. Those sixty pupils could be contracted to six! And when he showed me an oblong dish decorated with lizards and moss and impertinent-looking frogs, a dish he considered one of his many *chef d'œuvres*, and told me he had made hundreds and hundreds of copies, they were so popular, and that he got one thousand francs each for them, I knew (allowing for the margin and contraction) he might have made some fifty duplicates, and sold them probably at twenty-five francs each.

Well, to return to our first meeting, I then inquired about terms, which were soon satisfactorily arranged, and then about tools, materials, etc.

"The tools and materials," monsieur answered, with great unction and dignity, "will be included in the lesson, and every object made you may buy at half-price."

The tools were only thin pieces of stick, sometimes a pocket-knife, sometimes a few moulds, and only very occasionally the potter's wheel; the tools we principally used were our own fingers, and the material was clay got from the neighbourhood, which monsieur quaintly and prettily said: "Le bon Dieu was kind enough to provide."

Then I asked meekly—

"I need not bring anything, monsieur?"

"Mais oui!" he said. "Bring a big apron and a little intelligence."

So I arranged to come and begin on the morrow, and all that afternoon I rushed madly about from shop to shop in search of a big apron, and got one as much like François's as possible, having determined in my own mind to copy his appearance as far as circumstances permitted.



And that is how I saved myself from getting into mischief, and became a potteress and a pupil of Monsieur I., *le maître potier*.

Well, I went the next day full of eagerness and ambition, and the first object I modelled was a branch of oranges. I suppose I chose that as it was very familiar to my eye, and I felt I could not go very far wrong in matters of form and colour.

Monsieur kept close by me like a bicycle-trainer, and guided my fingers with great patience. I was very clumsy and awkward at first, and I hated to see François and Pauline so cool and self-possessed and able to cajole the clay into any shape they liked. The initial difficulty to overcome is using too much pressure, for the clay is so plastic it yields to the merest touch. But, with the help of monsieur, and the big apron and little intelligence, I soon fell into the way of it, and by the end of the first lesson achieved the branch of which I give an illustration.

In lieu of a potter's mark, I signed my name on one of the leaves, and it was hung up in the sun to dry. We had had great fun and talking and laughing and gesticulating over the lesson, and I had not been so gay and happy for weeks.

As I returned to my hotel, I rejoiced in the blueness of the sky and in the brilliancy of the sun, and I thought how grand and protective and restful the mountains were, and greeted them silently and gratefully from my heart, and, as I passed the orange-trees, I smiled upon them with a new interest and appreciation, marvelling at the golden clusters of fruit in contrast to the dark burnished green of the leaves, and acknowledged to myself how well and perfectly Nature did her work.

And so I went for a lesson nearly every morning, remaining just as long as I liked, but generally from two to three hours. Very soon I began to assert myself and work with a little independence, arranging and decorating my objects according to my own fancy. Monsieur was very exact and liked everything in pairs, and as stiff and conventional as possible; he thought my taste *bizarre* and



fantastique, but made allowances for my being *Anglaise*, which covered a multitude of eccentricities. However, he paid me the compliment of copying my primrose *plaques* (see illustration), for when I represented to him, that being features of the valley they would have a two-fold interest, he set to work, and with his usual liberality made quite a regiment of them, hanging them in one long even line outside to attract the passing public eye, and they sold very successfully.

Trying not to be tedious, I will just give you an idea of the general process of making an object. Let us take a *plaque par exemple*. First of all a flat piece of clay is rolled out to form the foundation, the clay was of grey smooth appearance, and brought from the neighbourhood in large lumps. Then the *plaque* was decorated, say, with lemons, and having previously made the leaves, stalks, blossoms and fruit, one arranged them according to fancy, fixing them to the foundation

or to one another by means of a kind of liquid clay paste. "*N'oubliez pas le trou*" was now monsieur's injunction, he always made a giant-hole for a giant-nail right in the correct centre of his *plaques*, three times larger than needful, but he was no miser, as I have previously said. Then the *plaque* being trimmed off and touched up here and there and signed, was considered to be finished, and was then hung up in the sun to dry, and to obtain a certain amount of solidity.

After the lapse of a few days it was baked in the furnace, being closely packed in and bricked up with hundreds of other objects. (monsieur only built his furnace about once a fortnight, as it was expensive, having to use so much wood.) In a few hours the things were ready to come out, and our lemon *plaque* now presented a dull whitish brittle appearance. Any little imperfections or roughnesses were then removed. Then perhaps the next day, or as soon as convenient, the painting process took place. Monsieur was rather troublesome over this, and not very particular about the natural shades of the flowers, fruit, and leaves. He would only mix and use one green to serve all purposes of foliage, whether the dark glossy green of the orange and lemon leaves, or the bright yellow green of the primrose leaves, or the dull slate grey of the olive leaves. For his purpose and *plaques* one green sufficed; not so with me, and I protested and rebelled until he let me mix and apply my own colours. But I frankly confess I had several startling failures. Once some unripe olives I expected to come out green, surprised me instead as bright regal purple; they were a novelty but not natural, so I promptly destroyed the *plaque*, as I did all my failures.

After the painting came a very solemn and mysterious rite, viz. the glazing, and over this monsieur surpassed himself in severity and secretiveness. He used to retire to a tub in a dark corner of the *atelier* and himself dip each object in. Like the varnish the old fiddle-makers used, this was a traditional secret, and traditions, you know, have to be kept up in every trade. After the dipping, the object came out a dull grey-black, which rather alarmed and discouraged me at first, till monsieur consoled me and begged me to have confidence and assured me it would all come right, which it did, as most things do if left to themselves.

This dipping into finely-powdered quartz (for this is what the tub chiefly contained) was necessary to make the colouring permanent, because the heat in the second baking that followed melted the quartz, which then formed a thin layer of transparent glaze on the surface. Used with discretion, this glaze was a finish and embellishment, but monsieur (being no miser) often used it so liberally that the objects were spoiled and vulgarised thereby. I suggested this once to him, but he only looked at me with withering scorn and contempt, and I was so quelled I never dared broach the subject again. He glazed all my things and some of them shine like looking-glass in consequence. With monsieur it was "Love me, love my glaze," and I learned to regard the glaze as inevitable, for it is a requirement of the French character to have things bright and showy and shining, and the glaze of monsieur's pottery, like the polish of French manners, was after all only surface deep.

After the glazing came the second baking, and this of course was very crucial and important, as the things now came out finally for better or for worse. Considering the caprice of the fire, and how primitively built the furnace was, and the simplicity of tools, material, and workmanship, it was astonishing how much succeeded, and how perfect and pretty most of the objects were.

This second baking was the climax of our labours; on furnace days I never left the spot (remaining to *déjeûner* with the family) and waited anxiously and lovingly till I had seen all my things out of their fiery ordeal, and was assured of their safety and success. Great excitement prevailed; we congratulated and embraced one another, discussed and compared our things, paid one another compliments, and no more work was done that day.

I have said before that monsieur was very hospitable, and so he was. On days when it was very sunny, or he was extra pleased with himself, or with me, or the world at large, or he had sold a good lot of pottery, in a very impressive voice he would tell François to fetch a bottle of wine of his own making and from his own fruit. Then madame, with fairy god-mother-like intuition, would appear with a pantomine large dish of apple-fritters, light as soap-bubbles, and we all fell to, and with *bon appétit* made a splendid feast.

Another laudable virtue of monsieur's was, he never bargained with his customers or made a *tapage*. All his goods were marked in straightforward figures and very reasonably too, considering the amount of time and trouble and risk involved. I cannot translate the word *tapage*, it is so essentially French, as jolly is essentially English. But it means creating a disturbance and being as uncivil and disagreeable as possible. The general aim in French shops seems that they (I say they, advisedly, as there are always three or four to serve you to a button) try and cheat, first with amiability and politeness, *voilà* the glaze, then, if that is not successful, and one is silly enough to expostulate, they begin to scream and storm and bargain, *voilà* the *tapage*. Then one is frightened, and unnerved, and they, getting impatient, begin abuse, till finally one gladly pays anything to get away, *et voilà la fin*.

Monsieur was also a *maître* in dentistry and in great repute amongst the poor; we often had patients and clients during the morning, and our *atelier* was consulting and operating-room combined.

The patient would appear with woe-begone and swollen face, the result of weeks of unnecessary delay, and torture, and was received by monsieur with his usual amiability. It, whether man, woman or child, was invariably accompanied by one or two relatives or friends. The patient was placed on a stool near the door in the full sunlight and view of distant mountains. Monsieur, fresh from modelling a vase or dish, would seize the nearest implement handy, if it happened to be a pair of pincers, *tant mieux* for the patient, if only a knife or fork, or piece of stick, *tant pis* for the patient. Preliminaries were heard, we, that is François and Pauline, and I, waited breathless and anxious. Groans, sometimes shrieks came from the stool, then monsieur's cheery voice, "*Ayez courage, n'ayez pas peur*"—and the deed was done. Monsieur used this same formula of encouragement to me when I got discouraged over a bud or leaf that would not be pinched or rolled or coaxed into shape. He professed to perform this office of dentistry *pour la cause de charité*, and to help his suffering fellow-creatures, but he never refused a fee, nor allowed anyone to depart without giving him one, and did not seem always quite satisfied. But he never made a *tapage*, and this to his honour and high credit, for it must mean great self-denial and self-restraint to any French man or woman not to make *tapage* when circumstances are favourable, perhaps justifiable.

We were often interrupted too by purchasers and visitors, mostly English and American. You see, monsieur's handbills invited inspection, and admission was free, so people came, and if they came, they generally bought something. Some wonderful little blue frogs were held out as an attraction. They were found very rarely in company with the common green little fellows, and were a great curiosity. Naturalists and others bought them sometimes for aquariums. Monsieur said he got two hundred francs for each specimen, but on sunny days the price went up to five hundred francs!

The green ones were sold for ten centimes, these were François' perquisites, and he was saving up to buy a bicycle. Anyone who purchased five francs' worth of goods, was entitled to a little blue or green frog in *faïence*; this was another proof of monsieur's generosity!

We, that is I and François and Pauline, were always much excited when purchasers came, hoping they would buy up the shop, and that thereby we might have a glorious feast of fritters and wine.

Americans were the best customers. They would stroll in casually and calmly select two or three hundred francs' worth of things, then Pauline's bright eyes would glisten brighter, as she always delivered the goods and generally came in for a stray half-franc—and she was saving up to buy a new dress for the carnival. I often wonder what some of the customers did with their purchases, when they were ugly, cumbersome, and impossible, and whether they hated them very much when they interviewed them quietly at their hotels. But in thinking over the matter seriously, I believe they bought them for amusement on rainy days to play at skittles with, or toss and ball, or some such light innocent pastime.

Monsieur would explain and demonstrate to his visitors in a most graceful manner; taking a small bit of clay, he would turn and twist it about till *voilà, une rose!* Then he would roll out a long, thin piece of clay, pass it quickly through some net—the honeycomb impression would represent the scaled skin—then he would pinch up the head, insert eyes, coil it round, and *voilà, un serpent!*

This used to delight the visitors immensely, and they invariably wanted to make one themselves, but monsieur's method and meaning were otherwise. He would quickly fashion a few, and then tell the people to sign their names upon them, and to call again in about a fortnight. In the meantime the serpents were baked, painted, glazed, and rebaked, and when fetched away, people imagined them to be of their own workmanship, for they had signed them, and that was the principal part, and a *cachet* not to be disputed.

Monsieur used to show off my work as a kind of advertisement, and give me credit for many things I had never even touched; but I think in his excitement and generosity he mixed my work with his own. I always remained silent and shy, as became a pupil and apprentice, but I often laughed inside my big apron-sleeves, the situation was so unique and humorous.

One afternoon, before I left, I gave a tea-party *à l'anglais*. It took place in one of the upper store-rooms, and madame and monsieur invited both sets of parents and various other relatives. The company had already arrived when I drove up at three, bringing the tea (English tea) and different degrees of cake, sweets, biscuits, and a large jug of milk. A long table was set with madame's best gold and white china tea-service, a wedding-present, and only had out on rare occasions. I made tea with great preparation and fuss, trying to outshine monsieur in his glaze rites. Then a quick, mad desire possessed me to shine as a *chef* (you see I was ambitious), and as madame had all the ingredients, I made some little cakes, and they were very successful. The guests were deeply impressed, and watched all my movements with respectful, eager wonder. The beginning was rather formal, as at all parties; but after the first cup of tea we

were warmed up, and eventually became very merry and happy. Monsieur was at his blandest, and the *bonhomie* of the whole affair was irresistible and most infectious. Business was quite ignored; callers were heard downstairs, but Pauline was sent to tell them with a thousand apologies that monsieur was engaged, and would they have the extreme kindness to come again to-morrow, and for this complaisance receive monsieur's undying devotion and gratitude.

A few days after, I left the Riviera, and my greatest regret was having to leave off being a potteress, and having to part from those kind, homely, honest people. They had brought a great deal of moral sunshine into my life, and I am thankful I had the courage to break through the humdrum, deadly dull conventionality of hotel life, and do something after my own heart.

Had I stayed longer, I might have been able to achieve a *chef d'œuvre*, an oblong dish like monsieur's, *par exemple*, but as it is, I brought back a goodly number of *plaques*, plates, fiddles, serpents, candlesticks, etc., of my very own making and baking. These I have given broadcast amongst my friends to hang up in their homes, where I can often see and admire them, for they are to me, at any rate, very pleasing and proud souvenirs. I am sorry now I did not keep all my failures, as they might have helped me to remain humble. Surely a *plaque* with purple olives—picture it, purple olives!—surely such a monstrosity would shame the proudest spirit.

Well, when all is said and done, I do not know whether you are much wiser about pottery-making, but perhaps this is not the most important point.

At least, you are wiser about monsieur and François and Pauline.

"RÉCHAUFFÉS."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

THE first rule to remember in preparing *réchauffés* of all sorts is, that previously-cooked meats require only to be warmed through. Another is not to prepare too much at a time. Meat more than once re-heated is worse than useless as a nourisher. Cold meat is very light in weight; one pound of it goes as far in bulk, as two pounds of fresh mutton or beef. This should be borne in mind. The last rule is that every *réchauffé* should be dished nicely. A wall of smoothly-mashed potatoes will hold enough gravy to moisten the mince properly, and make it tasty. A border of snow-white rice will so set off an ordinary hash that it will look quite pretty, especially if all is garnished with sprigs of bright green parsley, and rounds of hard-boiled eggs. Sippets of golden-brown toast, cut in pyramid form, and divested of crust, make both mince and hash "go" much further, and if on each is laid a piece of bright pickle, you have an accompaniment that whets the appetite in more ways than one.

In talking of *réchauffés* to-day, I will omit curry. I have given recipes for that most welcome dish in previous numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (*vide* September, 1895, and January, 1896). Everyone knows that is the most delicious way of cooking up cold meat. We will begin to-day with

Shepherd's, or Cottage Pie.—Carefully cut all fat and gristle away from one pound of cold mutton. Pass through a mincing machine, or chop up very finely on a wooden slab. Have ready a gravy, nicely browned, and some well boiled cold potatoes well mashed with a little milk or butter. Line a pie-dish with the vegetable. Let it be half an inch thick to keep in the gravy. Heat the dry meat in the hot gravy, taking care it does not boil. Flavour with a little chopped onion and parsley. Pour it into your potatoed mould, and cover with a thick layer of the same. Score neatly with a fork, pierce an air-hole. Put little bits of butter on the crust and place in the oven till very hot. The potato-crust should be golden brown when done. The butter will help to give it this colour, and a few minutes on a trivet before the fire will also be necessary. Swathe your unsightly pie-dish in a napkin. (It must be unsightly, for it has been baked). Garnish with sprigs of fried parsley, or the same *au naturel*, and serve piping hot.

Bachelor's Pie is a nice variation of the same dish. The meat is prepared in the same way; so are the potatoes. But, instead of simply covering only with a potato-crust, you have three layers of different sorts. First, on the top of the minced, juicy meat, comes a veil of crisp, fried onions. Following it is a blanket of mashed potatoes, and, shrouding all, a thick counterpane of fine breadcrumbs. A fourth sheet of minced, cold carrots, is often an improvement, and makes it look nice. Serve and deck in the same way as recommended for cottage pie.

Now for *Hash.*—If you follow my directions, I think you will be rewarded by something better than lumps of hard meat, swimming in a colourless sea of greasy water.

Into one pint of stock put one onion, one carrot, one sprig of parsley, one bit of celery, a little pepper and salt. Boil all together until the soup is strongly flavoured. Then strain and pour a small portion of the same on to one tablespoonful of flour, which has been previously carefully blended. Add to it one teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, or half a teaspoonful of browning-sauce, and boil up again. Stir carefully until the gravy is smooth and thick as cream. It will take about four minutes. Into this lay your slices of cold beef or mutton. They must be entirely free from gristle and fat and skin. Draw on one side, and just bring to a simmer. On no account must the hash boil after the meat is added. Serve with sippets of toasted bread.

The gravy must be passed through a strainer in dishing. Lumps of flour are apt to be in it in spite of every care. Most cookery-books bid one add fried onions to the stew. But so many people object to the flavour of this pungent bulb, that I always put a crown of the rings on the top when dishing instead. It may then be eaten, or not, as preferred.

Kouftas.—Almost endless is the variety to be gained under this head. The foundation for all is fine mince, moistened with good gravy. The casings are where ingenuity comes in. You can roll your mince balls in fine bread-crumbs or cold boiled rice, in dripping pastry or chopped parsley. The kouftas will be all equally good if——

What a big "IF" it is! Please print it as large as you can, Mr. Printer. In Roman capitals or Greek numerals, or in whatever way the tiny word will best catch the eye of our amateur cooks. For the success of this class of *réchauffé* consists entirely in the heat at which it is fried. We do not want sodden, greasy cakes, or cinder-like scraps. We like our rissoles quite dry outside, and quite moist within. In order to ensure this, we require a saucepan half full of boiling fat. A thin, blue smoke is our only guarantee that the dripping is at the required temperature. Fizzling and snapping and bubbling are all signs that it is not hot enough. Perfect quietness only shows that all water is evaporated, and the medium ready.

Arrange your kouftas in a wire basket, and plunge into the saucepan. See that every savoury ball is covered. Fry for about four or five minutes. Lift out when golden-brown, and drain for a minute. Have ready a mound of creamy-white mashed potatoes, or a ring of rice. (This will depend on which cloak you have wrapped round the minced meat. The first-named goes best with parsley and crumbs. The latter with a pastry envelope). Place the kouftas round the mound or in the ring. Sprinkle over a handful of chopped parsley, and serve. Crisp yet moist will the kouftas be if cooked in the way I have laid down.

The next hails from Russia, *blatovoshee* is its name.

Take some nicely-browned, finely-shred onions and mix them to a sauce-like condition with some minced beef, curry powder, and stock. Simmer for fifteen minutes, then put in a pie-dish and cover with breadcrumbs. When baked brown at the top (another quarter of an hour in the oven will generally do this) it is ready.

I think a veal recipe will be necessary after so much beef and mutton. So now we will think of *Macaroni Mince.*

Boil the pipes of Italian paste until tender in some milk, and place them fancifully round a greased or wet mould. Fill up with strongly flavoured veal mince, lemon, and thyme, and parsley, and onion, and garlic, and mint. All may be used, for veal is rather tasteless in itself. Press all down well. Cover with greased paper if you have not a regular capped mould, and steam for an hour. When turned out, this makes a very pretty dish. It can be garnished with pounded egg-crumbs, fried parsley and strips of lemon-peel. If thought too dry, a thick gravy can be poured *round* not *on* the shape, or sent to table in a boat.

There is one most useful ingredient in the re-cookery of cold meats—I mean the various preparations of tomato (a tin is bought for a few pence). A spoonful of that sauce added to hash, or mince, or collop, or kouftа or cottage-pie turns a common dish into a dainty. It is a most wholesome addition to the cuisine.

This fruit—it is called love-apple in its native wilds—is largely cultivated in South America. Huge canneries, for its preservation, exist in many parts. Nowadays it is much grown in Europe. I think this article on *réchauffés* cannot finish better than with an easy recipe for making this welcome addition to our larders. Store the bottles in a cool, dry place, and the sauce will keep good for years.

Take half-a-dozen tomatoes (be sure they are ripe, red ones), put them in a covered stone jar, and stand them in a moderate oven until skins and stalks are easily removed. Now mix this pulp with half a dessertspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of best ginger (powdered), a bit of garlic (chopped), one tablespoonful of vinegar, and a very small quantity of cayenne pepper—about a quarter of a saltspoonful of it will be sufficient.

It is done. No boiling, or straining, or soaking. Bottle.

If, after a lapse of time, mould gathers on the sauce, turn it into a saucepan and boil it up once with a little more cayenne and ginger. If you have this at hand, you will always, by judicious use of it, maintain your reputation as a "ray-hate-or" (as the Irish call it), and your hashes and stews will be "very good."



"THE OLD HOME."

THE OLD HOME.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

'TWAS only a humble cottage,
  Not far from the village street;
But the cool green meadows enclosed it,
  And flowers brought their fragrance sweet.
The birds in the roof's old thatches,
  The winds in the tall elm tree,
The pathway that led to the woodlands,
  Made the happiest home for me.

Then, no world beyond the meadows,
  Disturbed my beautiful dream;
My playmates were birds and flowers,
  And we used to sing to the stream.
But now the green meadows have widened,
  Far, far to the rolling sea,
And I sail away on its bosom
  From the home of my infancy.

O lands of crimson and purple!
  O white-jewelled cities afar!
Ye throb on the restless ocean,
  Ye dazzle like Orient star;
But, oh! for the home of my childhood,
  And my world of meadow and tree;
For the quiet calm of those old old days
  Has for ever gone from me.



MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART V.

THE MUMMIES AT BORDEAUX.

IT was because I was tired of churches and picture-galleries, of fairs and markets, of the strange babble of foreign tongues and the thin English of the guide-book, that I begged so hard to be taken to see the mummies. To me the name of a mummy was as a friend's name. As one Englishman travelling across a desert seeks to find another of whom he has heard in that far land, so I sought to meet these mummies who had cousins at home, in the British Museum, in dear, dear England.

My fancy did not paint mummies for me apart from plate-glass cases, camphor, boarded galleries, and kindly curators, and I longed to see them as I longed to see home, and to hear my own tongue spoken about me.

I was consumed by a fever of impatience for the three days which had to go by before the coming of the day on which the treasures might be visited. My sisters, who were to lead me to these delights, believed too that the mummies would be chiefly interesting on account of their association with Bloomsbury.

Well, we went—I in my best blue silk frock, which I insisted on wearing to honour the occasion, holding the hand of my sister and positively skipping with delicious anticipation. There was some delay about keys, during which my excitement was scarcely to be restrained. Then we went through an arched doorway and along a flagged passage, the old man who guided us explaining volubly in French as we went.

"What does he say?"

"He says they are natural mummies."

"What does that mean?"

"They are not embalmed by man, like the Egyptian ones, but simply by the peculiar earth of the churchyard where they were buried."

The words did not touch my conception of the glass cases and their good-natured guardian.

The passage began to slope downward. A chill air breathed on our faces, bringing with it a damp earthy smell. Then we came to some narrow stone steps. Our guide spoke again.

"What does he say?"

"We are to be careful, the steps are slippery and mouldy."

I think even then my expectation still was of a long clean gallery, filled with the white light of a London noon, shed through high skylights on Egyptian treasures. But the stairs were dark, and I held my sister's hand tightly. Down we went, down, down!

"What does he say?"

"We are under the church now; these are the vaults."

We went along another passage, the damp mouldy smell increasing, and my clasp of my sister's hand grew closer and closer.

We stopped in front of a heavy door barred with iron, and our guide turned a big reluctant key in a lock that grated.

"Les voila," he said, throwing open the door and drawing back dramatically.

We were in the room before my sisters had time to see cause for regretting that they had brought me.

The vision of dry boards and white light and glass cases vanished, and in its stead I saw this:

A small vault, as my memory serves me, about fifteen feet square, with an arched roof, from the centre of which hung a lamp that burned with a faint blue light, and made the guide's candle look red and lurid. The floor was flagged like the passages, and was as damp and chill. Round three sides of the room ran a railing, and behind it—standing against the wall, with a ghastly look of life in

death—were about two hundred skeletons. Not white clean skeletons, hung on wires, like the one you see at the doctor's, but skeletons with the flesh hardened on their bones, with their long dry hair hanging on each side of their brown faces, where the skin in drying had drawn itself back from their gleaming teeth and empty eye-sockets. Skeletons draped in mouldering shreds of shrouds and grave-clothes, their lean fingers still clothed with dry skin, seemed to reach out towards me. There they stood, men, women, and children, knee-deep in loose bones collected from the other vaults of the church, and heaped round them. On the wall near the door I saw the dried body of a little child hung up by its hair.

I don't think I screamed or cried, or even said a word. I think I was paralysed with horror, but I remember presently going back up those stairs, holding tightly to that kindly hand, and not daring to turn my head lest one of those charnel-house faces should peep out at me from some niche in the damp wall.

It must have been late afternoon, and in the hurry of dressing for the *table d'hote* my stupor of fright must have passed unnoticed, for the next thing I remember is being alone in a large room, waiting as usual for my supper to be sent up. For my mother did not approve of late dinners for little people, and I was accustomed to have bread-and-milk alone while she and my sisters dined.

It was a large room, and very imperfectly lighted by the two wax candles in silver candlesticks. There were two windows and a curtained alcove, where the beds were. Suddenly my blood ran cold. What was behind that curtain? Beds. "Yes," whispered something that was I, and yet not I; "but suppose there are no beds there now. Only mummies, mummies, mummies!"

A sudden noise; I screamed with terror. It was only the door opening to let the waiter in. He was a young waiter, hardly more than a boy, and had always smiled kindly at me when we met, though hitherto our intercourse had not gone farther. Now I rushed to him and flung my arms round him, to his immense amazement and the near ruin of my bread and milk. He spoke no English and I no French, but somehow he managed to understand that I was afraid, and afraid of that curtained alcove.

He set down the bread and milk, and he took me in his arms and together we fetched more candles, and then he drew back the awful curtain, and showed me the beds lying white and quiet. If I could have spoken French I should have said:

"Yes; but how do I know it was all like that just now, before you drew the curtain back?"

As it was I said nothing, only clung to his neck.

I hope he did not get into any trouble that night for neglected duties, for he did not attempt to leave me till my mother came back. He sat down with me on his knee and petted me and sang to me under his breath, and fed me with the bread and milk, when by-and-by I grew calm enough to take it. All good things be with him wherever he is! I like best to think of him in a little hotel of his own, a quiet little country inn standing back from a straight road bordered with apple trees and poplars. There are wooden benches outside the door, and within a whitewashed kitchen, where a plump rosy-faced woman is busy with many cares—never busy enough, however, to pass the master of the house without a loving word or a loving look. I like to believe that now he has little children of his own, who hold out their arms when he opens the door, and who climb upon his knees clamouring for those same songs which he sang, out of the kindness of his boyish heart, to the little frightened English child, such a long, long time ago.

* * * *

The mummies of Bordeaux were the crowning horror of my childish life; it is to them, I think, more than to any other thing, that I owe nights and nights of anguish and horror, long years of bitterest fear and dread. All the other fears could have been effaced, but the shock of that sight branded it on my brain, and I never forgot it. For many years I could not bring myself to go about any house in the dark, and long after I was a grown woman I was tortured, in the dark watches, by imagination and memory, who rose strong and united, overpowering my will and my reason as utterly as in my baby days.

It was not till I had two little children of my own that I was able to conquer this mortal terror of darkness, and teach imagination her place, under the foot of reason and the will.

My children, I resolved, should never know such fear. And to guard them from it I must banish it from my own soul. It was not easy, but it was done. It is banished now, and my babies, thank God, never have known it. It was a dark cloud that overshadowed my childhood, and I don't believe my mother ever knew how dark it was, for I could not tell anyone the full horror of it while it was over me; and when it had passed I came from under it, as one who has lived long years in an enchanter's castle, where the sun is darkened alway, might come forth into the splendour of noontide. Such an one breathes God's sweet air and beholds the free heavens with joyous leaps of heart; but he does not speak soon nor lightly of what befell in the dark, in the evil days, in the Castle of the Enchanter.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

DAME FORTUNE SMILES.

"Of pleasures, those which occur most rarely give the greatest pleasure."—*Epictetus.*



DR. LUTTRELL'S fit of pessimism did not last long. The very next day he had a sharp twinge of remorse, when he went round to Galvaston House to take leave of his patient and Mr. Gaythorne put a slip of folded paper in his hand.

"I am an old man," he said, and his thin fingers held the young doctor's hand in a firm grasp. "And I am using an old man's privilege. I know what a hard, up-hill fight life is at present to you, and I should like to ease the burden a little," and to Marcus' intense and overwhelming surprise he found it was a cheque for five hundred pounds.

Marcus never could remember what he said, but his first attempt to stammer a few words of gratitude for this unexpected and magnificent gift was promptly checked.

"It is all very well," observed Alwyn rather gloomily when Olivia told him of his father's munificence. She had shed tears of joy when Marcus had shown her the cheque.

"My father has settled up accounts with Dr. Luttrell after his own fashion but he has not paid my debts." And then in a deeply moved voice—"There are some debts that cannot be paid. 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' How many doors do you suppose, Mrs. Luttrell, would have opened to a starving outcast that Christmas night;" and then his blue eyes flashed with an expression of intense feeling that became him well.

"I shall never be able to repay either of you. I shall never try," he went on. "Do you know as I lay on that doorstep too weak and stiff to move, and the doctor bent over me, it seemed to me in my dazed condition as though it were the face of a beneficent angel. God bless you both, for you have made a man of me." And then he lifted the kind womanly hand to his lips.

Olivia missed her friends at Galvaston House sorely, but she had more time to devote to Greta.

One day they had a pleasant outing together. Greta, who still hankered after her old home, had proposed that she and Olivia should go down to Medhurst together.

"It is only an hour's journey," she observed. "And there is a dear old inn where we could have tea. And just now it will be at its best. The horse-chestnuts will be out in the Grange garden, and the pink and white may at Ivydene." And Olivia consented readily. But though she thoroughly enjoyed the little expedition, and fell in love with Medhurst and the old church, the longed-for visit was only productive of disappointment to Greta.

Ivydene in Olivia's eyes was not a desirable abode. The rooms were low and cramped, and had a mouldy, disused smell in them. Even the little three-cornered drawing-room with the bay window overlooking the village green and the elm tree did not please her. The solitary old man in a smock-frock, with a red handkerchief knotted loosely round his lean old throat, might be a picturesque object in the distance,

but on wet days she fancied even the green might be a dreary outlook. As they sat over their tea in the little inn parlour she gave her opinion in her usual downright fashion.

"Dear Greta," she said, "I do not advise your taking this step. Ivydene Lodge would want a good deal of money spent on it to make it decently habitable. And even if it were painted and papered from garret to basement it would never be a really comfortable house. All those small rooms opening into each other are so inconvenient. And then it is damp. I am sure Marcus would say so; and then I am certain you would be moped to death. There are no young people at the Grange. Only that stout, middle-aged couple we met in the pony-carriage, and the vicar is old and a widower. I do think it would be terribly dull for you." And Greta owned rather regretfully that her friend was right.

Her poor little air castles had crumbled into nothingness. Her longings for the sweet country air and rustic quiet were doomed to be frustrated. In her heart she felt that Olivia was wise. A solitary life at Ivydene would hardly content her. And after all was she so ready to leave Brompton. She had found friends there—real friends—the Luttrells and Mrs. Broderick and the Gaythornes, and though she still felt terribly lonely in her big house, perhaps it would be better for her to wait a little.

"I suppose I should feel rather like a ghost if I tried to settle here," she said presently. "I do not think so badly of poor little Ivydene as you do. It would be quite large enough for me, but somehow Medhurst itself seems changed."

After tea they walked to the Grange, and asked leave to go into the garden, and Greta showed her friend the lime walk, and the orchard and the big elm tree where they had swung their hammock.

"I think it looks just as lovely as it did in the old days," she said as they paced down the smooth velvety lawn. And even Olivia allowed that the Grange had not disappointed her. It was a fine, picturesque-looking house, and as they passed to the front, she had a glimpse of a handsome hall panelled in oak. "If you could only live at the Grange," she said, and Greta smiled.

Mrs. Broderick told her niece that she was growing very gay and worldly. Actually Marcus had taken her and Greta to the Royal Academy one afternoon, and they had sat in the Park afterwards. And Olivia in her new spring dress and hat had looked the embodiment of youth and freshness, and another afternoon they had gone to St. James' Hall to hear Sarasate.

"Livy has had more work than play. I mean her to enjoy herself a little," he said when Aunt Madge accused him playfully of spoiling his wife, but Olivia refused to endorse this.

"No one could be happier," she told herself day after day. Marcus' practice was certainly improving, and he was *getting* very intimate too with Dr. Bevan, and it was already settled between them that he should look after Dr. Bevan's patients while he was away in August.

Dr. Bevan had an extensive practice and was not young, and Dr. Luttrell suspected that he would soon take a partner. He had complained more than once lately that he was sadly overworked, but Marcus never could be sure if these hints were intentionally dropped. To be Dr. Bevan's partner would be the acme of his ambition, but in that case a good house would be absolutely necessary.

Olivia had only been joking when she had made the observation. She had no idea that Marcus even entertained such an idea for a moment, but Marcus, who had his foot on the first rung of the ladder, was eager to climb. All his spare time was spent in study. He still went to the models, to gain experience he would say, but in reality because the people loved to have him, and because it gratified his organ of benevolence.

As the summer wore on the weather became exceedingly hot and oppressive, and Greta, who had taken a small house at Eastbourne for July and August, insisted on carrying off Olivia and Dot for the first month.

"It would be doing me the greatest kindness," she said almost tearfully as she gave the invitation, "for how could I enjoy anything alone? Dr. Luttrell has promised to run down from Saturday to Monday, and perhaps we could even induce him to stay longer, and it would do Dot so much good." And it was this last consideration that had the greatest weight with Olivia.

"But oh, Marcus! how am I to leave you?" she began in rather a dismal voice. But Marcus soon proved to her that he was only too willing to part with her.

"My good child," he said, "the idea of your hesitating for a moment. Miss Williams is behaving like a brick, and she had planned it all beforehand too. Do you suppose she would have taken a house, if she had not meant you and Dot to go too?"

"But, Marcus," she pleaded, "I do not really need the change; you only said yourself the other day that I had never looked so well."

"Yes, and Eastbourne will enable you to keep well," he returned cheerfully. "Think of a month of sea breezes; does not your maternal heart swell at the idea of Dot in a big sunbonnet, stumping over the beach with her spade and bucket? Why, you and Miss Williams will be as happy as the day is long."

"Oh, no; not without you, Marcus," returned Olivia tenderly. "Do you think any enjoyment would be perfect without my husband?" But as Marcus quietly reasoned with her, she yielded at last with a good grace.

"I could not well refuse, Aunt Madge, could I?" she said to her usual confidante, "when Greta wanted me so; and then it will do baby so much good. Marcus declares that Martha will manage all right, and that he will not be dull; and he has promised to spend a whole week with us if he can. And really, it is so very, very kind of Greta, and she is so happy about our coming."

"You are a wise woman, Livy," replied Aunt Madge. "And I am proud of you, and so is Marcus, for we both of us know you are making a brave effort. Deb shall give Martha a helping hand, now and then, when I can spare her. And Marcus has promised to have a cup of tea and chat with me sometimes on his way home from the models. By-the-bye, when do Mr. Gaythorne and Mr. Alwyn return?" But Olivia could not answer this question.

Galvaston House would not be ready for them until the end of July. She knew that in his last letter to Marcus Alwyn had spoken of their going on to Scarborough. He had given a good account of his father, he was less feeble and walked better; but Bournemouth was too relaxing, and they both felt the need of more bracing air.

"I shall keep him away until September, unless he turns restless," he had finished, and Marcus had strongly commended this.

Greta sometimes heard from Alwyn. He wrote to her from time to time, and she would read his letters to Olivia.

The house that she had taken at Eastbourne was charmingly situated. From the windows they had a view of the sea, and Beachy Head in the distance. Marcus took them down and settled them in, and after the first few days Olivia got over her home-sickness and thoroughly enjoyed her life.

In the mornings they were always on the beach with Dot, either reading or working, or watching the happy groups of children.

In the afternoons and evenings they either drove or walked over the downs. Greta, who was resolved to spare no expense, had hired a pretty little victoria for the month.

When Marcus came down for his promised week, he spent most of his time boating, and one or two days they went out in a sailing-boat and carried their luncheon with them. Both Greta and Olive proved themselves good sailors.

Greta had entreated her friend to prolong her visit, but Olivia would not hear of this.

"Martha had been left long enough," she said decidedly, and she could not remain away from Marcus any longer. And Marcus was too glad to get his bright companion back to say a dissenting word.

"Oh, Aunt Madge, I have had such a splendid time," were Olivia's first words when she went round to Mayfield Villas on the morning after her return. "Greta has been such a dear, she has thoroughly spoilt me; but the loveliest time of all was the week Marcus spent with us."

"You look the very essence of a sunbeam, Livy," returned Mrs. Broderick with an admiring look, "but what a nut-brown mayde you have become. Well, was Marcus pleased to get his wife and child back." And then Olivia smiled happily, for only she knew how she had been missed.

Dr. Bevan left town early in August

and Dr. Luttrell took up his position as *locum tenens*, and in spite of the emptiness of London found plenty of work.

Sometimes as Olivia walked in the direction of Brunswick Place with Dot toddling beside her the victoria with its bay horses would pass her. How Olivia would dimple with amusement as Marcus gravely lifted his hat to her.

Ever after a victoria with bay horses figured in Olivia's *chateaux d'espagne*.

Greta complained bitterly of her dullness when her friends had left. "Eastbourne has lost its charms," she wrote, "and the crowds of people on the Parade only make me feel more lonely. If it were not for fear of Dr. Luttrell, I should come back to Brunswick Place at once, but I dare not run the gauntlet of his sarcasms.

"My one amusement is making smocks for Dot. I have finished the pale blue one and it looks lovely, and now I have begun a cream-coloured one; in spite of your stuck-up pride, Olive, you cannot prevent me from working for my darling Dot."

This reproachful sentence was the outcome of a hot argument.

Greta had tried in her affectionate way to lavish gifts upon her friend, but Olivia had steadily refused to allow this.

"No, Greta," she had said, "you do far too much for me already. I have been treated like a princess for a whole month, but I will not have presents heaped on me. Even poor people have their feelings, you know, and rich people must respect them," but this dignified speech made no impression on Greta.

"You may call it proper pride," she said contemptuously, "but I call it selfishness, for you are just depriving me of my greatest pleasure. Well, if you choose to be stiff and obstinate you must have your way, but you cannot hinder me from finishing those smocks." And Olivia, who was full of admiration for Greta's exquisite smocking, announced graciously that the smocks were to be the exception.

"I was obliged to put my foot down, Marcus," she said afterwards, "or she would have bought everything I admired. Perhaps I am proud, but no one but my husband or Aunt Madge shall buy my frocks." And as Olivia said this she held up her head, and looked so dignified and handsome that Marcus refrained from teasing her. Evidently such pride was no fault in his eyes, and it was certain that he very much enjoyed choosing his wife's gowns.

Greta was the first to return. The Gaythornes stayed away until the middle of September.

When Alwyn paid his first visit, Olivia was rejoiced to see the improvement in him. He had gained weight and flesh, and looked very handsome, but Marcus was less satisfied with Mr. Gaythorne.

"He is an old man before his time," he observed. "I am afraid he will never throw off his invalid habits now. He can just potter about in the sunshine and amuse himself with his flowers and museum, but he will never be capable of work again. The least effort to concentrate his thoughts for more than a few minutes seems to irritate his brain. Nothing pleases him better than to creep up to the grand new studio and watch Alwyn at his work.

"'I shall be proud of him yet,' he said that to me yesterday, and if you had seen his face Livy, when he said it!"

(*To be continued.*)



PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART III.

About this time an uneasy apprehension began to permeate Parisian society, with a feeling of the coming thunder of war with England. Mr. Edgeworth had been allowed to remain in Paris in consequence of the remonstrances of Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, but he had refused to be presented to the First Consul, and his friends were anxious. At that time writing on such matters was impossible, and speaking dangerous. In the doubt, Mr. Edgeworth desired they should get back to England while there was an open way of return, but their friends were so loth to part with them, and so sure that these were only intangible rumours without due foundation, that they implored them to reconsider the matter, so the packing was suspended. Miss Edgeworth writes: "M. le Breton called and said he was sure of knowing before that evening the truth as to Buonaparte's warlike intentions, and that, if Mr. Edgeworth met him at a friend's that night, he would know by his suddenly putting on his hat that war was imminent. He was unable to visit us again, and afraid if he wrote that his letter might be intercepted, and still more was he afraid of being overheard if he said anything at the party where they were to meet. Mr. Edgeworth went, and saw M. le Breton, who did suddenly put on his hat, and on Mr. Edgeworth's return to us, he said we must go."

But there was such lamentation and protestations among their French friends at their going away, that Mr. Edgeworth yielded so far as to promise that if on his arrival in London his Paris friends wrote to say "Peace," he would return to them, and bring over the rest of his family from Ireland for a year's residence.

Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "On our arrival in London we found the expected letter from M. le Breton. It had been agreed that if there was to be peace, he was to conclude his letter with 'Mes hommages à la charmante Mademoiselle Charlotte,' if war, the *charmante* was to be omitted. He ended his letter, which made not the smallest allusion to politics or public events, with mes hommages à Mademoiselle Charlotte, and we set out for Edinburgh."

On the first rumour of war, Mr. Edgeworth wrote to warn his son, Lovell, who was on his way from Geneva to Paris, but he was stopped on the way, made prisoner and remained among the *détenus* for eleven years, till the end of the war in 1814.

A relative of the writer, having been sent on important business to Italy, was detained at the same time, though only a lad, from his father and his home, to his irreparable loss and suffering.

The coming home. — They came to a well-ordered happy home, where Miss Edgeworth at once began to occupy herself with preparing for the press popular tales, which were published this year, 1803. She also began *Emilie de Coulanges*, *Madame de Fleury*, and *Ennui*, and wrote *Leonora* in remembrance of the Chevalier Edelcrantz, and in some hope he would read and would approve of it.

But even in this happy home there was trouble in the year 1803.

The invasion of Ireland by the French had been long a matter of anxiety. Mr. Edgeworth at the first alarm offered to convey his wife's sisters—the Misses Sneyd, who had been a valued and happy part of their family since their sister's marriage—back to their English home; but they refused with warmth to separate themselves from those they loved when they were in apparent danger. The servants and people belonging to the estate were all loyal and attached to the family, and all the neighbours and men joined to form a regiment, headed by Mr. Edgeworth. "The enthusiasm of the country around may be imagined." There was no reluctance shown by the Roman Catholics. The moment the word "march" was uttered by their captain, they marched with alacrity. "One of my brothers," writes Miss Edgeworth, "a youth of fifteen, was in their ranks, another, twelve years old, marched with them."

One little man, only six years old, raised a small force of youths of his own mature years; they got a drum and a flag and exercised daily. He drilled them, and wrote a letter to the King—in a very large hand—telling his Majesty that he wanted to raise a regiment all himself, and that they were all anxious to serve his Majesty.

How the King would have enjoyed this letter! Unluckily his father found him going with it to the post, and it never reached its destination. It was a pity, for the King would have been delighted with it.

A thousand incidents, most interesting to

us, are, for want of space in this little paper, passed over, but the climax is worth noting that, "the French generals who headed this invasion, declared that they had been completely deceived as to the state of Ireland. They had expected to find the people in open rebellion, or at least, in their own phrase, organised for insurrection; but to their dismay they found only ragamuffins, as they called them, who in joining their standard, did them infinitely more harm than good . . . the same rebels frequently returning with new stories to get double and treble provision of arms, ammunition and uniforms; selling the ammunition for whisky, and running away at the first fire in the day of battle . . . They cursed also their own Directory for sending them after they had, as they boasted, conquered the world, to be at last beaten in an Irish bog."

Through all this time the Edgeworths remained safe, and protected by the loyalty of their people. Even some portion of the rebels who got to Edgeworthstown were prevented from entering or injuring the house by one of themselves. His wife had been helped and saved in great distress by the family, and he declared no one should hurt that house while he lived, and he drew them all away to ravage and burn elsewhere.

Maria Edgeworth, in her writings, never touched on these times. She loved to paint the fairest side of Irish character, and laboured to get their infinite charm and humour, their loyalty and fervent power of attachment to those they loved and served, the thousand bright and endearing qualities of mind and heart, which have distinguished Irish men and women—better appreciated and valued by their fellow-countrymen. In this she succeeded so well, as to rouse the emulation of Sir Walter Scott, the great Magician of the North, to do for his Scottish countrymen what she had so lovingly done for her Irish friends and people.

Have our dear young readers ever read *The Absentee?* It was of the great scene in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry, that as we have already noticed Lord Macaulay said "it was the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the Odyssey."

In 1804 she found time to write *Griselda*, which she amused herself with at odd moments in her own room without telling her father what she was about. When finished, she sent it to Johnson (her publisher), who had the good nature, at her request, to print a title-page for a single copy without her name to it; he then sent it over to Mr. Edgeworth as a new novel just come out. Mr. Edgeworth read it with surprise and admiration. He could not believe Maria could have had the actual time to write it, and yet it was so like her style; he at last exclaimed, "It must be Anna's. Anna has written this to please me. It is by some one we are interested in, Mary was so anxious I should read it."

Miss Sneyd was in the secret, and had several times put it before him on the table; at last she told him it was Maria's. He was amused at the trick, and delighted at having admired the book without knowing the author.

Mr. Edgeworth seems to have aroused in his family all the energies of love and free willing obedience, and to have made his sons more and more, as they grew up, friends and associates in the spirit of that great head master, who, when asked his secret for quickening all the best faculties of his boys, said, for all answer: "Encourage! Encourage! Encourage!" A letter from Maria to her brother Henry bears on this point—

"It gives me the most sincere pleasure to see your letters to my father, written just as if you were writing to a favourite friend of your own age, and with that manly simplicity characteristic of your mind and manner from the time you were able to speak. There is something in this perfect openness and in the courage of daring to be always yourself, which attaches more than I can express, more than all the Chesterfieldian arts and graces that ever were practised."

Miss Edgeworth goes on upon another matter; but it is so characteristic of her and her home we cannot omit it.

"The worked sleeves are for Mrs. Stewart, and you are to offer them to her. Nobody can say I do not know how to choose my ambassadors well! If Mrs. Stewart should begin to say: 'Oh, it is a pity Miss Edgeworth should spend her time on such work!' please to interrupt her speech, though that is very rude, and tell her that I like work very much, and that I have only done this at odd times, after breakfast, you know, when my father reads out Pope's Homer, or when there are long sittings, when it is much more agreeable to move one's fingers than to have to sit with hands crossed or clasped immovably. I by no means accede to the doctrine that ladies cannot attend to anything else when they are working; besides, it is contrary—is not it?—to all the theories of Zoonomia. Does not Dr. Darwin show that certain habitual motions go on without interrupting trains of thought? And do not common sense and experience, whom I respect even above Dr. Darwin, show the same thing?"

"*A Home Festival.* To Miss Buxton.

"Edgeworthstown, June 1, 1805.

"My father's birthday was kept yesterday much more agreeably than last year, for then we had company in the house. Yesterday Sneyd, now at home for his vacation, who is ever the promoter of gaiety, contrived a pretty little *fête champêtre*, which surprised us all most agreeably. After dinner he persuaded me that it was indispensably necessary for my health that I should take an airing. Accordingly the chaise came to the door, and Ann Nangle and my mother, with little Lucy in her arms, and Maria, were rolled off, and after them, on horseback, came Charlotte, all smiles, and Henry with eyes brilliant with pleasure—riding again with Charlotte after eight months' absence.

"It was a delightful evening, and we thought we were pleasing ourselves sufficiently by the airing, so we came home thinking of nothing at all, when, as we drove round, our ears were suddenly struck with the sound of music, and, as if by enchantment, a fairy festival appeared on the green. In the midst of an amphitheatre of verdant festoons suspended from white staffs, on which the scarlet streamers of the yeomen were flying, appeared a company of youths and maidens in white, their heads adorned with flowers, dancing, while their mothers and their little children were seated on benches round the amphitheatre. John Langon sat on the pier of the dining-room steps, with Harriet on one knee and Sophy on the other, and Fanny standing behind him. In the course of the evening, William danced a reel with Fanny and Harriet, to the great delight of the spectators. Cakes and syllabub served in great abundance by the good Betty formed no inconsiderable part of the pleasures of the evening. William, who is at present in the height of electrical enthusiasm, proposed to the dancers a few electrical sparks to complete the joys of the day. All—men, women, and children—flocked into the study to be shocked, and their various gestures and expressions of surprise and terror, mixed with laughter, were really diverting to my mother, Ann Nangle and me, who had judiciously posted ourselves in the gallery. Charlotte and Sneyd, as soon as it was dark, came to summon us, and we found the little amphitheatre on the grass illuminated, the lights mixed with the green boughs and flowers were beautiful, and the boys with *flambeaux* waving about had an excellent effect. I do wish you could have seen the honest happy face of George as he held his *flambeau* bolt upright at his station, looking at his own pretty daughter Mary. Oh, my dear aunt, how much our pleasure would have been increased if you had been sitting beside us at the dining-room window!"

Miss Edgeworth writes to the same beloved aunt on September 6.

"I have been at Pakenham Hall and Castle Torbay. At Pakenham Hall I was delighted with 'that sweetest music,' the praises of a friend from a person of judgment and taste. I do not know when I have felt so much pleasure as in hearing sweet Betty Pakenham speak of your Sophy. I never saw her look more animated or more pretty than when she was speaking of her."

Mr. Pakenham (afterwards Lord Longford) was Mr. Edgeworth's guardian during his minority, and nursed his property with such care as to restore it to its former prosperity. He and his family remained the intimate friends of the Edgeworths—hence the following letter when his daughter became engaged to Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the great Duke of Wellington.

"Edgeworthstown, April 13, 1806.

"We were at Gaybrook when your letter came and when the good news of Miss Pakenham's happiness arrived" (Sir Arthur Wellesley had at this time just returned from India after a stay of eleven years). "It is one of those tales of real life in which the romance is far superior to the generality of fictions. I hope the imagination of this hero and heroine have not been too much exalted, and that they may not find the enjoyment of a happiness so long wished for inferior to that they expected. Pray tell dear good Lady Elizabeth we are so delighted with the news and so engrossed by it that, waking or sleeping, the image of Miss Pakenham swims before our eyes. To make the romance perfect, we want two material documents—a description of the person of Sir Arthur and a knowledge of the time when the interview after his return took place. . . .

"May-day, 1806.

"Dr. Beaufort (tell Charlotte) saw Sir Arthur Wellesley at the Castle, handsome, very brown, and a hooked nose. He could not travel with Lady Wellesley. He went by the mail. He had over-stayed his leave a day. She travelled under the care of his brother the clergyman. . . . Lady Elizabeth Pakenham told us that when Lady Wellesley was presented to the Queen, her Majesty said: 'I am happy to see you at my Court, so bright an example of constancy. If anybody in this world deserves to be happy, you do.' Then her Majesty inquired, 'But did you really never write one letter to Sir Arthur Wellesley during his long absence?' 'No, never, madam.' 'And did you never think of him?' 'Yes, madam; very often.'"

Some years later Miss Edgeworth writes:

"August 22, 1812.

"How happy Lady Wellington must be at this glorious victory. Had you in your paper an account of her running as fast as she could to Lord Bury at Lord Bathurst's when he alighted to learn the first news of her husband. *Vive l'enthusiasme!*

"Without it characters may be very snug and comfortable in the world; but there is a degree of happiness which they will never taste, and of which they have no more idea than an oyster can have."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



CHAPTER XIX.

NEARLY two months had elapsed since Herbert's last letter, when Lady Llewellen and her children were sitting one evening together. It was dusk, and Lizzie had entreated Gwenllean to play her one or two of her favourite airs before candle-light. Gwenllean never touched her harp now but at the request of others, and it was often a painful effort to her to play and sing the songs Herbert had loved and praised. Still, she never refused, and on the present occasion sat at her harp patiently attending to her sister's desires, who stood by her side, with her arm thrown gently round her neck, and her delicate face lit up with a smile of pleasure. They were so engrossed with the music that they scarcely heard the knock at the door, and step in the passage. They were, however, startled into consciousness by the entrance of Miriam, who announced Mr. Grant, and was immediately followed by that gentleman. He shook hands kindly with Lady Llewellen, and warmly with Lizzie; but as he approached Gwenllean he hesitated. She held out her hand, and he touched it coldly. It was too dark to perceive distinctly the blush that suffused Gwenllean's face, her mother's agitation, or the expression of strange meaning that dwelt on Mr. Grant's features. He sat down by Lady Llewellen's side, and remained some time without speaking. The silence seemed awkward and unnatural, for he used to be all gaiety. At last he said, with an apparent effort, that he was sorry to intrude at so unseasonable an hour, but that unfortunate circumstances had obliged him to do so.

"I have had a letter from Hastings," he added, "and I grieve to say its contents are very distressing."

Gwenllean started and turned pale, and Lady Llewellen asked, in an alarmed tone, "What was the matter."

"It is a sad tale," said Mr. Grant, glancing at Gwenllean, "and I am grieved that Hastings should have made me its bearer; but I am come to consult with you before I proceed to Mr. Lloyd, who it more nearly concerns."

"Tell us at once, I entreat you," said Lady Llewellen, "anything is better than suspense. Has anything happened to Herbert?"

"Do not be alarmed, my dear madam; there is nothing positive; no assured ill; but some unfortunate circumstances have occurred, which have involved poor Llewellen's fate in obscurity."

Without appearing to notice Gwenllean's suppressed scream and exclamation of horror, he began, with proper consideration of manner, to narrate that Lord Hastings, his brother and Herbert had encountered bandits in the Apennines, and that Herbert was supposed to have been killed for taking the life of one of them to save his own and that of his friends.

Whilst Mr. Grant was gradually unfolding all the circumstances to Lady Llewellen and her daughters, there was a dead silence. Gwenllean forcibly restrained her breath, clenched her teeth firmly together, and pressed her nails into the palms of her hands, to prevent screaming. But before the whole of the sad tale was told, she uttered a smothered sob, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Mr. Grant raised her, placed her in her mother's arms, and rang the bell violently. Light, and every attainable remedy were instantly brought by Miriam, and Gwenllean was laid upon the sofa.

As a white rose stricken by the heavy hail-storm bends its head languidly on a stem too feeble to support it, Gwenllean lay, bruised by the tempest of affliction, her spirit too heavily borne down by grief to sustain the tender framework. Her mother and sister were almost as pale as she was; down the cheek of the one quiet tears were stealing; the other wept audibly. Mr. Grant looked on, in seeming pity, but triumphed in the wreck he had made. Not that he was without feeling for the young and beautiful creature, who lay in pale lifelessness before him. He loved her, perhaps, at that moment more ardently than he had ever loved her; but the consciousness that a still existing attachment for his rival had laid her low, acted as an antidote to pity, and the poison of revenge circulated through his veins.

When the remedies had taken effect, and Gwenllean unclosed her eyes, and with a deep drawn sigh gradually returned to life, she looked around her inquiringly. When a confused recollection of the reality broke upon her, she cast a glance of anguish upon her mother, covered her face with her hand, and sobbed hysterically. Again she looked about her, and perceived Mr. Grant. She tried to rise, but failed. With a strong effort she recovered her composure, and after a brief space, during which she seemed to be collecting her thoughts, she spoke with an unnatural calmness. By degrees she regained her strength, and rose from the sofa. She tottered towards the table upon which lay Lord Hastings' letters, and placing her hand upon them, fixed her eyes upon Mr. Grant, and said—

"Will you entrust these to my care? I will see Mr. Lloyd, and break the contents to him. He will need all our sympathy, and no one but—but a friend—but myself, can tell him this—this fatal intelligence."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Grant, "but you had better allow me to tell him; at least to accompany you."

"No, I thank you; no one but my mother or myself could"— here Gwenllean paused, for her forced strength was giving way—"could afford him any consolation; for he is accustomed to us."

"Let it be as you will, Miss Llewellen," said Mr. Grant, with a glance, in which love, admiration and jealousy were strangely mingled. "I will only say that if I can be of service in any way I shall be most happy. Mrs. Llewellen, I hope you will command me."

Lady Llewellen thanked him, and with a voice that no effort could render calm, said that he might be able to communicate with Lord Hastings. He assented willingly, and with a face and manner blandly indicative of sympathy, took his departure.

When he was gone, Gwenllean said with the same fearful and tearless calmness—

"Now, mamma, I should wish to go immediately to Mr. Lloyd."

"Not to-night, dearest," said Lady Llewellen; "let him sleep in peace and happy unconsciousness this one night; and to-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" said Gwenllean, wildly, "who knows whether we may see to-morrow. He spoke of to-morrow, perhaps, on the day that his winding-sheet hung over him, and before its close was laid in the cold, unwept, prayerless grave of the bandit. Alas! alas!" she added, clasping her hands in an attitude of indescribable anguish, "and he died whilst my heart upbraided him! Perhaps on that horrible night, at that awful moment, I was reproaching him cruelly; he, my friend, my brother! I shall never forgive myself; never! Yes, we will go to Mr. Lloyd to-morrow morning, if you think best. We will leave him in happiness a few hours longer and then——."

Lady Llewellen looked fearfully at Gwenllean, and Lizzie clung round her, for they thought she would go mad; her eyes were so strangely wild, whilst her other features seemed rigid as death. Her mother took her hand, and it was cold as marble; she kissed her cheek, it was like frozen snow. She asked for wine; but they had none; the last glass was gone for a dying cottager. She could do nothing for her child but pray for her. Gwenllean tried to comfort her mother and sister, by telling them that they should meet Herbert again in a better and happier world; but they could only think of her.

"Mamma," she said, observing Lady Llewellen's anxious look, "do not fear for me. My heart is very hard—harder

than I thought it was, for I cannot even cry. I wish I could shed tears like you and Lizzie. Yet, God knows I would have died to save him—poor, poor Herbert! dear Mr. Lloyd! Oh, how selfish I am to consider myself when he must be comforted. I will read the letter, and then we will think how we can break it to him—what we can say to him."

Gwenllean took up the letter, and sitting down, began to read it aloud. That most dreadful sensation in the throat, which will not allow grief to have its natural vent, occasionally choked her utterance; but she went through the melancholy but kind and affectionate letter of Lord Hastings without a tear. As she said, she could not cry. Her friends were sobbing on each side of her; but her features showed no change. Pale, wan, and death-like. All that evening, all through that long night, she continued in the same state of dreadful calmness. No sleep visited her eyelids; but in the watches of the night her mother heard her uttering prayers for support to the throne of the Most High. Sometimes, too, she heard her, as if in a kind of wandering delirium, speak of Herbert, and accuse herself for suspecting him of evil.

The next morning she arose as usual, and begged her mother to come with her to Glanheathyn.

"I will tell Mr. Lloyd," she said; "dear mother, I can do it better than you. I am calm—quite calm; but you are agitated, and would alarm him at once. Is it not strange that my heart should beat at all? It feels like lead—so very heavy. But I distress you. I am quite well—quite well—only it would do me good to cry."

Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean crossed in the ferry-boat to Glanheathyn; the former considering it best to allow her daughter to follow the bent of her feelings, in the hope that she might be relieved by an interview with Mr. Lloyd. They found the old gentleman in his garden, and he welcomed them with his usual good-humour.

"Any news from Herbert?" was nearly his first question, as he preceded Gwenllean into the library.

"I almost fear there must be something the matter, my dear sir," replied Gwenllean, with as calm a voice as she could command.

"I have been very anxious about him, too; and if I did not know to the contrary, I should fancy he was forgetting his friends. What do you say? My dear child, what is the matter? You are as pale as death. Where is your mother?"

"Ah! never mind—I am quite well, but you must not be alarmed if all is not as it should be with Herbert. Mr. Grant has heard from Lord Hastings."

"Well, what is the matter? Is he ill? Your pale face, my dear child, speaks of untold misfortunes."

Gwenllean discovered that she had undertaken a task beyond her strength either of body or mind. She could scarcely articulate, when she sought to modify her reply, so as to prepare her friend for the worst without at once harrowing him by the whole.

"I fear," she murmured, "that he has met with a serious accident, and it will be necessary—if possible—to nerve yourself, my dear sir, for the particulars."

"My dear love, let me know the worst at once. It is impossible to misunderstand your countenance. He must be alarmingly ill, or some serious misfortune must have befallen him."

"They are all—Lord and Lady Hastings and all—in affliction, for the travellers were attacked by those dreadful Italian banditti—and poor Mr. Lovell was nearly killed, and——"

"And Herbert—what of him, Gwenllean?" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd, in breathless agitation.

"I trust the Almighty may have mercifully spared him—be calm, and we may hope for the best; God only knows whether he may not yet return to us—perhaps he was taken prisoner by the robbers, and will be ransomed—perhaps he is even now free—but when Lord Hastings wrote, his fate was uncertain; dear, dear Mr. Lloyd, I will be your child till he is restored to you; and wherever Herbert may be, he is in the hands of his Heavenly Father, in whom he trusted. Let us look to Him—pray to Him—hope in Him."

Gwenllean's agitation now became too apparent, and Mr. Lloyd saw that she had yet more to tell.

"My love," he said, solemnly, laying his hand on hers. "I have courage to know the worst. The Master whom I serve will not afflict me beyond what I am able to bear. If Herbert—if my boy, my more than son, be taken from me—"

"God forbid!" said Gwenllean, as if she really hoped what she desired to hope.

With the same wonderful calmness that had sustained her throughout, she unfolded, by degrees, Herbert's disappearance and supposed death; tempering the distressing intelligence by hope that she did not feel; and using expressions of tenderness and affection to prove to the bereaved old man that he was not wholly desolate. He listened with mute attention, now fixing his calm grey eyes upon the speaker, and now turning them towards Heaven. When Gwenllean had, indeed, said the worst, she was wholly overcome, and falling on her knees by his side, leaned her head against his arm, and sobbed hysterically.

The old man spread out his hands, and uplifted his streaming eyes.

"God's will be done!" he said. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord."

Then he paused, for he was engaged in prayer.

Gwenllean looked at him, and his serene and heavenly countenance, so expressive of a resigned sorrow, even in the first moment of his heavy affliction, went to her heart, and softened the leaden weight which had oppressed it. The fountains of her eyes were unloosed, and she wept—wept freely and copiously. The old man pressed her to his heart, and they mingled their tears together.

"My daughter!" he said, "this is hard to bear; but God is merciful. He was a good boy to me—a kind friend to you—but we must submit;" and the tears flowed faster and faster as he spoke, whilst Gwenllean sobbed aloud.

Once more commanding her feelings, however, she went to the window and beckoned to her mother, who entered the library, and approaching Mr. Lloyd, administered such consolation as the circumstances permitted. But Mr. Lloyd required none. As he ever stood prepared for the great change that was to summon him to the world of spirits, so he held his mind ready to support whatever trial he had yet to encounter. I should rather say, that grace from above was given him to endure that "light affliction which is but for a moment." Trouble had fallen upon him, and touched him in the most sensitive part; but though it bruised, it did not break his calm and peaceful spirit. As the lightning rifts a branch from the oak of centuries, yet leaves the trunk unscathed, so he felt what was dearest to him torn away, but yielded not wholly to the destroyer.

They sat for hours together, comforting one another by mutual interchange of sorrow, and from that day Gwenllean devoted herself to supply the place of Herbert to his bereaved grandfather. The tears she had shed, and the example of Mr. Lloyd, so resigned under affliction, had in some degree relieved the anguish of her mind, though the same pale hue was on her face. They knelt together in prayer, and found that tranquillity in affliction which faith can alone bestow; faith in the Great Physician to heal the wound He has inflicted. In that dreadful hour they experienced the blessings of religion.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ENQUIRER.—We think you will find it rather difficult to hear of a resident college which combines sick-nursing with the other useful acquirements you mention. The only one we can suggest is the Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, 3, Athol Crescent, which receives a few boarders and teaches everything you ask for. Apply for prospectus. You might also write to the Secretary of the National Union for the Technical Education of Women in Domestic Sciences, 49, Canning Street, Liverpool; and to the Manchester School of Domestic Economy and Cookery, South Parade, St. Mary's Street, Deansgate. If the Norland Institute, London, could satisfy your needs, we think you would enjoy the life there.

MIRIAM.—We are very much interested in your letter, from the neighbourhood of Varsovie, Russian Poland. It is always a pleasure to hear from our distant correspondents, and to know that our paper is a help to them. But in this instance we fear that if we procured the particulars you ask for, they would come too late to do you any good, as you say you must have them by the new year. If you have taken no steps, write to the University of Zürich, and doubtless full details will be sent you. Your English does you credit if you have only studied two years.

AMATEUR SOCIETIES.—1. Miss C. E. Pye requests us to mention the "Amateur Literary Club," of which the secretary is Miss E. H. Smith, Richmond House, Clifton Hill, near Bristol. Each month a subject is set, and in the course of the year two poems, two stories and eight essays have to be written, the defects of which are pointed out by a competent critic. The annual subscription is 7s. 6d., and three prizes in books are given yearly.—2. Particulars of correspondence lessons, also of a "Story, Essay, and Letter Club," established nineteen years, will be sent on application, with a stamp, to Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E.—3. Miss Lilian Masters asks us to mention that she has a correspondence class for the study of Elementary Greek and the Greek Testament. The rules may be obtained from her at Mount Avenue, Ealing. As we have frequently stated, we are not in a position to accept responsibility with regard to any amateur societies, as we cannot personally judge of the method of their working.

A CONSTANT READER OF "THE G. O. P."—In the "National Home-Reading Union," Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, the maximum cost of six books to gain a certificate is 9s., the minimum is 1s. 1d. One or at most two hours a week is sufficient time for any six books selected. We think you need surely not hesitate to join the society on either of the grounds you mention.

MARIE W. B.—We are deeply touched by your letter and assure you that you are by no means too old to learn. Indeed, you are now able to appreciate the value of education and will therefore do your best. You could obtain correspondence lessons in all the subjects you name for 1s. a lesson, from R. G. P., 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, London, S.E.; or you might join the National Home-Reading Union, mentioned above, which supplies lists of books on history and other subjects. We fancy either of these plans would help you more than solitary effort.

A RUBIE MAID.—1. Your verses express a good idea, but the form is faulty. The third line of your first verse is too long for your metre. Attention to the rules of versification is necessary in writing poems.—2. It is a very good plan to write a brief synopsis or outline of what you have been reading, or an essay upon it without reference to the book. If you were to do this occasionally you would find it would bring you into the habit of giving more attention to what you read. Would not the "National Home-Reading Union" be likely to help you? We advise you to join it.

CECIL GERTRUDE F.—Your poem "My Ideal Husband" is amusing. We are afraid you look for perfection in mortal guise. Your writing, we cannot help adding, is exquisitely neat and legible. Very possibly you may do more in the future in the way of composition, and if so we wish you success. "Alone" and "home" do not rhyme.

ADA EARP.—Dear child, the lines you enclose are not poetry at all or even verse. The lines are of all sorts of lengths, and of no metre, while there is no certainty about the rhymes. You need not be discouraged, for you are very young. There are rules that have to be learnt before anything in the shape of a poem can be attempted.

FLORENCE M. MORLEY.—1. Your handwriting is very readable, but it is stiff and childish, and as you do not tell us your age we can hardly criticise it further than this.—2. Your poems are not suitable for publication; the form is faulty. Preside and sprite, roof and off, do not rhyme. "True Beauty" is the better of the two. Only two questions may be answered at once. We are glad you find our paper helpful in "Christian Endeavour."

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY.—Your letter from New York has given us great pleasure, and we congratulate you on your loyalty to England. The sentiments of your "Address to England, Country of the Free," are excellent. But, as we have to say to so many of our correspondents, poetical form is most important. Your metre is somewhat halting, and your rhymes are imperfect. We quote the latter half of your first verse that you may see what we mean:—

"There is no land, however distant, yet
The sun on thy possessions never sets;
No tongue, no language in which thy power is dumb,
No nation, famed or yet unknown,
But to thy homage comes."

Here the third line is too long and the rhymes are incorrect, while the first couplet is scarcely clear. We do not wish to discourage you, but only to give you help.

MIXA.—1. It is not absolutely necessary to give your surname in sending MSS. on approval, but it is much better to do so. The name need not of course be published, but is a guarantee of good faith.—2. Ruled foolscap paper is the best for an amateur writer, one side only to be used. Perfectly correct punctuation is not essential, but the length and arrangement of sentences, in fact, the composition, must be good, otherwise no editor would accept the contribution. Writing for the press is an art like other arts, and it would be as unreasonable for an amateur writer to expect an editor to accept an article written in ignorance of the laws of composition as it would be for an amateur artist to hope to sell a confused mass of colours in place of a picture.

ZINA ARPETANI DE AGOSTINI (Milan).—The office of the Artists' Guild is now at the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, London, W. We think you had better write there in the first instance about your friend's work.

HAPPY FACE.—The sentiments you express are good, but your poems show that you do not understand the rules of verse. Every poem must have some sort of metre in which it is written. We are glad your invalid father likes our paper, and glad he has a daughter who can hold such a title.

SOPHIA.—A small 8 under a note in pianoforte music means exactly the same as 8va, i.e., that the note is to be played with its octave. If it is placed under a bass octave fully written, it is either a misprint or means that the notes should be played an octave lower.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUTTERFLY.—It is the custom in Germany for the engaged girl to give her future bridegroom a ring, but not in England. There would be no objection to your doing so if you chose, and it is a very popular form of love token.

A. L. M.—If expecting to receive visitors or pay visits yourself, the simplest plan is not to eat things flavoured with onions, nor salad in which they form a part. But having eaten them, dip a sprig of parsley in vinegar and chew it for a time, and it will remove the unpleasant odour. As to the smell of cabbage-water, which is still more offensive—a little charcoal thrown with clean water down the sink will deodorise it.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We regret to say that no disaster occurring to a house, even if blown down, or burnt, will free you from the obligation to pay your rent. This can only be obtained by giving due notice to quit. You may get advice on the subject from an insurance office. Be careful of fire, and keep your chimneys in repair. One thing it may be well for you to know, that the production of your last receipt for rent puts a bar on all prior claims, even when arrears of rent have been due from former quarters; if the landlord have given a receipt for the last quarter, he is precluded from recovering former deficiencies. Few landlords will give a tenant any trouble, if regularly paid within the month after the quarter-day—Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas and Christmas days.

COUNTRY MOUSE.—It is very easy to make parsnip wine. You will require 15 lbs. of parsnips sliced. Boil them in 5 gallons of water till quite soft, squeeze out the juice and run through a sieve, and add to it 3 lbs. of coarse lump sugar to every gallon of the juice. Then boil the whole for three-quarters of an hour. When nearly cold add a little yeast on toast, and let the mixture remain in a tub for ten days, every day stirring it well from the bottom of the tub, after which put it into a cask. As it works over fill it up every day.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—The subject of the book should depend on your own special taste—history, natural history, botany, poetry, antiquarian research, art, needlework, or dictionaries of reference on all subjects. We have charmingly illustrated works relating to foreign lands, also one on astronomy called *The Midnight Sky*. Write to our publisher for catalogues of illustrated or other works.

TRAMP.—1. Yes, you can make your ordinary walking shoes more or less waterproof. For this you will require 1 pint of linseed-oil, ¼ pint of turpentine, ¼ lb. of yellow wax, and ¼ lb. of Burgundy pitch. Melt altogether with a gentle heat, but beware of placing the tin or crockery vessel very near the fire, as the mixture is so inflammable. When wanted it must be warmed, and it can then be rubbed into the leather with a pad of coarse flannel before the fire, or in the sunshine if really hot. You should pour the mixture into a gallipot, or tin box, while liquid.—2. The simple reason for the smoking of a lamp is that the wick has not been cut evenly.

SANITY.—No information has been vouchsafed to us in the Holy Scriptures with reference to the future condition of idiots. We find that "lunatics" and persons possessed by evil spirits were restored to "a right mind" by our Lord. It is not likely that a soul was created for them at the time of their deliverance or restoration. They were merely released from the bondage of the arch-enemy. But this is only an inference, as no positive declaration respecting such persons is given. We are glad you value our paper so much.

ETIQUETTE.—We are quite of your opinion; whether engaged to you or not, she ought not to be out walking alone with any man at eleven o'clock at night. Why do you not go to escort her yourself? Her married friend should take better care of her, and get some third party to accompany her. You had better ask her mother's permission to pay your addresses to her with a view to an engagement; and to allow you to escort her home when she spends an evening at her friend's. If not actually engaged to her, she may think it premature to introduce you to her friends; and may be also acting in this way to make you speak, if you mean to do so.

STALKRASS.—We do not know of any Home where persons can be taken in who are not idiots. Your best plan, we think, would be to make a private arrangement with some one to board her, and if able to do anything to assist her caretaker and hostess, she might be taken for the small sum you name. But if utterly useless, and can do no needlework, for example, you will find it hard to place her anywhere, unless in a cottage in the country amongst working people.

BOOKWORM.—The book translated into the most languages, and the most frequently reprinted—next to the Bible—is not the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas á Kempis. By the year 1873, no fewer than 6000 editions had been brought out since the date of its first publication in 1470. But following next, Bunyan's wonderful book takes its place, already translated into at least eighty-four languages and dialects. We believe the latest translations have been into Abyssinian, Amharric and Fanti. Those in Chinese and Japanese have been very well illustrated by native artists, the costumes and scenery of their own respective countries having been adapted. The author would have been surprised at the dressing of his characters. Fancy Christian with a pigtail, and Christiana and Mercy with Chinese feet hobbling after him!

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—A very usual allowance for girls whose parents are in limited circumstances, is £20 per annum, and with this amount you should be prepared to make your own dresses, and study how to remake and model them, so as to look like new styles. For evening, black lace trimmed with a colour is the most economical. As for travelling expenses, it would be impossible to estimate what would be required, not knowing the length, nor frequency of such expeditions, nor the fees to be considered, in the houses where you visit. We advise you, in view of these visits, to make your dresses, so as to dispense with the services of your host's maid, and do all for yourself, so as to save this fee at least.

VICTARIE WEINER (Dresden).—Your questions have been answered in our paper more than once on the subject of elderberry wine and candied orange peel. Look at the monthly number for March (weekly number for Feb. 8), 1896, p. 303, in answer to "Vienna." This one reference will suffice. As to candied peel it is not, so far, a home manufacture. Your letter is impertinent, and the reason you have not got the recipe you desired is your own carelessness in reading our answers.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.—The sense of sin, and of the need of a Saviour, is realised through the work of the Holy Spirit, and the desire to turn to God, in Christ, for pardon, grace and acceptance, is likewise His work in the soul. If He be at work within you spiritual life must exist. Give yourself up to His influence and guiding, and let your prayers be similar to those of that beautiful hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!"

"He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him," and "him that cometh unto Me," He says, "I will in no wise cast out."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 895.] FEBRUARY 20, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CRAZY JANE'S WEE LAMB.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.



AT HOME AGAIN. THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

All rights reserved.]



THE only son of the house was staring out of the nursery window at flying snowflakes.

"What are zose twirly wee sings, Nana?" asked he.

The nurse replied, "The angels up in the sky are plucking the wild geese and are throwing the feathers down to hap up the earth warm this cold weather."

"Zat's nice," said the small man. "I'd like to help zem."

His dumpy fingers itched to be at that fine plucking. The feathers came down ever thick and faster. Hooray! It was grand.

"You can't go to heaven, Boy, unless you're good, you know," remarked Nana, by way of uttering a word in season.

"Did 'ittle Sissie go to heaven 'cos she was dood?" demanded the boy.

"She did, dear lamb!"

"You look like crying. Are you sorry zat she was dood? You ought to be glad," reasoned Boy, with a puzzled look.

"So I am, dear: very glad." And Nana turned away her head.

But Boy was now occupied with a fresh train of thought, being a reflective child.

"Nana, what would happen to me if I was bad?"

"Oh, Crazy Jane comes along the road with a big sack, and she puts all the naughty children in it, and carries them away," replied Nana, in a solemn voice. Next moment she knew that was a foolish thing to have said. Her dear mistress would be vexed if she knew it. Dear! dear! Nana called herself an old goose, though she had only meant to give Boy a lively fear of the consequences of naughtiness. After all, the child was not likely to see Crazy Jane, a harmless, silly vagrant who tramped the roads; for the demesne was so large that he was seldom or never taken outside it in his walks.

Nana forgot what childish terrors had filled her own young mind once at the ideas of bogies and such-like nonsense. That was so long ago!

"Well, I'm going to be so dood you won't know me," announced Boy. He strove to speak with great stoutness, and mimicked an expression often used by Nana. But his poor little heart was faint within him at thought of Crazy Jane, a terrible creature he had heard of before, but never seen. He vaguely imagined a hobgoblin who rode in the air in an eggshell, or on a broom-stick, and who would shriek at him like the whistle of a steamer. (Boy remembered being on board a steamer last summer, when he had always privately quaked at the eldritch sound of escaping steam, though he used to try and stand up bravely in his one-buttoned shoes as became a man.)

It was a weary afternoon.

Father and mother were away on a visit to Edinburgh, and were only coming home late this evening; after six o'clock, when Boy would be put to bed. There was nobody to play with all this day, when nurse would not take her charge out in the snow. Time dragged.

Dusk came on; but there was no father to play at being a big bear, and growl in a friendly voice which caused one's small spine to thrill with exquisite terror and fears, knowing happily all the while they were quite imaginary.

Tea-time approached, but mother was not there to send for Boy to her own pretty room, where was an Indian bureau, in which hidden drawers were known to secrete toys and treasures to be searched for and discovered with cries of delight. Oh, it was a long, long day!

"Poor little chap, he has been good," observed Nana pityingly to Jean, the nursery-maid, nodding her head towards Boy, who was now stretched prone on the hearth-rug, not knowing what to do with himself. "Well, I'm going downstairs for half-an-hour's chat and tea with Mrs. Sim" (this was the coachman's wife). "You stay and look after the child."

Boy's ears pricked to listen. His heart swelled at the praise of his own conduct; saddened with vexation at being left to Jean, who either bored or teased him. However, to make the best of the situation, he sat up and interviewed the latter.

"I have been dood—awful dood! haven't I, Jean?" he said earnestly. "Am I dood enough to go to heaven?"

"Bless the child! yes, Master Boy," tittered Jean, who was a thoughtless lassie.

"Has Sissie got any 'ittle boys and girls to play wis in heaven?" pursued the inquiring small voice.

"Of course she has: dear little angels, nice and white. Would you not like to be with them?" asked Jean, who was in a mischievous humour.

"Yes," sighed the little fellow, "but I donno how to get zere."

"You would have to go the way Sissie went. First to the churchyard; and then the angels come and fly with you in their arms away, away, far away to a happy land," answered Jean, upon which she began singing a hymn, as she prepared the child his small afternoon repast; and she too, like him, felt very good.

Boy allowed himself to be lifted up on his high chair without speaking. Slowly he munched his piece of buttered bread; he imbibed long, gurgling draughts of weak, milky tea, but his mind was not set on creature comforts. With round eyes fixed he sat gazing into space, where his baby imagination pictured visions of the happy land—

"Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

So sang Jean, loud and clearly, so that the words sank into the listener's mind. Presently she added—

"Now, Master Boy, I'm going away for five minutes, and you must be very good till I come back."

"But I want to go away, too; I want to go to heaven," piped Boy, feeling bitterly aggrieved that even Jean also deserted him.

"Oh, so you may. Go to heaven, but don't trouble me."

Away tripped Jean, bound for a stolen gossip in the housemaid's room, halfway down the servants' stairs. She meant no harm; only to joke with Susan and Minnie, keeping one ear on watch to hear nurse's solid step and wheezing breath as the latter returned. At which critical moment, Jean meant to speed back to the nursery.

Boy found himself left alone in the nursery, sitting on his stool lost in wonder. With his own ears he had heard Jean say it! "You may go to heaven."

He had permission from his lawful caretaker, as Jean was for the time being. O—h!

The child drew a long breath of delight and envy, imagining Sissie at play this minute with all the dear little white angels, while he had been alone and dull all day. Yes, he must hurry off quickly to that happy land. Otherwise he would be too late to play with baby sister, she was put to bed so early. How she would crow with joy to see him, and crawl to his feet, being too small to walk alone; and Boy would kiss her till she dimpled and laughed all over her face. But the question was, how to start for heaven?

Jean's words were, "Go, like Sissie, to the churchyard, first." Now baby Sissie had first fallen fast asleep, her brother remembered; and then "booful flowers" were put round her bed; and next they laid her in a pretty box and drove her away from the house in a glass carriage with four horses, that made Boy think of Cinderella's fairy coach, so that he scandalised Jean by clapping his hands at the nursery window. Evidently nobody was going to drive Boy to heaven in a glass coach with four horses, but then he was bigger and could walk. He knew the way to the churchyard quite well, having been often taken there in his hand carriage, for the church stood really inside the demesne, though close to the high road; and a walk of half a mile led to it from the hall, through a shrubbery ending in a firwood.

Boy was bred of a stirring race. Instinct was strong in his veins that it was tame to sit by the fireside when one might breathe fresh keen air. Likewise when his desire was set with longing on a thing, he must needs strive to gain his end with all his might, only a child's might, now, but by-and-by it would grow to be that of a strong man, like the men of his kin. So he rose to his feet and gazed with yearning at the mysterious world outside, which lay wrapped under a great snowy sheet, beneath the darkening sky.

He would start for heaven at once.

Obedience to reasonable law was likewise a heritage from Boy's forefathers. He well knew that never was he allowed out of doors without a coat and cap, therefore, while groaning at the bondage of humanity, when even the nursery kitten might stray freely, needing no more wrappings than its own fur, our hero, with jerks and tuggings, opened the drawer which held his winter outer being, and, so doing, sat down unexpectedly on the floor. It was easy to put on a white wool cap; but a furry white coat and gloves cost him desperate pains. The coat objected to being put on wrong side foremost, and the gloves were obstinate beyond belief. At last Boy and the coat wrestled into a state of mutual forbearance; and a compromise was effected with the gloves, a few fingers being thrust into whatever sockets could be found for them.

And then the traveller set forth on his journey, going down-stairs one step at a time, and holding stoutly by the balusters. Nurse usually took her charge out of doors by a side entrance leading to the courtyard and stables, so this way he trotted, and by good luck found the coast clear. A baker's cart stood at the door, and the driver was busy handing out bread to one of the servants. Neither of them noticed Boy, who slipped past them shyly, sidling by the house-wall in an ecstasy of freedom and delight, as his little toes trod soft snow for the first time in his life. A passing stable-boy now stopped in surprise.

"What are you doing out here, little master?"

Boy was silent, and turned his head to examine the wall with close attention, outlining some bricks with a dumpy finger.

"Where is your nurse?" pursued the questioner.

"Taking tea wis Mrs. Sim," answered Boy, this time speaking with surprising quickness; and he glanced at the opposite windows, behind which lived the coachman's wife.

"Oh, well—that's all right, I suppose. But don't you stay out too long in the cold," said the lad doubtfully.

"No. I'se going to a nice warm place where you can't come," returned Boy in a glorying tone. "But Pompey may come.

He's a dood dog." For just then up came the big Newfoundland, who began snuffling affectionately at the child. Boy embraced his canine friend with a stifling hug, for they two were close comrades.

Thereupon the stable-boy went off whistling, being bound on a message to the smithy, a mile distant; and when questioned an hour or two later desperately, that was the last he could tell concerning the only child of the house.

No human eyes saw the small figure trotting sturdily through the archway and out over the expanse of drive and lawn, both hidden under a great sheet of pure snow, only dotted by the child's footmarks and the tracks of the dog alongside. Where the shrubbery began, the young adventurer paused in a first hesitation, for—the path here turned, and he was already losing sight of the familiar great house, that contained friendly voices and faces. Boy had never yet gone more than a few yards quite alone in his short life; and the white track curving ahead between the darker bushes looked very lonesome. Was this really the road to heaven?

Then came the call of a startled bird from the depths of a holly thicket. Its sound cheered our doubting hero, reminding him of Sissie, who used to coo some birdlike notes, also, by which, being too young for speech as yet, she had tried to hold converse with her brother.

At that Boy started forward valiantly. He must make haste to get to heaven, or there would be no time to play before he ought to come home again to his supper and bed. He judged this from some visits on which he had been taken to near country-houses, where he played with small neighbours. "An' Sissie will be so glad to see me," said he once more to himself.

The snow was not deep, yet it felt decidedly queer. Nana had certainly said that the snow happed the earth up warm; nevertheless, Boy's toes tingled in a most unpleasant manner, and one hand ached bitterly, the other was buried in Pompey's shaggy hair, as it held on to the dog's collar. Pompey was as warm as a toast. "P'raps he's so comform'ble cos he's growed up," sighed Boy, with a longing for that happy far-off time to arrive for his small self.

Presently he reached the fir-wood, where the thick branches spread overhead in black layers, shutting out the sky, save for small rifts here and there. Only for the glimmer of the snow under foot it would have been like plunging into a cavern. The traveller to heaven hardened his little heart and stumbled onward, when all on a sudden the thought assailed him after he had gone some yards that there might be lions and tigers, lots of them, in the wood. They must be very hungry, and ready to eat up a poor little boy, although he would not hurt them for anything. At which Boy stopped short, and clinging fast to Pompey, began whimpering—

"Please keep zem off!—please!"

Upon this appeal Pompey licked his comrade's face most comfortingly, and wagged his tail, saying as plain as plain could be—

"Trust to me. I'll crack their bones, and chew them up into mincemeat." So as Boy felt sure that Pompey was big and strong enough to swallow "a nelephant," he took heart of grace, and adventured himself once more into the wood, although tremblingly.

Oh dear! oh dear! How long, and bitter cold, and black that horrid wood was. The little man's feet sank in the snow, while his limbs became so numbed and weary that it required a great effort of will to keep moving on. Once in a very gloomy corner, Boy knocked up against a holly-bush, which promptly pricked him in a nasty, spiteful way. At that the last straw seemed piled on his sufferings, and feeling himself an injured innocent, his heart swelled with a sense of injustice, and he fairly burst out sobbing, and began calling on Nana. A wave of heart-sickness and disappointment surged up within the adventurer's small soul, followed by a longing to be taken up in loving arms, kissed well of these bad scratches, carried to the fire, and to see the faces of his mother, and father, and nurse smiling on him.

But soon the sounds of sobbing in the dark wood ceased. There never was anyone of his years less given to crying like a baby than Boy. He felt rather ashamed of himself; all the more that Pompey was most unhappy, whining as if to say, he had never seen his friend behave in this disgraceful way in all his life.

"Well!" declared Boy, wiping his eyes on his coat-cuff. "If Dod made these hollies, I wonder if He didn't get His hands scratched." A vague idea that then the hollies must have been somehow punished, and serve them right! came as a consoling balm.

Once more he struggled forward.

At last—it was really in a minute and a half—the traveller's straining blue eyes saw the wood open out; then in two more dragging, fatiguing minutes he emerged from the darkness of the branches and saw the snow and sky lie outspread once more; one above, the other below.

And there! there in front was the churchyard, the goal of his adventures on earth; the half-way house to heaven. Yes, Boy was strangely giddy and sleepy, but—he saw it!

And he struggled on.

On the side of the demesne there was a gate in the churchyard wall, and this was latched. Grown-up folk found it stiff to open, and to our hero's small hands it seemed impossible.

"I must creepie frough," said Boy to himself, and proceeded to push his coat, hat, and person through the bars. Pompey squeezed after, though it cost him some violent struggles, and he came up to his friend reproachfully, yet with triumph, wagging his tail. But for once his small master did not heed him.

Boy stood gazing round, cold and tired, it is true, but yet uplifted in heart by the sense of victory and glad expectancy.

"I've done it! I've come all my lone self; but where *is* the angels?" he thought.

Not the shape of any white wing could he descry overhead, or among the encircling trees, or by the gravestones. All was as still as still could be. Little snowflakes fluttered gently down from the sky, blurring his vision, and seeming wishful to isolate Boy by veiling the familiar objects around in an annoying, quietly persistent way.

So Boy waited—a long, long time, he was certain.

Perhaps it was only three minutes, or at most five, that the little fellow stood there. Still, if one considers how many seconds go to make those minutes, seconds of loneliness and listening, seconds of slowly growing heart-sickness, disappointment and returning fright; seconds to be counted by a child's quickened beats of the heart, it was truly a long time to stand shivering, foot-sunk in the snow, bewildered by the thickened atmosphere, as if the sky were falling in little pieces all round him, while in spite of the prevailing whiteness all the world was getting dark. Far, far he seemed to be from home or help, a small, lonely, human being!

Then Boy felt he could bear no more.

"Ze angels was tired waiting; they've gone all home," he groaned despairingly in his heart. Then his baby underlip twitched twice or thrice. The small man tried not to give way, tried hard, but the bitterness of his soul was too great. Once more he broke down sobbing.

Pompey now showed himself deeply distressed, having hitherto waited patiently, much puzzled what might be the object in coming hither of his charge, a child, yet a being of superior intelligence. The dog eagerly rubbed against his comrade, wiped Boy's cheeks with a warm wet lick, and yelped in sympathy. Then, struck by a happy inspiration, he darted towards the church porch, stopped half-way, looking at Boy and wagging his tail, came back invitingly, and began gently dragging the child by the hem of his coat, giving short whines of entreaty.

Boy allowed himself to be led forward, half dead with fatigue as he stumbled after his guide into shelter. He went all the more willingly that he was mightily vexed with the angels, who were now shaking down the snow as thick as if they were dredging flour, as he had seen the cook do sometimes. Such cold, melting feathers, too.

"The wild geese has got all wet 'fore they was plucked," he reasoned in disgust. So, very crossly, Boy lay down in the furthest corner of the porch on the stones. It seemed a funny place to go to sleep in, but he could not keep his eyes open any longer, and his legs were so tired, and—— But how nice and warm Pompey felt as he cuddled up close to Boy, though he was a bad dog to give such horrid howls loud in one's ear.

And then Boy fell asleep, and dreamed he was in heaven playing with Sissie. They were in a green valley beside a clear stream, in which rosy ducks were swimming, while a white bird with long legs and scarlet wings stood pensively by; but two pale-yellow swans, with black ruffs round their necks and black bills, were the loveliest birds of all. Boy was watching them dreamily, with his head pillowed on his mother's lap (for she, too, was there), and Sissie with other dear little baby angels came round, laughing and looking at Boy, all hand in hand, when mother changed suddenly into Crazy Jane who had caught hold of Boy and was wriggling, trying to get him into her sack. Heaven vanished, and Boy fell through a trap-door, from the sky, hitting his head against the hard stones of the church porch. So he awoke.

"Where is I—all alone? It is so dark, and hard, and cold!" thought the small pilgrim to heaven in wonder. Then he remembered his journey and felt for Pompey, but the dog was gone. Now, indeed, Boy was sorely frightened and began moaning low to himself. Oh, he hadn't got to heaven after all; and home was so far off beyond the wood, so far that Nana could not hear him call, and mother and father were gone away. A new terror, that Crazy Jane might come along the road and catch him, sent a shudder down his little spine. Then, just as he gave himself up for lost, a strange thing happened.

It was this. An angel appeared in the doorway, and stood there with Pompey, who bounded forward to Boy and back to the angel in ecstatic joy. She was an angel with her yellow hair flying loose over her shoulders, while also she seemed to have her wings folded down her back, making a hump. Boy could not see her distinctly, still, from pictures, he knew these two details were correct, so he took heart of grace and held out his arms.

"You is awful late," he said. "I nearly felled asleep" (oh, Boy, what a fib!) "for I thought you wasn't coming."

"Oh, my lamb, my wee white lamb!" cried the angel, kneeling down and clasping Boy lovingly in her arms. This also was correct. Nana had said that Sissie was now a dear lamb, so Boy accepted the situation with complacency.

"You must hold me tight when you fly up wis me to heaven," he murmured, sleepily. "It is nice that you come." His curly head

sank against the angel's bosom, and Boy knew no more.

* * * *

Up in the dark Hall lights were meanwhile flashing strangely from all the windows, from dormer windows under the leads, turret slits, and the windows of the large reception rooms —generally dark as blind eyeballs. Indoors, a hum of distracted voices reiterated ceaselessly questions which, for the most part, received no replies; the wailing of a girl's voice piercing sharply through the surrounding noises, rising ever louder in hysterical despair as remonstrances strove to quiet her. The mourner was Jean the nursemaid.

Soon a pair of lamps flashed along the drive; a carriage stopped noiselessly at the door; the master and mistress alighted wondering at the disturbance of the household, and alarmed. Not without too good cause.

Out rang the mother's voice. "What! the child missing! My child! How could you all leave him alone? Oh, careless, cruel, wicked servants, all of you!"

Asked the father's voice, stern and quick—

"Where have you looked—speak!"

"Everywhere, sir," whispered the old butler.

Just then a buzz of excitement was heard in the courtyard, as of bees outside the hive-door. News at last! A stable-lad had seen the child out of doors, alone! Here came the boy, eager to tell all he knew.

Then lanterns gleamed over the snow-covered expanse of lawns and garden and by the riverside, held low, while the searchers anxiously eyed every drift, each small heap—perhaps only a stone or stump—but that might prove to be the body of a frozen infant. For the first few minutes, the mother called at intervals into the darkness.

"Boy! Boy! Where are you? Come to mother, darling."

But the rest only spoke to each other in whispers. Soon she understood, too, and ceased. Then her husband came beside her, as she went tearless and stiff, he locked his arm in hers, murmuring—

"The child would not suffer any pain, dearest."

All at once a thought struck the father. He turned back and called a groom aside, who had charge of the Newfoundland.

"Fetch the dog. *He* was petting Pompey when last he was seen; the dog may find him."

The man ran back; but soon returned, calling breathlessly—

"The dog is gone, too, sir! I have not seen him since five o'clock. He is nowhere about the house."

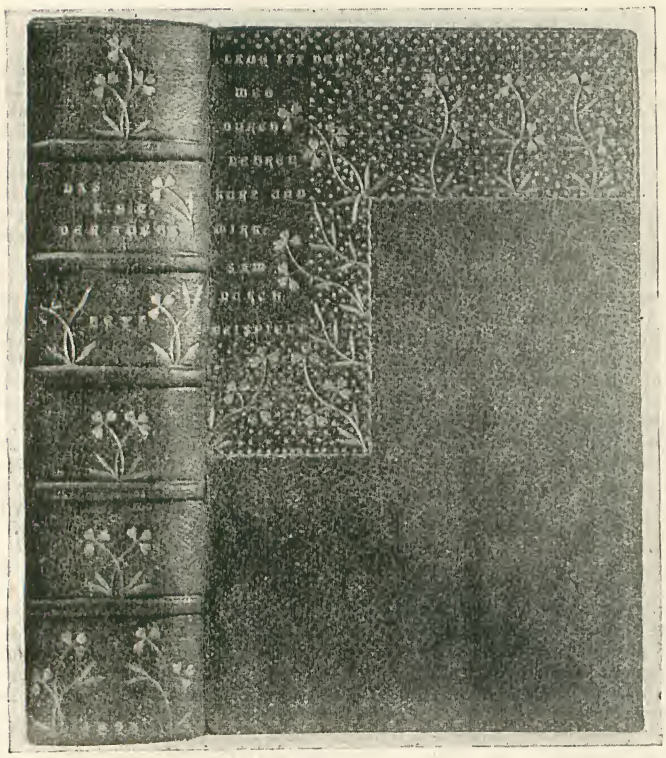
A faint ray of hope beamed in the mourners' minds. If the dog were with Boy! at least Pompey would stay by him. And all raised a long shout that echoed through the glen and woods for half a mile.

They listened in suspense, straining their ears. Then from beyond the fir-wood came a distant deep bay. The Newfoundland had heard. As a few breathless minutes later the panting crowd flashed their lanterns into the church porch, they saw a group of three lying within. There was Crazy Jane, the vagrant, stretched cold and dead but with Boy alive, sleeping warm in her arms; while behind the child Pompey lay guarding his charge so closely he did not rise, but wagged his tail with loud thumping on the stones.

The poor idiot had taken off her thin shawl and the empty sack from her back to wrap them round the little fellow; the smile on her dead face was seraphic.

"I goed to heaven, and I played wis Sissie for a little," explained Boy later. "A nice angel came in at this door, and took me away asleep in her arms, an' she said I was her wee white lamb."

THE BINDING OF A BOOK.

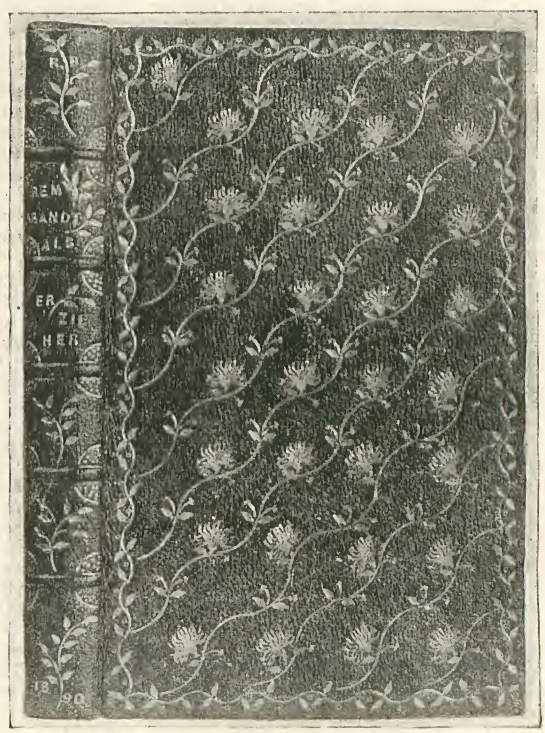


"Oh, for a booke and a shadie nook
Eyther in doore or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I maie read all at my ease
Both of the newe and old;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde,"

says the old English song; but what added pleasure is given to the "jollie good book" if its binding be in consonance with its contents. Books should be our friends, and as we love them so they should be garbed—our rare editions in delicate leather, embellished with golden device, the poets in white and gold, often-read favourites in some serviceable material or strong leather, or in any way that individual fancy may suggest, provided that the bindings are durable and at once strong and beautiful.

No room has such an air of rest and quiet as a library, and no decoration can be more satisfying than that given by rows of sympathetically bound volumes.

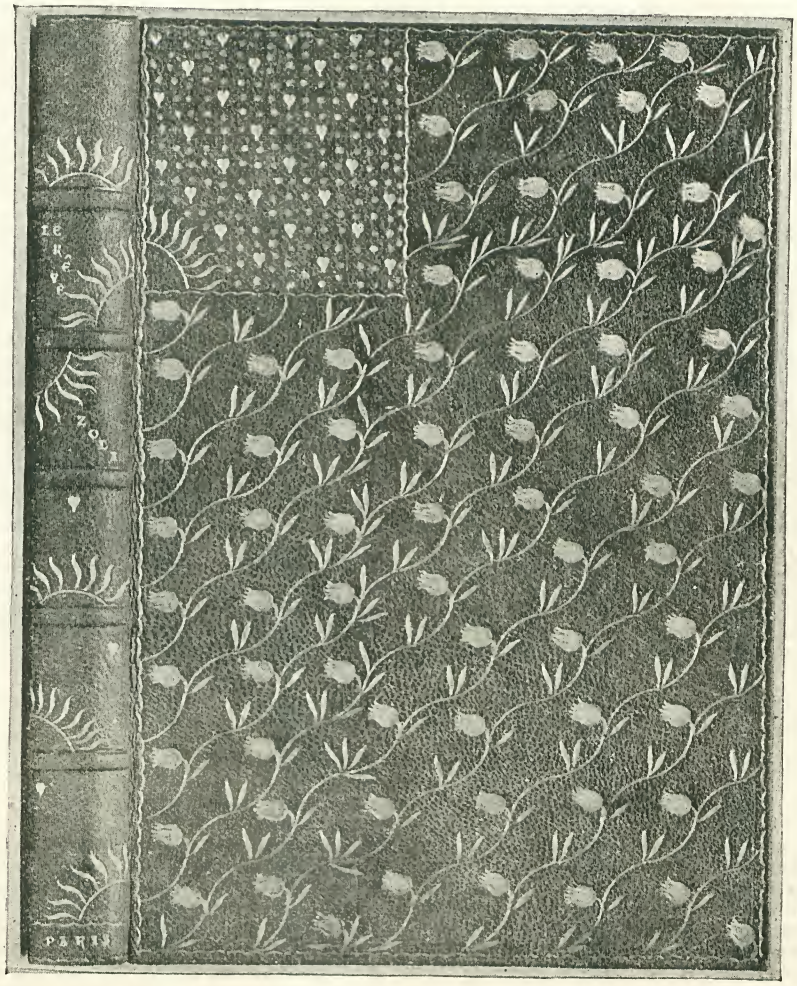
In France the majority of the cheaper books are originally published in paper covers, which enables the reader to clothe a well-loved volume as he may choose, without sacrificing the original binding as is necessary with English books. But France has always been the home of the lover of beautiful bindings,



and, even before the invention of printing, many of her orders of monks, in common with those of Italy, were actively engaged in the joining together the various parts of Missals, Books of Hours and manuscript Bibles and Psalters, and in preparing the covers for the work afterwards put upon them by the goldsmiths and jewellers. This monastic bookbinding is known as the Byzantine style. One of the finest specimens remaining of this period has a figure of Christ carved on a piece of ivory in the centre of one of its covers, surrounded with sixteen blazing jewels set in the most elaborate filigree work. Even after the invention of the printing-press books were printed and bound in direct imitation of the old manuscript volumes.

It was at the end of the fifteenth century that book-binding began to be considered as an art, when the printing-press had become common throughout Italy, then the leading nation of Europe in the sciences, in the inventions of luxury and in civilisation; and it was from a Venetian printing-press that the most gorgeously bound books were first given to the world by Aldo Manuzio.

The books printed and bound by Aldo Manuzio and his family in the century between 1490 and 1597 are known as "Aldine Editions." They are the most highly-prized and most eagerly sought of any printed volumes, some of them never having been surpassed for exquisite and perfect workmanship and beauty of design, especially those now to be seen in the National Library at Paris, which were specially bound for Tommaso Maoli, a famous Italian bibliophile, and for Jean Grolier of Lyons who had been treasurer to one of the dukes of Milan, and had thus the opportunity of seeing Manuzio's work in Italy.



The love of beautiful bindings soon spread from Italy into France, and, although Louis XII. and his wife, Anne of Brittany, possessed some fine examples of the Italian binders' art, Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, an Italian princess, were the most enthusiastic book collectors that ever occupied the throne of France. The famous Diana of Poitiers, however, owned the finest collection of beautifully bound books probably ever gathered together under one roof. Another king of France, the weak-minded and vacillating Henry III., also gave no little time and thought to the covers of his books; but he had a morbid love for all emblems of death, and carried it so far as to have a skull and cross-bones stamped upon all the volumes in his possession. He, however, was the first king of France to specially employ book-binders, the most celebrated being Clovis and Nicholas Eve who introduced a special style of ornamentation, known as the fanfare, consisting of geometrical patterns filled in with sprays of leaves, branches of palm or other foliage. During the succeeding centuries, France produced many famous book-binders who worthily carried on the work and tradition of their famous predecessors. Of these, Nicholas Padeloup is perhaps the best known, his binding of a book for the Duke of Orleans, the then regent of France, being considered almost equal to those by Aldo Manuzio in the National Library at Paris.

England has not been without her book-binders of high merit, but the history of the art is obscure, and with the exception of John Notary, in the reign of Henry VII., John Reynes, in the reign of his much married successor, John Gibson, of Edinburgh, in the time of James I., and Roger Payne, at the end of the last century, there are comparatively few names to which to attribute the large mass of solid and sometimes beautiful English book-binding, specimens of which are preserved in many of our museums, palaces, and country houses, and especially in the British Museum. At the present time France is undoubtedly the seat of the art, hand-bound books being more eagerly sought after there than in other countries. England, however, runs her Gallic neighbour very close, if not so much in the matter of quantity of books bound as in quality of workmanship and beauty of design, the system that obtains of publishing books already bound in cloth and boards as opposed to the paper covers of the French publishers, doubtless explaining the lesser demand for hand-made bindings in this country.

We have several book-binders in England of European celebrity, amongst them being a lady, Miss Birkenruth, whose work is attracting growing attention by reason of its delicacy, its originality and perfect finish, three specimens of which illustrate this article. It is only within the past few months that Miss Birkenruth, encouraged by the success of her work, has set up a book-binding establishment of her own in the Cromwell Road, London, thus affording another instance of the capability of women for work, the more important portions of which have hitherto been done by men.

In all the large book-binding establishments, the various processes are in the hands of specialists, no one person being responsible for the whole when it is completed. But with Miss Birkenruth, the contrary is the case, and from the moment that a book is placed in her hands until the time it is returned to the owner, she herself is personally responsible for every operation and for every detail.

The art is one requiring extreme delicacy of touch, concentration, the greatest care, and no little artistic ability, one, in short, especially adapted for woman for whom a long apprenticeship has no terrors and no weariness, and who are prepared to achieve success by hard and unceasing endeavour.

Immediately the book is received by the binder, it is torn from its original covers, the glue is removed from the back, and the sheets are then carefully torn one from the other, and all binding material, such as string or linen, removed. The pages are then carefully collected, the illustrations placed in their proper positions, the sections being afterwards put into what is technically known as the "standing press," lying between metal or wooden plates. If the paper is thick, the sections are frequently passed under two rollers, moving in opposite directions, the required amount of pressure of which is regulated by screws; sometimes the sections are beaten with a heavy hammer, but the method of pressing depends entirely upon the nature of the paper. This process is known as collating, and it is at this period that any stains or disfigurements are removed, certain chemicals removing the marks from certain papers whilst they are inefficacious with others. A knowledge of the component parts of the many kinds of paper used, and the treatment they require, is therefore an essential.

From the press the sections go to the sewing frame, where one of the most important parts of the work takes place. Five cords of equal thickness are chosen, the thickness depending upon the size of the book, and the sections are sewn securely on to them, the thread being passed through the centre of the sheet and round the cords. Thus, when the sewing is completed, there are five ends of cord on either side, the importance of which

will be seen later on. Four fly leaves are next placed at either end of the book, the two outside ones being of a colour and texture that will harmonise with the binding; the back is then glued in order to give additional firmness to the sewing, and also to permit of it being rounded. This is done by means of hammering. Two mill-boards are placed on the book when the back is rounded to the binder's satisfaction, these being most carefully measured with compasses, and cut to the exact size of the leaves they are to enclose. It is here that the cords left by the sewer are of service. Five holes are drilled into each mill-board to correspond exactly with the cords on the book; the cords are passed through them, and securely riveted by hammering.

Here comes a pause in the work, whilst the book is placed in a strong screw press in order to set it in the shape given it by the operator. After the glue is solidified, and it is seen that the covers are true, the edges of the leaves are cut straight with what is technically known as a "plough"—a sharp knife fixed in a wooden frame—the book meanwhile being firmly held in a press, whilst the "plough" is passed over and through the portion to be cut. As with all the other processes, cutting is a matter of delicate touch, the meanness or amplitude of the margins of the leaves, on which the appearance of the book so much depends, being the result. Nothing is uglier than a narrow margin, and a valuable book may be ruined by the slightest relaxation of care or watchfulness.

Up to the present the book has been receiving the foundation of the ornamentation in which it is to grace the book-shelf, or table; and when all the above processes have been completed, it receives its first glorification, the edges being coloured, marbled, or gilt.

The first effect is obtained by sprinkling the colour upon the edges of the leaves; the second, by colour floating on a thick size, and the third by fixing gold leaf in the ordinary way. Books very frequently, when closed, present gilded edges, but when opened the gold becomes red, this effect being obtained by gilding the leaves when the book is closed, and then sprinkling red in dry colour upon them when the book is opened, the leaves, of course being all turned in one direction. When the gilding or marbling is finished, pieces of silk, known as headbands, are sewn to the top and bottom of the back, to which a piece of brown paper is glued, and the cover is put upon the boards. The required leather is cut to the exact size and must be shaved down to the necessary thickness with the greatest skill, for if it be too thin, it speedily wears through, and if it is too thick the book will not open properly. The leather is of many varieties, and the operator must know exactly the treatment it requires. First the cover is pasted, and then gently laid upon the boards, the five bands at the back, the result of the sewer's work, showing in clear ridges, the edges are turned over the boards, the fly-leaves being pasted down over these. Twenty-four hours must pass before it is safe to put any decoration upon the covers to allow them to dry thoroughly; and with the drying, that part of the binder's art known as "forwarding" is ended.

"Finishing" is the next step, and it is here that artistic ability comes into play. Many book-binders, Miss Birkenruth amongst them, draw their own designs, others copy designs specially prepared for them.

A countless number of little stamps, known as "tools" are the means by which a design is transferred; thus, very frequently, when a new pattern of ornamentation is made, special "tools" have to be cut, and very often several "tools" are required to form even a leaf or curve. Those parts of the cover which are to be lettered, or which are to show designs, are rubbed with a liquid composed of white of egg, vinegar and water, the design being first put on by "blind tooling," that is with a cold stamp. When gold is to be employed, the cover is rubbed with an oiled cotton-wool pad, the rubbed portions are then covered with gold leaf, the pattern of the design is placed upon the top of this, and traced through on the book by being stamped with heated tools, the gold leaf remaining on the leather wherever it has been struck. The remaining gold leaf is now rubbed off, and the design appears in all the glory of gilt, the oil being first applied to the surface of the leather to prevent the leaf sticking where not stamped. Lettering is put on in the same manner. In this process as in the actual binding, the operator must know the amount of heat each leather requires; several hundreds of "tools" are used, and these also vary considerably in the length of time they require to take sufficient heat.

The book is now completed; it may be bound in calf, in vellum, in morocco, in crocodile skin, but if the greatest care has been taken throughout it is a "thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever," and after twenty hours in the press it may go to gladden the heart of its owner, who has the comforting knowledge that with reasonable care it will give pleasure to many generations.

Miss Birkenruth's success has clearly shown that book-binding is a field which women may occupy and make their own if they will. But nothing is gained without strenuous and unceasing endeavour, and any girl who seriously contemplates adopting the art as a means of livelihood must face the prospect of several years of unremitting and unremunerative toil before she is competent to set up an establishment for herself. The most characteristic difference between Miss Birkenruth's system and that of our other book-binders, as I have said before, is that she herself not only superintends, but actually performs every process. In the matter of design she is not bound by any conventional rules, and some of her books, in which she has employed brocade and leathers of different colours for the binding, are extremely beautiful.

Book-binding is one of the arts to be admired, and although its perfect achievement is reached only by the paths of patient carefulness and concentration, it is an accomplishment of which, when won, any woman may be justly proud. To give beauty to the world is admirable, but to give beauty combined with usefulness is permitted to few people. And for this, as well as for pointing to a new outlet for women's energy and capabilities, Miss Birkenruth is deserving of the respect and admiration of her fellow-sisters.

FRANK HIRD.

LITERARY INFANTICIDE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."



THE pathos of a child's death is as obvious as it is profound. Any fumbling hand can move us to tears, touching those chords of pity, wonder, and defeat. So ready, indeed, is our recognition of that truth, that we are beginning to feel a sense of outrage, of indecency, when a writer makes us stand beside the cradle or the cot of death. The etiquette of the matter is becoming fixed and stringent. Nature cries out with Hagar, "Let me not see the death of the child." When, therefore, art gainsays that voice, it must show either literary necessity, or else that touch of perfect surety which is justification of any attempt.

I think that to-day the heaviest charge which the morality of taste—æstheticism in its best sense—can bring against Charles Dickens is just this: that he, for impious and ignoble gain, did to death many children. The charge is not wholly true. Not lightly nor wantonly did our gentle Master of the Magicians extinguish the life of little Nell. All one night, as we have learned, he paced the streets of Paris, hardening his heart to let her go. It seemed to him that there was no place in the world for a grown-up Nell. And yet we cannot altogether admit the defence of necessity. Dickens's whole conception of the child had been morbid, theatrical, false. It was true and righteous retribution that overtook him. In truth, he had created an infant monster, had fondled it, tricked it out in fantastic shreds and patches, had poured maudlin tears upon its feet, had bowed down his knees and worshipped it. And the doom was, that he, with his own hands, must strangle it, or else by it be strangled. The same thing happened to him in relation to little Paul; and it happened for our learning. I think we have all been taught—we sorry scribblers not worthy to stoop and kiss the Master's feet—to hold gain-seeking hands off the innocent sanctities of childhood. Evil times have come upon the literary baby-farmer. For aspersion of sentimental tears, he is like to get the franker tribute of the nearest pump.

And, consciously or unconsciously, was not Dickens led to repentance?

After long years he bade us for one moment look again upon the passing of a little white soul. And how worthily—with how exquisite a reticence—he spoke the Nunc Dimittis of Johnny of *Our Mutual Friend*.

What a difference between that, and yet another death-scene of Dickens's, with which it invites comparison—the departure of Jo of *Bleak House*, fattened on his first page for effective slaughter later on.

Those last moments of Jo—slobbering, melodramatic Jo—without reality, ease, or even an *e*, might well have suggested to Mr. Crockett the properties of that "big," that almost "immense" death-scene in "Cleg Kelly," upon which the curtain is sure to rise twice. An eighteen-stone engine-driver *in extremis* is quite an astonishing lever for lumps in the throat. A dying baby is hardly more effectual. Nobody ever discerns any pathos in the decease of a person of middling size. And yet a man may be ten stone ten and have his medium feelings too.

By the way, I am one of Mr. Crockett's staunch admirers. I think, too, I may claim to be one of his earliest panegyrists. How many reviewers besides myself, I wonder, discovered the excellent promise of *Dulce Cor?* I wish, however, he would not kill engine-drivers.

But that last testament of Joe. Hardly, I think, does literature hold its parallel. I, who can never read the death of Little Nell without shame, without a sense of physical exposure, scarcely can read the death of little Joe at all. I have to guess what lies within the mist that gathers about the final words.

(The "family" is the assembly of small patients in the Children's Hospital.)

"The family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed a light womanly tread and a pleasant, fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself up into the softened light here and there to be kissed as the face went by—for these little patients are very loving—and would then submit itself to be composed to rest again. The mite with the broken leg was restless, and moaned, but after awhile turned his face towards Johnny's bed to fortify himself with a view of the ark, and fell asleep. Over most of the beds the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down, and, in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity, they might have stood for the children's dreams.

"The doctor came in too, to see how it fared with Johnny. And he and Rokesmith stood together, looking down with compassion on him.

"'What is it, Johnny?' Rokesmith was the questioner, and put his arm round the poor baby as he made a struggle.

"'Him!' said the little fellow. 'Those!'

"The doctor was quick to understand children, and, taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the guards, from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his next neighbour, the mite with the broken leg.

"With a weary and yet a pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched out his little figure to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and seeking Rokesmith's face with his lips said—

"'A kiss for the boofer (beautiful) lady.'

"Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it."

There are slips and blemishes even here. One does not say of a family that it were asleep. Nor, save in writing burlesque verse, would one wish to bring together such rhyming lines as

"From bed to bed
A light womanly tread."

Twice, at least, the personal pronoun is omitted in a confusing way, leaving the verb without a responsible nominative case. Once the participle is bereaved of its auxiliary.

Also the punctuation is that of a literary outsider.

But how good the thing is! How tender, simple, and true! I have sometimes fancied that a very striking object-lesson may have done something to teach Dickens, late in life, the strength of restraint. Side by side, in a class-book of English prose, I found when I was hardly more than a boy, those two famous scenes of death, the maudlin exit of Little Nell, and—exquisitely imagined and touched with a noble continence—the passing of Colonel Newcome. It was Thackeray's belief that his great rival—stronger in genius, weaker in art—had studied *Vanity Fair* to the palpable improvement of his English. If it could be proved that Dickens ever saw those parallel passages of which I have just spoken, I think we might feel pretty sure that their obvious moral did not escape him. For Dickens possessed in an eminent degree literary palate, and was moreover potentially a great stylist. The hand was his, if not the handicraft.

I would ask my readers to set those two scenes cheek by jowl. They will do more to instil the sense of style than all the appreciations and depreciations ever written. And they make one feel that the worthier a thing is, the more unworthy is its shoddy counterfeit; that, while the price of true pathos is beyond rubies, false pathos is, almost more than anything else, cheap and vile.

There is a little poem by a living American writer, Mrs. Sarah Piatt (her work has very often a clear and delicate distinction), that seems to me to say about the death of a child almost all that ought to be spoken.

TWO BABIES IN BED.
(*Little Guy's Answer.*)

"'Think of the baby at home,' I said;
'How pretty he is to kiss!
It is white and warm in his little bed,
It is dark and cold in this.'
He laughed, and said, with his hand in the dew
Of the sweet small grave close by,
Where the grass of the lonesomest summer grew;
'*This* baby does not cry.'"

Wonderful last line! It enshrines, I think, a real saying. Its profundity has that ease, that unconscious, almost awful strength, which has not been ordained save out of the mouth of babes.

You may find such small great sayings recorded by our wisest worshipper at the shrine of babyhood, Mr. William Canton. If people do not know *W. V.: Her Book*, they have missed an exquisite thing. Perhaps I might insert here a tiny poem which is not, indeed, profound or of very large suggestiveness, but which has a dainty freshness all its own. It comes into my mind summoned by the title of Mrs. Piatt's lines.

"Oh, what has been born in the night
To bask in this blithe summer morn?
She peers, in a dream of delight,
For something new-made or new-born.
Not spider webs under the tree,
Not swifts in their cradle of mud,
But, 'Look, father, sweet Mrs. Pea
Has two little babies in bud!'"

There is warm childhood there. And warm childhood there is in Mr. Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*. Hardly anywhere else shall you find a little boy so perverse, so sage, so vivacious, so gracious, so entirely lovable. Is there anybody who does not know Bruno's apology for cats in their dealings with mice in the second volume? If such there be, I should like to be the means of removing the shame of his or her ignorance. Read, poor creature, and then go and get the book—*Sylvie and Bruno, continued*, mind. The volume is quite complete in itself.

"You said, 'This cat's very kind to the mouses.' It must be a singular animal."

"So it are," said Bruno, after carefully examining the cat to make sure how many there were of it.

"But how do you know it's kind to the mouses—or, more correctly speaking, the mice?"

"'Cause it plays with the mouses," said Bruno, "for to amuse them, oo know."

"But that is just what I don't know," the other professor rejoined. "My belief is, it plays with them to kill them!"

"Oh, that's quite a accident!" Bruno began, so eagerly that it was evident he had already propounded this very difficulty to the cat. "It 'splained all that to me while it were drinking the milk. It said, 'I teaches the mouses new games, the mouses likes it ever so much.' It said, 'Sometimes little accidents happens. Sometimes the mouses kills theirselves.' It said, 'I's always welly sorry when the mouses kills theirselves.'"

That is wonderful. Delightfully true, and truly delightful. And charming little Bruno lives on through two big books, and there is not even a hint as to killing him. A few years ago no author could have been expected to keep his hands off so tempting a little boy. Even that exquisite writer and that thoughtful student of child-life, Mrs. Ewing, was never quite happy till she had her small heroes laid out. Daintily, indeed, she killed them. Who can forget that pulling down of the blind in the "Story of a Short Life"? But they had to go. "He'd make a beautiful corpse," said Mrs. Gamp, and till quite lately the spirit of Mrs. Gamp prevailed wherever there was a nice, plump little child.

At the present time I am laughing and crying over Mr. Barrie's masterpiece. He is rather prodigal of death-beds, and, in a reticent and almost allusive manner, he does devote one little child. But "Sentimental Tommy"—who takes one back to some of the oddest and least-explored nooks and corners of childhood: eager, simple, puzzling, gentle, noble, fibbing Tommy—lives to grow up. A little while ago he would have had no more chance of being apprenticed than a turkey at Christmas. This book marks more clearly than anything else the change which has come over the treatment of childhood in literature. Between Sentimental Little Nell and Sentimental Tommy how wide and deep a gulf!

To the opening up (or down) of that auspicious chasm, Mark Twain, I fancy, lent an early and an effectual pick. "The Bad Little Boy who did not come to Grief" and "The Good Little Boy who did not Prosper" were nails in the coffins of those two elderly young gentlemen. And, when they were buried, the sentimental little girl was discovered to be mysteriously missing. Perhaps she had crept out of sight, kindly favoured by the good little boy.

Some people think those burlesques of Mark Twain's savage and almost ruffianly. Well, they are not quite tender. But goody-goody, I think, hardly deserved a euthanasia.

By the way, Mr. Barrie owes something to our much-imitated, inimitable Mark. He knows his "Tom Sawyer" just a shade too well. In "The Siege of Thrums" and thereabout if Tommy and Corp Shiach were arrested as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn they would find it difficult to make out a case of mistaken identity.

But, to return from this alluring by-path, I received only a fortnight ago a small volume—"Units," by Winifred Lucas—which, among other excellent brevities, contains this thought about

TWO GRAVES.

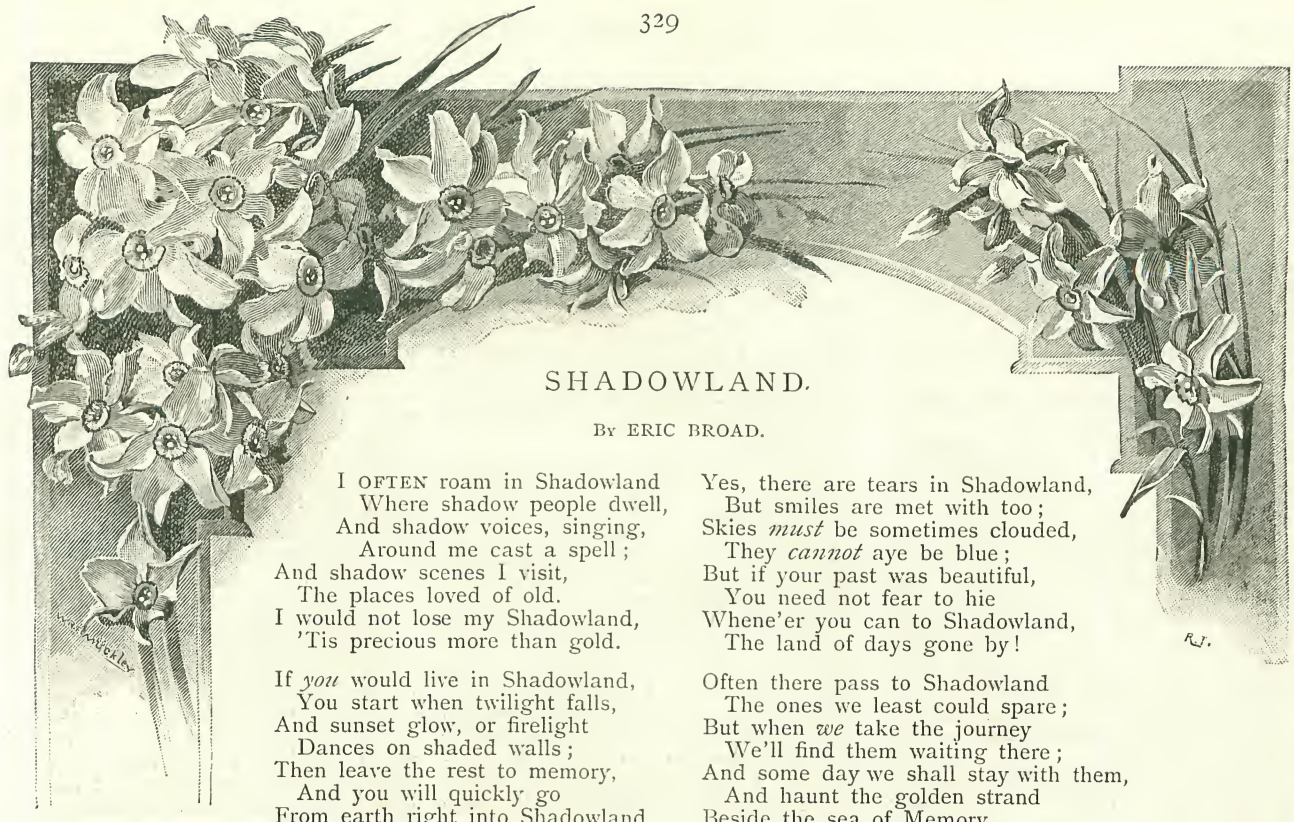
"'To fill the tiny compass of this grave
A mother's heart was emptied of its bliss.'
I read it where the churchyard grasses wave
The peace of that world on the pain of this,
And sighed for her, 'twixt whom and her child's face
Blind daisies grew, until I read again,
'To fill the compass of this resting-place
A mother's heart was emptied of its pain.'"

Those lines have not the rare simplicity of Mrs. Piatt's. The chisel and the file have not quite effaced themselves—the art is not entirely hidden. But surely this is notable verse: finely felt, finely handled, stately, large, sincere.

Blind daisies! Is there not a world of piteous helplessness and of helpless pity in these two words? How they make us feel the mourner's sense of the world's stupid cruelty as it pushes between us and the fading face—fading even from memory! To have said about death something not obvious, not effusive, not false, not cynical, something worthy of its theme, is no small thing. For I think that that which is worthy of death is not far from being worthy of immortality.



A DUTCHLAND BELLE.
(From the painting by E. G. Cohen.)



SHADOWLAND.

By ERIC BROAD.

I OFTEN roam in Shadowland
Where shadow people dwell,
And shadow voices, singing,
Around me cast a spell;
And shadow scenes I visit,
The places loved of old.
I would not lose my Shadowland,
'Tis precious more than gold.

If *you* would live in Shadowland,
You start when twilight falls,
And sunset glow, or firelight
Dances on shaded walls;
Then leave the rest to memory,
And you will quickly go
From earth right into Shadowland,
The land of long ago.

Yes, there are tears in Shadowland,
But smiles are met with too;
Skies *must* be sometimes clouded,
They *cannot* aye be blue;
But if your past was beautiful,
You need not fear to hie
Whene'er you can to Shadowland,
The land of days gone by!

Often there pass to Shadowland
The ones we least could spare;
But when *we* take the journey
We'll find them waiting there;
And some day we shall stay with them,
And haunt the golden strand
Beside the sea of Memory
That flows round Shadowland.

HER GIRL.

By AMY IRVINE.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

LYDIA rose early in the morning. It was beautiful and fresh and cool. The sky was grey, just beginning to glow, one or two birds twittered sleepily, and a cock crowed far away. These were the only signs of awakening day.

Lydia dressed hastily, and then she went down the narrow stairs, making as little noise as possible. She had been up later than her mother last night, and she had left out some breakfast upon the kitchen table. It seemed queer and lonely to be eating it there in the early morning light; but Lydia had plenty of determination, and, having made up her mind and overcome several obstacles already, she was not likely to draw back now, at the last moment.

Having eaten her bread-and-butter and swallowed the cold tea she had left out the evening before, she took a sheet of paper from her pocket, read it attentively, nodded, and picked up a small bundle she had brought down with her. It contained what clothing she could carry with her. She was dressed in her best frock and hat, and she counted the money in her purse, hesitated, and put one of the shillings into the drawer where her mother kept their earnings. Then she left the sheet of paper on the table beside her mother's plate. Everything was in order, and the widow would have no trouble in getting her first solitary breakfast. Her girl saw to that.

Then Lydia went softly to the door and let herself out.

For a moment she paused. Just above her, in that little room with the drawn blind, lay her old mother. It would be a terrible shock to her to come down and find the letter Lydia had written. But she would be consoled, thought the girl, by reflecting on her daughter's courage and cleverness, she believed so earnestly in her.

"She'll be a bit vexed," mused Lydia, glancing up at the little window, "just at first; but by-and-by she'll get over it, and she'll be able with what I've left, and what she can do herself, to stick to the cottage until I come home, though I never could see why she set such store by it myself. I know I can't abide neither it nor this miserable little place, for all I've been born and reared in it. What I want is to see the world, to get a bit of variety, and not to stick in one hole till one's wits get as rusty as an old iron gate."

Thus reasoning she managed to stifle two or three uncomfortable qualms of conscience. She told herself that it was necessary for a poor, persecuted girl to run away from the man they were all trying to force her to marry—that had been the chief point in her letter, and it exactly suited her fancy. But, when she went down the hill and passed Johnny Baker's cottage, a cold shiver ran down her back. She was going away alone, out into the unknown world.

* * * *

There was the letter in very large, plain characters, and there could be no mistake. The widow sat in her chair, her untasted breakfast before her. Her spectacles were still on her nose—her hand trembled too much to remove them. It was from Lydia—she'd have known that without reading the signature. She'd been proud of her girl's beautiful writing and proud of her grand way of expressing herself.

"DEAR MOTHER.—For long I have been wanting a change and to get away from this place and make my fortunes in the city of london and I cant stay hear and be Persekuted by John Baker and you which want me to marry him no girl respeckting herself would stay so I devide my porshon of money with you which was paid over from mrs. Lane and Jones for the work I finished I will return to you when I have made myself someboddy and maybe a brillient marrage so goodby for a while and my love

"yours truely Lydia Morgan."

Mrs. Morgan already knew it by heart; but her eyes dwelt upon the pages, and she sat there long until what she must do dawned slowly in her mind.

"I'm an old woman, and have never set foot beyond the market-town; but I must go and find my girl!" she said aloud. She looked upwards, and her eyes grew dim with tears. "Oh, Lord, I'm an old woman; but I must go after her. My poor girl! My poor girl! Oh, Lord, take me to her! I'll find her easy. I'll ask the folks in the street, and they'll know—my Lydia's not one as they'd forget—having seen her. I'll get my bonnet, and I'll come back to-morrow with Lydia. I'll catch the next train. I'll be just after her. She won't have time to get lost. Dear Lord, don't let my girl be lost!"

Mrs. Morgan, having confided her trouble to her God, no longer feared for Lydia; but it went to the old woman's heart to think that her girl could have brought herself to desert her and run away. It was a grief to her. And Lydia had said that she persecuted her about Johnny! Oh, bitterly the mother blamed herself for every word she had ever said about him! She had driven her girl away. It must have been her fault somehow. In the future she wouldn't forget.

She would not stay to eat her breakfast. It was three miles at least to the town. She would go upstairs at once and get her bonnet.

(*To be concluded.*)

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

"SOMEBODY'S CRUTCH."

"Of all the paths that lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest."
Beaumont and Fletcher.

ONE afternoon in October Olivia sat at her work in the front parlour. She was expecting Greta to join her, and more than once she had looked at the clock on the mantelpiece as though wondering at her lateness.

The folding doors were open; the young couple had taken advantage of their improved circumstances to add to their scanty stock of furniture. The dining-table and mahogany chairs bought second-hand in Dr. Luttrell's bachelor days, and the small, ugly chiffonier had been moved into the smaller and duller back room, and the front parlour had been transformed into a dainty sitting-room. Greta's skilful fingers and good taste had been placed at her friend's service. To gratify Marcus' love of comfort two really handsome saddle-back chairs were beside the fireplace, and a little round table occupied the centre of the room. A second-hand writing-table with drawers had been picked up in the city as a great bargain and appropriated for Marcus' use. Over it hung the sketch of Dot and the kitten, long ago presented by the grateful artist. The pretty blue carpet and curtains gave an air of finish.

By Marcus' desire the folding doors were always kept open, and Olivia no longer felt herself stifled for want of air. This afternoon the little sitting-room looked at its best. A bowl of dark red cactus dahlias stood on the table, an offering from Alwyn, and a magnificent *Lilium auratum*, a gift from Greta, blocked up the dining-room window.

When the door-bell rang Olivia laid down her work with a pleased smile, and the next moment Greta entered the room.

"How late you are, you naughty girl," she said, kissing her affectionately. "I have been sewing for the last hour."

"Yes, I know, something unforseen detained me," and then Greta dropped her eyes in sudden embarrassment and blushed. "Oh, Olive dear, can you guess what I have to tell you this afternoon?" and then Olivia looked at her steadily.

"Do you mean," she began anxiously—but Greta blushing still more rosily interrupted her.

"Yes, I do mean it—and, Olive, dear friend, truest of friends, you must congratulate me, for I am so happy."

"You take my breath away, Greta; are you and Alwyn actually engaged?"

"Yes, dear, we settled it this afternoon; but, of course—of course, I have known for weeks what he meant and wished. He has gone round now to tell his father, and will be here presently. Dear Olive, why are you so silent, are you not glad about this."

"I am glad that anything should make you happy," returned Olivia gently. "And you know how deeply interested I am in yours and Alwyn's welfare; but forgive me, Greta, if I ask one question. Are you sure, are you perfectly sure that this step will be for your happiness——"

Then Greta looked at her in surprise, and there was a reproachful expression in her grey eyes.

"Sure! when I have loved him all these months; my dear Olive, what can you mean? Alwyn is the only man I could ever marry."

"Oh, how it relieves me to hear you say that. Dear Greta, I am so fond of you both. Alwyn is charming; but until you said that, I was afraid to congratulate you. You know my views on this subject, dear; do you remember how we talked on the beach at Eastbourne. I am afraid that more than once I made you a little sad; but I was thinking of this. I knew then in my own mind that Alwyn had begun to care for you, and I wanted you to have plenty of time for consideration.

"Oh yes, you made your meaning clear to me even then," returned Greta smiling; "but, indeed, no consideration was necessary. When Alwyn came to me and said quite simply that he loved me, and wanted me to be his wife, I just put my hand in his without a word. It almost shocked me to see his gratitude; he kept saying over and over again that he was not worthy of me; that he knew he had done nothing to win my respect, and I should not be able to look up to him. Oh, Olive, he quite broke down when he said this, but I soon comforted him. 'I only remember two things,' I said to him, 'that you love me, and that you need me.' And after that we understood each other."

"Dearest Greta. Aunt Madge was right when she told me that you were born into the world to be somebody's crutch."

"Did she say that!" and Greta's eyes had a dreamy look in them; "but I tell Alwyn that I mean to lean on him. Indeed, Olive, you must not undervalue him. Alwyn is stronger than you think; he has repented truly and deeply of all his boyish mistakes, and those who love him should utterly and for ever wipe out the record of his past. See how devotedly his father loves him; his forgiveness was absolute."

"Dear, you need not say any more," and Olivia embraced her with tears in her eyes. "I can only wish you all the happiness you deserve."

"In that case my happiness would be little enough; but, of course, I know what you mean; and, Olive, for the first time in my life I can say with truth that I have found my vocation. It will be such a privilege to be allowed to take care of Alwyn; he is far from strong, and he will need care for a long time. I wonder if you know the feeling I have about that. With Dr. Luttrell you cannot have had it. You have never been anxious about him, and then he has always taken care of you; but I shall always have to think for Alwyn."

"Oh, you are right there!"

"We shall think for each other," she went on, fearing that she had admitted too much. "And there is one thing of which I am certain that I shall have every right to be proud of him. Do you know what his father says? that he has genius—unmistakable genius, and he is no mean judge. 'Mark my words, he will be an R.A. yet,' he only said that to me a few days ago."

"Marcus thinks the same; but, Greta, there is one thing; if you marry Alwyn you will have to take his father too; you can never separate them."

"Those were Alwyn's very words," returned Greta with a soft flush, which made her look years younger; "but, indeed I love him already for Alwyn's sake, and because he is so good to him. Oh, Olive dear, if you knew the joy it will be to me to have someone for whom I can care again. I do not want my life to be too easy or free from responsibility; but I do want it to be real, actual life. Mrs. Broderick and I were only talking about it yesterday. She says what single women miss in their lives is some absorbing interest; a work that shall fill up all the crannies."

"Oh, Aunt Madge is very strong on that point. I remember, before I knew Marcus, that we had wonderful talks on this subject. She used to be so fond of quoting Carmen Sylva's speech: 'A woman does not become a mother, she is a mother from her birth. A woman's family satisfies her vocation, but does not create it.' And she used to tell me to mother my pupils. 'You must love them hard,' she would say, 'and live their young lives as well as your own,' but, thank God, we can always find objects for our love. I should make you laugh, Greta, if I told you how I mapped out my future as an old maid, but I am quite sure I should have made a good one."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Alwyn entered; he looked eager and excited.

"Well, has she told you?" were his first words, as Olivia met him with outstretched hands, and then as she warmly congratulated him, his eyes glowed with feeling. "I have not deserved such a prize, have I, Mrs. Luttrell? but Greta has promised to make the best of me. Will you forgive me if I take her away for a little? My father is most impatient to welcome his new daughter, and he will only excite himself if we keep him waiting."

"Go with him, Greta dear," returned Olivia; "Mr. Alwyn will bring you back to us," and then Greta rose at once, though she looked a little shy.

As Olivia stood at the door watching them as they crossed the road, Marcus came up Harbut Street.

"Where are those two going?" he asked curiously. "I thought Miss Williams was to spend the evening with us?" Then Olivia linked her arm in his, and drew him into the passage.

"Oh, do come in, Marcus," she said breathlessly. "I cannot talk at the street-door, and I have such a lot to tell you." Then Marcus put down his hat, and drew off his gloves with exasperating slowness.

"We have been married nearly three years," he said flecking the dust off his coat-collar, "but I never remember the day when, as you so elegantly express it, you had not a 'lot to tell me.'"

"Yes, but something has really happened," she returned, ignoring this provoking speech.

"Oh, indeed," was the cool answer; "so they have settled it at last, have they? Well, I have changed my opinion lately; Gaythorne may not be quite up to the mark, but he will make a good husband. I suppose he is taking her across for the parental blessing?" And then Olivia admitted that this was the case.

"I am so glad that you really do not mind," she said in a relieved tone; "but I fancied you would not approve. You almost said as much one day."

"Oh, even great intellects change their opinions sometimes," returned Marcus dryly; "Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone, for example. And then, most people know their own business best. Perhaps if you were to cross-examine me severely I might own that Alwyn Gaythorne is not the man I should have selected for your interesting friend; but as she has chosen him, she is evidently of another opinion, and this is one thing in his favour, he is thoroughly in love with her, and really take him all in all he is not a bad fellow, and Olivia, who understood her husband perfectly, was quite content with this opinion.

When Marcus went upstairs to wash his hands, whistling the air of "My old Dutch," she knew he was quite as much excited as she was.

When Greta came back she looked a little flushed and agitated, and at a sign from Alwyn Olivia took her upstairs.

"What is it, dear," she said gently as Greta shed a few tears, "was not Mr. Gaythorne nice to you?"

"Nice," repeated Greta with a little sob, "he was as dear as possible. "If I had been Olive he could not have been more gentle. I tell Alwyn that I shall be quite spoiled between them; but somehow as he talked to me I could not help thinking of poor father and of my mother; how happy mother would have been, for she was always so fond of Alwyn."

"Yes, dear, I understand."

"Yes, and Alwyn understands too; he told me so just now; he said that though this was the happiest day of his life, he could not help missing his mother and Olive. Olivia, do you know that Mr. Gaythorne means us to live with him. I was just a little bit frightened when I heard that, and I am afraid Alwyn saw it, for he spoke about it afterwards."

"Does he wish it himself?" Olivia was careful to reserve her own opinion; both she and Marcus had their own views on this subject.

"I do not know what he really wishes, and it was too soon to discuss things; but he did say that he thought that his father ought not to be left alone, and, of course, he is right, and it is for him to decide," and then she gave an embarrassed little laugh.

"Mr. Gaythorne was very good to me, but you know what an autocrat he is; he wants it to be soon, very soon; oh, he quite took my breath away, and I could see Alwyn was sorry for me, he thinks it is the impatience of the disease, and that we must humour him a little. Alwyn was so beautifully gentle with him, and so considerate for me, but he saw how overwhelmed I was."

"Yes, one wants quiet at first to realise one's happiness," returned Olivia sympathetically. "Now I am going to make the tea, and you shall join us when you like."

But when she got downstairs she found Alwyn alone; he was pacing up and down as though he were anxious.

"Where is Marcus?" she asked at once.

"Oh, some one wanted him at No. 25, Sligo Street. I was to tell you that," and then with a change of tone: "I hope my father did not really upset Greta."

"Oh, no, she was only a little overwhelmed."

"No wonder! You know what my father is, Mrs. Luttrell, he never will wait for anything; if a thing is to be done it must be done at once. Only yesterday I was laughing at him and telling him he would have made an excellent slave-driver. He is immensely pleased and excited, and he treated Greta as though she were a princess; he has fine manners, you will allow that, but the dear girl looked dreadfully shy and embarrassed. And then to put her at her ease, he wanted her to promise that she would marry me as soon as possible; it was no use trying to hush him, for he would have his say. I got her away at last by pretending you would be waiting tea for us. Oh, here she comes," and his face brightened as he hurried to his *fiancée's* side. Greta had recovered her tranquillity, and when Marcus entered she received his congratulations as happily as possible.

Olivia went over to Galvaston House the next day.

Mr. Gaythorne was evidently expecting her.

"Well," he said, holding her hand. "I suppose you have come to congratulate me on my new daughter. I tell Alwyn he is a lucky dog. A sweet girl and three thousand a year; not that either he or I care about the money, there will be plenty for Alwyn, plenty. I was telling them both last night," he went on, "that there must be no delay and nonsense; in my state of health any procrastination would be foolish. I want to see him with a good wife. Crampton is all very well, but a wife will understand him better; the house will hold us all. With the exception of the library and my own bedroom, it will all belong to them. Alwyn can refurnish the drawing-room if he likes, and there is that little room on the first floor, opening into the conservatory, that would make a charming morning-room for Greta; he can have *carte blanche* to do what he likes, and she and Crampton will manage the house between them, so what is the use of waiting!"

And as Olivia noted the old man's feverish excitement, she could not help thinking that a short engagement would be best; and when Alwyn walked with her to Mayfield Villas, she told him so.

"I quite agree with you," was his answer. "Dr. Luttrell and I had a talk over things last night; but I do not mean Greta to be bothered with plans and preparations until she has had a few days' quiet. You do not know her as well as I do, Mrs. Luttrell. Greta is so unselfish; so absolutely self-less, that she will do anything for the good of those she loves. In the old days she always yielded her wishes to Olive, and she is just as ready to do so now," and as Alwyn said this with his bright winning smile, Olivia was not quite so sure after all that Greta had made a mistake.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

What Friendship is.—We may not be able to win friends or to hold them, but every one of us ought to be a friend unfailing. Friendship consists in loving rather than in being loved, and the measure of our worth in friendship is in our faithfulness as friends.

The Glad Heart.—"Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispose of it, the greater our possession."—*Victor Hugo.*

How to be Healthy.—"Clothe lightly, towel briskly, live frugally," was the late Sir Andrew Clark's favourite prescription. This was clenched with the maxim "Remember, nature never forgets, and never forgives."

Be in Earnest.—Earnestness is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness is the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Rocking-horse Christians.—Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! There is motion but no progress."

A Definition.

Teacher: "Define 'gentleman.'"

Boy: "Gentleman is a growed-up boy wot used to mind his mother."

Odds and Ends.

COLLECTORS are eagerly seeking the iron mourning-rings that were generally worn in Germany in 1813, as they are now worth more than their weight in gold. These rings are testimonies of the heights to which German patriotism rose against Napoleon in 1813. In that year the Princesses of the Royal House made an appeal to the nation to sacrifice all personal ornaments for the sake of the treasury, themselves setting the example. This appeal has its parallel in our own history, the Long Parliament having, at the beginning of the struggle between Parliamentarian and Cavalier, made a similar call upon English patriotism. In consequence of the personal example of the Princesses, an immense number of mourning rings were sent to the treasury at Berlin, each sender receiving an iron ring in acknowledgment, bearing the words, "Gold I give for iron." From a place called Swinemünde, no less than one hundred and fourteen gold rings were sent, the same number being despatched in exchange. These iron rings are now extremely rare, hence their value.

IT is difficult to believe that such carelessness, as is shown to exist by the returns made from Scotland Yard, is possible. Cabs would seem to be the bane and pitfall of the truly careless person, for amongst the things left in them during the past twelve months were £700 in a banker's bag, an astronomical telescope, bicycles, a bantam cock, a cat, a canary in a cage, chairs, dogs, cylinders of compressed gas, foot-warmers, electric batteries, opium, perambulators, a horse's brain in spirits, rifles and guns, swords, a suit of chain mail, a sewing-machine on a stand, soldiers' kits, and a large assortment of tools belonging to workmen. Some of these articles are so large, and others so valuable, that it is a matter for marvel how they could possibly be overlooked by anyone having charge of them.

THE sea-gull is the scavenger of the ocean. It scours the surface of the sea near the shore and frequents harbours to seize on floating garbage, dead fish, and other putrefying matter; and these birds have saved many a village and seaport town, round about which they hover, from plague and pestilence. Such being the services of the sea-gull it is a short-sighted policy that causes them to be ruthlessly killed by thousands, partly in idle sport, but principally that their wings may be used for millinery purposes. Their eggs also are collected in enormous quantities for museums and for the shops of naturalists.

IT is very sad to learn that the indefatigable efforts made by the Countess of Buckinghamshire, who published a paper in this magazine on the subject, and other ladies to revive the lace industry amongst the village-women of Buckinghamshire have not met with any great success. At one time every cottage nearly sent its portion of delicate lace to the markets; but now the work seems to have fallen into disfavour, and, as it has not been taken up as a recreation by ladies with leisure, there seems every prospect of this particular kind of lace becoming practically extinct. Lace-making is a fascinating occupation and not difficult of mastery, and many ladies of limited means might add to their incomes by devoting some of their energies to the weaving of pillow-lace and other varieties.

THE following letter, sent by a little girl to her father who was away from home, is delightful in its unconscious and unintentional severity: "Dear father—we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Mollie."

MISS LILIAS HAMILTON is the trusted medical adviser of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and came over to England in attendance upon the Shahzada when he visited this country. She returned to Afghanistan at the special entreaty of the Ameer, but her own health having failed she is returning to England to remain for a considerable time, although it is more than probable she will return to Cabul. The Ameer's confidence in his doctor was strongly expressed a year before she came with the Shahzada to England. A false report had been spread about that the Ameer was dead, and he requested the British Resident at his Court to state that, although he had been ill, he had recovered "by the skill of his medical attendant, Miss Hamilton." The position Miss Hamilton holds is unique in the annals of women doctors.

WITH a view to induce servants to remain in their situations, a very excellent scheme has been started in Norway and Sweden, which English mistresses might easily follow—and with advantage. A general fund is formed into which mistresses pay whatever they can afford for every servant who has remained with them for twelve months. This money is registered in the servant's name so that when age or sickness overtakes her and she is no longer able to work, she has a comfortable annuity to fall back upon. This plan is found to work excellently upon both sides, for, where a servant may be inclined to change her situation for mere trifles, the fact that every year she remains in one place adds to her comfort in the future tends to make her more tolerant, and the mistresses naturally take a kindlier interest in servants for whose ultimate welfare they are providing.

BREAD has frequently been made in America during times of famine from wood-bran and the husks of corn. This wood bread is made of the sawdust of the least resinous wood obtainable—generally the beech—which is first well washed to get rid of any soluble matter. Then it is thoroughly dried in an oven and reduced to a fine powder. A little flour is added, some yeast and water, and a dough is made which, when baked, becomes a bread exactly like ordinary brown bread in appearance. The taste is said not to be at all unpleasant.

"NO trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition; it is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten."

UMBRELLAS will last much longer if, when they are wet they are placed handle downwards to dry; the moisture then runs from the edges of the frame and the material dries uniformly. If stood handle upwards, as is usually the case, all the moisture runs into the top of the umbrella and is kept there by the lining underneath the ring, consequently it takes a long time to dry, and injures the silk or other fabric with which the umbrella is covered. The latter is one of the chief causes of umbrellas wearing so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are not so much used as formerly, for these are responsible by their constant friction for the small holes in the fabric that appear very early When not in use an umbrella should be left unrolled, and when wet should be left loose to dry.

TACITUS the Roman historian, in describing the complete overthrow of the Roman power by the Germans and the establishment of the German nationality, which has held its own from that day to this, overrunning all central Europe and wiping out the Roman Empire itself, says: "The Germans always consulted their women in all great and important undertakings. Nations and peoples that have degraded their women have become weak and imbecile, and so it has become part of civilisation to put women on an equality with men."

AN English judge has declared that the owners of cats are not responsible for the actions of their pets, which he described as "quasi-domestic animals." The case that brought about this decision was that of a cooper who sued a signalman for damage his (the signalman's) cat had done by killing and eating thirteen of his (the cooper's) chickens. The judge said that as "a cat's intellect is not so extensive as to render it able to distinguish between chickens and small birds." the signalman was not responsible.

IT is a curious fact that Her Majesty the Queen has outlived all the members of the House of Lords who held seats in it at the time of her accession, with the exception of Earl Nelson, who was, however, a minor at the time. She has also outlived all those Peers who were members of the House of Commons, or had previously been members, except the Earl of Mexborough, the Earl of Mansfield, and the Duke of Northumberland. During her reign there have been five Archbishops of Canterbury, six Archbishops of York, four Bishops of London, eleven Lords Chancellor, ten Prime Ministers, and six speakers of the House of Commons. The Queen has also outlived all the members of her first Privy Council, and very few members, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. C. P. Villiers, and Mr. J. Temple Leader, of her first House of Commons now survive. Another curious fact of Her Majesty's lengthy reign is that since she came to the throne she has seen every episcopal see vacated and refilled twice at least, and most of them four or five times, and the Judicial Bench has been changed from end to end at least twice. The Queen has also had four successive Earls Marshal in the persons of four Dukes of Norfolk.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XX.



MR. GRANT made his correspondence with Lord Hastings an excuse for renewing his visits; and his presence was, perhaps, the greatest of Gwenllean's trials. She dreaded a return of his former attentions, and the possibility of his again putting it in her power to relieve her mother's necessities by becoming his wife. He was, however, a great deal from home, and when at home, kept much company at his own house, who frequently, but in vain, requested him to introduce them to his "White Rose of the Mountain," as they chose to call Gwenllean. From time to time he brought letters from Lord Hastings, all tending to remove the faint glimmering of hope that still flickered before her.

The earl was relinquishing the search after Herbert as utterly fruitless, and talked of returning to England with his mother and sisters, as soon as arrangements could be made. The name of the Lady Louisa no longer wounded Gwenllean's feelings; she believed that to ensure Herbert's life she could see him wedded to her without a sigh.

Still she laboured on. Her pencil was more busy than ever, and she requested David to inquire whether there were a probability of her obtaining pupils in drawing or music, or, in short, of her doing anything to ensure the support of her mother and sister. She could not leave them for a continuance, but for a week or so she would venture.

With Herbert's sad fate, Mr. Lloyd's presents and means decreased, and she found herself and those she loved best nearer poverty and she feared death, than ever.

It was again autumn. Gwenllean had taken her drawing to the grotto, having remained at home to complete a landscape whilst her mother and sister were at Glanheathyn.

The sun was as bright in his meridian throne as when Herbert had sat by her side, and the sea sparkled, foamed and danced as merrily beneath his rays; Glanheathyn looked as tranquil in its nest on the opposite shore and every object in nature was fresh, green, and beautiful as ever. But oh! how changed was Gwenllean! A tear trembled in her eye—for she sometimes wept when quite alone—as she looked across the broad blue ocean, upon what had once been his home—saw his little boat anchored in the distance—and felt that the fantastic shells and seaweed around her were his gathering and planting—and that everything still breathed of him. Had she given way to her feelings, the paper beneath her would have been washed, and the colours blotted by her tears; but she dashed the liquid drops from her eye, and thought of her mother and sister.

A step on the rocky threshold, and Mr. Grant stood before her. Her heart beat quick; but she arose from her seat, and extending her hand towards him, said that she was sorry her mother was from home.

"It was Miss Llewellen, and not her mother, I came to see," said Mr. Grant, with an air of some embarrassment. "May I crave half-an-hour's conversation with her?"

"Certainly, if you have anything that requires my poor aid," said Gwenllean, trembling. "Shall I tell you what has been done for those shipwrecked sailors in whom you were so interested?"

"Do not evade me, Miss Llewellen. There is one in whose pleasures and sorrows I take a livelier interest still, and for whom I would gladly prove an enduring—perhaps too enduring an attachment. It is of you I would speak."

Gwenllean attempted to reply, but failed. She felt that her time of supreme misery had arrived, and she endeavoured to summon her thoughts and powers of speech to meet it.

"You have been long aware, Miss Llewellen," pursued Mr. Grant, "of my love—let me say, devotion, for you. You once rejected me, and by again presenting myself before you, I prove that love to be pure and enduring."

Gwenllean bent her head over her drawing, and listened. Mr. Grant paused, and then proceeded—

"I am come to learn whether time—that ameliorator of all evil feelings—so, at least, say the wise and good—has softened your cruelty towards me, and taught you that the disinterested affection of a heart that has never cherished any image but your own, is not to be trampled upon? May I hope that Gwenllean Llewellen will now consent to give a true friend the power to relieve those distresses which, despite her efforts to conceal them, he cannot avoid perceiving her to labour under."

Mr. Grant knew that a reference to their circumstances would at once recall her friends to Gwenllean's mind, and give him an advantage over her. Still she was silent.

"What am I to augur from your silence? Had I not been heretofore so coldly rejected, I might hope that it inferred consent; but my vanity will not now allow me to suppose anything which your words do not warrant. If then, the poor proposal I can make be worthy your consideration, I trust you will not decide hastily; if not, doom at once the man who will fulfil the promises he makes, to misery and despair."

Gwenllean found it necessary to say something, and uttered a half intelligible common-place, concerning the unexpected nature of his declaration, and her being unprepared for it; but this would not do.

"If you knew more of the world, Miss Llewellen," pursued Mr. Grant, "you would understand that I should scarcely have presented myself again at your house, after our last interview, without intending to renew a subject which I hoped might not, under existing circumstances, be displeasing to you. As it is, you could not have been unprepared for it. In plain terms, then, if you can consent to share the future with me, and to accept the hand and heart of one who loves you to distraction, all I have is at the service of you and yours. As I said before, give me the power to assist you, and the will shall not be wanting."

Gwenllean thought of her mother and sister—of Mr. Lloyd—of those who were dependent upon them, and knew that it was now possible for her, by the sacrifice of feelings that were uselessly cherished, to remove them from poverty to affluence, and from comparative misery to comfort and happiness. But she looked across at Herbert's home, and bitterly thought of him. Did Mr. Grant guess that she had loved him? if so, could he ask for her hand when he knew that her affections were estranged?

"I know of no possible obstacle," he began again, whilst Gwenllean, resting her cheek on her hand, and looking across the sea at Herbert's little boat, appeared buried in thought. "I know of no obstacle to a union, which, if I may be permitted to say so, need not shame the proudest woman of Great Britain," and he looked complacently down upon his fine figure, as he leant against the wall of the grotto, and curled his dark moustache.

"It is not that, Mr. Grant," said Gwenllean at last, whilst something like a tear stood in her melancholy eye. "I

feel the great honour you confer upon me—I am sensible of the disinterested generosity of your conduct in thus selecting one in so retired, nay, humble a path of life; one who, brought up so far from the world to which you would take her, is wholly unfit for so different a sphere. I am grateful for your kind attention to us all—for your patience and forbearance, and, above all, for your attachment—but—but—I am totally unworthy of your affection."

"Of that, Miss Llewellen," said Mr. Grant, seating himself by her side, "I must be allowed to be a better judge than you. In the first place, I could not give my heart to an unworthy object, and in the second, without meaning to flatter you, I would say that your beauty and accomplishments are lost in this remote place, and require only to be brought into the light of day to be admired as I admire them."

"You value them too highly, be assured, Mr. Grant; but you mistake my meaning. Setting position, fortune, and all personal attractions aside, a proposal such as yours should be received without cavil; without the seemingly unkind and ungrateful objections that I am making. Unskilled as I am in the world, I feel conscious that these objections are not what you have a right to expect from any woman, much less from me."

"Am I to imagine," he answered, "that I have a rival—that there can be any one among the illiterate—I beg your pardon—the—the—the people by whom I see you surrounded, that you prefer to me. If so, certainly I would not dispute the honour."

"There is no living person, Mr. Grant, that I prefer to yourself, but"—here Gwenllean hesitated, and the slightest tinge of her ancient crimson blush mounted to her cheek. "But I have no affection to bestow this side the grave. If my friendship——"

Mr. Grant started, and with consummate hypocrisy, spoke as if a new light had just burst upon him, and, as if communing with himself—

"Can it be, then?—but impossible! No!—he loved another—honourable too. No—it cannot be!"—and he looked at Gwenllean, as if intending to discover whether his suspicions could be justified.

She felt at once ashamed and confounded. Not for empires would she have cast a stain upon the memory of Herbert. She could bear to suffer alone, but she could not bear that reproach should attach itself to his name. Pride, too, woman's pride, which had been buried in the grave of her lover, returned for a moment to her breast, and suggested that no one should ever learn that she had been deceived and forgotten. "Never," she thought, "shall it be known that I have not courage sufficient to tear from my bosom the image of one who cared not for me." The feeling was but momentary, still it changed her purpose. She would not, voluntarily, confide one fragment of the past to the keeping of another. She had told Mr. Grant that she had no heart to give, and that she considered was enough, without entering upon any subject so painful in all its windings, as the love connected with her early sorrows.

Mr. Grant witnessed and understood the combat of her feelings, and as the wily serpent is said to watch the movement of the prey he intends to ensnare, marked her varying countenance, with a view to profit by the meaning it conveyed. They remained some time silent; but it was a silence of deep import, and a thousand thoughts darted through the mind of Mr. Grant before his plans were formed. He knew that dead men tell no tales, and that there was no living person who could prove his report to be false, if he worded it plausibly. The Lady Louisa's love for Herbert had been remarked by the ill-natured, who were not slow to accuse him of underhand conduct; for the "Giant Honour" ever meets its enemies. After quickly revolving his plan and its consequences, he said—

"I would not pry into your secrets, Miss Llewellen, nor endeavour to discover any circumstance you are desirous to conceal. But pardon me if, for once, personal and, perhaps, selfish motives, should induce me to say what might otherwise be better unsaid. I feel my own happiness at stake, and that a false principle of respect for the departed should not be allowed to interfere with it. Your assertion that no living person supersedes me in your affection, has awakened a suspicion never aroused before; and produced a reason for your decided rejection of me, when, as I imagined, you had seen no one you could prefer to me. Forgive me, if I say, that, if I am justified in my suspicion, the object of your attachment was utterly unworthy of it."

Gwenllean's heart beat passionately.

"I do not say, remember, unworthy, as regards character, talents, or any of those points which the world prizes—but as regards, simply, your pure and innocent heart. He—again I say, pardon me if I speak freely, or if I am mistaken—he stood high in the world's opinion, and doubtless deservedly so—but if he told you that he loved you, he was——"

"Hush! Mr. Grant," said Gwenllean, indignantly, "the faults of the departed, if ever they existed, should sleep with them."

Though Gwenllean did not doubt the truth of Mr. Grant's assertions—though she had not penetration enough to see through his artifice—and though what he said struck like daggers to her heart, she considered that he had intruded upon her inmost thoughts, and laid bare her feelings, with a determination that no true delicacy could have permitted. She knew that to resent it would be to expose herself, and, therefore, she resisted the impulse she felt, but the agitation and displeasure of her countenance plainly showed the workings of her mind. She said, however, coldly—

"Mr. Grant, as I consider my thoughts and feelings my own, I do not think it necessary either to acknowledge or deny your suspicions, but they had been, perhaps, better buried in your own breast than brought forward on the present occasion;" and then she rose as if to leave the grotto.

But Mr. Grant seized her hand, and detained her, imploring her to forgive him if the impetuosity of his feelings had caused him to offend her, and entreating her for five more minutes' conversation. She withdrew her hand, but remained standing.

Gwenllean had never practised deceit, therefore she could not fail to believe the protestations of Mr. Grant, who, by every asseveration that a gentleman may be permitted to use in the presence a lady, declared his regret for causing her displeasure, and his desire for forgiveness. He then again entreated her to give him some hope, and to allow him to persevere in his endeavours to secure her affection. He finally declared that he would be contented with such feelings as she had yet to bestow, provided she would promise to be his. He insinuated, also, adroitly, that he would provide for her family; and drew so glowing a picture of the happiness of her mother, and the possible recovery of her sister, that Gwenllean wavered. He even went so far as to say that Lizzie could then be taken abroad, a measure recommended by a physician, a personal friend of his, whom he had taken to see the little girl.

Her mother restored to comfort, and her sister to health! These were temptations almost irresistible. And she might be the means of restoring them, by the sacrifice of feeling to what might be, perhaps duty. Still, she thought again, could it be duty to promise to marry one she could not love; one whom she was not thoroughly positive she esteemed? A frown passed over Mr. Grant's countenance as he watched her hesitation. She perceived the frown, and shrunk beneath it. It changed the bland expression of his fine features into one of bitter, almost diabolical anger. She thought of Herbert, and again her wavering resolution strengthened.

"I must have time—to—to—think and consult my mother," she said, with hesitation.

Mr. Grant's frown had passed away; but there was a tone in his voice that spoke of aggravated feeling, as he said—

"Very well, Miss Llewellen. I am about to leave home for some weeks, during which time you will be wholly freed from my presence. You will have leisure both to 'think and consult your mother,' since you require so much thought and consideration; and I hope by the time I return, you will be able to give me a decided answer. Believe me, nothing but strong, almost foolish love, could induce me to supplicate so long and fervently for what must be yielded at last, if it be yielded at all, coldly and indifferently."

Gwenllean would have said that Mr. Grant misunderstood her, or would have palliated in some way her conduct; but she caught his eye, and its expression of revengeful meaning frightened her, whilst the curl upon his lip annoyed her. They vanished instantly, but she could not forget them. She merely said that he should have her decision at the period he mentioned, and with this they separated.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I always thought St. Peter's, Rome, was not a cathedral, St. John Lateran being always spoken of as the cathedral of Rome. However, I see that Mr. Marion Crawford writes of 'the cathedral of St. Peter's, Rome,' and being an authority he ought to know. But, not being satisfied, I want you kindly to tell me (1) *Is St. Peter's, Rome, a cathedral? And* (2) *if so, is it the cathedral of Rome?"*

In one sense St. Peter's is "a cathedral," because, in common with all the seven "basilica churches" of Rome, it takes the rank of a cathedral, and contains a "cathedra," or fixed throne for the bishop (of course the Pope, as Bishop of Rome).

As the word "cathedral" is derived from the Greek and Latin "cathedra" (καθέδρα), a seat or throne, we suppose every church containing such a feature may be called a cathedral, but if you apply the title to St. Peter's you should, to be consistent, apply it to the other basilica churches in Rome, yet no one, so far as we know, has ever described Santa Croce in Gerusalemme or San Sebastiano as cathedrals.

None of the recognised historians of St. Peter's, with whose works we are acquainted, ever speak of it as "Ecclesia Cathedralis." Severinus, Alpheranus, Ciampini, and Bonani always use the expressions "Ecclesia Sti. Petri," "Basilica Vaticana," or "Templum Vaticani," but what is still more to the point is this, Bonani in his *Templi Vaticani Historia* (published with the imprimatur of the master of the pontifical palace), gives illustrations of the coins struck by the various Popes who took part in the rebuilding of St. Peter's; there are about twenty of these coins represented, commemorating the completion of various portions of the magnificent edifice, and in no case does the inscription include the word "cathedralis" or "cath." (the usual contraction for the word). We find "Templi Petri" and "Templum Vaticani," and "eccles.," short for ecclesia (church).

Now surely if it is the right thing to call St. Peter's "a cathedral," we should find the title upon official medals. We have also looked at the published plans from drawings by Bramante, Peruzzi, Michael-Angelo, San Gallo, Carlo Maderno, Fontana, etc., and in not one single instance is the word "cathedral" used, but always "Basilica" or "Templum." Amongst careful modern writers we have never seen St. Peter's called a cathedral. We have just looked through Kugler's *Kunstgechichte*, he mentions it over thirty different times, but always as "Peters*kirche*," never as "Peters*dom*." The same is the case with Rosengarten.

Our English word "cathedral" always means the diocesan church, or mother-church of the episcopal see, as well as the church containing the episcopal throne. Now St. Peter's is certainly not that, because the inscriptions upon St. John Lateran are decisive upon that point—

"Orbis et Urbis Mater et Ecclesia." "Of the world and the city," the mother and the church! And—

"Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput." "Of all churches of the city and the world, the mother and the head."

So certainly St. Peter's is not "the cathedral of Rome," and St. John Lateran is undoubtedly so, and although it is not an absolute error to describe St. Peter's as a cathedral, yet, as it is not called so officially, or by the best known historians and writers upon the building, it is unwise to use the expression.

Of course architecturally it may be described as "a cathedral," because in that case the idea conveyed is that it is "built in the form of a cathedral;" though if this be the case many great churches, like St. Ouen, Rouen, Westminster Abbey, etc., might with equal justice be called cathedrals.

A Glasgow Lassie *writes: "Dear Mr. Editor,—I noticed an article in the August number of the "G.O.P." on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Would you kindly tell me if the investment mentioned therein is quite safe? I have fifty pounds in the savings bank, and if this was a perfectly safe investment I would put my money into it. What makes me so anxious is, because when my father died he left me a hundred pounds, and I was advised by a banker to put it in the Commercial Bank of Australia; it was only in a twelvemonth when it failed, and it is very doubtful if I shall ever get it again."*

"As safe as the Bank of England" is a proverb. Any investment over which the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street presides is as secure as the Government itself.

The benefit of the accumulative investment can only be reaped by leaving the money in for a long period, but there is no law which forbids your withdrawing the money so invested when you please, only by so doing you naturally make a break in the accumulation, and lose the advantage intended. It would be better to put a small sum in first and see how it works, rather than the whole of your savings. Every particular for setting about the investment was given in the August number of the "G.O.P.," and if you are in doubt about any point, write to the "Chief Accountant, Bank of England," for forms and instructions, which he will gladly send.

Guinevere *asks: "Who is she who is described in Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women' as—*

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair?"

"And who is the other, who says

"My youth was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause?"

The "daughter of the gods" is Helen of Troy, child of Zeus and Leda. She became the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, and was carried off by Paris to Troy, whither the fleet of the Greeks sailed to rescue her. On the voyage, the fleet was becalmed at Aulis. The seer Calchas declared that the only way to obtain favourable winds was for Agamemnon, the Greek commander, to send for and sacrifice his daughter, Iphigenia, to the goddess Artemis, whom Agamemnon had offended. Accordingly the maiden was summoned under the false pretext that she was going to be married to Achilles; and it is Iphigenia who complains that Helen, by making the Trojan expedition necessary, was the cause of the doom that overtook her own innocent youth. "Guinevere" will remember that she continues her lament thus:

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place
Which men called Aulis in those iron years;
My father held his hand upon his face,
I, blinded with my tears
Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs,
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.
The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
Touched; and I knew no more."

The legend runs, however, that just at the moment of sacrifice, Artemis substituted a stag for Iphigenia, and carried her away in a cloud to Tauris, where she became a priestess in the goddess's temple.

The other quotation given by "Guinevere" is from verse 8 of Tennyson's "Grandmother:"

"That a lie which is all a lie may be met
and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
matter to fight."

"Guinevere" complains that she is "dreadfully ignorant for her age," but she will not remain so if she studies good literature and takes pains, as she has done in this instance, to find out intelligently the meaning of what she reads. We have much sympathy with girls whose lot it is to be "useful," and even if their life is too busy to allow them much space for study, they may find that a little time regularly given to reading does wonders.

We should like to quote here Matthew Arnold's advice to a lady on reading:

"If I were you I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying."*

If an hour a day be too much, half-an-hour given to reading may still make all the difference between an unenlightened and an intelligent daily life. We commend this advice to our readers.

Emigration.—*At what office in London or elsewhere could I hear of a situation with a family going out to Natal?*—E. H.

You do not specify what kind of situation you are wanting, but, presumably, it is as children's nurse. We recommend you to apply to the Hon. Secretary of the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington. If Miss Lefroy, the Secretary, should be unable to place you with a family going out, she would very likely make arrangements for you to travel with a protected party, and you would find comfortable quarters to which you could go upon arrival. If you go out as nurse, you ought also to be able to take a share in the housework. Also you must be prepared to work with coloured servants, who are largely employed at the Cape. Both at Cape Town and at Johannesburg there is a constant demand for cooks and housemaids. A cook receives from £25 to £30 a year wages, a general servant about £24, and an active help £25 to £30. There is a fair opening in Cape Colony for certificated teachers. In high schools and diocesan schools salaries range from £45 to £85 with board and lodging for assistant mistresses, while head mistresses receive from £80 to £150 with the same addition. We observe in the latest quarterly circular issued by the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, that in New South Wales there is also still a demand for women servants, but, it is added, "there are more than enough of ladies' helps, ladies' companions, and governesses." In this respect New South Wales hardly differs from the rest of the globe.

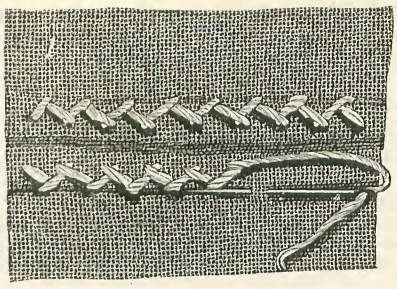
* *Letters of Matthew Arnold* (1848–88).

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," "Beautiful Sewing," etc.

PART II.

FLANNEL WORK.



About Flannel.—There are different makes of flannel which often take their name from the place where they are made, and it is well to know their distinguishing characteristics.

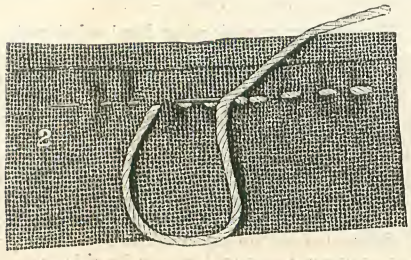
Welsh flannel, which is generally of a blue-grey colour, has a wide grey selvedge, and unless you choose a good quality in the flannel, it is very rough in appearance.

Saxony flannel, which is soft, fine and very white, has the reputation of not shrinking in washing. This flannel is used for the clothing of infants and women's vests, though for the latter purpose woven underwear is obtaining more and more.

The selvedge on Yorkshire flannel is very narrow, and the flannel itself is of fine texture and quite smooth.

What are called Lancashire flannels are not always pure wool, cotton being sometimes mixed with them.

Herring-boned Seam.—All seams in flannel are sewn down with a stitch called herring-bone, but there are two or more ways of arranging the seam. In Fig. 1 is one method



which I like much less than Figs. 2 and 3. However, I give it here, as it makes a very flat seam, and some people prefer it. Run your breadths of flannel together about a quarter of an inch or more below the edge. Make a good many back-stitches in your running, which must be pretty close, as you must remember that it has the whole strain of the seam to bear.

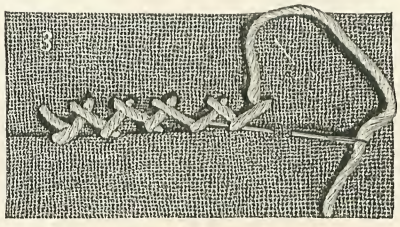
Next open it out and herring-bone down each side with stitches, which should look like those seen in Fig. 1. Let the stitches be even and regular, working always from left to right.

In Figs. 2 and 3 you will see the way still better, and which is certainly stronger.

Run your widths together, placing one a little below the other and making occasional back-stitches in the running.

Then turn down the upper edge over the under and herring-bone it down as you see is done in Fig. 3.

A Flannel Hem.—A flannel hem has only one fold turned down, and it is then secured by close herring-bone stitch. Many people prefer having *a scalloped edge* to their petticoats, and the pretty finish it makes is certainly worth the extra trouble. Always mark your scallops before you begin to work, and this you can do very easily by drawing a pencil round half or three-quarters of a penny or shilling placed about half an inch from the edge. Or you can cut out scallops in cardboard and then pencil round them. For the inner row move up the card or coin. Use ingrain embroidery cotton or flannel silk for the embroidery, and if you wish to have the scallops a good deal in relief run the outlines first of all, and fill in between them with running stitches placed as much as possible on the surface.



Keep your thread under your needle and work as you see in Fig. 4. Iron out your scallops before cutting them out. Suit the length of your stitches to the depth of your scallops.

Scalloped edges are used for flannel dressing-jackets, knickerbockers, etc.

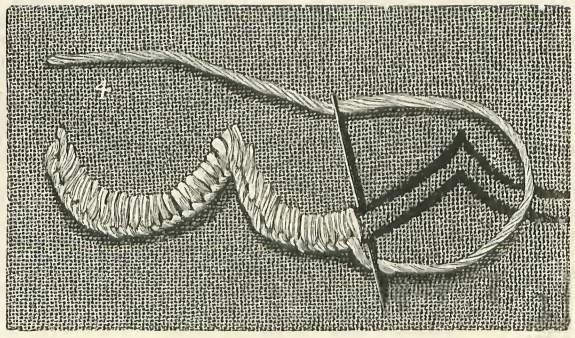
A Fancy Trimming.—Beyond the ordinary scallop there are many ways of decorating flannel-work, and two very favourite stitches are ordinary coral and feather-stitch, which are so very well known that it does not seem worth while to give up any space to their description.

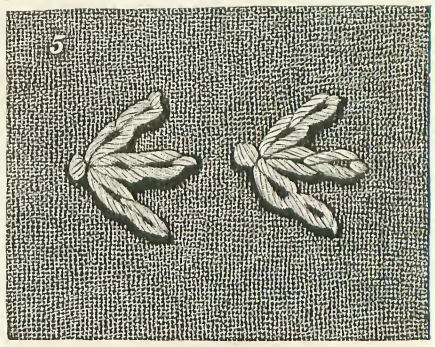
In Fig. 5 you will see a very pretty German stitch which can be used in lines or above scalloping, just as you prefer.

Bring your needle up to the right side of the flannel and make one chain-stitch, then a second, and with a single stitch keep that down.

Make three branches arranged as you see in the illustration, and place a French knot at the base.

A new Feather-Stitch.—This is seen in Fig. 6. Work your feather-stitch in the ordinary way, but allowing the branches to be much further apart than usual.





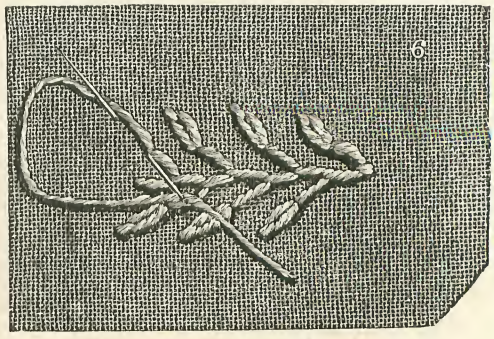
At the end of each spike of the feather-stitch add a loop stitch made as you see in the example, and then kept in place by a single stitch.

A Flannel Patch.—Patches in flannel can be round, square, triangular or any shape you like, square being the most usual.

Choose flannel of the same quality as the article on which you are going to place the patch. Never fold under the edges of your patch, but herring-bone down the worn flannel edge upon the patch, and then do the same to the other side.

You must lay your patch on the same way of the flannel as the article itself, and let the patch be large enough to cover the hole and any thin part there may be beyond it.

Choice of Flannel.—Fine, closely woven flannels are not good, for when they are washed they become very hard and thick.



Yard Measure.—In a reliable book we read the following *re* the yard measure:—

"The standard of England, with its accredited portions, may be seen embedded in the wall at Greenwich, under the Observatory. It is also at the Houses of Parliament. A curious ceremony takes place from time to time to test these measures. As many are not as familiar as it is desirable in cutting out to be with the fractions of a yard, they are here inserted:—

1 yard,	36	inches,	called a yard.	
$\frac{3}{4}$,,	27	,,	,,	three-quarters.
$\frac{1}{2}$,,	18	,,	,,	a half-yard.
$\frac{1}{4}$,,	9	,,	,,	a quarter.
$\frac{1}{8}$,,	$4\frac{1}{2}$	,,	,,	an eighth.
$\frac{1}{16}$,,	$2\frac{1}{4}$	,,	,,	a nail.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 896.] FEBRUARY 27, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

"A friend who is both intelligent and well-affected is the most valuable of all possessions."—*Herodotus.*

ABOUT a fortnight after this eventful afternoon, Olivia received a note from Greta begging her to bring her work and to spend a few hours with her. The invitation was a pressing one. "Please do not disappoint me," she wrote, "for I want to talk to you so much. I think I can promise that we shall have no interruption. Alwyn is going up to town for the afternoon, and will not pay his usual call." And then Olivia, who had planned to have tea with Aunt Madge, put off her visit until another day, and sent a verbal message of acceptance.

It was one of those late October days, when a touch of frost in the air gives a hint of the approaching winter, and the bright little fire in Greta's pretty morning-room was very welcome.

Greta was sitting at her embroidery



"'I HOPE YOU DO NOT THINK I AM WRONG?'"

All rights reserved.]

frame as usual. Her deep mourning was relieved by the little knot of white chrysanthemums and red leaves that she wore, and her fair serious face looked bright and animated, "Dear Olive, it was so good of you to come," she said, as she ensconced her guest in a big easy chair. "I suppose you guessed that I wanted you particularly," and Olivia nodded.

"I could hardly sleep thinking about it all. Olive, we have settled the day. Mr. Gaythorne gave Alwyn no peace, and so he was obliged to speak to me. He said it was very soon to ask me, and that he would willingly have given me more time, but that in his father's state of health, any delay would only harass him, so I said that I would be ready by the middle of December. I hope you do not think I am wrong?"

"No, indeed. I think you are very wise."

"Alwyn was so grateful," went on Greta, "he knew my objection to a winter wedding; but, as he says, it will be so nice to begin the new year together, and after all what do these outward things matter. At first I thought that I would be married in my travelling dress, and go straight away from the church, and then I remembered how Alwyn once said that brides ought always to wear white, that it was symbolical and poetical, and that you agreed with him."

"Marcus thought just the same!" returned Olivia, "and though I was in mourning for dear mother, Aunt Madge bought me a lovely white cashmere. Alas, I have never worn it since, but sometimes I take it out and look at it. I remember how pleased Marcus was with it. Shall you wear silk or satin, Greta?" and then Greta owned that she had already decided on a rich ivory-coloured silk.

"But we will not discuss my *trousseau* just yet," she observed, blushing. "There is plenty of time for that. I shall have seven weeks for my preparations. I want to tell you about yesterday, Olive; you know I had promised to have luncheon at Galvaston House, and that Alwyn was to fetch me, but before we left this house it was all settled, and after luncheon Alwyn told his father. The dear old man was so pleased; he made Alwyn bring down his mother's trinkets, a pearl necklace and some diamond stars, and such splendid rings that he had given her, and he told Alwyn that they were all for me; you know I never cared much for jewellery, but Alwyn will always want me to be well-dressed, so I shall have to be smart. I think I liked best a little cross set with diamonds, that Olive used to wear, he gave me that too."

"How pleased Alwyn must have been."

"Yes, and, of course, I was pleased too; and then Mr. Gaythorne made Alwyn take me over the house. What a handsome house it is, Olive. I like it ever so much better than Brunswick Place. I had no idea it was so large, but Mr. Gaythorne said that Italian palaces had spoilt him, and that he must always have plenty of space. There is a room on the first floor opening into the conservatory that will make a charming morning-room, and then the studio is so lovely. Alwyn has been buying such beautiful things, and there is to be a corner fitted up for my use, where my embroidery frame can stand. I shall so love to watch him work; but oh, Olive, is it not absurd; Mr. Gaythorne talks of refurnishing the drawing-room, but it is not the least necessary. I want you to convince him of this, and to beg him not to spend money so needlessly. I have so many nice things of my own; all this beautiful china and those inlaid Japanese cabinets. A new carpet and a little fresh cretonne is all that is needed. And I know Alwyn agrees with me."

"Very well then we must bring Mr. Gaythorne to reason."

"I took Mrs. Crampton into confidence," went on Greta, "when she showed me the kitchen and store-rooms. What a nice creature she is, and how admirably she manages; there is to be another maid kept, so I asked if I might bring Merton; she has been with us so many years, that I should dislike to part with her, and Alwyn has promised to speak to his father."

Olivia listened and approved, there was no mistaking Greta's happiness, she looked on the bright side of everything, and would allow of no drawbacks. When Olivia ventured to hint that Mr. Gaythorne might be trying at times, Greta only smiled and said, "that was very likely, only Alwyn managed him so beautifully, and she hoped in time to do the same. I know that he dislikes visitors," she went on, "but as you and Dr. Luttrell are exceptions, I do not so much mind, and I shall be quite happy with Alwyn."

"Oh, no doubt," returned Olivia, in her quick decided way; "but you must remember, Greta dear, that we owe a duty to our fellow-creatures, and you must not allow Mr. Gaythorne to carry his misanthropical views too far. There is no need for him to be troubled with visitors, he is far too ailing for much fatigue and exertion, but surely you and Alwyn can entertain your friends in your own rooms," and though Greta hesitated and looked rather alarmed at the idea of opposing her formidable father-in-law-elect, she was soon brought to acknowledge that society would be good for Alwyn.

"There is no hurry, we can be quiet this first winter," she said, "but of course if people call upon me, I shall return their visits, but we cannot settle beforehand. I shall first wait and see what Alwyn wishes, and you must own, Olive, that I have not led a gay life here."

"By-the-bye," observed Olivia suddenly, "what have you decided to do with this house and furniture?" but Greta had evidently not taken these matters into consideration.

"All the best things will go to Galvaston House, I suppose," she replied, looking round her, "but most of the furniture is old-fashioned and not up-to-date. I suppose people would call it handsome, and of course the oak in the dining-room is in thoroughly good taste. I must talk to Alwyn about it, perhaps it might be let furnished. Dear father used to say selling furniture was such a mistake—that one never got the full value."

"I remember how grand I thought it the first day I called," returned Olivia smiling. "The drawing-room with that beautiful conservatory opening out of it, and the plush curtains, and those luxurious couches made me feel so shabby. But I suppose the drawing-room at Galvaston House is still better. The glass door opening on the garden is so pleasant, and those Venetian cabinets and that carved settle are really beautiful."

"Yes, and it would be such a pity to modernise the room. Besides, what does one want with a drawing-room at all? I am sure I never enter mine. I shall live in the morning-room and the studio, and I suppose in the evenings we shall be in the library. Ah, you are laughing because I have thought it all out in this matter of-fact way, but I assure you I hardly slept last night." And then by mutual consent they began on the mysteries of the *trousseau*, and they had not half finished when Olivia looked at the clock and declared that she had stayed too long.

"The world goes up and the world goes down and the sunshine follows the rain," says the old song, and human life is certainly made up of passing clouds and gleams of sunshine.

While Alwyn superintended the decorations of the new rooms at Galvaston House, and brought his artistic taste to bear on every petty detail for the use of his lady-love, and while Greta busied herself over her *trousseau*, Dr. Luttrell was engaged from morning to night among his patients.

With the damp, foggy days of November had come the dreaded epidemic; influenza. All the doctors were overworked, and more than one of them succumbed to the malady — amongst them Dr. Bevan.

Marcus, who had been devoting himself to his poor patients, suddenly found the charge of a large practice thrown on him, and had scarcely time to take his meals. For a few days Dr. Bevan was extremely ill, and even when a short change had recruited his health it was evident that he would never be able to do the same amount of work again.

"He has been overworking himself for years," Mrs. Bevan said to Marcus with tears in her eyes, "but he would never spare himself, and now Dr. Randolph says that this utter breakdown is the result. Oh, it is all very well for him to say that it is better to wear out than rust out, but if a man has a wife and children he has no right to risk his life in this way. It might not hurt a younger man to rise from his bed night after night in the depths of winter, but for my husband it is simply suicidal. When he gets well he must and shall have a partner. What is the use of waiting until Wilfred is ready to come into the practice," for Wilfred Bevan, the eldest son, was at that time walking the hospitals. And here Mrs. Bevan with

her comely face looking quite worn and aged with anxiety hurried away to sit with her husband.

Olivia had her own private anxieties. Those long solitary days were very trying to her, but she never dared be long absent from home lest she should miss one of Marcus' flying visits. His meals were taken at any odd hour, but if he came in for a minute on his morning round there was always a cup of good soup ready for him, or later in the day some hot coffee. But perhaps the best cordial to the tired, harassed doctor was the sight of his wife's bright face. He would drink the soup, snatch up his little daughter for a kiss and go back to his work refreshed, but even to him the strain was excessive.

Olivia, who was unwilling to damp Greta's cheerfulness, would pour out her troubles to her Aunt Madge, and Mrs. Broderick would listen with her usual sympathy.

"I hope it is not wicked of me, Aunt Madge," she would say, "but I do feel so worried and anxious. Marcus declares he is quite well, but he is so tired every night that he can hardly drag himself to bed, and when morning comes he is not a bit rested. I think Dr. Bevan's illness has made me nervous, for I am always dreading that Marcus will break down too."

"Women need lots of faith, don't they, Livy? Doctors' wives as well as soldiers' wives, but I am not sure that you need fear for Marcus. He is really strong, and at his age a little hard work will not hurt him. He has his laurels to gather, you must remember that. 'It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.'" But Olivia, who was tired and depressed, was not so ready to be comforted.

"I would rather go on being poor than see my poor boy work so hard," she said mournfully. "But it is not only that, Aunt Madge. Marcus is very tender-hearted, and it makes him so unhappy when he loses a patient. Of course I know why he looked so dull last night, that poor young fellow Basil Greenwood is dead."

"Yes, I know, Dr. Randolph was called in," returned Mrs. Broderick; "but a hundred physicians could not have saved him, the fever ran too high."

"He was only eighteen and his poor mother doated on him, and now she is ill too. They called Marcus up last night; he did not get back till nearly five, but I had the fire lighted and some hot cocoa ready for him. Marcus scolded me, he is always so afraid of my knocking up, but I know he was glad of the cocoa. I tell Greta that I cannot be much with her just now. I am so afraid of missing him when he comes in, and of course she understands, but it is a little hard for her, poor child."

"Greta is very good," returned Aunt Madge. "She makes the best of things. By-the-bye, what is this I hear of a grand new dress for the wedding?" And then Olivia did brighten up a little.

Greta had begged in the most loving way that Olivia's dress and bonnet for the occasion should be her gift, and the dark heliotrope silk and dainty bonnet to match were at that moment in Greta's wardrobe.

"I tell Greta that it is far too handsome," replied Olivia, "and that Marcus will object to my being so smart, but she only laughs at me. There is such a lovely cape to go with it, but somehow, in spite of Greta's kindness I shall not enjoy it one bit, unless Marcus has time to go with me."

"Oh, he will make time, don't be so lugubrious Livy You are just out of heart abou things but we must have cloudy days some time. Don't you remember what Longfellow says?

"'Nothing that is can pause or stay,
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.'"

"Yes, and November fogs will pass too. Well, dear Aunt Madge, I must go, and as usual you have cheered me up. What should I do without you, I wonder."

"I am glad you find the old log useful," returned Mrs. Broderick, "so come and grumble as often as you like. Greta is coming to tea with me to-morrow, and Mr. Alwyn has promised to fetch her. Why don't you come too, and you shall have a real Scotch tea, bannocks and scones and seed cake," but Olivia shook her head at this tempting invitation. "Marcus had asked her to go round to the model lodging houses," she said, "to see two families in trouble. And then it was that poor boy's funeral." And then Mrs. Broderick said no more.

"Poor Livy," she said to herself as she lay alone in the twilight, "one may make light of her little troubles, but they are real to her. And I do not wonder that she worries over Marcus. Dr. Randolph was only speaking of him this morning. He told me what a splendid worker he was.

"'Bevan may be thankful to have got hold of such a man,' those were his very words. 'But he must be prudent and not burn the candle at both ends as Bevan did. "The foul fiend" has got hold of Harris now, he is Dr. Mordant's partner, and was married a few weeks ago. Apollyon, as we call it at our house, does not spare doctors,' but I hope, I really do hope that Livy has not heard this."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES

Poets Have Their Troubles.

Writing poetry is no joke, and amongst the difficulties that poets have to contend with, not the least is that of finding rhymes. The number of English words that have no rhyme is very large.

Of the words in Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, five or six thousand at least are without rhymes, and consequently can be employed at the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance, or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words.

Among words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned—month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, sylph, music, breadth, width, depth, honour, iron, echo.

She Laughed.

The young man who prides himself on being original was talking to Miss Cayenne—

"Your mother seemed very much amused at that little story I told her last night," he said self-approvingly.

"Yes," she replied. "Ever since I can remember my mother has laughed whenever she heard that story."

A Handle to His Name.

The honorary letters which follow many signatures are often a puzzle to the uninitiated, and some persons are in the habit of adding initials to their names which bear merely a private and personal signification.

An English traveller once noted the letters "F.R.S." added to the signature of an American at an out-West hotel, and he wondered how so illiterate a person as the signatory betrayed himself to be in conversation could possibly have become a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The mystery was at length explained by the American remarking that he was so "dead gone on oysters," that for a "goak" he always added the initials of his three favourite methods of cooking them—fried, roast, stewed—to his name in hotel books.

What Her Voice was Good For.

"Do you think, Professor," said the musically-ambitious girl, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to scream with in case of fire."

The Butterfly.

Little girl (chasing a butterfly): "Oh! here's mamma's new bonnet flying about."

Answer to Double Acrostic II. (p. 229).

1. B a r b a r o s s A (*a*)
2. O b e r A m m e r g a U
3. O s i r i S (*b*)
4. M a g g o T
5. E u p a t o R
6. R o t i f e r A
7. A d m i r a L
8. N a o m I (*c*)
9. G r e t n A

Boomerang. Australia.

(*a*) Frederic I., Emperor of Germany, 1152-1190.

(*b*) On some ancient Egyptian monuments has been found this inscription: "Saturn, the youngest of all the gods, was my father; I am Osiris, who conducted a large and numerous army as far as the deserts of India, and travelled over the greatest part of the world, and visited the streams of the Ister, and the remote shores of the ocean, diffusing benevolence to all the inhabitants of the earth."—See Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*.

(*c*) Ruth i., v. 20.

WHAT IS THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL DOING FOR GIRLS?

To many of my readers the heading of this article will come with a touch of surprise.

"What is there in common," they may be disposed to ask, "between ourselves and a dull sort of civic parliament that sits in London to decide about tramways and electric lighting and uninteresting things of that sort?"

Until quite recently, when I visited the Council and had an interview with the enthusiastic Chairman of the Technical Education Board, Mr. Sidney Webb, I should have been unable to give any definite reply to the question that stands as our title. But now I am delighted to be able to say that the Council is doing a very great deal to help girls within the London area, and is genuinely anxious to do still more.

From our correspondence columns it is easy to see how frequently "our girls" are longing for new departures, new training, new careers in life. But in many cases they have no idea how to set about attaining their object. It is a strange feature of our complex society that a vast organisation for the helping of people may be in full working order, and yet many years may elapse before it gets definitely and distinctly understood. Vagueness is a great enemy of progress; and ignorance is a greater enemy still.

There is a familiar story of a ship's crew who were perishing of thirst. Their fresh-water casks were empty, and they had no opportunity of condensing the salt water. The sight of the glittering waves all about them added to their torture. At last they sighted another vessel, and as soon as it approached, hailed it with entreaties for water! water! to save them. The answer came back—"Let down your buckets!" Unknown to the sailors, the ship had glided into the mouth of a great American river, and the water that tantalised them was pure and life-giving. From sheer ignorance they might have died of thirst in the midst of opportunities for quenching it.

The illustration may seem a little far-fetched; but there is many a girl thirsting for education, for an opportunity of earning her bread, who does not know that all around her lie facilities for obtaining what she needs.

What is "technical" education? The word "technical" comes from the Greek word τέχνη, art, or craft, and technical education therefore is education in any special art or craft: the education that should follow on the "all round" education received at school; in short, the education that trains one to do anything special in life. Until comparatively recent years, the opportunities were restricted for a girl who wished to earn her own livelihood, and the governess-market was overstocked in consequence. Now the London County Council says: "We will help you to the utmost of our power, if you wish to acquire any craft; if you wish to learn how to do certain things really well."

The Technical Education Board is a department of the London County Council, and was established in 1893.

It is not the School Board for London!—perhaps a needless piece of information, but it is as well to be explicit. Its object is best given in the words of its own report.

"The Technical Education Board . . . has regarded it as one of its foremost duties to provide further facilities for technical and scientific education for the sons and daughters of those who are unable, without assistance, to provide such education themselves. The Board has accordingly sought, by a liberal offer of scholarships, to open to as many as possible the advantages of a higher training. A chance of obtaining access to the highest education has been put within the reach of all by the establishment of a series of scholarships of three different grades, leading directly from the public elementary school to the university or technical college. Even for those who are not able to ascend to the highest place, each class of scholarship forms a valuable course of training, and offers opportunities to numbers of boys and girls to become better citizens and better workers than they would have been without the advantages which the scholarships have put within their reach."

What then are these scholarships? First of all there are the Junior County Scholarships, intended especially for pupils of public elementary schools who are under thirteen years of age. They give free education usually for two years, together with money payments of £8 for the first year and £12 for the second year. The number awarded annually is six hundred, and fifty may be awarded to pupils from schools that are not elementary schools. In 1895 two hundred and nine girls gained these scholarships. Girls who win them may attend any schools chosen from the Board's published list of "approved" schools. A few of these are the Camden School, Datchelor School, Whitelands College School, Regent Street Polytechnic Day School. At present there are one thousand two hundred and ninety-five boys and girls holding these scholarships.

More appropriate to our readers perhaps, are the second set of scholarships, "Intermediate County Scholarships." They are open to girls under sixteen, from any school. They give free education at one of the leading schools or colleges in London until the scholar is between eighteen and nineteen, together with money payments rising from £20 to £35 per annum. They are limited to those whose parents have an income not exceeding £400. Girls who have won these scholarships are attending some of the best High Schools, the North London Collegiate School, and Bedford College. Twenty-five girl candidates were successful in 1895.

The Senior County Scholarships give free education at a college or technical institute, together with money payments of £60 a year for three years. The successful candidates are now studying at Clare College, Cambridge; the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; the Central Technical College of the City and Guilds of London Institute; Bedford College; and the Royal Holloway College for Ladies, at Egham.

Besides these county scholarships the Board has instituted special scholarships in art and science, awarded annually, as follows.

(*a*) Twenty School of Art Scholarships of the value of £20 a year, with the payment of tuition fees. These scholarships are intended to enable young men and young women, who are in need of assistance, to study for two years at approved Schools of Art in the county.

(*b*) Thirty Artisan Art Scholarships; ten of the annual value of £20 with free tuition, and twenty of the annual value of £10 with free tuition, to be held for three years. These are open only to young men and women who are actually employed in a trade requiring artistic handicraft, and who wish to continue their training in the evenings.

(*c*) One hundred Junior Artisan evening art exhibitions of the annual value of £5 to be held for two years. These are intended to cover the small expenses of young men and young women who wish to attend evening classes at approved schools of art while engaged in work. Holders of these exhibitions may compete another year for the more valuable scholarships mentioned above. They should, as a rule, be under twenty-five on April 1st, 1897.

Candidates may obtain any of the above art scholarships or exhibitions by submitting work certified to have been executed by themselves since a prescribed date. In the description of the specimens sent up we read of wood-carving, stained glass, pieces of embroidery and lace, and a painted fan: all suitable work for girls.

(*d*) There are one hundred "evening exhibitions" in science and technology of the value of £5 a year for two years.

The Board has awarded in 1896 nearly four hundred "Domestic Economy" scholarships, enabling girls between the ages of thirteen and fifteen to go through a five months' course of training in cookery, dress-making, and laundry work at the schools of domestic economy started by the Board at several polytechnics and other centres. In future the number of these scholarships for girls will be nearly five hundred. The Board has also granted annually to young women between the ages of nineteen and thirty, twelve Domestic Economy Training Scholarships which are of the annual value of about £25 a year for two years, and offer to those who wish to become teachers of domestic economy a full course of training at the Battersea Polytechnic Training School.

Two horticultural scholarships, tenable for two years at Swanley Horticultural College, Kent, are competed for every year, and of these one is open to young women. The scholarship is of the annual value of £60, and is intended to cover the cost of board and education at Swanley College.

So much for these scholarships.

There are at the present moment two thousand one hundred young people who have gained scholarships and exhibitions, studying at various schools under the auspices of the Board, and the number is still increasing.

We cannot all win these distinctions, it may be said. True; but what has been related may suggest to some girl-reader an opening for her energies. Without gaining a scholarship, it might be worth the while of some of "our girls," for instance, to prepare for the calling of a teacher in one branch of domestic economy. This science, which is popularly supposed to "come by nature," includes cookery, needlework, dress-making, laundry-work, housewifery, hygiene (or the principles of health), sick-nursing, and first aid to the injured.

Where can such matters be studied? We shall see directly; for the Technical Education Board does far more than offer scholarships to young people. It has set to work to improve the teaching of art and science in the various schools that already exist, by granting money for the building of laboratories, "arts and crafts" rooms, and so forth. It has also assisted the development of polytechnics, of which there are now eleven in London. They are as follows—

People's Palace.
City of London College.
Birkbeck Institution.
Northampton Institute.
Northern Polytechnic.
Regent Street Polytechnic.
South-West London Polytechnic.
Battersea Polytechnic.
Borough Polytechnic.
Goldsmiths' Institute.
Woolwich Polytechnic.

From the Board's Report we select at random a few of the subjects taught in the evening classes held at these polytechnics,

and other institutions throughout London, quite apart from the evening work of the London School Board. We choose out subjects likely to be useful for girls who wish to qualify for earning.

Ambulance-classes, in 4 institutions; art-needlework, 7; baking, 1; chemistry, 25; cookery, 37; drawing, painting, and designing, 55; dressmaking, 30; housewifery, 4; hygiene, 22; infant hygiene, 4; lithography, 2; laundry work, 1; modelling, 31; photography, 8; sick-nursing, 11; typography and letterpress printing, 7; wood-carving, 23.

Perhaps a glance down the list will suggest a new occupation to some girl eager for employment.

The Board also sends out its teachers and lecturers on domestic economy to any London centre, on certain conditions. The syllabuses of these lectures are so good, we wish "our girls" could all hear them, especially the lectures on housewifery, and those on "How to be well and to keep well."

But perhaps the Board's best work has been in the improvement of the teaching of art, especially in the relation to handicraft and design. It has appointed competent advisers for Art-Schools, founded a system, as stated earlier, of art-scholarships and exhibitions, granted money help to the existing schools of art, formed a collection of new art-examples, now being lent to the schools, and established a lithographic and photo-process school at Bolt Court, besides an Arts and Crafts School in Regent Street. In all, besides the grants to polytechnics and secondary schools, the Board spent in 1895 on art-training £10,374, and a much larger sum in 1896.

That our readers may have some idea of the immense development of art-teaching of late years, we give a list of the chief London institutions where instruction in art is given. Those aided by the Board are marked by an asterisk. We omit the eleven polytechnics, as they have already been mentioned.

Royal Academy School.
City and Guilds Finsbury Technical College.
King's College Art School.
Slade School of Art, University College.
National Art Training School, South Kensington.
City and Guilds South London Technical Art School.
*Whitechapel Craft School.
*Shoreditch Municipal Technical School.
*North London and Borough of Hackney School of Art.
*Clapton and Stamford Hill School of Art.
*Camden School of Art.
*Central Art Department, Bolt Court.
*St. Bride Foundation Institute.
*Royal Female School of Art.
*St. Martin's School of Art.
*Westminster School of Art.
*Westminster Technical Institute.
*Hammersmith School of Art.
*Putney School of Art.
*Clapham School of Art.
*Lambeth School of Art.
*Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham School of Art.

With the eleven polytechnics, these already amount to thirty-three, but there are in addition twenty-three other institutes and sets of classes for the teaching of art in its different branches, twelve of which are aided by the Technical Education Board.

The vast increase in the number of illustrated papers and magazines, the demand for artistic Christmas cards, the improved public taste in the decoration of the home, all suggest fresh work suitable for women; and these schools and polytechnics are intended to give the artistic training needed. In the prospectuses of some, we read offers to form classes, in response to any reasonable demand for teaching. Therefore if any girl desires to be trained in any branch of "illustration," let her choose one of these schools, and write for a prospectus. If it does not offer just what she requires, let her write again to other schools, until she finds her inquiries satisfactorily answered.

The Central School of Arts and Crafts, established by the Technical Education Board, was opened at 316, Regent Street, on November 2nd, 1896. This school is free, or at a nominal fee, for men and women alike, and among the subjects taught are—

Drawing, colour, and decoration; design for cabinet-makers, metal-workers, etc.; modelling and ornament, as applied to architecture, etc.; enamelling; silversmith's work; lead-casting and ornamental lead work; stained-glass work.

The special object of the school is to encourage the "industrial application of decorative design," and it is intended for workers in artistic trades only, not for amateurs.

The whole of the top floor of the Regent Street house has been set apart for the use of women, so that they have a sitting-room in which they can, if they please, take their luncheon or tea.

Of the Art Scholars and Exhibitioners elected by the Board in 1894 and 1895, eighty-five were young women.

It is possible that the ambition of some reader may be stirred, but that she may also feel a little bewildered by this mass of information, and not be clear as to how she is to set about acquiring the practical details that will help *her* to do anything. In this case let her write to the Secretary of the Technical Education Board, 13, Spring Gardens, London, S.W., and she will receive an explicit reply.

We think that, considering the Technical Education Board was only founded three years ago, the work already done is very wonderful. We may point out to "our girls" that so great an extension in education will also need an increase of teachers and lecturers, and we foresee fresh and delightful occupations for women, that will result in widening the horizon and stimulating the energies of many a girl to new and undreamed-of efforts. So we will not apologise for our "dry" article, but will hope that it may give just the needed help to many a girl, who wishes to use her hands and her brain in doing what is useful, and fashioning what is beautiful.

LILY WATSON.

HER GIRL.

By AMY IRVINE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOTHER SEEKS.



IT would not do to let the neighbours guess that anything was wrong, above all, they must not imagine for a moment that her girl had run away! The first instinct of the mother's heart was to shield her child from every shadow of blame. Mrs. Morgan did not doubt for a moment that she would bring Lydia home that night, or at the worst, to-morrow morning. It was only as a precaution that she took every penny in the house with her, for it would be hardly safe to leave it, and she did not lock the cottage door, for fear the neighbours should come and find it locked, and then they would know that she and Lydia were away, and they would wonder, and ask questions when they returned. If they called and found the door on the latch, they would simply think that they were both out for a stroll, or getting work. Mrs. Morgan put out her work-box and a heap of flannel, as if she had left it just for a few moments.

It was a long way for Mrs. Morgan to trudge through the lanes to the market-town; but fortunately it was dry. She would have been glad if there had been a station nearer, but after all, it was better not, as they might know her anywhere else. It was now so many years since she had been into market, that she was safe from recognition.

On she trudged, the three weary miles. She had not been obliged to speak to a living soul, and for that she thanked God; she did not feel like talking to anyone but Him. As she drew near the town her steps lagged.

"I ain't so strong as I used to be," murmured the widow, "and I feel tired already, but it'll be a nice rest in the train. I doubt but it 'ud have been better if I could have took my breakfast. I think I'll buy a bun at the confectioner's; I've heard tell as victuals is mortal dear up in London."

She was close to the station, when a familiar voice hailed her, and with a violent start she turned round to face Johnny Baker.

"Why, Mrs. Morgan, what brings you out all this way?" asked Johnny. "I should have thought it was too far for you."

The widow trembled and nearly began to cry. She was the picture of discovered guilt, but through all her surprise and dismay, she still remembered that Lydia must be shielded.

"I had business to do," she answered, recovering her voice.

"I should have thought as Lydia might have done it for you," he said, "or, if you'd known as I had a job here, or I'd known you wanted anything in town, I'd have done it and welcome, but it's a long way for you, Mrs. Morgan."

"I'm not so old as I can't come and do my own business," cried Mrs. Morgan, "without troubling other folk about it. I'll wish you good-day, Johnny Baker."

He shrank, and looked after her dumbly. So she too had taken a turn against him! Then he must be content to take up his life without a ray of hope to brighten it.

"I can never speak to Lydia again," he muttered; "I've said as I would trouble her no more, and now her mother's turned the cold shoulder on me too."

Johnny's face was becoming haggard, and he was fast losing all hope in life, which is about the worst condition possible. If he had

lost faith in God, he might have gone to the bad altogether; but there was something almost sublime in the way this despairing young fellow clung to his old faith—it saved him from shipwreck.

Mrs. Morgan went a round, lest Johnny should guess that she was on her way to the station. When she at last got there, she found she had an hour to wait before the next train up to London; so she sat in the waiting-room and ate the bun she had bought, gradually recovering her tranquillity of mind.

The porters were very kind to her, and got her ticket for her, because the old woman was ignorant and bewildered. She trusted them with her money, and they did not cheat her; there was something so trustful in her manner, and her old face looked at them so wistfully. When her train came in, the porter who had secured her ticket came and put her into an empty carriage, or it is probable that she would never have got off at all. He then went and spoke to the guard, and the guard came and looked at her.

"You'll be all right, mother," said he, quite tenderly, "I'll see you through. You're not accustomed to travelling, are you?"

As the train moved off, Mrs. Morgan clasped her hands, and breathed a thanksgiving to her God for having taken care of her so far. She was very tired, and presently fell asleep in her corner. She was awakened by the door being thrown open roughly, and a troop of passengers crowding in. She started up in alarm, but there was the guard's friendly face nodding and smiling at her.

"I'll let you know when we're there," he said: "you just sit still, and you'll be all right."

They moved off while he spoke, and the old woman looked about her, not yet recovered from the bewilderment of awaking in the noise and confusion.

It seemed a terribly long time to her, often stopping at stations and changing fellow-passengers; and more than once she was on the point of getting out after them, but the guard was on the look-out and prevented her. He seemed to know how it would be.

"You trust to me, mother," said he, settling her again, after her third attempt to leave the carriage, "and you'll find yourself safe in London. It's not much longer now."

She was much distressed when they took her ticket from her before they arrived, but again the guard befriended her, persuading her that it was all right, and she'd be in London now in a few moments. She had been looking out of the window, and the sight of miles of houses, all so dirty and dismal-looking had frightened her. It was too much like a nightmare for her to be able to connect this vast labyrinth of streets with the place where her girl had gone. It was evening when the train drew up for the last time.

"Victoria!"

Mrs. Morgan took no notice of the cry, though the carriage emptied. This time she felt no desire to get out.

"Come, mother, you're at Victoria," said the guard, appearing at the door.

"I ain't going to Victoria," she answered, "I'm for London."

"This is London," he replied good-naturedly. "Come, get out, mother. Isn't anyone coming to meet you?"

She was very much bewildered, but she obeyed, and stepped out upon the platform.

The guard was too busy to look after her any longer; but when he found a minute to run back and see how his charge was getting on, the old woman was not there, and he felt immensely relieved.

Mrs. Morgan had gone after the crowd. Her head swam with the noise. She felt more frightened and confused than she ever remembered. Somehow, she found herself outside the station, and she took the direct road to Charing Cross—not that she knew where she was going, but she had to choose some road.

"Will you kindly tell me if you've seen a tall, dark girl this morning, sir?" she asked a man, who was lounging about.

He stared at her rudely, then broke into a loud, mocking laugh.

"I s'pose I have," he said, with a great guffaw; "mebbe you're a stranger in these parts?"

She looked up, and suddenly her cheeks blazed. Innocent and timid she was, but a tumult of indignation nearly took away her breath. The man insulted her. She hurried on, not waiting for another word.

She asked a girl who was pushing a perambulator.

"What's the use asking a silly question like that? Are you making game of me?" said the girl crossly. She had had a hard life, and it had hardened her. She saw nothing pitiable in the old woman's imploring face.

Mrs. Morgan stood still, and the multitudes swept past her. The lamps were being lighted, everything was strange, terrifying, unreal. The sky was far away and clouded, the noise was deafening, the traffic unceasing. How was she to find her girl in this terrible place?

She walked on blindly, gazing at the passers-by until her eyeballs ached, and her head felt dizzy. She dared not cease from her painful scrutiny of every face, lest she should happen to miss her Lydia. The crowd was becoming thinner, and the noise lessening, when at last her strength gave way suddenly and she fell forward. Somebody lifted her up, and she was carried somewhere; but she knew nothing until the following morning, when she firmly insisted on being released, and after some parley she found herself once more in the street. She had no idea where she had passed the night.

That day old Mrs. Morgan, who had never been beyond their little market-town, walked in safety from Blackfriars to Ludgate Hill, down Oxford Street, through Praed Street to the Edgware Road, on to King's Cross, and through Holborn to the Strand. By that time she had no hope left of finding her Lydia.

What happened? Who took care of her? How did she get food? Who at last put her into a train that carried her back to the little market-town? It must have been one of the sweet women-angels of earth, caring for the old woman amidst all the millions of the great capital. But when she found herself upon the familiar platform of the home station, her head was down upon her bosom, and she crept homewards through the lanes a different woman. The bright trust in her Heavenly Father, which had sustained her on the way up was gone; she thought He had deserted her too, and her heart was broken. Lydia would never, never more be found.

CHAPTER VII.

AND IT CAME TO PASS. . . .

WITHOUT once glancing before her, the broken-hearted old woman crept homewards, she had no greeting for any of her acquaintances, and the shame of her lost faith in God was ever present in her mind causing her to hang her head and keep her eyes upon the ground.

How could she bear to meet Mrs. Jenkins, or Johnny Baker, or Toby's wife, or any of her neighbours with this bitter shame upon her?

As she passed the cemetery where her girl's father lay, she lifted her head for one moment to glance at the spot over yonder, where the best of herself was buried. He had told her not to fret, for she had his child to comfort her, and she had obeyed him, but everything had gone wrong lately, and she wished she were lying by his side. Ah, her old sweetheart had the best of it, he was at rest, lying in that grave over which the sunshine was pouring. With a sob she passed on, she felt unworthy to-day to go in and stand beside his grave.

No one met her, she got home just at tea-time.

It was all exactly as she had left it. She had been away two nights, but she thought it more, and she was incapable of counting the time. Day and night had broken into each other up in London, so that she had scarcely known which was which, both were so terrible.

There was the flannel she had left out on the table, and her work-box beside it. There was her untasted breakfast. It was cold and dusty, for all the evening sunshine that straggled through the little window. There was a feeling of great emptiness in the cottage.

Mrs. Morgan sat down, and her head was so heavy it seemed that she could never raise it again. She knew that she had no money in her pocket, but where it had all gone she had no idea. If she was hungry, she supposed she could eat the stale remnants of bread, and perhaps there was something in the cupboard. But after that she would be destitute until her next quarter's small allowance came in, and now she felt that the tears and dimness in her eyes would prevent her working with her needle. Never mind, she did not suppose she'd ever feel hungry again.

The old woman sat there, shrunk up into a heap, neither seeing nor hearing. Two figures were coming slowly up the little garden, and two voices, speaking low, were close to her. But she sat still, blind and deaf to all but some inward scenes that were working in her weary brain.

The door was thrown open wide, and something large filled the doorway. Then there was a pause, broken by the sound of a sob.

"Mrs. Morgan."

"Go away, Johnny Baker!" she cried out, sharply, roused from her abstraction, "I don't want no one here. My girl, my girl's gone away, I don't want no one here."

"Don't take on so," said the deep, tender voice, "your Lydia'll come back again." He was holding something that struggled faintly, but the widow had not raised her eyes.

"No, she'll never come home no more," said Mrs. Morgan, "my girl's gone away for good and all. It's you and me between us what's to blame. I've lost her, I've lost my Lydia. It's your fault, Johnny Baker, as well as mine, and I wish you'd go away."

"She'll come back, Mrs. Morgan—she has come back."

The widow raised her head and stared. Then she grasped the arms of her chair, for she was trembling violently. Johnny was making way for something that tottered forward, and fell down before Mrs. Morgan's knee.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

"My girl, my Lydia!" whispered Mrs. Morgan.

"If you'll forgive me, I'll be a better girl," cried Lydia, bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, to think that I could have done it."

The widow, dazed, bewildered, but this time with unspeakable joy, could do nothing but weep. They cried together for a long time, clinging to each other, until Johnny stepped forward and raised Lydia up.

"She's promised to be my wife, God bless her," he said, with infinite tenderness, while a smile that was good to see broke over his honest face.

"You don't mean to say——"

"Yes, it's true, and it seems to me like as if 'twas the beginning of happiness," he said.

Lydia hid her face upon his shoulder.

"I don't deserve your love," choked Lydia.

"We ain't going to talk about deserts," he replied, "or I'd never be the happy man I am to-night."

"It's my last wish fulfilled," murmured Mrs. Morgan, gazing at them.

"She soon found out her mistake," said Johnny, "and back she came, knowing how we'd welcome her. I met her, Mrs. Morgan, and——"

"There, there, I know the rest," burst out the widow, beginning to smile at last, "but what are we doing, Johnny Baker? My girl wants a cup of tea, I must get her her tea at once. You'll be for staying with us to-night, eh?" She was actually playful in the rebound of her spirits.

With Lydia and Johnny there to help, it was not very long before they were sitting at quite a dainty little tea. Johnny had run across to his cottage, and brought some provisions which greatly improved the feast. After tea the old woman was too tired for anything but to sit in silence by the fire which Johnny advised Lydia to keep up, as her mother was chilly after the fatigue and exposure of the past days. She sat there, and opposite, upon the settle, were those two dear ones, sweethearts at last.

"To think, dear Lord," she murmured, "that I was for doubting Thee—only to think of it!"

Lydia had frankly told them all, and it turned out that she had come home in the train before her mother's, but had been too much ashamed to summon up courage to return to the cottage. It was Johnny who had brought her back. A few hours in London had taught Lydia enough about thelife outside her quiet home to drive her back in terror and contrition. It had been a wholesome lesson, and had even taught her how much she really loved Johnny. But she had never expected him to speak to her again, she had not forgotten his last words to her. When he found her in her sorrow and distress, and heard how she was ashamed to return to her mother, all his resolutions were forgotten, and he spoke once more of his great love. That time not in vain.

Mrs. Morgan saw them sitting there together upon the settle. She gazed, enraptured, on her girl's repentant face.

[THE END.]

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "MY HOUSEKEEPER."

SOLUTION.

MY HOUSEKEEPER.

When breakfast is over each day,
My housekeeper looks in to say,
"Good-morrow to you, sir, and pray
"What am I to order from Sutton?
"Will you dine upon beef or on mutton?"
"Mrs. Downing," I gasp, "I'm no glutton,
"But to death I am sick of them both!
"To worry you much I am loth,
"But I'll none of them eat, by my troth!"
"O, sir, if it's change that you want,
"A sirloin will give it, you'll grant,
"The eaten-up leg to supplant."
"Mrs. D., I'll no more be a scraper,
"But for sixpence a month, Mr. Draper
"Will sell us the helpful 'Girl's Paper;'
"And then, after breakfast each day,
"You'll enter with footstep so gay,
"And have something fresher to say."

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

C. M. A. Fitzgerald, The Firs, West Cliff Gardens, Bournemouth.

Mrs. Alice Skitter, 104, Lansdowne Road, Hackney, N.E.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

John M. Angus, Grafton House, Aberystwyth, Wales.

Francis W. Cotsell, 3, Jalland Street, Hull.

Mrs. Crossman, 45, Tavistock Street, Bedford.

A. Phillips, 15, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.

Emily L. Reid, Linden House School, Market Harborough.

Meta Rowan, Ethelville, Strandtown, Belfast.

Very Highly Commended.

George Aitchison, O. F. Clifford, J. Hunt, Mrs. R. Leach, Ethel M. Morris, Miss Newland, Gertrude Smith, Winifred G. Streatfeild.

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson, Elizabeth Adams, Edith Ashworth, Mary E. Bailey, May Barker, Adelaide G. Barnes, Rev. S. Bell, P. L. Benson, Ethelwyn Berry, Kathleen Berry, Margaret Blunt, Isabel Borrow, Pauline Brachen, Walter W. Bryant, Alice Cartwright, Mary J. Champneys, Kate B. Clemson, Catherine Collins, Helen M. Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb, E. Cranshaw, M. Cerise Deane, Agnes L. Dawson, Ethel Dickson, Emma Fox, Kate Francis, Thomas Gale, H. E. Gibbings, Maude E. Hayes, Mrs. Hopewell, E. M. Howard, Elizabeth Lang, Marie Leaker, Isabel J. Lough, Annie G. Luck, Ethel McGowan, Annie Manderson, L. Masters, E. Mastin, Miss Miller, C. O. Munns, C. A. Murton, Rev. V. Odom, Margaret G. Oliver, Lizzie Orme, F. A. Powell, Mrs. Prestige, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Mildred Richardson, Annie Robinson, A. J. Rogers, Rosemary Satchell, A. A. L. Shave, Fanny Shepard, Alfred Shelton, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Rose E. Carr Smith, Ellen C. Tarrant, Violet C. Todd, Lizzie C. Walker, Kate Whitmore, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Elizabeth Yarwood, Edith M. Younge, Helen B. Younger.

Honourable Mention.

Mary F. Acheson, Kate Arthur, A. J. Batchelor, Marion Browne, Geraldine C. Carr, Ethel Cumming, E. Dobell, Mrs. Elliman, Dorothea M. Fletcher, Laurie Gamlen, Miss Grace, Mrs. Grubbe, Florence M. Haines, Edward A. Healey, Edith L. Howse, Mabel J. Lewis, Ethel C. McMaster, B. E. Pearson, Hannah E. Powell, Ellen R. Smith, F. O. Warner.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

As usual the best solutions were very good, and the worst ones were not very bad. Two were perfect, and six others would have been but for the omission of certain quotation marks. For accurate information on this point, we commend a study of our solution. In poetry, the rule is to place inverted commas at the beginning of every line of quotation, but at the end only of the whole quotation. We shall test the knowledge of our readers in this matter again hereafter, and they who disregard the rule need not expect to be rewarded.

The joints seem to have caused wide-spread trouble. Two reasons may account for this: meat is cut quite differently in different parts of the country, and in photographing the original drawing down, some of the distinctive features may have become less marked. But, while making all allowance, we could not regard "pork" to be quite as good as "beef" (it is certainly much more unwholesome). We think, and the majority of solvers evidently agree with us, that the spirit of the verse requires the much more common meat. Unimaginative housekeepers can only ring the changes upon joints of beef and mutton; pork and mutton are by no means ordinary alternatives. If the picture was at all like pork, we are sorry; but as a large majority of competitors vote for beef, it could not have been unmistakably pork.

Then again, in line 9, the name of any particular joint cramps the meaning. "I'll none of the *leg*"—what leg? "I'll none of the ham"—what ham? The housekeeper has just been offering beef or mutton. *Meat*, making "them eat," and not "the meat," as some have it, is obviously the right word. In declining beef and mutton, even with all the emotion of our hero, we should not use either of the other phrases. And in line 11, surely the joint was more like a sirloin than anything else.

From, between Cheam and Carshalton, was naturally a difficulty. Now between those places is the interesting town of Sutton, and the puzzle resolves itself into "from Sutton." One competitor asks: "Is it quite fair to assume a knowledge of the relative position of small places in one English county?" We are not quite sure about the fairness, but such an assumption would clearly have been unwise. We simply assumed that most competitors had access to a Bradshaw.

As to "glutton" we have received one or two complaints, founded on a misapprehension. Pou is only half of p o u n d s and 4480 half pounds are only one ton.

For the rest, little need be said. There are no more real difficulties. A few competitors, indeed, rather more than a few, destroyed their chances by inadvertently writing wrong words as "morning" for "morrow," "send" for "sell," and "week" for "month." It was probably extreme respect for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which caused the last mistake, but whatever the magazine may be worth the publishers do not charge sixpence a week for it. If "Mr. Draper" does, he is swindling the public.

"Footstep" often became "footsteps," which showed a lack of attention to detail. The cares of housekeepers are so great that it would be unreasonable to expect more than one gay footstep at a time.

No competitor who had more than one mistake has received mention. May we hope that this statement will cut down the number of distressed inquiries?

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE chief subject of discussion just as I write these lines seems to be, "Will the blouse's popularity continue through the next London season?" There seems a general impression that it will not, but I hear that blouses are being prepared in quite as great a number as last year for the spring, so we may imagine that somebody is expected to purchase and wear them. Judging from the immense demand for remnants of five yards in length at the silk counters of the larger West-End shops, I should imagine that society in general intended to wear this comfortable and smart garment, whatever the decrees of fashion. *Chiné* silks and ribbons, if we may judge by the immense reductions made in their price, will not be worn this season; many of the handsomest wide ribbons were sold at 1s. a



THREE NEW GOWNS.

yard. But flowered silks, in all the lightest hues, found a ready sale, and appeared to be designed for blouses both for evening and daylight use. Yellow groundings were very popular, especially a corn-coloured tint, generally with roses portrayed upon it in a very naturalistic style; pale *eau de nil* grounds were also in demand, and also pale pinks and blues.

Black satin seems quite as fashionable as it was last year, but from all I hear black *broché* skirts will be worn with blouses just as black satin was formerly used. *Moirés* of all colours are to be the favourite dresses, and will be used by day as well as by night next season. The new *moirés* are not at all stiff, but fall like an Irish poplin, and the waterings are all large. Striped *moiré*, the wide stripes being of satin, are being prepared for the season, and I think that stripes are likely to be very popular indeed. There is a new method of making up the skirts of striped materials, namely, cutting them so that the stripes meet in a series of points—Vs turned upside down in the centre of the front breadth, while at the side breadths the stripes hang straight down, and at the back they meet in Vs, as at the front.

And here I must mention that the most recent novelties in skirts show them to be far narrower than they were in the autumn. The correct width appears to be about four yards, but I find many skirts rather exceed this, while none that I have seen run over five yards. The front and sides are absolutely plain, while the back hangs in fluted folds, which are shaped so as to hang of even lengths at the edge, and they are held in place by stiffening.

These new skirts are cut in two pieces only; the two seams being in the centre of the front and the centre of the back. With wide materials, of course there is no difficulty in the arrangement, while with narrow ones of single width, the breadths are joined together till the width is made up, when the pattern is laid on for the cutting out. The next introduction is to be trimmed skirts, at least, so it is said, and already I have heard of one dress which had flounces up as far as the knee. A lace-trimmed skirt had three deep flounces quite reaching the waist, an ancient style revived, and one likely to bring in the use of wide lace flouncings again. One of the novelties is to trim the top of the skirt in very large points, some of which reach to the hem. The lace flounces, of which I have spoken, have each of them a tiny ruching of chiffon at the top. Narrower flounces are put on in deep vandykes at the bottom of the skirt, and a small foot-frill is added at the edge, which is very full and fussy.

Tucked skirts seem likely to be a feature of the year's dresses; some of them are quite deep, and are then edged with a lace or chiffon ruche. There is no doubt that thin materials will be worn over skirts of silk, and thus those women who have half-worn skirts of coloured or black silk will be able to remake them into something pretty and new.

One of the new materials is a very old favourite, but one which had fallen into disuse for some years, that is cashmere, both single and double. One of our illustrations gives a gown of double cashmere trimmed with bands of a darker shade of the heliotrope, in velvet. The wide band is made of the same, and three bands of the velvet are placed at the top of the skirt, while five or six decorate the edge of it. This colour will be very popular this year, the shades being of a rather redder cast than those worn last season.

The style of making a cape and skirt of the same material is a very pretty one. Our illustration shows a cloth gown of mouse-grey with chinchilla trimmings, the cape being one of the new kinds with the sleeves fully defined, and slightly fitting at the back. The hat is velvet of a darker shade with violets and ostrich feathers of the same grey as the gown. The muff is of the same grey as the hat, with the lighter grey introduced as a lining, and the ends of the muff are trimmed with flounces of white lace. White gloves stitched with black are worn, and a white veil with black chenille spots. This dress could, of course, be carried out in any material, and be made far plainer in every way while retaining all its distinctive features. Serge or double cashmere would be equally suitable for it, or velveteen.

The illustration of the three new gowns will explain exactly the methods in which the newest bodices are being made up, and any of them can be very easily copied for use. A front view and a side one of the favourite sleeve of the winter is given in the first and third figures; in the latter the butterfly form is quite visible. The sleeve under this is quite a plain coat sleeve, trimmed with a little lace at the wrists. The centre figure wears a pretty evening blouse with one of the new fichu draperies, and the new flounced sleeve which is so graceful and light. The skirt of this gown is of white satin, and the trimmings are chiffon, embroidered and plain. The evening cape is of white *broché* lined with pink, and white fur edges the capes and collar.

The popularity of the wide belt remains unimpaired up to the present time. It is well suited to all figures except the very stout, but it needs such careful fitting, that it is very often a failure. A stiff lining, and whalebones in front and at the back are generally considered needful, but some dressmakers prefer to fit the silk over the bodice, and to insert the belt into the under-arm seams. This ensures a better fit. They are made high at the back and fasten in the centre of the front or at the side, with a buckle, or a series of small rosettes, bows or a twist, or the material of the belt forms a ruche as a finish.

It is a little too early to speak of hats or bonnets at the present moment, but I should imagine, judging from the sales, that the very high jampot crowns will go out, and a quieter



GOWN OF HELIOTROPE CASHMERE WITH VELVET BANDS.



CLOTH GOWN AND CAPE OF THE SAME.

style altogether will come in. I hear that bright red hats will be the fashion, or white hats with red trimmings, and that one of the most fashionable novelties will be the red geranium, for the decoration of hats; this is a flower which has suffered a very long eclipse, and it is one also that is eminently suited to millinery. The beauty of the leaves is very great, and they are admirably imitated in the artificial flowers. Birds of paradise plumage is gone out, I am glad to say; I think it proved such very unsatisfactory wear, and failed to stand the least bit of wind or weather, that we may put that down as the reason; when the least shabby it presented the most dreadfully dowdy and down-trodden appearance, and it was quite unsuitable to our climate. One is so thankful to have the poor beautiful birds spared for any reason. Wings and birds of all kinds are as much in fashion as they were, but one takes comfort in the idea that they are generally artificial, and made up from the feathers of the pigeon and the barn-yard fowl. It would be pleasant though to see the fashion change entirely, and the plumage of the poor birds be no longer in demand.

White woollen and white chamois leather gloves continue to be the most fashionable wear, and the latter wash so very well with a little care that they are by no means extravagant; with three or four pairs in wear at once you can always look well and appear spotlessly clean. The way to wash them is very simple. Put them on the hands and wash in pretty hot water just as if you were going to wash your hands with white Castile, or what is known as white curd soap. Rinse carefully free of soap and hang to dry in the air, pinning them on a tape fingers downward. Put them on again while not quite dry to stretch them, and then hang them again in the air. Do not use ammonia, as it hardens leather, and be as quick as possible over the business of washing, for the gloves must not be either soaked in water or left wet too long. I hear that white kid gloves are not to be so much worn this year as they were, and that light shades of tan will be the correct thing.

Very fashionable people seem to be wearing the white (not the cream-coloured) washing veils just now, with a border and a small-sized spot. These are seen both on hats and the small bonnets. The middle of the veil is slightly gathered at the top to make it very full over the face, and the tying is arranged so as to tighten the border below the chin. Black veils, with chenille spots and very fine foundation nets, are liked, and white veils are much worn in tulle-spotted nets and even gauze.

Black dresses are likely to remain in fashion, and, now that they are relieved with bright colours of all kinds, they are very becoming. The bodices may be of pink, yellow, orange, green, or blue, with the sleeves of black to match the skirt. With black gowns at night are worn red morocco shoes and stockings to match; a very pretty fashion which made its appearance first in the autumn. Red morocco is also worn for house shoes; but the stockings are usually black.

Many gowns that have not the wide bands have long sashes for afternoon wear. A gown of heliotrope cloth had a sash of heliotrope satin ribbon, rather wide, and another of the same colour and material had a sash of wide white satin ribbon. The jewelled embroidery, which has been such a feature of the winter, seems more than ever beautiful just now, and the fashionable stone in it is the turquoise, and these are of all sizes and shapes. Of course the expense is very great, and hardly worth incurring except by those who have to dress, and who can afford to spend more on it than the ordinary sensible woman would ever think of doing. After all such styles are short-lived and extravagant.

OUR COMPETITION FOR PROFESSIONAL GIRLS.

ONE of the remarkable features of our Queen's long reign is the vigorous, earnest way in which her girl subjects of all ranks are taking their part in the battle of life. They are no longer content to idle away their days and let the men bear the whole burden of existence. One reason of this is not far to seek: deep in the heart of every girl is love for her Queen, who stands first in the army of workers; for fifty years her example has been gradually but surely making its mark in every home in Great Britain. It is no longer the fashion to be idle, for the highest in the land are the most diligent workers, and our Queen the hardest worker of them all.

The knowledge of this gave an impetus to girls, hitherto idle, to bestir themselves and get out of the groove in which custom had placed them; and the reward they have reaped by so doing is that they work now for the love of it and for the health and satisfaction it brings into their lives.

If we wanted proof of this we have it in the hundreds of papers which have been sent to us during the year from girls of all classes describing their work, the manner of doing it, the effect upon themselves and their families,

and the way in which, as workers in the world's hive, they are treated.

Perhaps nothing has ever afforded us greater pleasure in our Editorial capacity than the insight we have gained into the honest, straightforward, conscientious daily round of our girls, whether the occupation be of head or hand.

In comparing the professional competitors with the hand-workers, we are struck by one or two points of difference; for example, the hand-worker if she be a good reliable girl, may slip into work at once with a moderate wage without any serious preparation or previous outlay, while the professional girl must spend time and money in procuring a high-class education and in gaining experience in her special branch of art or science, and even when she is fully equipped for the battle and eager to try her powers, she finds herself on the outside fringe of a mighty army with only a remote chance of being enrolled for active service. Even when this difficulty has been overcome, the wage or salary is so small that it is barely sufficient for her daily wants, while help for the home is impossible.

Again, the handworker's hours and labours are strictly defined, and she can arrange her life accordingly; the professional girl, on the contrary, has no such chance; she goes on from morning till night too often at starvation salary.

Again, the hand-worker is shielded by the government, who will allow no mean advantage to be taken of her willingness to work beyond hours; but who, we would ask, takes care of the gently-nurtured girl-governess in a private high-class school, whose hours are from half-past six in the morning till eleven or twelve at night, and even to the small hours of the morning previous to the examinations, and all this for £18 a year; and not an hour she can call her own?

Or who is there to shield a young governess from her lady employer? One was engaged to teach a little boy, take charge of him night and day and mend and make for him. Gradually the lady has put upon her so many duties that she has drifted into a drudge, till, as she says, she does not know how to describe herself, and this for a salary which no cook or housemaid would accept.

It is pathetic to read some of these competition papers and note how ambition and hope have been almost crushed out of the writers notwithstanding the love of their profession and the desire to help those at home.

Still there is much to be thankful for in the fact that during our Queen's reign many other ways have opened out by which girls may earn an income beside teaching in private schools and private families.

The last fifty years have developed in girls the power and desire to work, and at the same time opportunities have increased for employing their powers in many directions hitherto unknown.

Girls young, bright, full of hope and motherly tenderness find an outlet for all that is best in them in the wards of a hospital or infirmary, and the papers we have received show how successful they are in the work.

Other girls find suitable work as typists or clerks in telephone, telegraph and post offices; or, if they are clever at figures, as clerks in large wholesale houses. Music and painting form the life and daily round of many, although the income is not so reliable as in many other kinds of work.

Extremely touching are some of the references to parental self-sacrifice in order that their children may pursue their career without let or hindrance. We could fill the whole number with interesting matter culled out of these competition papers, which are excellently written; but this is not possible. We congratulate our professional girls on their excellent work.

We hope to print the prize papers next month.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize (£2 2s.).

Agnes Eugenie Smith, Hospital Nurse, Sunderland.

Second Prize (£1 1s.).

St. John's Wort Folk-Lore Collector, Port Charlotte, Islay, N.B.

Third Prize (£1 1s.).

Pimpernel, Organist, Plumstead.

Fourth Prize (£1 1s.).

Cauliflower, Literary Woman, Brixton Hill.

Fifth Prize (£1 1s.).

Dandelion, Post Office Clerk, Islington.

Honourable Mention.

Polyanthus Narcissus, Governess in private family, Norwich.
Clover, Nurse, Ickley, Yorkshire.
Lily of the Valley, Clerk in a Wholesale Confectioner's, Hackney.
White Violet, Daily Governess, Stoke Newington.
Shamrock, Governess in private family, Eaton Place.
Tea Rose, Sorter of postal orders in General Post Office, Barnsbury.
Alice Mary Townsend, Lady Principal of Girls' School, Stewarts Town, Jamaica.
Amy Clare, Shorthand-writer and Typist, Goswell Road.
Holly, Typist and Shorthand-writer, Old Broad Street.
Mignonette, Teacher in high class private school, near Baldock, Herts.
Wild Rose, Photographic Retoucher, Manchester.
Heather, Hospital Nurse, Wakefield.
Christmas Rose, Nurse, Guildford.
Emily Archer, Edgeworthstown, E. Longford.
Water-Lily, Typist, Glasgow.
Pansy, Elementary Teacher, Nottingham.
Fuschia, in Fancy Needlework Factory, City Road.
Isabella S. Lyall, Teacher of the Blind, Arbroath, N.B.
Pansy, Postal and Telegraph Clerk, Liverpool.
Marsh Marigold, Teacher, Manchester.

RECIPES FOR THE MONTH.

Egg Cookery.

Eggs are now cheaper and more plentiful, so we ought to make free use of them.

Fricasseed Eggs make an excellent dish. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a stew-pan, then stir in a small tablespoonful of flour; boil six eggs for five minutes, remove their shells and cut them in halves; add them to the butter and with them a good spoonful of minced parsley, a pinch of aromatic herbs, some seasoning, and a grate of nutmeg. Shake well over the fire until the sauce is cooked, place the eggs in a dish, pour the sauce over and garnish with slices of lemon and tufts of parsley.

Eggs with Brown Gravy are another variation of the above, using the eggs in the same way, only making a good rich brown gravy, leaving the eggs uncut, and garnishing the dish with sippets of dry toast.

Baked Eggs.—Take a shallow fire-proof china dish, butter it thickly. Break into it, without damaging the yolks, as many eggs as it will conveniently hold without their overlapping each other. Drop a small pat of butter on the top of each and sprinkle salt and pepper over all. Set them in the oven for a few minutes; as soon as the butter frizzles and the whites are well "set," the eggs are done. Serve at once. Done this way eggs are much more digestible than when fried. Bring to table in the dish in which they were cooked.

Pancakes and Fritters.—Pancake Day will soon be with us. This institution is so faithfully observed that every cook finds it essential to be acquainted with the method of making King Alfred's favourite dish. There is nothing more wholesome than a well-made and light pancake, and few things are more simple in composition.

Pancakes.—According to the number of those who will partake, allow one large egg and a tablespoonful of flour with a quarter of a pint of milk per person. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and whisk them until very light. To the yolks add the number of spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and the milk by degrees, beating the batter until perfectly smooth; then lightly but thoroughly stir in the whites. Make the batter at least an hour before it is needed for frying, it will be all the lighter for so doing. A thin batter makes the lightest pancakes, therefore add more milk or a little water, if necessary. An iron frying-pan is the best to use, and lard is better than butter or dripping. Refined beef suet is excellent for frying purposes of all kinds. Let the fat be very hot—boiling, in fact, then pour in a small teacupful of batter, tilting the pan that it may run equally all over; as soon as the pancake is lightly browned on one side, turn it sharply over on to the other, using a thin broad-bladed knife for the purpose. Slip each pancake on to a sheet of paper that is well sprinkled with castor sugar; roll them up and arrange neatly on a paper d'oyley. Keep very hot. Send oranges and lemons cut in halves to table with them, also more sugar.

Almost synonymous with pancakes are—

Fritters.—As the same batter makes them, only to the batter is added a little sugar, a few raisins or currants, or the grated rind of a fresh lemon, etc., to give flavour and character. A small pan should be used for frying these, and they should be folded over in half instead of rolling them.

Apple Fritters are differently treated, or, we should say, made. The apples are cored and pared, then sliced through; the slices are dipped into a batter that is made from the white of an egg beaten to a froth, two spoonfuls of salad oil, two of flour, and a little water. The batter must be rather thick. Drop the rings of apple into boiling lard, fry them very quickly to a crisp golden colour, sprinkle with sugar, and pile on a dish.

Oranges sliced make very nice fritters, and apricots and peaches cut in quarters also.

Any remaining batter after pancakes are made may receive the addition of a little fine oaten flour and a spoonful of barm, then it makes exceedingly nice flapjacks or oatcakes for tea.

THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART V.

AT PRESENT.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."



I WONDER if there are any amongst you, my dear girl friends, who are of an over-anxious disposition, or who belong to the class that are said to meet troubles half way. If so, I am hoping that our talk will be of use to you, and that you will be encouraged by it to look at the brighter side of things.

Shall I tell you what made me choose this subject? A few words from a friend's lips, which carried a message to my own heart.

I had been for several weeks confined to the house, and often to bed, by a painful ailment, sciatica, which is very much like toothache, only on a larger scale. It was not the first time I had suffered in this way, and when at last I was able to go out, I went to church with a thankful heart, and yet, I own, not without forebodings.

A friend approached me on the way with a bright face and a kindly inquiry after my health.

"Thank you, I am very well, at present," I replied.

"At present! Why, are you expecting to be ill again?" she asked, with a merry look and laugh, which made me feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. The laugh was not one of ridicule. The speaker was far too kindly to indulge in such mirth. She meant to turn my thoughts from past suffering to present mercies, and to bid me look at the bright prospect which my renewed strength had opened before me. I shall never forget those few words, or the effect they had upon me. What right had I to let my mind dwell upon the possibility that the morrow, or some far-off day would bring back the pain from which I had been mercifully freed? I ought to have been thinking with joyful gratitude of my deliverance from pain and my power to move about freely; of the privilege of going to the house of God once more, and joining with His people in prayer and praise.

Mine should have been the most thankful heart beneath that consecrated roof. And yet, on the way, I spoke as if I were anticipating evil days to come, instead of rejoicing over a blessing already given.

As a rule, I can thankfully say that I am not one who meets trouble half way, for amongst God's many good gifts to me, and one for which I have had daily cause to praise Him, is the tendency to look at the best side of things.

Such a precious gift cannot be too highly valued. It brings sunshine into the gloomiest prospect; it suggests cause for hope when circumstances combine to make us hopeless; it imagines an outlet, when trouble appears to be closing us in on all sides. It looks back into the past and sees there that happiness has, ever and always, been far in excess of sorrow; that blessings and mercies have been countless, and trials comparatively few.

Memory once awakened, revels in enumerating the gifts and favours which have come to us straight from the good hand of God; the greater part of them without having been asked for, all without merit on our part.

By thus looking backward into the past, we learn many precious lessons, above all, to trust more fully that loving Father God, who has dealt so graciously with us; we gain courage to face present realities, and the threatening future loses its frown.

Doubts and fears vanish when the voice of thanksgiving is uplifted. Hands, which hung idly down during the first moments of despondency, are soon usefully employed, and the active worker waits God's time for the burden of anxiety to be wholly removed.

Perhaps you are saying to yourselves, "This is a delightful picture, but can you always look on the bright side of things?" Alas! no, dear girls. Have I not already given you a sample of a foreboding disposition which, at times, gets the mastery? Have I not shown you one instance of my over-anxiety as to what the morrow might bring forth, and that, too, at the moment when my heart should have overflowed with thanksgiving?

I feel that when sitting with you in the twilight, I am in a kind of confessional. I do not hesitate to tell you not only of what I have found cheering and helpful, but of the further helps of which I still fail to take advantage, though they are well within both your reach and mine.

My special object in this talk is to show you the value of a bright and hopeful disposition which tries to make the best of its surroundings, and which is so helpful to others. That has a cheery word for those who are downcast, an encouraging one for the timid nature which magnifies difficulties and halts at every step, deterred by the thought of what may be ahead, though the path of duty lies plain before her. That renders voluntary kindnesses, as if receiving instead of conferring them, and thus doubles their value.

Think how precious and hope-inspiring such a bright nature must be in a time of sickness; for it carries a smiling face and hopeful words to the bedside of a sufferer, and by conquering its own inclination to weep, strives to evoke an answering smile.

"I could not do that," you say. "I have enough to do to conquer my own tendency to get down-hearted. What I feel I must show. It is all very well for you who say that you are naturally inclined to look at the best side of things. I am not."

Then the more honour to you, if, for the sake of others, you assume a cheerfulness you do not wholly feel. It is easy to smile when your heart is glad. It is, I own, very difficult to do it when you are weighed down by the same sorrow which affects one dear to you, whose burden you would fain lighten if you could.

Shall I give you an instance or two of the good resulting from such self-control?

A girl of nineteen had accompanied her Sunday scholars on a Whitsuntide excursion. Her father had just passed the crisis of a long and dangerous illness, but was still so weak that any little shock might have cost him his life.

Knowing the vast excursion traffic at that season, he was prepared for possible delays; but when, instead of returning home at eight o'clock, ten came and his daughter was still absent, he became excited and anxious.

The mother was no less concerned, for everything had been so carefully planned to ensure the early return of the little scholars, that delay on this occasion caused more than usual anxiety. She did not show her fears, however, but, with a smiling face, reminded her husband of old experiences, spoke of the many friends who had gone with the school, and, best of all, said—

"Our darling is in the path of duty, and in God's keeping. We will ask His blessing on all the absent ones, for whom so many other fathers and mothers are, like ourselves, waiting."

Dropping on her knees, and holding the worn hand of her husband in both hers, she offered a brief but heartfelt prayer for the safety of all who were journeying that night. Strengthened by this herself, she was able to speak still more cheerfully, and, having tenderly kissed the wan face of her husband, she said—

"All will be well, dearest. Try to sleep a little."

The effect was wonderful. In a little time the invalid slept calmly, and was unconscious how the minutes were flying. Not so the wife. She watched and waited. Eleven struck, and then the hall-door was opened, and she stole softly down to meet—not her daughter, but a servant who had gone with another school in a different direction.

She was becoming greatly alarmed, but on returning to her husband's room and finding him awake, she expressed neither doubt nor fear.

"It was Mary who came in, dear," she said in answer to his questioning look. "She has been long delayed, but she tells me many trains are not far outside the stations, but waiting to get in safely. There have been no accidents. We shall welcome our dear one soon."

Midnight had struck before the girl returned and reported that for four weary hours the band of children, with clergymen and teachers, had been kept at a country station awaiting their train, but all were now safe home.

The girl told how, by the incessant efforts of some teachers, the children had been cheered and amused through the weary waiting time.

"But for them it would have seemed much longer," she added, "and I am sure we should

have had weeping children and peevish, scolding, older people, instead of laughter amongst the little ones, and quiet patience in the case of the teachers."

To the wife, the invalid husband said—

"Dear, your smiling face and encouraging words saved me. If, after Mary arrived, you had come to me with tears and doleful forebodings, I should have died."

Years after that, the wife was starting on her homeward journey from a seaside place, when a young lady entered the carriage and took an opposite seat. She was evidently in trouble, and from time to time a tear stole down her cheek which she strove to hide.

The older traveller was stirred to sympathy, and ventured to express it, though without showing any intrusive curiosity as to the trouble itself.

"I have had a bad telegram," said the young lady. "I expected my husband to join me and our children for the week-end. Instead of him came the message from his brother, 'John very ill. Return at once.' If only I knew more, it would be something. As it is, I am imagining everything that is dreadful—even that I may not find him alive!"

Tears prevented further speech.

"Why not look at the more hopeful side?" asked the elder traveller. "The illness came on suddenly, and it may have passed away quickly also. Do not meet trouble half way. You have a certain amount of reality to disturb your mind, but you are imagining the worst that is possible. If you go on weeping, the sight of swollen eyes and a sorrowful face will do your husband harm. You do not know the value of a bright smile in a sick room. It carries hope with it."

The speaker then told of her own experience and of her husband's words, when both were alike anxious for their daughter's safety. Then she asked about the general health of her companion's husband, and, finding that it was exceptionally good, pointed out another source of comfort in this. Then she led the young wife on to speak of her children, of her happy married life, and of its loving partner. The little people had just got well over one of the ailments common to childhood. In this again was a subject for thankfulness and encouragement.

Gradually the young wife's tears were dried; smiles took their place, and, instead of forebodings as to the issue of her husband's illness, she began to dwell with thankfulness on past and present blessings, and to hope for the best.

"That is right," said the elder traveller. "Now mind you carry a brave heart and a bright face to your husband's side. He will have been anxious for you also."

"I am as weak as a child when trouble touches those I love, especially my husband," was the answer.

"I understand, and it is at such seasons that we feel the need of a better strength than our own. If we can only say as David did, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. In God have I put my trust,' we shall not feel that we have to face trouble alone."

There was no time for more than a farewell, a hand clasp, a whispered prayer that the young wife might find a happy issue to her present trouble, and the two travellers parted.

A day later, the dear young wife wrote to her travelling companion a sweet letter, with good news of her husband. She was able to tell that the attack had passed off suddenly, and he was doing well. She added—

"I feel very grateful to you for your really kind sympathy, and you made me feel so much stronger to face whatever was in store for me."

When I tell you any little story illustrative of the subject we are talking about, you may always be sure that it is absolutely true. From this last, I hope I have shown you the value of a bright, trustful, and hopeful character which calls to mind God's goodness in the past, and in contemplating it, finds present strength. Also, I want you to think how helpful you may be to others by encouraging them to do likewise; yet never forgetting to remind them of the sweet words of promise which are strewn broadcast over the pages of God's Word. I could write a long list of them, but it will be far better that you should look them out for yourselves.

I hope you are all familiar with that soul-inspiring hymn of praise which must have stirred the hearts of millions of Christians during nearly two centuries that have sped since Addison wrote it.

"When all Thy mercies, O, my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

I will not quote it in full, for I have no doubt you have joined in singing the hymns many times, as most hymn-books include it. One verse might have been the text of our talk this evening.

"Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

I have often felt thankful that, as a child, I was made to commit these words to memory, and during my later years they have gone up to God as my thanksgiving also.

I pray, dear ones, that the cheerful heart, the spirit of thankfulness for infinite mercies and of humble submission to God's Will, may be given to each of you, as well as the courage which can only come from a deep sense of joy at the thought of His never-failing love, and His infinite wisdom in dealing with His children.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER Mr. Grant returned home morose and disappointed, he sought his agent, and the conversation he held with him was such as would have puzzled many a man less versed in the ways of the world than Mr. Williams, agent all his life to men of fortune.

"A great many of my tenants are in arrears, you say, Mr. Williams?" said Mr. Grant.

"Yes, several," was the reply. "Jones of Cwngarwn——"

"Ah! you have mentioned him, and others besides, often. But their debts are comparatively trifling, and I really must have money."

"There is Mrs. Llewellen; but you would never allow me to ask her," suggested Mr. Williams.

"What does she owe?" asked Mr. Grant.

"About twenty or thirty pounds, I should think. A mere trifle; still, if money must be had, a help."

"Very true," said Mr. Grant; "but did you not mention some other person whom you thought it right to distrain?"

"Yes; but you would not hear of it, because Mr. Lloyd of Glanheathyn was implicated."

"To be sure, I remember; but what were the circumstances?"

"Jones, the man I alluded to, was set up in the Sun by the interest of Mr. Lloyd, who went security for him to a large amount. I believe he has met with some losses, but from one cause and another, he is on the brink of ruin, and you are his principal creditor. The respect entertained for Mr. Lloyd has prevented many from seizing upon Jones's goods, but cannot do so much longer."

"It seems a hard case," said Mr. Grant, "and it is a hard case that I cannot get my rents paid. But I must leave it all to you. I am going into Scotland, grouse-shooting, and must have money."

"It is easily got," said Mr. Williams, who was not famous for overmuch softness of heart, "by making people pay what they owe."

"I know so little about these matters," said Mr. Grant, glancing up in the agent's face, where he could read nothing but the caution of a cool, calculating spirit; "I know I am imposed upon; so perhaps I had better empower you to act as you think best during my absence. You can see what is to be done."

"No reservations?" asked the steward inquisitively.

"None," said Mr. Grant, with a determination of tone that his agent understood. "I shall be off to morrow, and you must set to work to get in the rents at once. I don't know where to tell you to direct to me, as I shall be here, there and everywhere. You had better, perhaps, send remittances through my uncle's banker in Edinburgh, from whom I can easily obtain them when I choose; and remember, although I give you *carte blanche*, you need not use my name, as there is no good in getting unpopular amongst these kind of people. You understand me?"

Mr. Williams bowed, and said he did, but as his features did not change, Mr. Grant could not quite make out whether he approved or disapproved. He might have been at ease, however, on that

head, as Mr. Williams had no compunctions of conscience, and always comforted himself with the impression that any harsh act was allowable when done for another, and not on his own account or responsibility. He received Mr. Grant's rents and managed his affairs, as he did for many other persons, but knew little or nothing of his employer's tenants. Before Mr. Grant came he had been a hard master, merely coming at stated times to receive the rents, and to order a distress upon such poor souls as could not pay them. Mr. Grant knew something of this when he looked into his affairs, and was himself more lenient; but it appeared that lack of money had hardened his heart, and that he was now about to proceed upon the old system.

"Your need of money is not immediate?" said Mr. Williams. "I must have time to make inquiries, and so on."

"I can wait a few weeks," replied Mr. Grant; "indeed, would prefer your taking and giving time, but in a month or six weeks at farthest, I must receive a remittance. I may be absent about two months."

"And you empower me to act in all cases?"

"Ah, just as you think proper. I know you will be perfectly correct, and my confidence in you is unlimited. You can send me a line from time to time to say how you are getting on. I may or may not receive your letters, but you can direct them to my uncle's, Sir John Grant. You need not say where I am gone, for my movements are uncertain."

"Your wishes shall be followed to the letter of the law," replied the agent. "But you must understand that we attorneys do not do things by halves."

Mr. Grant was provoked by Mr. Williams's pertinacity, and told him to do as he liked and not bore him about it. The agent assured him that he should not be troubled, and they sat down to a good dinner and plenty of capital wine.

The following morning Mr. Grant took his departure, and his worthy representative set to work to examine books, write lawyer's letters, and do the best he could to make a great many poor people miserable. He allowed nearly a fortnight to elapse before he took any effectual measures to procure the money required, when he gave Mr. Grant's tenants to understand that he had been desired to collect the rents and to enforce their payment. Many disbelieved the latter part of the assertion, but all strove to pay. The last hope, the cow, or the pig, or the wheat, was sold; and where these were not, other things of less value. Some could not make up their rent at all, and but for Mr. Lloyd's ready hand, would have lost their little furniture or stock, and been ruined irretrievably. He gave and lent to his last farthing, saying that he was sure when Mr. Grant returned matters would mend again, and that he would make up for his agent's too rigid performance of what he considered his duty.

It was not until a month or five weeks after Mr. Grant's departure for Scotland that Lady Llewellen received a polite letter from Mr. Williams respecting her rent. She was sitting alone with Gwenllean, and they were engaged for the hundredth time in canvassing Mr. Grant's proposal. Gwenllean knew that the period of decision was approaching, yet she was as undecided as ever. She was supremely wretched. Not in word, look or action did she display the misery she felt, but the searcher of hearts knew how much she suffered. She prayed fervently to be directed aright; but when her feelings revolted against an engagement with Mr. Grant, she feared that her own selfishness was the one grand obstacle, and that a wilful cherishing of Herbert's memory stood in the way of the happiness of all those she loved best. Her mother would not influence her, but entreated her to decide as she thought most likely to conduce to her own happiness, and not to allow herself to be worked upon either by a fancied compassion for Mr. Grant or a desire to assist her friends. Gwenllean was well aware that her mother secretly hoped that she might, with time, so far forget Herbert as to love Mr. Grant, and, by marrying him, be placed beyond the trials that surrounded her. But this could never be. She might, she believed, do her duty towards him as a wife, and give him, what he alone expected, her friendship, and such love as she had yet to bestow. But was it right, she asked herself—was it justifiable in the sight of God to make a solemn vow with these feelings? She was tormented by doubts and perplexities, and her only consolation was that she was in the hands of a Supreme Being, who, she trusted, would direct her aright, and would mercifully arrange the events of her existence, so as to lead her by His invisible hand into the proper course. Poverty lay beside her on the one hand, riches on the other. Had she her own interest alone to consider she would have joyfully chosen poverty; but for others, riches held out a strong temptation. One thought of the past made poverty and the memory of Herbert preferable to riches, but the present and the future?

These thoughts were rushing through her mind when Miriam brought a letter from the agent. Its contents were brief but respectful. He said he had been requested by Mr. Grant to collect his rents during his absence, and would be obliged by the payment of Mrs. Llewellen's as soon as possible.

The mother and daughter looked at one another in silence. They were awe-struck. How could they pay five-and-twenty pounds, when they had only a few pounds left to subsist upon, and depended upon Gwenllean's chance successes with her drawings for the future.

"Mr. Grant can know nothing of this," said Lady Llewellen, at last. "I must write to him, and tell him that I will pay him as soon as I can obtain remittances. You know they promised to send us some soon."

"No!" said Gwenllean, "if I beg or borrow the money, I will pay it. I can ask Mr. Lloyd to lend it to us, and we can repay him by instalments. He knows how we are situated now, I am sure. David, too, may be able to help us. Anything, dear mamma, rather than further obligation to Mr. Grant. It would be like binding myself to marry him by way of payment. We can easily obtain the sum, I am sure, and then perhaps—it may be better to leave the cottage altogether, and get a humbler one."

The latter part of this sentence was said hesitatingly, and a tear stood in Gwenllean's eye.

"Yes, my love," said Lady Llewellen, "we have much to think of, and some change must be made, if——"

Gwenllean understood what that "if" implied; but she felt less inclination to Mr. Grant than ever.

"The man is waiting for an answer, ma'am, if there is one," said Miriam.

Lady Llewellen wrote a few lines to say that she would endeavour to send the money in a day or two; and then Gwenllean asked whether one or the other of them had not better go at once to Mr. Lloyd.

"Lizzie is so unwell to-day that I do not like to leave her," said Lady Llewellen.

"Then may I go, my dear mother?" asked Gwenllean. "I shall have no compunction in begging this favour of Mr. Lloyd."

Lady Llewellen assented, and with a beating, anxious heart, Gwenllean proceeded to Glanheathyn.

She found Mr. Lloyd in his usual seat in the library, but so immersed in some letter or paper that he was reading as not to be conscious of her presence. There was a painful expression in his countenance, as if his mind was perplexed with some doubt or difficulty, and his head leant heavily on his hand. Gwenllean put her hand gently on his shoulder and kissed his forehead.

"Ah! is that you, my love?" he said, looking up. "I am glad you are come. Perhaps you can tell me what this means, for I am so bewildered of late, that I do not clearly understand things at once."

Mr. Lloyd gave the paper he was poring over to Gwenllean, who sat down by his side, and read it attentively. The contents alarmed her, though she did not entirely comprehend their meaning. It was a letter from an inn-keeper residing at a village at some distance, stating, in the most distressing terms, that he feared he was a ruined man; nay, worse than ruined, since his misery involved his best benefactor in considerable losses. He had been sued by Mr. Grant for heavy arrears of rent, upon which his other creditors became alarmed, and flocked in. Losses upon losses, bad debts, and the ill-conduct of his children, had brought destruction upon him; and even if his little all was sold, a prison must be his end. He reproached himself for not having given up the inn long before; for speculating beyond his means; but above all, for not having told Mr. Lloyd that his fortunes were sinking. Still he hoped that his best, his most generous friend, would not be called upon for any portion of his debts.

The letter was incoherent, badly spelt, and ill-written; but Gwenllean managed to pick it out, and to explain it, as well as she could, to Mr. Lloyd.

"Ah! poor Jones," he said, after some consideration; "who could believe this? I would have staked my life upon that man's success and honour. But who is proof against misfortunes?"

"Has this anything to do with you?" asked Gwenllean, anxiously.

"I don't know. It may have, but my memory is so bad. I believe I went security for him when he was set up in the world, some twenty or thirty years ago. He was bred and born at Glanheathyn, and I know I did my best to forward his taking that inn, which was a heavy affair for a young man."

"But, my dear Mr. Lloyd," said Gwenllean, becoming seriously alarmed, "will you not be liable to be called upon for his debts, as security?"

"It is possible. I wish Herbert were here. He could manage this for me, but now he is gone everything is gone with him. Poor fellow! he thought to provide against all 'casualties and evil accidents,' as our excellent liturgy says; and to have a care for all of us, when he insisted upon leaving all his fellowship-money in my hands—but I am forgetting. I promised not to tell—no, not even you."

A light burst upon Gwenllean. It was through Herbert Mr. Lloyd's means had increased, and she and her mother had been relieved. The fellowship was now, of course, thrown up.

"Poor Jones!" continued Mr. Lloyd. "Mr. Grant from home too. I wish he had not left so much power in Williams's hands. He is one who never knew how to use it; at least he has his employer's interest too much at heart to use it with discretion."

"But yourself, my dear sir? If you are called upon to pay, are you prepared?"

"We must not anticipate sorrow, my little Gwenllean. You are too anxious for your age. You ought not to have known trouble yet; but—don't cry, love; all is for the best. The Almighty sends us afflictions to try our faith, and never tries us beyond what we are able to bear."

"Will you come home with me, and let us talk this letter over with mamma?" said Gwenllean, who perceived that this would be no time to enter upon the subject that brought her to Glanheathyn.

"Willingly," was the reply, "we will go at once," and they set off accordingly.

Neither Lady Llewellen nor Gwenllean knew anything, personally, of Jones, the innkeeper, therefore they could only guess, from the tenor of his letter, that Mr. Lloyd must be in danger of being considerably injured by his failure. Mr. Lloyd, who always looked on the bright side, if he could find one, said he did not suppose he should be called upon as security, since Jones must have enough to pay his debts. He would, however, see the agent, and inquire particulars.

Lady Llewellen, who knew how easily he would be overreached suggested writing to Williams, and asking him to call upon them at the cottage, which was accordingly done.

The agent was from home; gone, it was supposed, to the village in which Jones resided, therefore there was no hope of seeing him that day. Mr. Lloyd returned home, his mind engrossed, not with his own pressing cares, but with the necessity of getting good medical advice for Lizzie, whose hectic bloom had reminded him of the flush that he used to gaze upon with fearful love on the cheek of his own daughter.

The agent called at the cottage the following morning. He was all smiles, expecting to receive Lady Llewellen's rent, but he was disappointed; she did not even mention it. She inquired concerning the state of Jones's affairs, and was told that he was a ruined man. She then asked whether, when all was sold, there would be sufficient to discharge his debts. Mr. Williams said there would not; but that he feared Mr. Lloyd would be called upon, as security, to make up the sum. Lady Llewellen looked at him with scorn as he said "feared," for she felt that he was the cause of all.

"For what sum may he be responsible?" she asked.

"To any amount, I fancy," was the reply; "but a few hundreds may, perhaps, cover it."

"A few hundreds!" exclaimed Lady Llewellen; "why, he has not——" she would have added, a few pounds in ready money, but she restrained herself. "Does Mr. Grant know of this?" she continued.

"Mr. Grant requested me to collect his rents, madam," replied the agent coldly.

"But he would not—at least, I think he would not—allow Mr. Lloyd to be thus entangled," said Lady Llewellen. "Have you written to him upon the subject?"

"I have not his address, madam: he is in Scotland grouse-shooting, and left no direction behind him."

"But could you not wait his return; at least, not proceed to extremities?"

"The law must take its course, madam. I act for my employer; if he should disapprove, I must, naturally, answer to him when he returns. Have you anything further to say, as I am compelled to leave on account of business?"

"Only to entreat you to consider before you proceed in this affair Mr. Lloyd's advanced age, his misfortunes, his respectability, his long residence in this parish as clergyman, his acknowledged worth, as well as the stain it would cast upon the character of your employer, if he were to be injured. At least, wait for Mr. Grant's return."

"Mr. Grant is not sole creditor, madam, there are others; and Mr. Lloyd must share the fate of those who foolishly go security without calculating the cost."

"But," said Gwenllean, for the first time speaking, and casting a beseeching glance from eyes that even Mr. Williams felt to be almost irresistible, "wait but a few days, a few weeks, until we see or hear from Mr. Grant; we could write to him, mamma. I—I am sure he would not prosecute this fearful thing."

A smile passed over the agent's face, for he was a man of penetration.

"I do not doubt your power, Miss Llewellen," he said. "It has succeeded, I know, in one or two instances. Should Mr. Grant return in time it may again: but of this I am no judge. My duty is plain. I must collect his rents, which are all sadly in arrears."

The sarcastic way in which this was spoken annoyed both Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean. They perceived what they already knew but too well, that nothing was to be made of the agent, and that they, as well as Mr. Lloyd, were in his power. In a few days there might be a distress in their own beloved home. But this was secondary now; Mr. Lloyd's misfortune threatened to be overwhelming. He had nothing but his small living, every farthing of which was spent, as it was received, in his parish. A call for a few hundred pounds might be far beyond his means, and the difficulty of payment might accelerate his end. A dreadful feeling of self-reproach came over Gwenllean. All this might have been avoided by an effort; a sacrifice on her part.

"Could you give a clue to Mr. Grant's present residence?" she asked again, heedless of the agent's meaning glance.

"None, upon my honour," was the reply. "Would it be more agreeable," he added, turning to Lady Llewellen, "for me to call upon you to receive the little sum due to Mr. Grant, or would you prefer sending it to me?"

"I will endeavour to let you have it in a day or two," said Lady Llewellen, trying to speak calmly; "and, in the meantime, I trust Mr. Lloyd will not be harassed. He is in a very precarious state; and it is impossible to say what a great shock of any kind may occasion."

"I do not imagine much can be done for a few days," said the agent, "since Jones's own means are uncertain; but Mr. Lloyd must be responsible!"

The agent arose, but he turned away to avoid Gwenllean's tearful look, as she bent coldly and stiffly when he wished her good-morning. Neither she nor her mother could speak for some moments. Afflictions were, indeed, pressing heavily upon them.

"There is no hope but in God, my love," said Lady Llewellen; "let us lay our sorrows before Him and He will teach us to bear them."

"Anything but Mr. Lloyd!" sobbed Gwenllean. "I could bear all but to see him so afflicted."

"He trusts in no unstable reed," said Lady Llewellen, "and will not be deserted."

"He shall not," said Gwenllean, with a rigid determination of voice.

Lady Llewellen sat down to write, for the hundredth time, for remittances; and Gwenllean crossed again to Glanheathyn, where she found Mr. Lloyd calm and resigned as ever.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

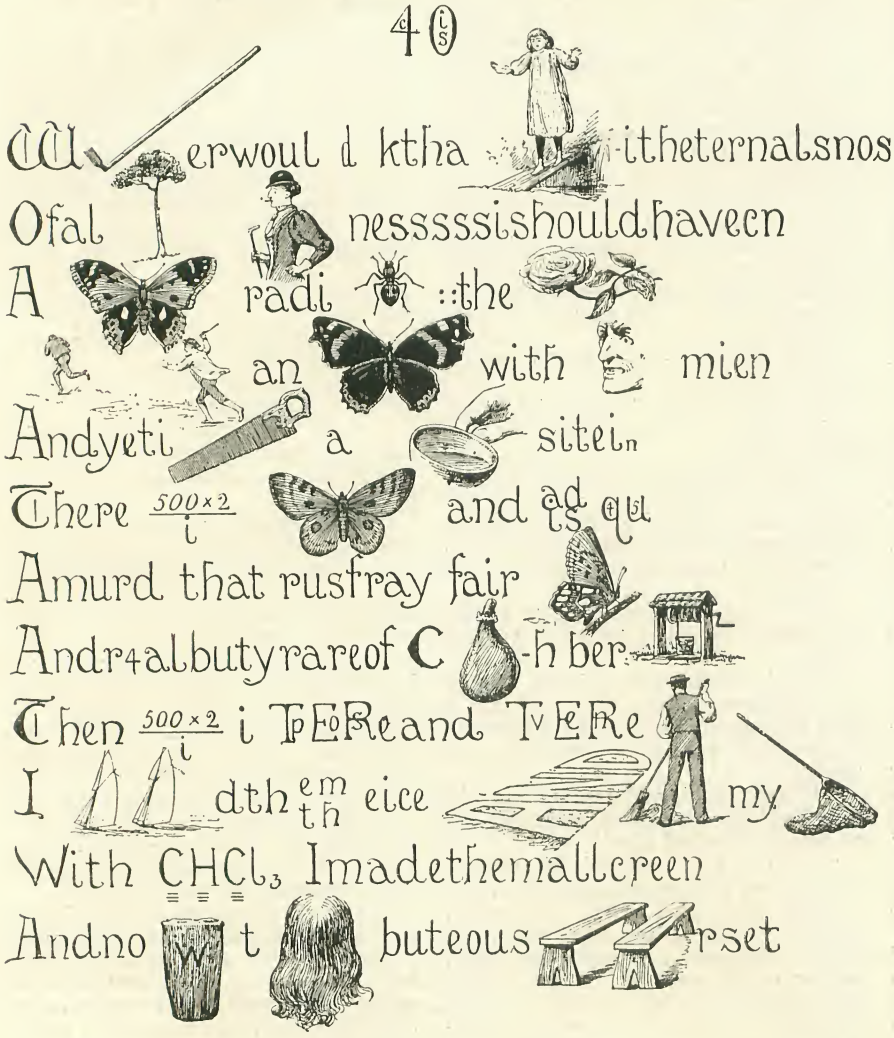
GABRIEL.—If really sincere, then you are in a condition of readiness; but provided that your only trust and hope of acceptance be in the atonement of our blessed Redeemer.

ELISE.—We suppose you mean a dressmaker's "dummy." These are generally advertised in distinctively fashion papers. Otherwise we think any dressmaker would tell you where to obtain one. We do not give trade addresses. The chief place to look for them is in Tottenham Court Road.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

LEPIDOPTERA

40



** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be April 16, 1897; from Abroad, June 17, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

A CONSTANT READER, and PATERFAMILIAS.—Our readers have failed to observe that we did not say "Chatham Islands," which is a group, but "Chatham Island," which refers to one only. In point of fact, there are two groups under that name, and two separate single ones; while the only islands with which they, our correspondents, appear to be acquainted, consist of the group 380 miles east of New Zealand. The locality to which we referred is off the west coast of Patagonia.

VIOLET.—There is much confusion in the minds of many people besides your own on the subject of the wild berries which you name. The bilberry, hartleberry and whortleberry, are one and the same plant (*Vaccinium myrtillus*). It grows abundantly in Devon and Surrey, and is generally plentiful in the north of Europe. Of this plant there are several varieties. The fruit is purple, with a bloom like that of a plum, and is excellent made into tarts and eaten with cream. The dewberry is a variety of the black, or bramble-berry (*Rubus fructicosus*). The berries are larger and fewer than those of the blackberry, and the plant is said to be worth garden cultivation. The cranberry is a red variety of the whortleberry (*Vaccinium aliginosum*), and the berries are larger in size, and are eaten as the whortleberry. But whereas the latter grows on the hills and commons, the cranberry grows in peaty bogs and marshes, such as those in Cumberland, Lincolnshire, Sussex and Scotland. Quantities of this berry are imported from North America, Germany and Russia. Of the barberry and juniper berry we need say nothing, as no mistakes are made about them.

ROY'S WIFE.—The *sobriquet* of the Royal Scots Greys is, "The Second to None;" and the "Mudlarks," are the Royal Engineers.

TRYING TO BE TRUE TO MYSELF.—Your account of your apostacy is indeed grievous. We recommend you to study Dr. Cairn's "Present Day Tracts" ("Christ the Central Evidence of Christianity," and others) Nos. 1, 3, 6, 27, 49 and 61. The collection is bound in cloth boards, price 2s. 6d., and published at our office. "Straining efforts" in prayer addressed to no Supreme Deity, and the mere force of a human will, can never avail. Prayer is answered, according to the Divine Covenant, through pleading the sacred name, merits and promises of our blessed Redeemer, the God-Man, Christ Jesus. Those whose hearts are given in love and gratitude to their Divine Benefactor are influenced by these sentiments to please Him, and obey His commands in "helping others"—quite apart from the "hope of reward"—although the reward of living in His "Presence" and being reunited to those who loved and served Him on earth, must naturally prove a great encouragement to the most grateful and unselfish. At the very root of scepticism lies pride. The pride that made Cain offer fruits only to his Maker (having no spiritual signification), for he did not recognise his own sinfulness and need of an atonement, as did his brother, who offered the typical lamb, and was accepted. That Cain needed an atonement was proved by the awful outbreak of his sinful nature as a fratricide.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Certainly it is difficult to make little varieties for the table when means are small, and you live in the suburbs of a little country town. But your father's suppers, on his return home from his business, are matters of importance to which you must give careful thought. As for the re-dressing of cold meat it is a troublesome essential. A man needs something hot. The foreign plan of scooping out the seeds of a vegetable marrow from one end with a long spoon, and filling it with minced meat, peppered and moistened with a little butter, and then boiled till tender is a good recipe. If you had a cold (dressed) pork sausage to mix in with the cold minced scraps of meat, having removed the skin, you would find the dish popular. As to the sweet course, a nice dish is made by boiling and shelling some chestnuts, placing them, broken, in the middle of a dish and surrounding them with thick whipped cream flavoured with vanilla. It is a good thing to lay in a bag of chestnuts for the winter as foreigners do, for they are very wholesome and nourishing.

MEG.—What gives the colouring to the sea, lakes and rivers is still a disputed point. In different places there are good reasons to be adduced, but conditions vary, and no one cause can be of universal application.

F. M. D. CHARD.—We do not give opinions of character and intellectual ability from handwriting; although, no doubt, these characteristics in the writer are often very strongly indicated in the writing, and easily recognised by persons who have gained experience by the study. We are glad you enjoyed our article on "the names of houses," but whether we shall give one on surnames remains to be seen.

LEEDS.—The name Irene is Greek, and means "peaceful." It is spelt in the same way in French, Italian and German. In French there is a grave accent over the first "e," there is none in English, in which it is divided into three syllables, I-re-ne, pronouncing the "i" and the "e" according to their respective sounds in our own alphabet.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 897.] MARCH 6, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THAT HORRID BOY NEXT DOOR.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."
The Day is Done.

HE would make faces at them over the hedge, and call them ugly names, Jeffie being a pet target, because she happened to be the unfortunate possessor of a head of rank, red hair; so the Doran girls detested him.

His tutor had him safe in hand while the morning lasted, but with the afternoon would come that horrid boy next door; and as this was the only time when the Doran girls could attempt to enjoy the latest fiction, or talk little private and confidentials over cups of tea, out of the sweetest ware, it was particularly annoying to be overlooked and overheard by that boy next door, and at the same time be regaled to a perfect vocabulary of unpleasant and decidedly uncomplimentary remarks. But the Dorans were a match for him, and were pretty well posted up in little spicy retorts with which they retaliated.

"I say, girls," said Jo one day when things were at their hottest, "I really believe we enjoy quarrelling with the little prig. Why on earth don't we ignore him? He'd grow tired then, methinks; but, as it is, we encourage him. Hear me then, girls; henceforth I mean to be a fair sample of peace, and plenty of it."

Jo and Jeffie Doran were twins, but, comparatively speaking, they were as different as chalk and cheese. Whereas Jeffie was slight and delicate, fresh-complexioned, and red-haired, Jo was the extreme reverse, being short and dumpy, dark as a gipsy, with a brown, freckled skin, and big, honest blue eyes.

"Horribly substantial-looking, don't you know," Miss Becky, the youngest, loved to put in.

Shortly after Jo's declaration there was a pitched battle going on over the hedge. Jo, true to herself, had no share in the proceedings, though the irrepressible fierceness, so faithfully depicted on her good-natured face, went so far as to say she was enjoying it. From a



"SHE KNOCKED AT THE STUDY DOOR."

All rights reserved.]

hammock she lazily watched the others have a "jolly good set to," and even shouted "bravo" when every now and then Jeffie "let him have it," or Becky's stinging taunt made the victim shudder for the moment.

Half an hour, and quite a little tragedy had been enacted; yet, in spite of three to one, that boy had the odds on his side.

"It was quite a wounded temper," ruffled Jeffie, with a face flushed to the roots of her hair, that at last besieged Jo under the apple-tree.

"I think it's monstrously caddish of you, Jo, I do, to be mum when you hear one run down so shamefully; it's unnatural, and I don't care. I would scorn to do it to you."

And Jo smiled a calm, soothing smile.

"Thank you so much, dear, it's lovely of you to say so, but I don't really think I shall have the pleasure of testing your fidelity. Never mind, though, I'm very much obliged to you all the same, you know. Fact is, I find ignoring him is suiting me splendidly; indeed you'll hardly believe it when I say my constitution isn't the same. I'm convinced it's heaps healthier to have nothing to say to him. And then the day is much too hot. I really couldn't fag; you know I hate work at the best of times; and another thing, I like the mood to fit the deed, and I feel just now more like making it up with him than quarrelling, but I wouldn't have you suppose for one moment that such an admission means anything more than that I'm just as dead nuts as ever on the little wretch, but I would argue that it is so much more comfortable and satisfactory to be selfish and study one's self in preference to one's neighbour, especially on such an afternoon; so if you allow poor old Jo to prate, take this example," indicating herself, "And go you and do the same. Forgive my heathenism, but Mr. Willis's text is so deliciously appropriate here. And please don't let him see our little weakness—there, you'll be all right soon, and forget that such a piece of humanity ever existed as that next door. Be wise in time, dear; take heart—bah—bosh—how those nasty gnats bite—ugh"—slapping the air with two pudgy, brown hands. "And now, as I am keeping Morpheus waiting, I'll say farewell to all my greatness for a little while—yah—y-a-ah," and with a yawn Jo Doran settled herself among the cushions and soon fell asleep neath the whispering leaves of the friendly old apple-tree.

"It's sound advice enough," admitted Jeffie. "Shall we e'en pocket our pride and follow suit."

"Barkis is willin', I'm sure," muttered Doll from the vicinity of a lilac sunshade. Becky didn't care how soon.

The consequence was they saw less of that boy next door, and Jo's social position in the home circle went up considerably.

It fell upon an ideal day—the swell garden-party up at the Hall. All the Dorans were invited, and all but Jo availed themselves of the invitation. She refused on the plea that she hadn't a gown fit to go in.

"My stuff one's much too hot, and my every-day, knock-about gingham too shabby, and my prints, one and all, have run up shockingly in the wash," she breathed to the Squire's plump, little lady, who had called on them. This evoked much regret on the hostess's part. She had so reckoned on Jo's company; besides, she had taken it upon herself to bring Jo out. She figured too little in the society doings, and the Squire was quite cross about it. Jo was a special pet of Squire Thorhold's. Inwardly she hated anything with society tacked on to it, outwardly she smiled a meaning smile, and somehow the Squire's pretty little wife guessed she was not sorry.

"Such an odd girl that little one of the doctor's—so unfathomable, so ungirlish; and yet she makes me like her, and I can forgive her fifty times over those rigid, socialistic views and her love of ceremony, and even those funny, waistless gowns." So said the Squire's wife often, so said everybody in Pentonthorpe.

"Couldn't you coax one out of your father?" Mrs. Thorhold persisted.

"I don't think I should like, you know," Jo said. "You see, I've been so extravagant this year. There was my den—and you'd really be surprised to see what a quantity of art serge it wanted to make it even respectable. And it wanted repapering and new curtains. And then I've spent quite a little fortune in postage-stamps for my stories, and they are always declined with thanks, that's the worst part of it, because the girls say I only ape literary, and all I do is to smudge my fingers and make a mess."

And when their visitor had gone, as they watched her drive away in her smart little carriage, Jo told the girls: "I was really thankful for the excuse. With regard to frocks, I'm shockingly badly off, but it's my own fault. I believe I could coax a dozen out of papa if I only wanted to; he's always telling me I'm looking seedy, but I don't mind that, I like it. I shouldn't feel comfortable in your flimsy get-ups that you're so afraid of spoiling. And then I should hate it all the time; I was never intended to grace society do's, I'm only just a free-and-easy, do-as-you-please individual without a care in the world. I'm not afraid of the sun spoiling my complexion, or my hands being brown, and I'm proud of my big feet. I don't care if my hair is always awry, and if my speech is slangy, and I whistle and climb trees. I'm not going to believe in shaking hands with people and saying 'how kind of you' when you don't mean it. I hate make-believe, and I cherish my short-comings. England is a free country, and I mean to be no slave, so here's all honour to old England, and down with the uppish say I."

And so Jo remained behind when the others set out, watching them as far as she could see from the west staircase window. The girls turned to wave their hands to her, and then merry, unrestrained laughter was borne back to her on the breeze. How happy and expectant they looked.

"And all for the worthless pomp and vanity of a naughty world," she mused. "Its showy tinsel is pleasing now, but one day it will tarnish and fade—that day when——" but the girl hurriedly checked herself, and her thoughts drifted into another channel. "And I know I should be miserable all the time. I couldn't bear those fal-de-lals and furbelows about me; I should feel I wanted to scream all the time. I don't care if I am outlandish; I'm happy, and that's everything to me."

There was nothing to do but to find the school-room and the piano there. The school-room window almost met the low privet hedge which separated the doctor's garden from the next-door house. Jo had taken her seat at the piano, and allowed her fingers to wander listlessly over the keys. What should she sing? She seemed to ask the question of the picture smiling down at her from the wall, her mother's picture, and the picture-voice said again as Jo often heard it—

"Your English songs are very sweet, dearie, and they search my heart with their wonderful tenderness; but I can't help loving the old melodies best. They seem like a voice from the motherland speaking to me."

"And when I sing them my mother is speaking to me," Jo said often. "I abominate Wagnerian music and your throaty singers. I love these, because I can sing them from my heart, they were my mother's once, and I loved her."

And the tune changed to a sweet old plantation ditty—

"Way down upon de Swance riber,
Far, far away;
Dat's whar my heart is turnin' eber,
Dat's where de ole folks stay.
All de world am sad and weary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

Jo sang—

All up in de ole plantation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de ole creation,
An' for de ole folks at home."

Somebody touched Jo's arm. It was that horrid boy next door, that boy with a little white pathetic face and a starved hungry look in his big brown eyes.

"That's it, Miss Jo. That's just how it is with me. I—want—to go—home."

And then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Jo called to him from the window, but only the rustling leaves in the climbing wisteria answered her, and although it was the middle of June, she shivered. When the others came home it was to find her still there, and there were traces of tears on her face.

"Girls," she said that night, "girls, I think we are wrong, after all, about that boy next door. I don't think he is so horrid, I believe he is just lonely and unhappy." And that night Jo prayed that the boy next door might go home.

A week had slipped by. The Dorans were in their usual place in the garden, Doll and Jeffie were reading, Becky was playing with the kitten on the grass; Jo paced the lawn restlessly.

"Say, girls," she said suddenly stopping short, "I wonder what's become of that boy next door."

"You're everlasting wondering that, Jo. Why do you bother yourself about him? I'll guarantee him for taking care of himself," sniffed Jeffie contemptuously. "Little toad!"

"Perhaps," suggested Becky, "he's been indulging in forbidden fruit, and has eaten more than was good for him, especially as apples are just in their bilious green stage."

Doll laughed.

"It's my belief, Jo, you gave him beans the garden-party day, and you have done him a power of good, you see. Need we fear him again?"

"No—you need—never—fear him—again."

"Jo! What's amiss? I'm sure you are not yourself. And now I look again, I see you are quite pale. You need a change. I'll ask papa to send you down to Aunt Prudence, at B——, for a month. That will set you up."

"I shan't go, if you do," Jo returned pettishly; "I tell you, Doll, I am as well as it is possible to be."

"When people are well," cross-examined Doll, "do they mope about and get cross when they are spoken to? Have they nothing to say for themselves but 'yes' and 'no,' as the case may be? Do they lose their appetite, and even find fault with the harmless flowers?"—Jo was pulling a rose to pieces. "Do they cry out in their sleep, and so you did, and nearly frightened Jeffie into fits? Now, Jo, pray be reasonable; are these your symptoms, and are these symptoms usually found in people who are as well as it is possible to be? It is not your nature, Jo; you are not yourself, and on the strength of that I shall make it my duty to let papa know."

And so the matter dropped. Doll returned to her book, and Jo resumed her uneasy pacing to and fro. It was just at the fall

of evening when she knocked at the study-door.

"Is it you, Jo. Yes, come in, I was wanting to see you. I am just writing to your Aunt Prudence. Dorothy has been saying——"

"I would rather you didn't, if you won't mind, papa. I am very well. Doll doesn't understand, you know."

She had taken up her favourite perch on the doctor's knee. She was the only little one, her father said, and she had a right to the reserved seat.

"Papa, I've just been in next door. I was anxious about that boy, and I want you when you have time to slip in and see him. Mrs. Hills says he is only out of sorts, and when I told her I thought it was worse than she imagined, and that she ought to call in a doctor, she laughed, and said it was all nonsense, he was often like that. But I don't like the symptoms at all, papa, and I wish you would see him. The Hills' aren't any relation, his mother and Mrs. Hills were school friends, I believe, and she hasn't an atom of feeling. You see it is so different with other people's children. His tutor, Mr. Arbuthnot, explained to me why it is he is over here. He is a little Yankee, and his home is in New York, which makes me even more interested in him. His mother was very delicate, and the doctors ordered her abroad, and it was impossible to take him with them, so he was provided with a tutor, and sent over here to friends, until they were able to have him back again. You will go in to see him, papa, won't you, if only for the sake of the folks at home?" and Jo slipped her arms wheedlingly round the doctor's neck, "Won't you papa?"

"It shall be to-night, my little girl," Dr. Doran said, and he kissed Jo fondly.

It was late when the doctor came in from the next-door house, but Jo, with a little pale face, met him in the hall.

"You were right," he said, "he is very, very ill, in short, Jo, I fear—gently, little one," for Jo had stumbled forward, "I'm afraid it's all up with him, poor little fellow! It is consumption, and there's no cure for that. He must have inherited it from the mother. I have telegraphed to them, but I am afraid they will arrive too late, if they are at home. He asked for you twice, and I promised him you should go in—you had better go now. His life is ebbing slowly, it will soon be out. Be brave, child, and God bless you."

The girls had gone to bed, but they could not sleep until Jo had come in. Breathlessly they listened for the hall-door opening. It was past two o'clock, Doll could see by the light of the cold, grey dawn which was breaking over the hill-tops. She laid down her watch, but did not get into bed again. Instead, she slipped into her dressing-gown, and sat watching from the window.

"I wish the child would come. I feel very uneasy about her," she kept on saying.

"And it's all that horrid boy again," came mournfully from Jeffie, smuggled under the covers, "and yet somehow I can't get a wink of sleep for thinking of him."

"Here she comes! and there's somebody with her—a man—I think it's the tutor—yes, I know the coat. They are saying good-night—she is here." Doll wrenched open the door as the one in the hall banged, a figure rushed into the room.

"Girls! girls! He is dead."

There was a little cry from the girls; Jo sank in a heap on the floor.

"Try to bear it, dearie," whispered Doll tenderly taking Jo's head on to her shoulder. Don't cry so, it will make you ill." The tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Hush, Jo dearie, poor little thing! Poor darling! don't take it so hardly. If he was as ill as papa says he was, it must be much better for him—

"'And there'll be nae sorrow there
In the land o' the leal,'

you know, Jo dear."

And Jo pressed Doll's hands between her own, and looked up through her tears.

"I know, Doll, and there'll be no parting there, will there? He has gone—home."

And then Jo gave Jeffie a little worn bethumbed Bible, with the name Cyril Montagu, and the words "from his mother," on the fly-leaf.

"It is his peace-offering. He was so sorry he was rude to you, and called you ugly names. He asks you to forget and forgive. I knew you would," as Jeffie can only kiss her, with a great sob. "He was so lonely and unhappy. He asked me to sing 'The Old Folks at Home' just before God took him, and when I came to—

'Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,'

he said 'That's it, my heart was weary, weary, Miss Jo, but I'm going home now, and they'll come too, won't they?' And he gave me this." Jo unclasped the tiny locket, and showed the portrait of a pretty little thing, with soft, yellow hair and kind, loving brown eyes. "That was his mother."

Afterwards it was held up in Pentonthorpe as one of Jo Doran's peculiarities, to wear a small trinket, fastened by a blue ribbon, round her neck. She always wore it. Only her people and her husband knew why. And only *his* tutor knew how, one day a little lonely boy, far from the old folks at home, had appealed to her heart, and how it had gone out to him.

"I always liked the little chap," he tells Jo. "I never had any trouble with him, and it was through him I came to know you, although I knew a great deal about you before you knew me," he adds with a smile. "He adored you, and you won't mind my saying it now, Jo, he asked me to marry you. And I assured him that as far as I was concerned, and providing the lady didn't object, nothing would give me greater pleasure, and——"

"The lady didn't object," finishes Miss Jo saucily.

Jo's baby bears the name Cyril Montagu Arbuthnot.

They heard after how the telegram had reached New York just as the parents had returned home, and how they had started to come to England in the boat *Helena*, which was wrecked within sight of land.

Jo and her husband have put a little cross over Cyril's grave, and underneath the name it says—

"With the folks at home."

MAY GLADWIN.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WE have very delicious rhubarb in the markets now, and it is welcome. Very little cooking is needed, as it should not be broken; it is best to prepare a boiling syrup of sugar and water with the juice of half a lemon in it, then to drop in the rhubarb (cut into inch-lengths) and simmer until tender through. Serve cold with a little cream. A plain milk or simple custard-pudding, a rice shape or cornflour mould, all are improved by an accompaniment of this fruit.

Chicory, *Dandelion*, and *Watercress* are all early spring vegetables; the two former are chiefly imported, it is true, but are not over-expensive on that account. They are best served as a salad, but watercress sauce with roast mutton is excellent. Pick and chop the cress and stew it gently with a very little water and a small pat of salt butter; season and serve in a sauce tureen.

Here are a few ways of cooking potatoes which may be acceptable now that we depend largely upon this useful vegetable.

Soufflé Potatoes.—Pare and cut the potatoes in slices an eighth of an inch thick. Dip each slice in beaten egg, cover with raspings, and drop in a saucepan of boiling fat, fry to a bright brown, and drain them on paper. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a few drops of vinegar. These are a pretty garnish for a savoury stew or *ragôut*.

Potato Rissoles.—A large teacupful of mashed potato, half as much bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a teaspoonful of bloater-paste, salt and pepper, and the yolk of an egg. Mix well and form into egg-shaped balls (very small.) Dip each one in beaten egg and bread raspings, and fry them quickly in hot fat. Serve alone or as a garnish.

Potato Salad.—Cut two or three boiled potatoes into even slices, and an equal number of slices of boiled beetroot. Lay the potato and beet alternately in a shallow glass dish. Sprinkle with a little very-finely chopped celery and small picked cress. Dust with salt and pepper, and add vinegar and oil according to discretion.

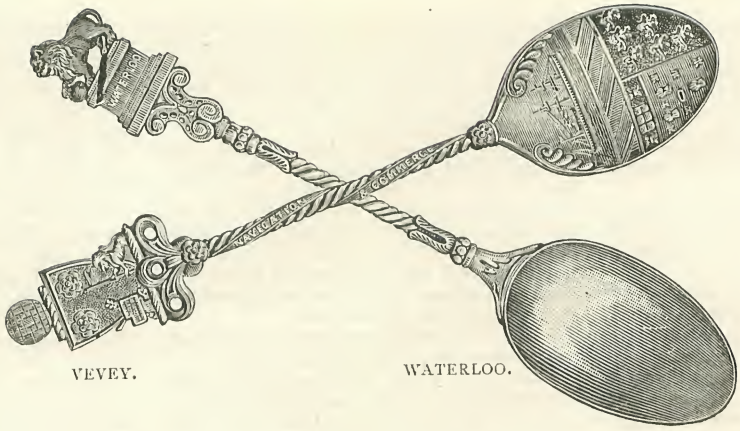
Potato Cakes.—A cupful of finely-mashed potato, as much flour and an ounce of butter with a teaspoonful of baking powder and half as much salt; rub these well together, then make into a stiff paste with an egg and very little milk. Roll out to a full inch in thickness, score the cake into quarters, brush the surface with milk or dissolved butter, and bake to a rich brown. Split open and butter, and eat whilst fresh and hot.

A word as to the raspings so frequently mentioned may not be out of place. There ought to be no bread wasted in any household, for there is not a particle of the loaf but has its uses for one purpose or another. The crusts that are left over after bread has been grated for "crumbs" should be placed in a tin and baked until thoroughly dry and brown in the oven, then rolled and crushed, sifted, and kept in a canister ready for use when rissoles or cutlets call for them.

Bread is one of the best thickening agents for soups, and the odd bits left at table or ends of loaves do quite as well as a freshly-cut slice from the loaf. When soup has been thickened with bread, rub it carefully through a strainer that it may be smooth and free from lumps.

Since the price of bread has risen we have special need to be watchful, for the waste of the rich really means the want of the poor.

L. H. YATES.



VEVEY. WATERLOO.

THE SILVER SPOON CRAZE.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE collection of what are known as "souvenir spoons" has been a "fad" for some years both in the United States and Canada; but does not appear to have spread to our own shores. Perhaps it is because such a collection is both expensive and somewhat useless in daily life, though most people who have one use it for afternoon tea, on any occasions when somebody is coming to admire it. As a subject for conversation, nothing can exceed the suggestiveness of a promiscuous assortment of souvenir spoons. The most unimaginative person finds something to say about them, and people who have travelled really wax eloquent. The worst of this use of the spoons is, that their owner, if she be wise, will have to undertake the delicate task of washing them herself; for they are, in general, far too fragile and delicately-worked to bear the heavy touch of the best of parlour-maids.

The extent of this fancy may be gauged by the fun that has been made of it and by the amusing stories that are circulated of the travelling American lady in search of these spoons. We are gravely assured that the sole remembrance of some beautiful city exists in the shop where she bought the souvenir spoon and what she paid for it. And another American is reported, by her own countrymen, to have declared that the use of travel, to her mind, consisted in the acquirement of fresh spoons for her collection.

I have heard of very extensive collections of these souvenir spoons, the largest which I have seen myself was over two hundred, all of American or Canadian origin, except one or two. There are whole sets of various descriptions, such as those representing the poets of America. Some of these have become very rare and scarce, and it takes some time to make up a set. The likenesses on these poetical spoons are extremely good, and the workmanship is also quite above par. I admired Whittier and Longfellow very much. The fine head of the former lends itself to spoon-decoration admirably.

The report of this trans-Atlantic craze has spread to the various continental cities of Europe, and in most of them the various jewellers and silversmiths have managed to design a spoon which is emblematic of something in the history or literature of the town. Thus Berne, which always during the past centuries manufactured spoons, surmounted by the typical bear, has revived the fashion, and makes spoons with bears of all descriptions and in every attitude; but, alas! far less artistic and beautiful than those of earlier days. The other Swiss towns have generally adopted a shield with the insignia and colours of the Canton upon them. For instance, Vevey has a small shield with the green and white of the Canton de Vaud, to form the ornament of the top of the spoon-handle. In Geneva you find the same, but you will also see that the famous Brunswick monument has been utilised, and adorns the head of a spoon. The Swiss Exhibition of the year 1896 brought out "many inventions" in the way of memorial and souvenir spoons, and some representing the chamois, steinbok and gemsel were very well designed and executed.

In Italy, collectors can obtain a good selection of souvenirs in the spoon way. Gondolas from Venice, the cathedral from Milan, and many forms of the word "Roma" from Rome, as well as the three arches—all these form the heads of spoons. I have a very delicate one in my own collection, which hails from Perugia, and has a representation on it of the griffin, which forms the insignia of the armorial bearings of that city, and the special and distinctive decoration of almost all the public buildings. This spoon constitutes rather a trial to me, for it is so delicate that a careless hand might easily break the slender leg on which the griffin stands. This spoon is really made in Perugia; but, as a rule, I fancy that most spoons have their origin in large manufactories far from the place where they are sold, and of which they are intended to be the souvenir. In Canada, for instance, I think most of the spoons are (probably) made either in England or New York.

My own collection is a mixed one, both



PERUGIA.

VENICE.

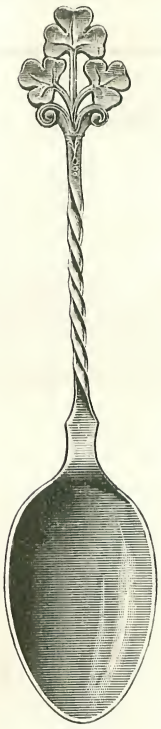


CHICAGO SPOON.



CONSTANTINOPLE.

antique and modern specimens being represented in it. I do not care for a spoon merely as a souvenir—as every collector should do—but for me it must be either curious or beautiful. The ancient examples are the finest in every way, and many people may not be aware that silver spoons are among the most ancient of English hall-marked plate in existence. A recent writer says, that there is evidence to show that, from the earliest times, it was always considered the sign of gentility to be the possessor of silver spoons, and not a few founded their claim to respectability of social position upon the possession of a single spoon! In the wills of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, spoons were the objects of testamentary dispositions. To-day, most of these old relics of the past may be called priceless, and are rarely found in any private collection.



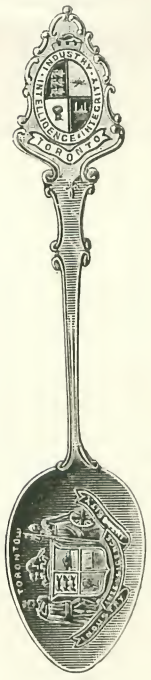
IRISH.

To-day, in England, we have returned, in a slight degree, to the old habit of presenting spoons at a wedding and a baptism. The modern pair of large spoons for dessert may, however, be expensive, but they are not often artistic or beautiful; nor do the dozen of spoons called 'apostle" represent their beautiful ancestors in any way at all, save only in being the same in material and in number. The ancient baptismal spoons were very beautiful, especially in Switzerland; and there are some very curious old spoons used for sprinkling pounce over papers, having generally wooden bowls and silver handles. Indeed, one might very easily spend a fortune on a collection of ancient specimens, all of which are more or less expensive. The craze for the modern is far cheaper to adopt, for the "souvenir spoon" is generally priced at about ten shillings, or not exceeding one pound, though it might be more; but, of course, to be popular, it must be cheap, and to purchase even many of these a long purse is needful.

In Florida we find the alligator spoon, decorated with one of these big and ugly creatures, which is placed at the end of the handle. No collection is thought complete without one of this special kind to grace it. The prettiest specimens I saw were, I think, some hailing from California, which were appropriately decorated with an orange, a tiny gilded example, reposing in three or four leaves, which were of silver in one spoon, and had been exquisitely enamelled in another one. Oranges are often eaten with a spoon; and at the Chicago Exhibition I purchased a set of spoons manufactured for this purpose, which have a curiously-pointed tip to the bowl, and a rather stronger handle than seems usual. I afterwards saw many sets of these spoons, some of them extremely ornate, and decorated with a trail of orange flowers; the bowl of the spoon being a petal of the orange-flower, or a green leaf.

Some exquisite little spoons of the same description were, I believe, sent over from Australia some years ago, the set being intended for coffee. They were of silver gilt. At the top of the handle there was a tiny coffee-bean, so exact in its imitation of the real thing, that I thought it was one, but it proved to be, if not of ebony, of some Australian wood of the true brown colour, and very hard in its texture.

In London too we may find many representatives of the souvenir spoon, some of them well known and valued in America. The prettiest are the rose, shamrock, and thistle spoons, I think; but many of the great public buildings are represented on them, and I believe that a series of poets' heads are to be found amongst them. The "Manchester Ship Canal" spoon is an excellent specimen of silversmiths' work. It has a shield bearing the arms of Manchester, with the supporters on the handle, and the arms of the Ship Canal on the bowl, produced in relief-chasing.



TORONTO.



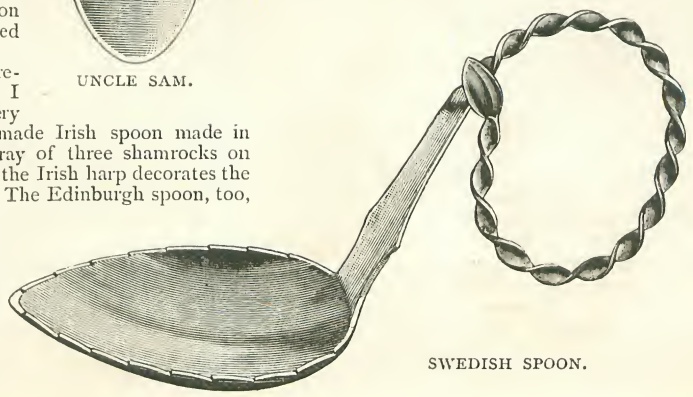
UNCLE SAM.

Amongst my recent acquisitions, I must mention a very elegant and well-made Irish spoon made in Dublin, with a spray of three shamrocks on the handle; while the Irish harp decorates the back of the bowl. The Edinburgh spoon, too, is a very fair representative of Scotland, the thistle being well done; but it has not the simplicity of the Irish one. Those spoons in Edinburgh representing the Scott monument, and other devices of the kind, were very good.

A Waterloo spoon, purchased on the field itself, is amongst my collection. The decoration of it is the well known Belgian lion—in fact, the monument as it stands. The workmanship is coarse, and it is poorly finished in the shank, while the lion monument is well cut, and is the same on both sides. A very interesting spoon comes from Ceylon with an elephant as a decoration. It is unmistakably of Eastern workmanship; and the same may be said of a Moorish coffee-spoon, the handle of which consists of two small coins one above the other; while the bowl is composed of a larger one bent into a cup-like shape. A very small model of one of the coffee-spoons used in Turkey is enamelled in colours, and shows how the jewels are inserted in those marvellous ones used by the Sultan, and by some of the rich pashas in Constantinople. These, with the tiny gold cups, are heavily jewelled. I have heard of a set, used by the Sultan, valued at a thousand pounds sterling, and I am told that this is nothing compared to the treasures found in Persia, where the coffee-sets belonging to the Shah, in gold filigree set with jewels, are of enormous value.

I have one very curious Swedish spoon with a twisted and curled handle, terminating in a very small heart. The bowl is chased on the outside with the simulation of the "rat-tail," and a sea-weed pattern diverging from it on either side, the edge being curiously cut, in a foliated or leaf-like border all round. I am afraid that I felt rather envious at the Norwegian Exhibition, two years ago, when I saw those delightful Icelandic spoons, so thoughtfully designed both to feed, and to amuse the baby; for they had tiny bells on their handles, which were evidently intended to tinkle, and make a musical sound while the little one was being fed. To this exhibition a wonderful wooden spoon was sent, made in Norway, the carving on which was considered as quite unique, being a Runic pattern of great antiquity. It was purchased by the Editor in Norway, and is much valued by the possessor.

The Chicago Exhibition was peculiarly fruitful in souvenir spoons. In fact, there seemed nothing else to buy there in the way of a distinctive memorial; and there were so many from which to select that it became quite a difficulty to make a satisfactory choice. The woman's souvenir spoon was very good, but I selected what was considered the best—not that specimen, I believe, of the American silversmith's work, with a chased "Chicago" on the flat part of the handle, and a relief picture of Fort Dearborn—the original Chicago—on the bowl. The other spoon I got there is not silver, but is a wonderful specimen of metal work. In the bowl is an exquisitely finished picture in relief of Columbus taking possession of the New World, in which are sixteen figures. On the front of the



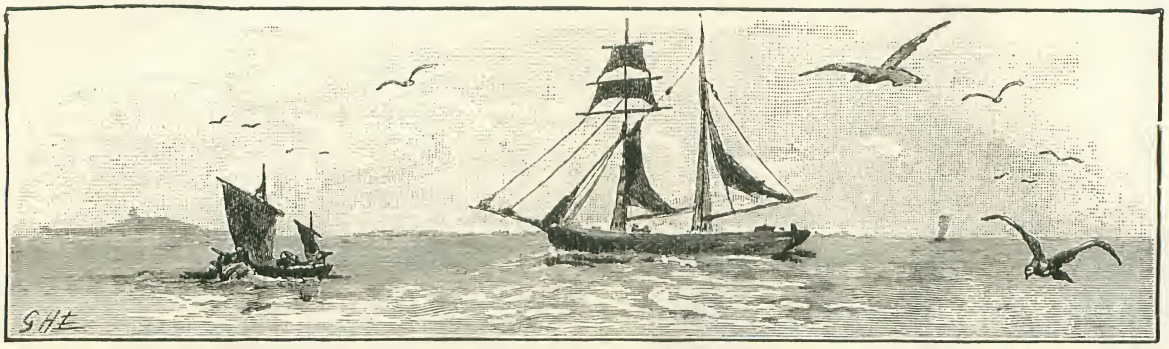
SWEDISH SPOON.

handle is a relief of Columbus departing for the New World, a head of Columbus, the date, and the name Chicago. On the back of the handle is a relief of the huge building dedicated to mines and mining, a marvellous quantity to be crammed upon one small spoon.

That year, too, I got two spoons in New York, which I am very fond of. The first commemorates the years 1492–1893, and bears the names of La Reina, Ysabel, and her consort, King Ferdinand; and has the Spanish word at the back, "Recuerdo." This spoon is beautifully engraved. The other spoon is called the "Uncle Sam" spoon, and the handle represents the gentleman himself, clothed in the stars and stripes, the first forming the coat, and the latter the trousers.

The last of my spoons—at least, that I shall mention—are two Canadian ones. The first is the souvenir of London, Ontario, which is a solid, and rather heavy specimen, with a picture of Helmuth College, a large girls' school, for which the town is famous, and on the handle is the emblem of Canada, the beaver. The other spoon comes from Toronto, Ontario, and is a good specimen. It is silver gilt; the arms of the city, in an enamel shield, finishes the handle, and those of the province of Ontario are shown in relief in the bowl. It is a pretty spoon, most elegantly made and proportioned.

And now a word must be said on the favourite method of keeping a collection of spoons. This is best done, and the spoons are displayed to the most advantage, in a case of plush or velvet, blue being generally chosen. This case is merely a long strip of material doubled down the centre, and sewn on an elastic covered with blue ribbon to match the plush. This ribbon is stitched at such intervals as will allow the spoons to be easily put in and held in place. Ribbon strings are sewn at one end, to tie up the roll and keep it neat, as well as to preserve the spoons from chafing or falling out.



DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU MUST NOT LOSE HEART."

"Cherish those that love you; that if ye love, ye may be loved again."—*Moschus.*

When Greta woke on her wedding morning she was greeted by the pale wintry sunshine. The weather was unusually mild for December, the sky blue and cloudless, and only the bare blackness of the trees and their stripped branches testified that winter had come.

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb, and as Olivia repeated the saying, she felt her old cheerfulness and buoyancy return. Marcus had promised to meet them at the church, and to return with them to Brunswick Place, and her finery would not be thrown away.

It would be of course a very quiet wedding, the only guests would be the lawyer, Mr. Treherne, an old family friend, who had undertaken to give the bride away, and Alwyn's best man, a young artist.

As soon as the young couple had partaken of refreshment and Greta had changed her dress, they were to drive round to Galvaston House on their way to the station. The brief fortnight's honeymoon was to be spent at St. Leonards. Mr. Gaythorne had begged that they would not go very far away, and Alwyn had been reluctant to leave his father for a longer time.

Olivia had promised to spend the remainder of the day with Mr. Gaythorne, and if possible, Marcus was to join them in the evening, but she had another visit to pay on her way to Brunswick Place, so when the brougham came round she drove over in solitary state to Mayfield Villas.

Mrs. Broderick regarded her niece with satisfied eyes. "Why, Livy," she said admiringly, "I have not seen you look so well since your own wedding-day. Fine feathers make fine birds. You are quite a striking-looking woman. Marcus will be proud of his wife."

"You must not make me vain," returned Olivia blushing. She was as pleased as a child with her beautiful dress. "Look what Alwyn has given me," and she exhibited a pair of delicate gold bangles. "You cannot think how smart I feel, for that pretty brooch that Marcus gave me the day before we were married was my sole piece of jewellery."

Mrs. Broderick smiled. "I am not much richer than you in that respect, Livy. I never would let Fergus spend his money on trinkets. I told him I was far too ugly, and that I preferred books. There are only two handsome rings to come to you, Livy, when I am gone," but Olivia frowned at this speech. She never could endure to think of anything happening to Aunt Madge.

Marcus was at the church door to meet her, and there was unmistakable approval in his eyes as they stood together for a moment in the porch. And as they walked up the empty church together each was thinking of the day three years ago, when they had plighted their troth in this very church.

Greta made a sweet-looking bride, there was a chastened gravity on her fair face, but no tremor as she repeated the solemn responses, but Alwyn was painfully nervous, and looked so pale, that Olivia feared more than once he was ill.

He looked more like himself when the service was over, but that he realised his responsibilities intensely was evident from the few words he said to Olivia while Greta was changing her dress.

"I have not deserved all this, have I, Mrs. Luttrell?" he said in his impulsive way. "I feel as though coals of fire were heaped upon me. Fancy a sweet girl like Greta consenting to link her lot with mine. How am I to live up to it? but she believes in me, and God bless her. I will try not to disappoint her," and there were tears in the young man's eyes as he said this.

"Good-bye, Olive darling," whispered Greta as she put her arms affectionately round her friend. "I am glad that we are not to be long away, the dear new home will be quite ready for us," and then she took her husband's arm and the little group of friends watched them as they drove away.

When Olive went to Mr. Gaythorne an hour later she found him looking pleased and excited. "Alwyn is a happy man," he said, "he has got a good wife. Greta has tact as well as heart. She will let him have his own way whenever it is possible, and he will not find out that he is guided. That is what Alwyn's nature needs. I have found that out by bitter experience." And the old man sighed heavily. In spite of his contentment the memory of the past was still painful, and both he and Alwyn would carry their scars to their dying day.

"I am sure you will love Greta dearly," Olivia observed. "She is a little shy and quiet until she gets used

to people, but she is so wonderfully gentle."

"Yes, and she was my little Olive's friend. I shall never forget that, but as I told you just now, I have two daughters," and then he laid his hand on Olivia's with one of his rare gestures of affection. "My dear, Alwyn and I were talking last night. I told him that he must be master here, and that he must put his wife in her proper place at once. I shall want little during the few months or years that remain to me. Just my quiet rooms and my children's affection and the society of the one or two friends that remain to me. But Alwyn needs more. He loves society, and to be a successful artist he must mix with his fellow workers, and rub against other minds. He must go into the world and see, and be seen."

"I think you are right," returned Olivia slowly; she was secretly very much surprised by this speech. She had no idea how much he had brooded over this question.

"Yes," he returned a little sadly, "I have learnt my lesson at last. Those young lives must not be overshadowed by a sick man's whims. My son must never be able to say again that his father's house was like a jail, and that he felt cramped in body and mind. Sooner than that," with a trace of the old excitement in his manner, "I would rather my weary bones were laid in the earth."

"Dear Mr. Gaythorne," in a soothing voice, "Alwyn loves you far too well ever to say or think such a thing."

"I hope so—I trust so, but I would rather not put his patience to the proof. My boy must be happy, or I can know no peace. 'If you will bring your wife here and stay with your old father, I will never interfere with either of you,' that is what I said to him. 'You may turn the house out of window if you like so that you leave me my two quiet rooms,' but he only laughed in my face. 'We will see about that,' was all he answered, but I shall prove to him that I meant what I said."

"Greta will not care for gaiety this winter. You must remember that she has been used to a very quiet life."

"That is for her and Alwyn to decide," returned Mr. Gaythorne. "Ah, Mrs. Luttrell, my dear, what it will be to me to hear a woman's step about the house again. It will be like music in my ears," and then he leant back in his chair as though he were exhausted and asked Olivia to read to him.

Later in the evening as she walked back with Marcus she told him of this conversation and then she added—

"He will be very good to Greta, I am sure of that, his voice softened so when he spoke of her. She is a link with the past, you see. But, Marcus, as he talked he looked so old and broken, that I cannot help fearing that they will not have him with them for long."

"Probably not. I have hinted this more than once to Alwyn, and though he always turns it off I think he understands me. It was his own proposition that they should only be a fortnight away. Now I have two or three patients to see, so you must not wait up for me," and tired as he was Marcus walked off briskly whilst Olivia lingered on the doorstep for a moment to look at the stars shining in the dark wintry sky. Alwyn had begged her as a special favour to him, to pay a daily visit to Galvaston House, so for the next three or four days she found it impossible to go round to Mayfield Villas.

Mr. Gaythorne took her visits as a matter of course. There was always something he wanted to discuss with her. Some fresh arrangement for his daughter-in-law's comfort. One day he consulted her about a brougham that he intended to buy as a surprise.

"I shall get Dr. Luttrell to choose it," he said, "and there is a man I know at Medhurst who will pick me up a pair of chestnuts. My son's wife is a rich woman, and ought to have a pair for her carriage. There is some good stabling to be got just by, and Dr. Luttrell knows a capital coachman who has been thrown out of place by his master's death. In the spring she might have a Victoria, but a brougham will be more serviceable at this season of the year, when Alwyn takes her to theatres and concerts." And though Olivia smiled, she could not but own that the brougham would be a boon to Greta.

"Then we will see about it at once," he returned eagerly. "Would you ask your husband to call to-morrow morning if he can spare the time." And as Olivia took her leave she promised to give the message.

To her surprise she found Marcus reading by the fire; he looked up at her a little gravely as she entered.

"You are rather late, are you not, Livy?" he said laying down his paper. "Martha brought me some tea, but I waited to speak to you. I shall have to go out again directly."

"Let me give you Mr. Gaythorne's message first. He wants you to go round and speak to him to-morrow morning about a new brougham for Greta. How delighted she and Alwyn will be. Greta is not strong and does not care for walking much in the winter, and she catches cold so easily."

"It is just what Alwyn wished for her. Yes, I will try to run across to-morrow morning, but I have a long day's work before me. Olive, darling, I have rather bad news for you," and here he put his arm round her. "Aunt Madge is ill."

Olivia turned very pale. "Marcus, how did you know? Has Deb sent a message? I hope—oh, I do hope, it is not influenza."

"I fear it is," returned Marcus reluctantly. "I met Randolph and he stopped and told me. He was just going there for the second time. He wants to send a nurse in, but Deb was so against it that he did not venture to insist, but I am afraid she is very ill, Livy."

"I must go round at once. Marcus, do you think you can spare me? Martha is very careful; she will look after Dot. But you know"—and here there were hot, smarting tears in Olivia's eyes—"you know what Aunt Madge is to me. I cannot leave her to Deb."

Marcus sighed; he could not bear his wife to run the risk, and yet how could he be selfish enough to deprive Mrs. Broderick of the comfort of having her with her; he knew their deep affection for each other. Aunt Madge was her second mother; few aunts were so fondly beloved.

"I hate you to go, dearest," he said, "and yet I cannot deny that Randolph is very anxious about her; it is the prostration he fears; the fever has been so high these two days."

"She has been ill two whole days, and Deb has never sent for me," and Olivia sobbed in a heart-broken manner.

"My dear girl, you must not lose heart in this way," and Marcus stroked her hair tenderly; "let me tell you exactly how it was. I went round with Randolph and waited while he paid his visit. Deb came out to speak to me—she is an obstinate, incorrigible, cross-grained old woman, and I told her so. Oh, I spoke my mind to her. She cannot deny that she has been up for three nights, and yet the mention of a nurse throws her into tantrums. 'I have always nursed my mistress, and as long as I can drag about she shall have no strangers to harass her dear soul,' she said defiantly; now what are you to do with a woman like that. I asked her why she had not let us known," he went on, "and she confessed that Aunt Madge had made her promise not to send. So you see Deb was not to blame for that."

"No, I see," and then Olivia looked up in her husband's face pleadingly. "Marcus, dear, you will not forbid my sitting up with Aunt Madge to-night. Deb will not mind me, she knows how Aunt Madge will love to have me. I will be very careful, and do just as you tell me, but I must! I must be with her!" and then very reluctantly Marcus gave his permission.

Martha was interviewed and Dot kissed in her cot, and then Olivia told Marcus she was ready, and they walked to Mayfield Villas almost in silence.

Olivia's heart was too full for speech; if Aunt Madge died, she told herself, the world would never be the same to her again; some of the warmth and the light, and the joy of life would have faded out of it. "She is one of my few treasures," she thought. "Marcus and dear baby come first, of course, but Aunt Madge has taken mother's place. All these years she has helped me so with her wise loving counsel and sympathy."

"While there is life there is hope, Livy," observed Marcus gently, and his hand touched hers in the darkness.

"Dr. Randolph does not own himself beaten by any means; do what you can to help Deb, for she is just worn out, the foolish faithful creature," and his voice changing, "do not forget me or Dot, and for our sakes take care of yourself," and with these words he opened the little gate and left her to go in alone.

(To be continued.)



"TO THIS WORLD'S ALLUREMENTS MAKE ME BLIND!"

"THE TURNING POINT."

By MARY HAMPDEN.



My life is dated by one thoughtful day,
When, living less in body, more in mind,
I sought the meaning of my soul to find;
And, yielding will, induced myself to pray:
"Lord! to this world's allurements make me blind!"
A Spirit dwells now in my breast at ease,
Which conquers sense. Pain ceases to be pain;
Grief's cup proves sweet when drained unto its lees,
And loss of envy cures the curse of Cain.
Still earth is fair for me, but not too fair,
As treasures seem which Death can change or steal;
Nought is too dear for me to God to spare,
Who gave to man the privilege—to *feel*.

QUIET HINTS FOR SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER.

By "MEDICUS."

It is a bitterly cold morning in the latter end of January, and I am sitting by the widely-opened windows of my wigwam just starting to write a paper for you girls. There is half a foot of finely-powdered snow on the ground, and I have, as usual in such weather, to roll my pen-hand in a silk handkerchief to prevent its freezing. If I held my pen in the old-fashioned or English crimpy-crampy way I could not write with a handkerchief wrapped around my highly intellectual hand. But I do not. I like to move with the age and follow the light. The new or American way of holding a pen may thus be described, though I ought to have diagrams: First then hold your right hand straight out, the palm downwards. Now, if yours be like mine, an ordinary wooden pen-holder, place it between the fore and middle fingers so that about two-thirds project above. It must be close down against the knuckles of the hand. Next bend the fingers and grasp it just as you do in the old-fashioned way. The thumb is similarly positioned in both ways of holding the pen, but while the little and ring fingers are doubled half up towards the palm and rest upon the paper, the forefinger, alone with the thumb, grasps the steel portion of the holder and does the movements, the middle finger being just slightly bent and forming a rest for the business end of the pen-holder.

For a day or two you might find the new plan awkward. After this, you would never dream of reverting to Mother Eve's scranky method of writing. I claim for my way, not only ease and rapidity of motion but better penmanship and freedom from the danger of getting writer's cramp, even should you write as I do, from 5 a.m. till 10 p.m., with only two hours rest for meals and siesta.

By the way, just one word to the tired and weakly about the after-dinner siesta. I myself learned the value of it when abroad. I don't mean in Europe. No sailor would call that abroad, and as for America, why Jack will tell you he could pitch a ball of spun yarn as far as that. But by "abroad" I mean the Cape of Good Hope, South America, Afric wilds and the Arctic regions. Well, if you dine at 1.30, as every sensible soul does, and haven't got to hurry away to work, lie down on the sofa or on top of the bed, spread a rug over the feet, and take a paper in your hand to read. You will presently feel drowsy. Then just let the paper drop over head and face, and off you go to the land of Nod.

An hour of siesta is enough, but half an hour is often the most work-a-day people can spare. But one gets up like a giant refreshed. Bathe face and hands now in cold water and have a tiny cup of good tea. This siesta is the best investment of time a human being can make who wishes to live long and be healthy.

* * * *

There is a great deal of talk about microbes and bacilli nowadays. Why, every schoolboy has heard about the busy ubiquitous microbe, though his eyes not being microscopes he can't see them because—listen!—they are so wee that about three hundred of them can sail through the eye of a needle. Our kitchen-maid, though perfect of her kind, has never reaped the benefits of a liberal education. Yet she knows something about microbes.

As proof of this, English servants can't make *brose*, which is far more wholesome and more easily digested than porridge, so I go to the kitchen every morning to make my own before the milkman comes.

The other day I left the lid off the oatmeal tin. She hurried to replace it.

"Oh, sir," she said, "the lid mustn't be left off a moment!"

"Why?" I asked.

"'Cause o' the my-crops" (microbes) she answered, with her face as long as a day and a half.

But as regards microbes, I had one under my microscope the other day and determined to interview him. So I hailed him.

"Boat ahoy!" I shouted loud enough to be heard had there been half a gale of wind blowing.

He wagged his tail and appeared to wink.

"You're a microbe, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," he said, smiling affably. "I belong to the 'Flenzy family."

"The influenza tribe?"

"You've got it," he said, nodding and wriggling his tail as if pleased and proud.

"Well, what do you do it for?" I asked severely. "Why do you torment us human beings, poor sons of a day?"

The microbe sneered. "I guess," he replied, "I've as good a right to live and enjoy my bit as you self-conceited human beings have. *You* are cruel to all the creatures under you, I stick to one, and that's mankind, and don't I make 'im shiver, just."

There was reason in this, so I shifted ground.

"Well, anyhow," I said, "as you seem to be a very intelligent microbe, would you mind giving me a hint or two how to steer clear of microbic illness?"

"Certainly not. If fever or an epidemic of any kind be about, just remember this, that it is only the watery-blooded and weakly that we attack. We haven't the ghost of a chance against a strong wiry person. If then you want to keep us at bay, obey the laws of health so far as never to over-eat, to go to bed in time, not having talked or laughed much for an hour before. Sleep with your window open. Don't rise too soon, eight in winter, seven in summer suits best; take your cold sponge bath as soon as you get up—never mind if your fingers do get numbed, for as the heart gets stronger and less lumped with fat, all disagreeable feelings will vanish. Court the fresh air all day long; take plenty of exercise and recreation. Avoid excitement, that is be temperate in every way, and *breathe through your nose.*"

"Is breathing through one's nose a prophylactic against epidemic?"

"Don't use jaw-stretching words," cried the microbe. "I can only tell you that the mucous membrane that lines the human nostrils is death to every species of microbe. I'll give you," he added, "a case in point. One day last week I led an army of ten trillions of 'Flenzy microbes against a likely human subject. He was a breather through the nose, and only one trillion of us came out

alive. We tried an easier job next. The next subject was asleep and snoring enough to suck down a town-hall."

"Well?" I said.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the intelligent microbe with another sly wink, "only the man is in hospital and won't get out of there for some time to come."

I permitted the microbe to swim away after that, and heard enough to cause me to think. I wish my readers would also think, for every word that microbe spoke was true.

* * * *

Did ever you hear tell of what is called a cholera belt in Spain? Thank Heaven, the cholera visits our dear land but rarely. Nevertheless this belt, or rather bandage, helps one to defy many internal ailments, from simple back-ache of a wearying kind to inflammation itself.

I could never stand the exposure to wind and wet and sun which I have to endure while travelling in my pleasure caravan did I not use this belt. A Spanish consul once came to see my caravan. It was when lying at Newcastle that I got first introduced to it. I was complaining of lumbago which I had caught from sleeping on the wet ground. He gave me a belt, which was in reality a cloth bandage about a foot wide and very long.

But ever since I have used a loin-roller—it is simply a piece of red soft flannel, which goes once or twice (according to the weather) around the waist and next to the skin. I cannot praise such a contrivance too highly. Besides, it is of no great thickness and cannot be called cumbersome, for it interferes in no way with the neatness of the waist. To anæmic girls who often complain of tiredness in the back, I can specially recommend it. If they take also a couple of Blaud's aloin and iron tabloids daily (Burroughs & Welcome, but sold by all chemists), and a cold sponge bath every morning, the bloom will soon return to cheeks and lips, and brightness to the eye, so that she who erst was sad shall now sing.

* * * *

Colds and coughs are often prevalent in later spring and early summer, especially among girls who moot too much about the house and hug the fire, instead of getting away out and walking for warmth.

Walking brings natural heat, the heat from within, the heat from the heart, health heat. The fire induces a heat that is most unwholesome. I speak very plainly, because, girls, I really have your welfare at heart.

I don't believe in medicine for coughs, except cod-liver oil, malt extract, and for the older, a little vin-carnis three times a day with meals.

But dress warmly, take plenty of open-air walking, but be careful to avoid over-fatigue.

I am extremely sorry to say that as soon as a cold and a tickling cough comes on, most girls, young or not young, fly to their chemist to get a cough mixture. Nothing could be more foolish. A cold is at first in the feverish stage, and so remains for days. It is only when the cough becomes chronic that mixtures (expectorant or palliative) do good. But a girl is exceedingly foolish if she takes any advertised patent nostrum, or asks a druggist to prescribe for her. A man of this class has lots of stuff ready made and is glad to sell it. But he knows nothing of the noble science of medicine.

Go to your doctor, if only once.

Nurse your cold at first. Dress more warmly. Live as well as you can, and eat wholesome solid food. It is a mistake, however, to coddle yourself over a fire. People who dwell much in warm rooms, and do not get enough pure air are very subject to colds. It is bad enough if these are only nasal, but if they go deeper and affect the mucous membrane of the lungs they are dangerous, for they may lead to inflammation itself. But even if it should not, repeated attacks of catarrh bring on a thickened and irritable condition of the lung's lining membrane, and this in its turn to chronic winter cough. It is called "winter cough" but it may prevail in summer also, and in bad cases the only cure I really do know, is residence in a hot climate, like, for instance, Australia. And this for some time.

Almost any complaint is curable in the young, even the first stages of consumption itself, for a young person is like a young tree, both are constantly throwing out new sweet tissue to remake or to mend.

Well, there are days in this changeable climate of ours, and nights as well, when with a high cold wind blowing, it is positively dangerous for a delicate girl to expose herself unless she walks briskly and keeps on doing so.

I could tell you of more than one sad death from pneumonia, that owed its origin to exposure to cold while standing in the street.

A young lady *meets* a friend, and stops to talk to her,

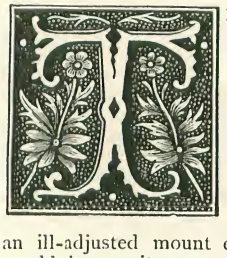
She may shiver a little and say, "how cold it is!" But conversation rattles on, and at length she walks on, *but* the mischief is already done. I have no desire to frighten my readers, but I beg them to keep walking in cold days.

On cold days too, the corset should not be so tightly laced up. If not so laced the body has a better chance of retaining its animal heat.

I am often consulted about red nose. It is difficult to give any general rules for the treatment that which to say the least is destructive of all beauty. But tight-lacing has much to do with it, so has indigestion, and coming into a hot room after exposure to cold out of doors.

When you know the cause, the cure will suggest itself, but don't forget that, prevention is better than cure.

THE CYCLE: HOW TO KEEP AND CLEAN IT.



THOSE of us who are the happy possessors of cycles should so understand and appreciate the adjustment and mechanism as to be able to keep them in perfect order. To the most ignorant it is obvious, that to ride an ill-adjusted mount even for a short spin would damage its easy-running powers, and it is necessary for us to so educate ourselves as to be able to detect any defect. The safety-bicycle consists of as many as sixty-nine parts, as will be seen by the picture which accompanies this article. It is unnecessary to have more than a general knowledge of the construction of the machine, although it is better to take sufficient interest in it to become familiar with those parts which require adjustment from time to time. It is not to be expected that our girls should be mechanics, simply because they happen to own wheels: *i.e.*, that they should be able to take to pieces and put together what may at first glance seem to be a very simple piece of machinery. But that some practical knowledge is essential is evident from the fact that a cycle requires oiling, if used at all regularly, at least once a week. A machine which is properly oiled and ridden with care, will be more profitable and pleasurable to its rider, than one that is allowed to remain unoiled until it squeaks, or ill-adjusted until such wear and tear have taken place that it is impossible without new parts to restore its easy-running powers.

Let us then start with the novice, who is just admiring her dainty steed upon its arrival from the makers. She has availed herself of our advice, and has learnt to ride with grace and ease upon an old mount at the riding-school or by the assistance of some friend. Truly, it is a happy combination of metal with its bright enamel and brilliant nickel parts, its leather saddle and tool-bag. We see that our advice has been taken, and there is the gear-case for the chain, and mud-guards for both wheels, etc. Now what should we say first? Our novice assumes that, because it is a new mount, and just from the makers, it surely cannot require any attention, but is oiled and adjusted for immediate riding. Let me say that in this connection "It is but folly to be ignorant where wisdom is bliss." Unless some friend, who takes a special interest in this particular mount, has seen to it that it has received due attention at the works, the machine never did so much require oiling and adjustment. If it is ridden this time unoiled and ill-adjusted, more damage will be done than months of attention and care will remedy. Very likely the ball-bearings have never been oiled. And as to adjustment, unless the owner has either sent measurements as to reach, etc., for the saddle and handle-bar, it is most likely to be adjusted for the normal, and not for the special build of rider.

The first thing to be considered, then, is what are the parts to be oiled. Let it be noted at the outset that too much oil is as bad as too little; therefore, it is as well only to inject sufficient oil to ensure a few tiny drops reaching each hole. There are altogether twelve rows of balls to be oiled, viz.: the head, top and bottom; crank bracket, right and left sides; back wheel, right and left sides; front wheel, right and left sides; right pedal, right and left sides; left pedal, right and left sides; in all of which there are proper oil-holes, with lubricating caps to prevent the dust from working in; therefore, it is only necessary to remove same during the process of oiling, and to be careful that they are properly replaced. It is needless here to dogmatise as to what special kind of lubricator cups are used, for there are several, the most modern of which are either sliding or spring covers, which should be pushed aside or opened, to reveal the hole into which the oil should be dropped. It is also superfluous to enter into detail as to where or how the pedals should be oiled, for there are so many different types of oil-holes, according to the latest contrivances, that confusion might arise when only one style of machine is being studied. For instance, our heroine may possess the most modern method, and our informing her of the numerous other ways perhaps equally useful to less up-to-date mounts, would lead rather to complications than to assistance. The simplest method is to obtain from the maker either verbal knowledge as to the

whereabouts of the oil-holes, and the best and easiest method of attending to same, or procure the catalogue from the makers, and note the special points of that machine. There are, as I said before, in every cycle two sets of ball-bearings in each pedal, and these must be oiled from time to time, for a stiff pedal is unpleasant and irritating, and is likely to throw an inexperienced rider. There is even more difference in the methods of oiling the head, and in some machines the ball-bearings, which render the steering of the front wheel easy, are so securely protected from the dust as to require the cycle to be turned upside down, or the head to be unscrewed before they can be oiled.

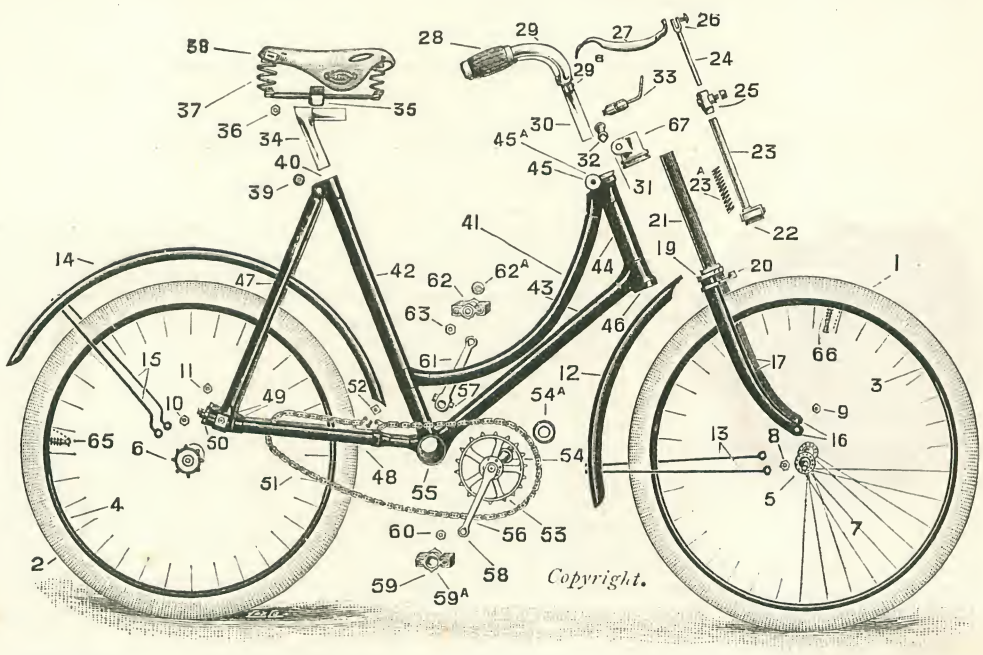
Chains that are fitted with gear cases need but little care or attention for a month or so, provided that, in the first instance, they are thoroughly cleaned and lubricated, and the chain-cover protects them from dust, dirt or rain. There are innumerable cranks—I mean humans—or faddists in the cycling world, who propound at great length various theories of how to keep the chain in perfect running order, but it would be unnecessary here to enter into detail as to the various ways and means of how and with what grease it should be oiled. In being fortunate enough to satisfy one faddist, I might offend dozens, with the result of cart-loads of more or less lengthy instructions being sent post haste to the editorial department. So we will gently refrain from giving any but the most general instructions to our novice, who, ere long, will become in her turn a specialist. "Well do I remember the days of my youth," the youth of my cycling days I refer to, of course, when in my unblissful ignorance I was ever in terror lest my chain would, through improper or neglectful attention, suddenly give way at the top of some stiff decline, and send me tearing down the hill to the horror and dismay of all peaceful citizens. Undoubtedly it is possible for accidents of this kind to occur, but it is seldom we are the victims of such unhappy tricks. If the chain has been securely bolted when it is first placed on the machine, and inspected whenever the gear-case is taken off for oiling purposes, it will give no trouble. When the gear-case is removed, before the fresh machine-oil is placed on the links, the chain should be thoroughly cleansed by the use of paraffin, and the soiled oil washed away. A drastic method is to take the chain completely off when it is very dirty, and has not received proper attention for some months, and boil it in very strong soda water, which process will remove all dirt and leave the chain bright as new when dry. It can then be soaked in lubricating oil. Be sure to see to it, that every link of the chain has its proper allotment of oil, so that it will find its way to all the crevices, and from thence to the link pins or rivets. After oiling, always spin the wheel for a few minutes to assist the oil to work its way in, before the chain cover is adjusted. A chain thus treated when new and clean will run sweetly, and is not so liable to suffer from the inroads of dust. An unprotected chain creates a great deal of annoyance, for it will get stiff when riding in rain or mud, and will either require, before it is covered with dirt, to be treated with a thick lubricant, and should this fail, to prevent the chain from running so tight as to interfere with free running, the adjusting screws will require to be loosened so as to produce the requisite slackness. It is possible by riding a chain stiff as a poker, to bend the forks of the back wheel.

Ten minutes spent in cleaning the machine after a ride is worth hours of attention the following day, for it is but a thankless task to set to and polish up a dirt-begrimed and mud-encrusted wheel. Besides, if the mud is wiped off before it has dried on, it will not scratch the enamel, and is less liable to work into the bearings. A brush is very handy for removing the first mud, although many restrict themselves to dusters. Some use water, and others prefer oily rags with which to clean, but both are objectionable, therefore it is wiser to choose the least hurtful. Water is apt to rust the bearings and screws, whereas oil in time spoils the enamel, which, however, can be easily retouched up. After wiping the superfluous mud off with soiled oily rags, and using a brush for removing the dirt from awkward places, it is easy to polish with one or two pieces of chamois leather. If the nickelled parts need special attention they could be washed with silversmiths' soap. The new cloth "Selvyt" is good for a final polish. If paraffin is used in the cleaning, special care should be taken to wipe it off before riding.

Riders in the country may find the winter mud so unpleasant and difficult to remove that it is preferable to pack the machines away in a dry storeroom, from November to March, after covering the bright parts with vaseline. Cycles should be stored in a dry place, for there is nothing so injurious as damp. It is easy to prevent rust in the first instance, but once it appears on the plated parts, it spreads like the plague. If left stored for any length of time the tyres should be slightly deflated, but not emptied. Oil should never be allowed to touch the tyres as it rots the rubber.

Before mounting for a spin, the tyres should be inflated until quite firm and hard, as it is possible to ruin a tyre by riding on the rim. Also no nut or screw should be loose. Expert riders can feel by the sense of touch when anything is wrong. It is unnecessary here to give direction for mending pneumatic tyres, for there are so many kinds in the market, and special instructions are always given in the tyre outfit, supplied for the tool-bag. If the tyres are always for riding purposes kept hard pumped up, and never allowed to rot by oil or damp, it is seldom that punctures occur. The chain also should be tested as to whether it is too tight or too slack. If the latter, it may ride over the cog wheels and throw the rider. The head also should never be allowed to work loose, and the cranks become a source of irritation if loose. Never ride a machine that shakes, rattles or squeaks.

Cyclists are obliged by the byelaws to carry lighted lamps after nightfall, and these require attention from time to time. The reflector should be clean and bright, the glasses polished and free from smoke or dust; the wick should fit the burner, and if new, tipped into the oil before being lighted. "Electrine" is a good burning oil, but there are many kinds to be had. It is not generally considered wise to use one oil for lighting and oiling purposes, although there are many combined oils on the market. The law also demands that an audible sound should be heard on occasion from cycles, and as it is not becoming for our girls to whistle or shout whilst riding, a tuneful



1. Front Tyre.
2. Back Tyre.
3. Front Rim.
4. Back Rim.
5. Front Hub. [Wheel.
6. Back Hub and Chain
7. Spokes.
8 and 9. Front Wheel Lock-nuts.
10 and 11. Back Wheel Lock-nuts.
12. Front Mudguard.
13. Front Mudg'd Stays.
14. Back Mudguard.
15. Back Mudg'd Stays.
16. Front Fork Ends.
17. Front Fork Sides.
19. Front Fork Crown.
20. Brake Lug.
21. Steering Post.
22. Rubber Brake Spoon.
23. Brake Stem.
23A. Brake Spring.
24. Brake Plunger.
25. Brake Clamp and Set-screw.
26. Screw Bolt.
27. Brake Lever.
28. Handle.
29. Handle-bar.
29B. Brake Lever Lug.
30. Handle-bar Stem.
31. Handle-bar Adjusting Clip.
32. Bolt for Adjusting Clip.
33. Lamp Bracket.
34. Seat Pillar.
35. Saddle Clip.
36. Saddle Clip Bolt.
37. Saddle Spring.
38. Saddle Top.
39. Seat Pillar Adjustment Bolt.
40. Seat Pillar Clip.
41. Top Tube. [gonal.
42. Down Tube or Dia-
43. Bottom Tube.
44. Head Tube.
45. Upper Ball Race of Head.
45A. Steering Lock Band.
46. Lower Ball Race of Head.
47. Upper Back Stays.
48. Lower Back Stays.
49. Back Fork Ends.
50. Chain Adjustment.
51. Chain.
52. Chain Bolt and Nut.
53. Bracket Chain Wheel.
54. Crank Axle.
54A. Adjustable Cup of Bracket Bearing.
55. Bottom Br'ket.
56. Right Crank.
57. Crank Boss.
58. Crank Slot.
59. Right Pedal.
59A. Dust Cap.
60. Pedal Nut.
61. Left Crank.
62. Left Pedal.
62A. Dust Cap.
63. Pedal Nut.
65 and 66. Valves.
67. Steering Lock.

bell is a useful article to be carried on the handle-bar. Strapped behind the saddle there should be a wallet for the conveyance of the indispensable spanner, oil can, cleaning cloth, and pump tube (the pump being fastened to the framework). The wise maiden prefers to carry an additional wick, a small tin of burning oil and some matches in case of an emergency, as it is somewhat unpleasant to be suddenly demanded by a hurly-burly gentleman-in-blue to reproduce a light that has forsaken its rider, or be compelled to walk the wheel home as if it were a refractory child.

In frosty weather the oil may freeze, even when the lamp is lighted, but if the wick is relieved of two or more of its threads, the oil will burn easier and brighter. Some riders find it expedient to mix a little paraffin with the oil, but this may cause the lamp to smoke.

In conclusion, it is wiser for the novice, in order to thoroughly understand the different points that require attention from time to time, to either inquire of the manufacturers of the cycle which she is riding, or of any practical cycle depot, as to the following—

1. How to repair, detach and replace the tyres. 2. How to manipulate the valve to let out the air or remove the tyre, and how to tighten it up if it leaks. 3. How to adjust the bearings of the head, the pedals, the hub, and the bottom bracket. 4. How to adjust, remove or replace the chain and the gear-case. 5. How to remove and replace the pedals, and 6. how to oil and clean all parts. The general instructions for adjusting the chain are simply to loosen the large nuts at both ends of the back wheel spindle, screw up the little nuts on both the chain adjusters equally, till the wheel is drawn back to the right position, and then tighten the nuts on the spindle, taking care that the wheel remains central between the forks, and tighten up the nuts of the adjusters to prevent them from becoming loose and working off. But there may be a special arrangement on some machines, upon which it is better to receive instruction from the makers. There should always be some slight play in the chain, say, about three-quarters of an inch midway between the cog wheels, but if a gear case is used, this might be less.

I have not mentioned dress-guards, for the simple reason that all suitably-attired wheel-women do not require them, but those who still prefer to wear the ungainly and dangerous skirt, it is imperative that the back wheel should be well guarded. The chain, unless covered with a gear case, is also a source of danger to the skirted rider, and so are the pedals, but there is no guard for the latter. The best wheel guard is made of cord, which can be easily removed and replaced if damaged.

There are many complaints as to saddles, but these are generally caused through wrong adjustment, and the saddle, unless the springs are broken and cause the trouble, can generally be made comfortable if properly tilted to suit the posture of the rider.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART IV.



N the 31st of May, 1798, Mr. Edgeworth and Miss Sophie Beaufort were married at St. Anne's Church, in Dublin. Mr. Edgeworth, then past fifty, had truly valued his third wife, Elizabeth Sneyd, of whom he had said that he "had never seen her out of temper, and never received from her an unkind word, or an angry look." But he married again.

It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless true, that in Miss Beaufort, even more than in her predecessors, he gave to his children a wise and kind mother, and a most entirely devoted friend.

Maria Edgeworth writes to her:—

"Edgeworthstown, May 16, 1798.

"Amongst the many kindnesses my father has shown me, the greatest, I think, has been his permitting me to see his heart *à découvert*, and I have seen, by your kind sincerity and his, that in good and cultivated minds, love is no idle passion, but one that inspires useful and generous energy . . . and I should guess—for I know nothing of the matter—that the courtship of an ignorant lover must be almost as insipid as a marriage with him, for 'my jewel' continually repeated, without new setting, must surely fatigue a little. . .

"You call yourself, dear Miss Beaufort, my friend and companion. I hope you will never have reason to repent beginning in this style towards me. I think you will not find me encroach upon you. The overflowings of your kindness, if I know anything of my own heart, will fertilise the land, but will not destroy the land-marks. I do not know whether I most hate or despise the temper which will take an ell where an inch is given. A well-bred person never forgets that species of respect which is due to situation and rank; though his superiors in rank treat him with the utmost consideration, he never is 'hail fellow well met' with them; he never calls them Jack or Tom by way of increasing his own consequence.

"I flatter myself that you will find me gratefully exact *un belle fille*."

How perfectly this promise was kept will be known to all readers of the memoirs and private letters of the family.

Mrs. Edgeworth writes after her reception at her new home:

"All agreed in making me feel at once at home, and part of the family; all received me with the most unaffected cordiality; but from Maria it was something more. She more than fulfilled the promise of her letter, she made me at once her most intimate friend; and in all the serious concerns of life, and in every trifle of the day, treated me with the most generous confidence."

And so the family went on enlarging its numbers till twenty-two children were born to the home, where perfect obedience and discipline was carried out by the law of love. Mr. Edgeworth did not intend Maria, the eldest daughter, to be made a drudge, but he gave (as he did others of the elders) one child specially to her management; this was that Henry of whom much is told, which, for want of space, we must pass over; but the father writes to his mother-in-law:

"My dear mother, I write from the midst of such a circle of children, as is not, I believe, to be found anywhere else. Such excellent principles, such just views of human life and manners, such cultivated understandings, such charming tempers make a little paradise about me."

Fifteen years now passed since his last marriage; the sisters of a former wife continued to reside in his family, having become the most attached friends of the present Mrs. Edgeworth and of her children. Under her uniting influence he saw his sons and daughters, by three previous marriages, living together with six of her children in perfect harmony and happiness, all looking up to him with fond affection, confidence, and gratitude. From the great difference in the ages of his children, his eldest being at that time above five-and-forty, and the youngest only one year old, he enjoyed as a father, preceptor, and friend, an extraordinary variety of interest and amusement, as well as occupation and friendship, in his own family. Some had been for years his friends and companions, and had joined with him in all his pursuits, thoughts, and feelings, and had lived with him on terms of equality, which, diminishing nothing from respect, added incalculably to their happiness, gratitude and affection.

In this home, in the father's room, or the common sitting-room, the family used to meet to hear works read aloud—Maria Edgeworth's works among others—to be criticised or applauded, of which her father writes—

"Maria's tales will soon issue from the Press. If they fail of succeeding with the public, you will hear of my hanging myself." Of all writers, the authoress was the most severe on her own work, for she writes: "I was obliged to go from it" (Simple Story by Mrs. Inchbald) "to correct *Belinda* for Mrs. Barbauld (who is going to insert it in her collection of novels). . . I really was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone *Belinda*, that I could have torn the pages to pieces, and really I have not the heart or the patience to correct her. As the hackney coachman said, 'Mend you! Better make a new one.'"

With the publication of *Belinda*, in despite of the authoress's severe criticism, the Edgeworths immediately became famous, and the books were at once translated into French and German. *Belinda* was first written, and altogether planned to end in the death of Lady Delacour, a much finer and juster catastrophe. But Mr. Edgeworth prevailed on his daughter to alter to her recovery and reformation, an improbable and uncharacteristic climax.

But his daughter's reverence for her father's judgment rendered it impossible for her to question its correctness. A better and more generous judge than herself of her works writes in 1814; and what he says of her works applies as fully to her own life as to the principles which she inculcates.

"The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably in love. If they fell in love with the right person, so much the better; if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with less reverence.

"She has analysed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that

several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit, esteem, a belief of some corresponding sentiments, and of suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific, and following up this bold empirical line of practice she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation."

But she was far from underrating the power and blessing of a feeling which she desired guided and controlled. We have seen how honestly and thoroughly she dealt to herself the measure she had given to others, and obeyed at great cost of suffering the guidance of her principles.

Several visits to London brought the family and Maria Edgeworth speedily into the most friendly relations with the eminent and remarkable people of that time. But "the constant chorus of our moral as we drive home together at night is 'How happy we are to be so fond of each other.' 'How happy we are to be independent of all we see here!' 'How happy to have our own home to return to at last!'"

And yet they were *fêted* and lived in some of the best houses both in France and England—and no wonder.

Mr. Ticknor says of Maria Edgeworth: "There was a life and spirit about her conversation, she threw herself into it with such *abandon*, she retorted with such brilliant repartee, and in short she talked with such an extraordinary flow of natural talent, that I don't know whether anything of the kind would be finer." And Sydney Smith writes, "Miss Edgeworth was delightful, so clever and sensible; she does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant."

This and a thousand other attractions made their reception in England very happy and brilliant. They were made the most welcome guests at Bowood and Easton Grey and in a circle of eminent literary, scientific and political grandees; Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Hallam, Ricardo, Bowles, Joanna Baillie, Dr. Brodie, Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, Lords Holland and Grenville, Sir J. Macintosh, Mrs. Somerville, Sir Humphry Davy, Peel and Brougham, Mrs. Siddons, Jeffrey, Herschel, Lady Byron, Ticknor, and last, not least, Sir Walter Scott—who writes in his preface to *Waverley*:

"Two circumstances, in particular, recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscripts (in alluding to the missing manuscript which became *Waverley*), the first was the extended, well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up. Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable talk, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland; something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to produce sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.



THE two following days were days of intense anxiety. Lady Llewellen thought of writing to the Earl of Hastings; but when they heard of him last, he was on the point of leaving Italy for England, and she did not know where to address him. She could not even make up the comparatively small sum she owed herself, and what was to become of Mr. Lloyd she knew not. The innkeeper's affairs were not sufficiently settled to allow of their ascertaining how far his patron was involved; but from some letters received by Mr. Lloyd from his attorney, they feared it would prove very deeply. Reports were circulating amongst his parishioners that he was supposed to be in trouble; and the good people crowded about Gwenllean to know what was the matter, and whether it was all true; but they were too poor to be of any assistance. David was from home; Miriam's savings were already diminished; and Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean felt that the post would only bring disappointment. A few days more, and their own little furniture would perhaps be seized; all was sad as sad could be.

Early on the morning of the third day they were favoured by another visit from the agent. He was sorry to say that his duty compelled him to request the immediate payment of the rent, as he had been told by Mr. Grant to send speedy remittances to a banker in Edinburgh. Lady Llewellen could only bend in token of assent, and leave him to take his course. She inquired concerning Mr. Lloyd, and found that Jones's debts were upwards of a thousand pounds; that he had not stock to pay half, and that Mr. Lloyd was made responsible for the rest, which would be soon demanded.

Lady Llewellen had a few, a very few valuables left. The grand object appeared to be, just at present, to obtain sufficient money to pay her five and twenty pounds, and to get Mr. Lloyd to the cottage whilst the melancholy scenes she anticipated were enacting in his own home. David was to return either that day or the next, and she could get him to dispose of every trinket she had kept, which might, she hoped, free them for the present. She therefore assured the agent that he should be paid; and when he was gone, set to work to gather her few jewels together; her husband's miniature, set in pearls, a gold bracelet, with a diamond clasp, containing his hair, and one or two other articles of less value, treasured as mementoes of friendship.

During the agent's stay Gwenllean had slipped away in order to visit Mr. Lloyd. As she was hastening onwards, she was suddenly stopped by her ardent admirer, the miller. He was always almost a bore, but now wholly one. She would have passed him with a civil "good-morning," but he was not to be got rid of. He waddled on by her side, until he was fairly out of breath; then putting his hand on her arm, said with some effort—

"Make so bold, miss, but I want to speak to you; and I never can talk well walking so fast. I won't retain you long, but——"

"I am sure you will excuse me, Mr. Jenkins," said Gwenllean gently; "but I am in a hurry to get to Mr. Lloyd."

"Only a minute, miss; make so bold—but the agent——"

The miller paused.

"What of him?" said Gwenllean.

"Only I have seen him go twice to your house, and no good ever goes along with him."

The miller paused again; but Gwenllean had nothing to say, so he stammered and stuttered and proceeded—

"I hope no offence, miss; but I should be sorry at my heart to see you or madam in trouble, and the finest ladies fall into it sometimes. I have been thinking that may be, perhaps, no offence, miss, you may be in trouble yourself."

There was something so kind in the miller's manner, confused and unintelligible though it was, that Gwenllean could not feel annoyed. She said she was much obliged to him for his anxiety, and again attempted to proceed.

"Only a minute, miss. If I—if you would let me, there now, 'tis out, no offence, miss, there"—and with the last "there," emphatically pronounced, the miller drew out a huge yellow canvas bag, and thrust it into Gwenllean's hand. Gwenllean looked astonished; but the first difficulty mastered, the miller proceeded more easily.

"'Tis only thirty pound, miss, and if you owe that Williams anything, pay it. You're as welcome as myself. Now don't hurt me by refusing. If you won't 'cept it, you may pay me by 'stalments; only keep the money now, and pay the rent."

"My dear, kind, generous friend," said Gwenllean, putting her hand into the miller's, "how can I thank you for this?"

"There now; don't you go to be calling me them sort of words, or 'tis all over with me. Once," here the miller sighed, "I could have danced to have heard 'em; but take you the money home and send it straight. Only

pack it up, and I'll take it. Instanter, there's a sweet miss."

Gwenllean could have kissed the mottled face of the worthy miller. As it was, her hand made his susceptible heart in a tremor, whilst the grateful tear that shone in her eye awakened all sorts of feelings. Again and again she thanked him, and then flew back to the cottage, which the agent had just left; told her mother the joyful news, said she would rather be under an obligation to the miller than any one on earth; sealed up the money, directed it, and kissing her mother and sister over and over again, returned to the miller, and delivered to him the packet.

"God will bless you, my good friend," said Gwenllean, as the miller prepared to go at once. "Forgive me if I ever seemed unkind to you. I shall never forget this, nor will mamma."

"There now; don't you say that," said the miller.

"Here are five pounds more than we want," said Gwenllean.

"Keep you them too, just for the present, at least. I don't want 'em. There are a few more where they came from at your service, and so, to be sure, is every thing I've got; but"—here the miller heaved a sigh, and walked off towards the great house.

Gwenllean forgot for a moment the remainder of her troubles in this release from what seemed the most pressing one; but she was painfully reminded of them when she reached the parsonage. Mr. Lloyd had just received a letter, in answer to one from himself stating his lack of ready money, to inform him that it would be necessary to value his personal effects.

"What do they mean, Gwenllean?" he asked. "I shall be able to pay them with time. No, I am wrong; not during my probable life. I hope they will not take my books."

"You had better come to us, my dear Mr. Lloyd, at once," said Gwenllean.

"Yes, master, yes," said old Morgan, who was standing, the picture of despair, at the door, which he had just opened. "Let me take you across now. May I speak a word with you, Miss Gwenllean?"

Gwenllean left the room, and Morgan told her, in a whisper, that there were now in the house two men who wished to speak to Mr. Lloyd, and who he believed to be bailiffs.

"Go to your master, and I will speak to them," said Gwenllean.

She was joined by Betto, now a decrepit old woman, who held her handkerchief to her eyes, and was crying bitterly.

"They'll ruin him, miss. God Almighty forgive them; they'll be his death," she said.

"Where are they?" eagerly demanded Gwenllean.

"In the kitchen, waiting to see master."

Gwenllean went to the kitchen, where she saw two strangers, and inquired what they wanted with Mr. Lloyd. They answered civilly that they were empowered to take an inventory of the things on the premises, and wished to inform him of it.

"And must this be?" asked Gwenllean.

"Yes, miss, unless money can be procured instead."

"And what is Mr. Lloyd to do?"

"Oh! he may go or stay, as he pleases, miss. Only our time mustn't be wasted, and we should be glad to set to work at once."

Gwenllean heard a footstep, and, turning round, perceived Mr. Lloyd.

"I know the worst, my love," he said; "you need not fear for me. Little of this world's goods will suffice, and I shall find a hole in some corner or other, even if they take all my furniture."

"They shan't do it, master, they shan't do it," screamed Betto, following the men who were about to proceed to survey the house.

"Stop, foolish woman," said Mr. Lloyd, "they are but doing their duty."

Gwenllean felt impelled to go with the men, to try to gather some information from them. They walked through the house, the furniture of which was worn, and old-fashioned.

"This won't go far," said one of the men. "Poor old gentleman. I hope there is more money to be had than this will fetch, or it will go hard with him I should be sorry to see him in jail."

"What do you mean? tell me what you mean?" cried Gwenllean, clasping her hands.

"Don't be frightened, miss," said one of the men, soothingly; "I daresay there will be enough."

"But if there is not enough?" gasped Gwenllean.

"Why, then, it may be that the old gentleman must go to prison for debt," said the man, for in those days imprisonment for debt was common.

Gwenllean could ask no more. Mr. Lloyd in jail! it must be impossible. She went to him, and found him seated in his usual place, by the library table, which was drawn near the fire. He was endeavouring to comfort Betto and Walter the clerk, who were standing near him. The former was wringing her hands, and protesting loudly against the proceedings that were going on, whilst the latter stood, gaunt and upright, with his eyes upturned, and his lips moving as if in prayer. Mr. Lloyd perceived the tears that were silently rolling down Gwenllean's face, as she entered, and the composure of his own manner wavered for a moment.

"Oh, Gwenllean," he said, "surely you will not give way? Where is your firmness, my child?—where is your trust? I must expect support from you. I wonder whether your mother will come over to day? I fear not; for it has been snowing. The first snow, my love. Winter is coming on, indeed."

Mr. Lloyd sighed, and Gwenllean went to the window to hide her tears. The ground was covered with a light sprinkling of new fallen snow, and a cold November breeze scattered about the withered leaves. She gazed for a moment upon the scenes without, so suited to what was passing within, when the bailiffs entered. Mr. Lloyd rose and advanced towards them. His venerable figure commanded instant respect, and they bowed as they said they were sorry to intrude, but they must take an inventory of the furniture and books.

Mr. Lloyd looked aghast.

"Not my books, surely," he said. "They will leave me my old friends and companions."

The men shook their heads, and began the inventory. Gwenllean entreated Mr. Lloyd to leave the room; but he stood bewildered, looking on, and declaring he would remain. He walked towards the beautiful miniature of his daughter, beneath which now hung a small profile of Herbert, and was about to remove them, when one of the men said, rather gruffly, that nothing must be touched. The poor old man turned away, and, for the first time, a tear stole down his cheek.

"Perhaps I had better go, Gwenllean," he said, feebly; "I find I cannot bear this."

Wheels were heard, and as Gwenllean glanced out of the window, she saw a gig with a man in it at the gate. Walter went to hold the horse, and the man came to the house. His business was soon explained; Mr. Lloyd's presence was required at a meeting, held by the creditors of Jones; and he was requested to return at once with the messenger, who was a lawyer's clerk. He said that either Mr. Grant or his agent was expected to be present. Mr. Lloyd had been so overwhelmed by the events of the day, that it was with difficulty he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to reply to the young man, so he begged Gwenllean to settle matters for him whilst he retired for a few moments.

Bewildered and terrified, Gwenllean led the clerk into another room, and asked if it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Lloyd should go at once, and whether it were ascertained with certainty that Mr. Grant was returned. The clerk said that Mr. Lloyd's immediate presence was required, and that Mr. Grant was expected home, he believed, either that day or the next.

Gwenllean asked the clerk whether he could wait a few hours—or, as it was getting late, sleep, and set off very early the next morning.

He said "no," decidedly, at first; but he took another glance at Gwenllean, and hesitated. He had sometimes dreamed of beauty, but had never been so fascinated by it before.

Gwenllean saw that she had gained an advantage, and with a voice of earnest entreaty, pleaded for a few hours' reprieve. The voice and look were irresistible.

"Just whilst the horse is baiting," said the clerk; "he is terribly tired."

"A few hours?" asked Gwenllean. "Until I return?"

"It will be dark," said the young man. "But, perhaps, if we could be off by five to-morrow morning."

"That will do," said Gwenllean. "Only promise me till to morrow morning; he is wearied and ill, and it might kill him to be dragged away to-night; and such a night! I am sure, if you have a father, or grandfather, you will

respect and pity his grey hairs. And I may be able to find some assistance before to-morrow morning. Will you promise me, for I lose time, and it is precious?"

The young man looked at her again, and her victory was complete. Beauty conquered. He promised; laying a salve on his conscience, by saying, that he could scarcely be expected to return with such a horse, at such an hour, and on such miserable roads. Gwenllean thanked him, and desiring Betto to see that he was attended to, and to tell Mr. Lloyd that she was gone to fetch her mother, she left the parsonage.

With the speed of lightning she flew to the beach. The ferry boat was there, and she begged the sailors to use their utmost exertions to row her to Craigy-vellyn quickly; and they did so. But the tide was against her, for when she reached the opposite shore, she found herself compelled to take the long road by the castle. The night was closing in, though the hour was not late; but it was November. It was cold and gloomy; but the whitened earth made the way clear. The snow covered the ground, but was not sufficiently deep to impede her progress. She hastened on, she scarcely knew where or why, but she had an indistinct purpose in her mind. Another time she might have shuddered to have passed that dreary old castle alone at such an hour; but now she thought not of it. She heeded not the dark waving ivy, the snow-covered ruin, the croak of the solitary, ill-boding raven, the fitful shadows, or the melancholy night-wind. On she sped, over the narrow path upon the cliff, whilst the sea spoke out mysteriously beneath, and the sea-gull screamed in answer. She saw not the little church upon the rock as she approached it, and would have passed it by, regardless of its solemn effect in the obscurity, but a man stood before her. She screamed, and would have proceeded, but she was arrested by the mention of her name, and she recognised Mr. Grant.

Almost for the first time in her life Gwenllean feared a fellow-being. She knew not why she should tremble in the presence of him she longed to see; him she was hastening to find; but a shudder came over her, and she shrunk far away from him as from a serpent. The white-washed church with its multitude of graves was on one side of her, an edge of rock, scarcely a foot deep, on the other. She placed herself close by the rock, almost upon it, until it seemed that a gust of wind must have borne her over and precipitated her down the immense space that intervened into the sea.

Mr. Grant advanced, but Gwenllean waved him from her.

"Then my fate is decided, Miss Llewellen," he said.

"Decided!" exclaimed Gwenllean indignantly. "Who has decided the fate of the widow and the fatherless? Who has decided the fate of the desolate and childless old man? Are these your promises—is this your virtue?"

"What do you mean, Miss Llewellen? I do not understand you," said Mr. Grant, with his usually insinuating tone.

"What do I mean? Can you ask me—you, who have sent destruction and ruin upon the grey-headed old man, and have sought to overwhelm the widow and her children? Oh, Mr. Grant, go to Glanheathyn and see the effects of your oppression—or—or—revenge!"

Mr. Grant bit his lip, but said calmly—

"Upon my honour, Miss Llewellen, I am wholly ignorant of your meaning. Pray explain yourself."

"Impossible, Mr. Grant! It is more than impossible that you should not know that Mr. Lloyd—your friend—the pastor of your parishes, is at this moment threatened with ruin and a prison by your instrumentality. That nothing but money, which he has not, and cannot obtain, can save him, and that you have doomed him to it all, nay, more, to death; for he will not survive dishonour!"

"Miss Llewellen, you labour under some great mistake, or else Williams must have been at work without my knowledge."

"For your sake I hope so," said Gwenllean, "and could almost believe it if I could imagine that he would dare to go so far on his own responsibility. But whilst I speak, Glanheathyn is tenanted by bailiffs; Mr. Lloyd is wretched, and about to be dragged away, I know not whither; and I—we—are heart-broken."

"But this must, shall, instantly be remedied if possible," said Mr. Grant, assuming an angry voice. "Williams has acted badly—but under a delusion perhaps."

"You can save him, Mr. Grant. A word from you, the sacrifice of, to you, a few useless hundreds, can save him. Oh, hasten at once to Glanheathyn——"

"On one condition," said Mr. Grant, "one promise from you, and everything you wish shall be done. I await your decision."

Gwenllean shrunk further back, and felt that she would gladly cast herself into the waves. She paused before she said—

"Not now, Mr. Grant. Surely this is no time for such matters. When Mr. Lloyd is safe I will speak to you again."

"Now or never," said Mr. Grant, with a firm and determined tone. "I will do your bidding when you accede to my wishes." Then, changing to his accustomed softness, he added, "when ladies are cruel, they must expect some small return of cruelty."

"Oh, Mr. Grant," exclaimed Gwenllean, in a voice in which anguish was too surely audible; "this is not generous! This is taking an unfair advantage of circumstances!"

"Men are maddened by constant refusals," was the reply. "Once more I say Mr. Lloyd is free, your mother at ease, your sister cured, if you consent to be mine; if not"—he paused, as if to give force to the end of the sentence, and the bitterness of its enunciation—"if not, you must all reap the consequences! All suffer for the perverse obstinacy of one."

Gwenllean clasped her hands upon her forehead, as if to think, but her brain was giddy. She looked towards Mr. Grant, but his features were too indistinct in the uncertain light to enable her to gather anything from them. She stood upon the precipitous rock, and, for a moment, measured its depth. The waves seemed to reproach her for her hesitation and selfishness. Time was passing. Her hours were nearly expired. Darkness was stealing on, and she was alone beneath its impenetrable veil with the man she feared. The period of decision and unutterable misery was arrived. She could not even offer up one silent prayer. The long pause seemed ominous.

"I await your decision," said Mr. Grant at last, with a cold, clear voice.

"I promise," murmured Gwenllean, and sank down upon the rock. It was Providential that she did not fall over it.

"To be mine?" exclaimed Mr. Grant, with seeming ecstacy; and he rushed towards her, as if to clasp her in his arms.

"Yes," said Gwenllean, rising and avoiding him. "And, now go at once to Glanheathyn! Remember your promise!"

"Oh," said Mr. Grant, clenching his teeth with irritation; "since the compact is such a matter of business, we will have it clearer still."

He took a small tablet from his pocket, and drawing out the pencil, wrote in the uncertain light.

"Now, Gwenllean Llewellen, sign this," he said. "It states that I release Mr. Lloyd, or rather Jones, or both, from their debts to me, on condition that you become my wife, and on that condition alone."

Gwenllean took the pencil and paper, and, scarcely knowing what she did, signed it with a trembling hand.

"Now then," cried Mr. Grant, "you are mine, and no one can ever part us!"

Gwenllean shuddered.

"Not till you have released Mr. Lloyd. Go; go at once. Tell him I am gone home; and entreat him to come to us."

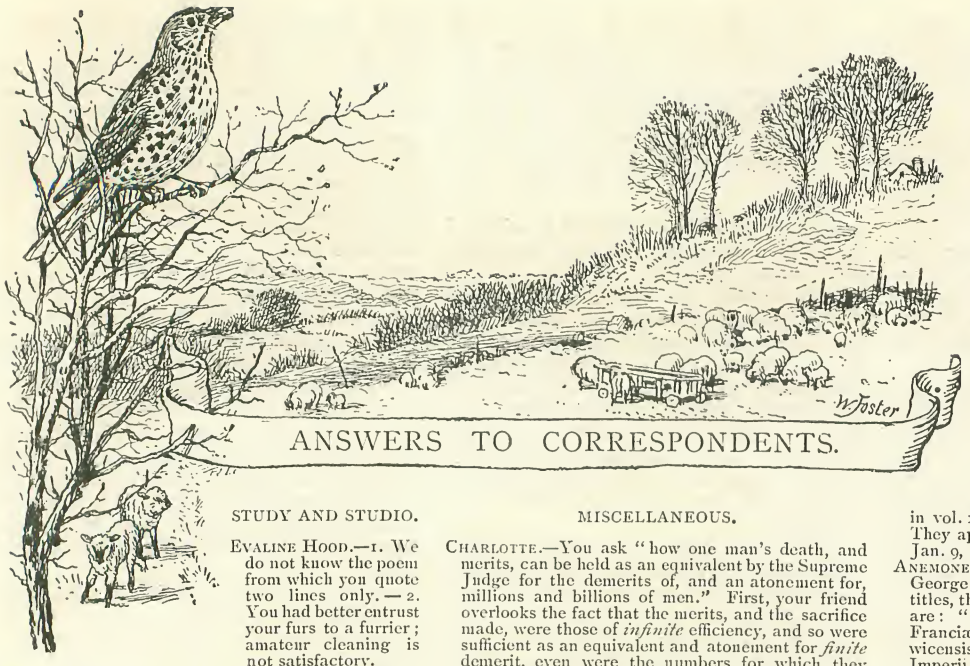
"One word more," he said. "Remember the nature of this engagement is sacred between us. No one, not even your mother, must know upon what terms you have at last consented to be mine."

"Be it so; anything, everything, only hasten to Mr. Lloyd," said Gwenllean, wrought up to distraction.

"Dearest, years of devotion shall repay you for this. But I must return with you first."

"No, no; stop those horrid men. I shall be home directly," said Gwenllean, and scarcely had she concluded the sentence, before she turned, and with extraordinary swiftness ran towards her home, leaving Mr. Grant to rejoice as best he might over the success of his schemes, and to hasten towards the parsonage to settle matters there by relieving Mr. Lloyd from the troubles that oppressed him, and by appearing the most generous and liberal man in the world, whilst his heart was burdened by dark passions, deceitful deeds, and a diabolical compact.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

EVALINE HOOD.—1. We do not know the poem from which you quote two lines only. — 2. You had better entrust your furs to a furrier; amateur cleaning is not satisfactory.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS.—1. There are different methods of holding the hand in pianoforte playing, and each master considers his own the best. The most rational appears to be a medium position; the wrist must never be held stiffly, and the notes must be struck with a full firm pressure, not with the "very tip" of the fingers or the "strike" will be heard and a thin tinkling effect be obtained. You cannot do better than read an article by Miss Fanny Davies "On the Technique of the Pianoforte" which appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for October 25, 1890.—2. A note must be kept down as long as it is tied. The sound, in certain cases, may be prolonged by the correct use of the pedal. We are glad you think we can help "girls of all ages and classes," for that is our aim and desire.

S. (A reader of the dear old GIRL'S OWN PAPER).—"Alla breve" time was originally a species of time in which every bar contained a breve or four minims. It was chiefly used in old church music, in which the minim was taken fast, somewhat like the modern crotchet; and this time was also called *tempo alla capella*. Modern "alla breve" time is common time counted with two minims instead of four crotchets in the bar; in fact, quick common time. Its signature is not $\frac{2}{4}$ as our correspondent suggests, but ₵, the signature of common time with a stroke down through the middle.

ANXIOUS ONE.—It is impossible for us to say how long it would take for you to qualify as an art etcher, because we know neither the length of time you have already been studying, nor your ability. But we are happy to be able to direct you to the Camden School of Art, for technical and fine art instruction, 4, Dalmeny Avenue, Camden Road, Holloway. This school is in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the Technical Education Board of the London County Council. There are special technical classes in "applied art": wood-carving, etching, engraving, lithography, design, book-illustration, modelling, tapestry-painting, art needlework, poker work, and so on. If you will call, taking any specimen of your previous work in drawing and painting, the principal, Mr. Francis Black, R.B.A., will be happy to advise you, and to answer the question you addressed to us. The etching class is on Monday evenings this term.

JANE GRAY.—A very sensible practical book for self-tuition in singing is *The Voice: Its Production and Improvement*, by Henry Parker; Cramer & Co., 201, Regent St., W.

STRANGERS YET.—We are sorry not to give the pseudonym in your letter. The verse you quote is from a poem by Lord Houghton entitled "Strangers Yet," and set to music by Claribel. We print the first and last verses of the song:—

"After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,
Why thus joined, why ever met
If they must be strangers yet?

Will it evermore be thus,
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we never fairly stand,
Soul to soul as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To retain us strangers yet?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLOTTE.—You ask "how one man's death, and merits, can be held as an equivalent by the Supreme Judge for the demerits of, and an atonement for, millions and billions of men." First, your friend overlooks the fact that the merits, and the sacrifice made, were those of *infinite* efficiency, and so were sufficient as an equivalent and atonement for *finite* demerit, even were the numbers for which they were to be accepted millions and billions of times greater than they are. Secondly, there is another point to be considered. The person offended or wronged has an indisputable right to fix the amount to be paid as a recompense, and the terms of pardon, himself. And so, if the Almighty Judge—insulted by His creatures' rebellion, ingratitude and wickedness—chooses to fix His own terms of pardon, and to accept the offering even of a *straw* presented in token of acknowledgment of wrong and of contrite submission, He has a right to make the most arbitrary terms. Read this to your sceptical friend.

BESSIE.—The lines you quote—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,"

are a translation from Friedrich von Logan's *Sinngedichte*, to be found in the collection made by Longfellow. The popular song known as "The Swanee River," was written by the sole surviving daughter of an immigrant French family who lived by it and formed a plantation there. Left desolate, she returned to France and composed the song, partly in the negro dialect, with which she had become familiar from her early childhood. This occurred in the time of Louis XIV.

WEARY ONE.—The inventor who could find a panacea against sleeplessness, of universal efficacy, would indeed be a public benefactor, and would attain to the possession of Miss Miggs's "Annual Gold Mine." A recent prescription is to stop all intellectual employment for half an hour before retiring to your room at night, to draw in long and full inspirations through the mouth and expiring the same through the nostrils; and to substitute a cup of milk, during the period of insomnia, instead of water, so usually taken. Of course you must persistently banish thought, as fast as a new subject for reflection comes into your mind.

ACTON (I. E. F.).—Rummage, or jumble sales, are generally held in a school-house attached to some church or chapel. You would probably see them placarded in your immediate neighbourhood at about Christmas-time. There are also the societies which receive clothing and distribute it for the benefit of the poor clergy. For the P.P.C. Society, address Miss Breay, Haddenham House, Worcester; and for the A. F. D. Society, address Miss Hinton, 4, York Place, Clifton; also, for the same society, Miss McCreery, 40, Delaney Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

INVALID.—It is impossible for us to tell you whether a mild warm winter resort would suit you; for some persons whose chest and throat are delicate, are ordered to cold dry places, such as may be found in Switzerland. If your doctor recommended cold in your case, do not go to the long-frequented health-resorts, as the atmosphere of the hotels and *pensions* must be deteriorated by the germs of lung disease, but seek a place comparatively but lately selected for winter, such as Grindelwald. There the hotels are kept open, and friends have given us a very satisfactory report of two or more sojourns there in severe winters.

PENELOPE.—The wedding-ring received from your first husband should be worn on another finger, with your second husband's goodwill. It would be in very bad taste to ask leave to wear it on the "ring finger" beside his wedding-ring. Beware of hurting his feelings and awakening jealousy.

A. B. AND OTHERS.—The passion-flower, a plant of the genus *Papiflora*, is not only beautiful, but the fruit is esteemed, and the roots and leaves are used in medicine. It was first discovered by a Spanish ecclesiastic, and brought over from South America to Spain; and it was given its name from a fancied resemblance to the instruments of our Lord's Passion. The five anthers, symbolise the five wounds; the three styles, the three nails; the column (on which the ovary is elevated), the pillar of the cross; the threads within the flower, the crown of thorns; and the calyx, the nimbus, or glory surrounding the divine head. The pasque-flower is a plant of the genus anemone (*A. pulsatilla*), which has large purple flowers. It grows in Europe and flowers about the time of Easter. The name *pasch*, or *pascha*, is derived from the Hebrew word *pesach*, from *pasach* "to pass over," having reference to the Feast of the Passover, commemorating the deliverance of the Israelites, when the angel of death passed over their dwellings when slaying the first born amongst the Egyptians.

MORAG OF THE KYLE.—See our Articles in vol. xiii. on "New Employments for Women." They appeared in the numbers for Oct. 10, 1891; Jan. 9, 1892; Feb. 20, 1892; and March 5, 1892.

ANEMONE.—1. The letters on the spade guinea of George III. (1789), contain, besides the English titles, those of the German dominions. In full, they are: "Georgius Dei Gratia, Magnae Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniae Rex, Fidei Defensor. Brunswicensis et Luneburghensis Dux; Sacri Romani Imperii Archi Thesaurarius et Elector," which, being translated roughly, means: "George, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. Defender of the Faith; Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg; Arch-Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire and Elector (of Hanover).—2. Why turn the the tumblers upside down on the table? You could not use them in that manner. They are thus turned when put away in the cupboard to keep the dust from falling into them.

BETTINA.—See our articles on "Women as Inventors and Discoverers" in "G.O.P." vol. xvi., pp. 101 and 231. In this series you will find every information and advice respecting the taking out of patents. There is a Branch Office for Patents specially devoted to women's work, at 76, Chancery Lane (address Messrs. Hughes, Eli and Hughes), from whom we have obtained personal information. There are two ways of taking out a patent. A "complete patent," including the Government stamps and the agent's fee, amounts to about £12 12s. A "provisional protection," for a period of nine months only, will cost from three to four guineas, during which period the patent may be completed for the full term at a further cost of about ten guineas. The agents undertake to prepare the requisite documents from the written description (and sketch, if any) given them by the inventor, and transmit them to her for approval and signature. On return of the same, they will make application for the patent, or protection. A sale outright might be effected for a useful invention, a lump sum being obtained. Otherwise, an arrangement might be made, with one or more manufacturers, to make and sell the article, on payment to the patentee of a "royalty" (previously agreed upon) on the sale of every dozen, or gross, of the article. Our Articles appeared on Nov. 17th, 1894, and Jan. 12th, 1895. A patent extends over a period of fourteen years in this country.

TEACHER.—With reference to your difficulties there are three or four points very often overlooked in reading the Scriptures. Our versions being translations cannot always give a verbally exact rendering of the original words, but only convey the sense. The forms of expression employed by Eastern peoples is very different from those of Westerns, and the highly-coloured and often paradoxical sayings of the former, do not signify more to their minds than would be indicated to us by our own cool, exact and matter-of-fact expressions. No single passage of the Scriptures should be isolated without reference to others bearing on the same point, by which method alone the true meaning may be arrived at. Lastly, the period, and the special circumstances under which the statement was made, or command given, should be taken into account to determine their application, whether universal and for all time or not; for St. Paul draws attention to special contingencies, for which only certain commands and counsels were given (1 Cor. vii. 26).

NORAH.—The cost of a return passage by one of the large first-class lines to Australia is £100 5s. (or £100 10s.). By second class return from £70 to £90; but you must also allow for the expenses in an hotel on arrival, until a return passage by the same line can be taken.

LOUISA A. TONN.—Should your stamps be good foreign ones, take them to any shop where you see them for sale in the window. English ones you may send as a gift to the institution near Neuchatel, which we have so often named.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 898.] MARCH 13, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BOATS AT SEA.

By EDWARD OXENFORD.



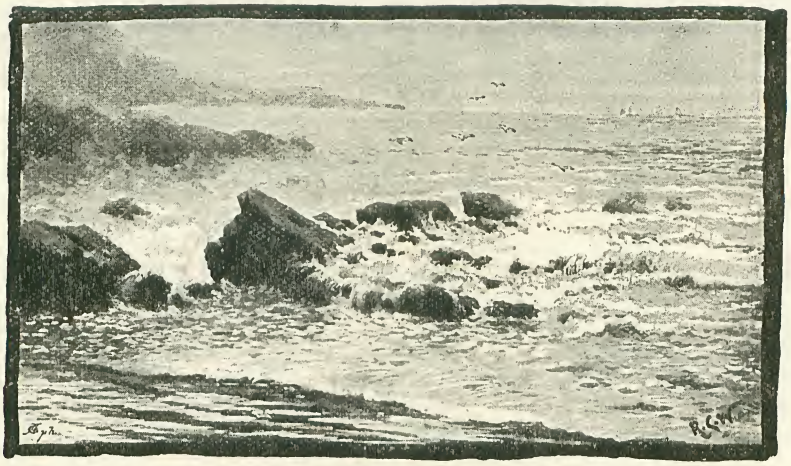
By the rippling waves of a summer sea
The women are gathering merrily,
As the sturdy fishermen haul away
On the anchors sunk in the tranquil bay.
"If the catch be large," will a lassie cry,
"There's a market-place, and the things to buy!"
And a laugh rings back from a manly breast—
"Be sure, dear lassie, we'll buy the best!"
And the wavelets moan at the thoughtless glee,
For they know what is waiting the boats at sea!



All rights reserved.]

When the brown-sailed fleet disappears from sight,
The day-beams are merged in the dusk of night,
And the women turn from the dark'ning shore,
Each to guess at the gift for herself in store.
When their homes are reached, and the lights are lit,
O'er the lurid heavens the storm-clouds flit!
And the erstwhile calm of the ocean's breast
Gives place to murmurs and strange unrest.
And the billows rise, from their trammels free,—
'Tis a terrible night for the boats at sea!

At the dawn of day on the sun-lit strand
The women agaze at the wreckage stand;
Then they search the space of the foam-fleckt shore
For the forms their eyes will behold no more!
In their hearts are ringing the last words said,
As a passing jest, to their darling dead;
And each maiden, mother, and widowed wife,
Is *one* gift craving—her loved-one's life!
And the wavelets moan for the grief to be,
For they know all are lost from the boats at sea!



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Gwenllean returned home, she found her mother anxiously expecting her. The alarm of the parent was roused by her clammy hands, bewildered looks and more than ordinary paleness. But Gwenllean said she was well, and very, very happy, for Mr. Lloyd was safe. Her countenance belied her words. She told her mother that Mr. Grant was now gone to Glanheathyn to relieve their dear friend from all fear, and that he was probably already released from his anxiety. Lady Llewellen praised Mr. Grant's generosity. She said that she had never believed him accessory to the measures pursued, and that had he been at home Mr. Lloyd would never have been so distressed. Gwenllean listened, but said nothing. She longed to be alone, for her heart was heavy and her head confused. She could not collect her ideas, and scarcely believed the events of the last few hours to have been real.

The arrival of David brought new cause for thought. He had been requested to procure an instructress of the Welsh harp for a young lady who wished to have a few weeks' lessons. David thought of Gwenllean, and as the remuneration promised was very liberal, proposed her accepting the offer. He had told Mrs. Wynne, the lady who had spoken to him upon the subject, that he knew a young lady who was desirous of musical occupation, and that he would speak to her about it. Mrs. Wynne requested him to bring her, if possible, the following day, to a town near her house. She intended, she said, to be at this town, and would take her home in her carriage.

Gwenllean was delighted with this offer. She declared her wish to accept it at once, and was relieved by the prospect of being removed from every one belonging to her, whilst she braced up her mind to the painful duty now about to devolve upon her, of receiving Mr. Grant as an acknowledged lover. Besides she would be away from him, and have opportunity for thought, without the anxious questionings of her friends. A few hours ago the prospect of even a temporary separation from her mother, sister, and Mr. Lloyd, would have been very painful, but now it seemed a release from misery. She could not bear the thought of meeting Mr. Lloyd again, dearly as she loved him, much as she had sacrificed for him, knowing that he would grieve over her forgetfulness of Herbert, and never know why she was forced to forget him. Oh! it was dreadful to have such a weight of wretchedness on the mind, without a chance of removing it.

Her mother hesitated, but she overruled every objection, and it was at last decided that she should go to Mrs. Wynne's the next day. Her resolution was a little shaken by one circumstance. Her sister cried, and seemed very unhappy at the prospect of a separation, and she was become so feeble that it was hard to thwart her wishes. But it was very necessary to procure medical advice and nourishing food for her, therefore an effort must be made to obtain money. Gwenllean reasoned with the little girl, and said their parting would be short; but it was of no avail; Lizzie was not to be comforted. To lose Gwenllean was to lose her best happiness. At last Gwenllean said gently that she should be wretched whilst absent if she thought her sister were unhappy, and Lizzie tried to dry her tears, and with a sickly smile, said that she would pray to God that they might meet again. The words went to Gwenllean's heart, for they told her that thoughts of early death must have dwelt in her sister's mind.

They had, however, little time for consultation. Walter, the clerk, came with the intelligence of all that had happened at Glanheathyn, and brought a note from Mr. Lloyd, full of grateful eulogiums of Mr. Grant, and thanks to his dear Gwenllean for sending that gentleman to the parsonage. A mob of his parishioners was collected about Mr. Lloyd's door when Mr. Grant appeared, all vowing vengeance against the myrmidons of justice within. Mr. Lloyd was amongst them, trying to appease them. Mr. Grant was greeted with "curses not loud but deep," as the supposed cause of the pastor's distress, and Mr. Lloyd's presence alone restrained the rage of his people. But Mr. Grant, with the gentleness he knew so well how to assume, assured them that everything should be righted, and the muttered curse was soon exchanged for the hearty cheer. He stopped the progress of the

bailiffs; sent the attorney's clerk away, and gained more popularity in five minutes than most people are able to gain in five years. Little did Mr. Lloyd think of the means which had been employed to obtain his release, and little did he think, when he prayed the Almighty to bless his preserver, that he was supplicating for the hypocrite and oppressor. Mr. Grant feigned to be wholly ignorant of his agent's proceedings, and attributed them to his having requested Williams to remit him a sum of money during his absence, which he was unable to procure by any other means.

After a sleepless and wretched night, Gwenllean arose early, and prepared to accompany David. She had scarcely considered what was to be required of her, so much had her thoughts been occupied by the harassing events of the day, but she had little doubt of being able to instruct a beginner on the instrument she had studied so successfully. It was hard to part with her beloved mother at so short a notice, for the first time; still harder to tear herself from her sister, who, with eyes deluged with tears, and a cheek fearfully flushed, clung to her, as if, indeed, they were never to meet again; but she left them without a tear. Before Mr. Grant had risen from his bed she was on her way to the same town, which she had visited on the occasion of the Eisteddfod, with scarcely less mingled feelings, and with the same purpose at heart as at present.

David conveyed Gwenllean and her box safely to the inn appointed by Mrs. Wynne. An open carriage and two prancing horses were visible at the door; a velveted and laced coachman was looking impatiently around him, from the box, as if expecting an arrival; and a dozen dirty urchins were elbowing one another to look at the queer figures they made in the rounded back of the carriage.

"Ah! there you are, David!" screamed the coachman. "Have you brought the young 'ooman? We was just off. Make haste—my lord is arrived, and my mistress is within."

David hurried Gwenllean into the inn, and inquired for Mrs. Wynne. That lady made her appearance, and with a careless nod to Gwenllean, asked David whether he had arranged matters for her. He said he believed all was settled according to her wishes, and introduced Gwenllean as Miss Llewellen. Mrs. Wynne then turned to the trembling girl, and seemed surprised at her appearance. She had probably expected to see a plain, country girl, instead of the simply-attired, but elegant looking person that stood before her. With a degree of more courtesy than she had appeared, at first, inclined to bestow, Mrs. Wynne said that the carriage was ready, and if Miss Llewellen had nothing to delay her, they would proceed at once to Llanndre. Gwenllean assented, and Mrs. Wynne disappeared, leaving her with David in the passage.

David looked vexed and disappointed, but said nothing. The coachman asked whether the "young 'ooman" would get upon the box, which was destined for her, but the re-appearance of Mrs. Wynne, followed by a gentleman in deep mourning, silenced him.

"Would you be so good, Miss Llewellen, as to take the box seat," said Mrs. Wynne in a whisper, to Gwenllean, "this gentleman has had a fatiguing journey, and is, I am sure, too tired to be outside."

"Just as you please, madam;" was the reply, whilst Gwenllean felt ready to sink into the earth, and David looked compassionately at her.

The coachman was about to assist her to mount, when the gentleman sprung forward and begged to be allowed to drive, opening the carriage-door and politely offering his hand to Gwenllean. Now she had never driven in a carriage since her childhood, and scarcely knew whether she was to accept the proffered hand or not; indeed she feared exciting Mrs. Wynne's displeasure by entering at all, and hesitated accordingly.

The gentleman perceiving her confusion, said with a kind voice—

"Perhaps you will get in, as Mrs. Wynne is waiting to follow you. Shall I give any message for you to the person who accompanied you, and who seems anxious to speak to you?"

"No, thank you," murmured Gwenllean, and turning round she shook hands with poor David, saying to him, "tell mamma that I will write directly," and then got into the carriage at Mrs. Wynne's request, who perceived that her friend was decided upon driving. Gwenllean now felt, for the first time in her life, quite unprotected. The loneliness of her position pressed upon her, and she almost wished herself at home again. She knew nothing of the world, and Mrs. Wynne's manners, to make the best of them, were, she thought, very stiff and formal, and certainly unlike her mother's. But then she supposed manners might change with fashions in the course of years. Besides her mother had told her that she must steel herself against neglect, since she might meet with people calling themselves gentlefolks, who would slight her because she boasted neither rank nor riches, and was beneath them in what the worldling prizes.

So painfully deep was her reverie, that she was not aware of the approach of the carriage to a handsome house, through a fine park, and when it stopped at the door, she started as if from a dream, and her heart beat quickly as the gentleman, who accompanied them, assisted her to descend, and Mrs. Wynne begged her to follow her. They went into a splendidly furnished drawing-room, where a young lady sat alone, who rose as they entered.

"Well, here we are at last, my dear," said Mrs. Wynne, whilst the gentleman, with an embarrassed air, shook hands with the young lady, and said—

"I little thought we should meet in Wales when I saw you last."

"One of the many chances of life," replied the young lady, whilst a deep blush overspread one of the finest countenances in the world, to conceal which she moved towards Gwenllean, who, uncertain what to do, stood midway between the door and her new acquaintances.

"Is this the young lady who is to see what she can make of me?" she asked of Mrs. Wynne.

"Yes, my dear," replied that lady, "and I hope you will manage the Welsh harp better under her auspices than I, croaking soul that I am, prophesied."

The young lady, perceiving Gwenllean's embarrassment, held out her hand, with a sweet smile, which Gwenllean took with grateful surprise, and looking, for the first time, in her face, recognised her friend of the Eisteddfod. The recognition was not, however, mutual. It would, indeed have been impossible to discover the successful candidate of the Eisteddfod in Gwenllean; for not only was she changed from a Welsh peasant with plain hair and a mob cap, into a young lady with flowing hair and a bonnet, but her cheeks had lost their flush of excitement, and were become deadly pale. Her agitation was attributed to shyness, which the young lady endeavoured to remove with the self-possession of a woman of the world.

"I am so much obliged to you for coming to teach me," she said, "though I fear you will find me a very stupid pupil. Bochsa could never make anything of me, and I believe your harp is much more intricate and difficult than the pedal harp. Our harp, I should say," she added, glancing at the gentleman who stood beside her, "for I am become a Welsh woman now, and am returned to my own country again. If I can succeed in convincing Mr. Wynne that I can play a tune upon this harp, and say a few sentences of the Welsh language, I shall be satisfied. Will you come up-stairs and take off your bonnet? It will be soon time to dress for dinner."

Mrs. Wynne looked surprised; for to say the truth, she had no intention of making Gwenllean one of her guests, having ordered a room to be prepared for her reception, in case she should be a little above the servant's hall. She, however, made no remark; but allowed her young friend to proceed as she chose, who certainly looked much as if she had been, all her life, accustomed to command.

Up-stairs they went; up a fine, broad, marble staircase, and into a large, handsome bed-room, looking out upon a bold view of park-land, mountains, and streams.

"I do not know where your room is," said the young lady; "but I will ring and inquire." This she accordingly did, and in tripped a smart *femme de chambre*, whom she addressed in French.

The conversation that ensued was not intended for Gwenllean's ear, though she understood it. The Abigail said that she would find out the young lady's room; and that she believed it was in a distant part of the house, amongst those appropriated to the domestics.

"Faites donc, Louise, qu'on apporte ici les boîtes de mademoiselle," said her mistress; and then, turning to Gwenllean, she asked her whether she would have any objection to sleep in her

dressing-room, in which there was a bed.

"The house is crowded with company, and every room is full. I think you will be able to manage nicely here, as it is a good-sized dressing-room, and commands a beautiful view; a circumstance which, if your taste agrees with mine, will compensate for some discomforts. Besides, it may be pleasanter for you to be near me, as it is a strange house, and I know it is very disagreeable to be quite alone amongst strangers, particularly in an old Wesh manor-house like this, where, I suppose, all kinds of sights are to be seen, from ghosts to corpse candles."

Gwenllean thanked her kind companion warmly, and longed to throw her arms round her neck, and tell her how often she had thought and dreamed of her.

"Will this do for you?" asked the young lady, preceding Gwenllean into the dressing-room. "Louise shall wait upon you."

The tears started into Gwenllean's eyes as she replied that it was larger than her own little room at home, and that she only feared putting her to inconvenience.

"Not at all. I really do not want the room. So, perhaps, you will dress for dinner."

Gwenllean was terrified at the bare idea.

"Thank you, very much," she said, "but I would rather not dine. I really could not eat any dinner; and, I—I would prefer remaining in my room."

"I must put my veto upon that," said her companion. "You really must dine with us."

"Oh! I could not, indeed, I could not. I know no one. I never, in my life, dined with a large party, and would much rather remain here."

"Well, upon one condition only I will let you off to-day, and that is, that you consent to join us after dinner. There are some of the neighbours to be here in the evening, and I will run up and fetch you. Not a word—Mrs. Wynne will be much annoyed if you keep your room, and will dose you, as she did me one day, with all kinds of nostrums, thinking you are ill; and, indeed, I am afraid you are not in very good health, if I may judge from your appearance."

This was said with such genuine kindness, that poor Gwenllean, whose feelings had been overwrought by the events of the past days, found some difficulty in keeping them within proper bounds.

"Oh! I am quite well, I thank you," she said; "but I am always pale."

Here Louise entered, and informed her lady that the dressing-bell had rung. She was ordered to see that refreshments were brought up for Gwenllean's use; and then her mistress proceeded to the labours of the toilette. Gwenllean retired to her dressing-room, where she was told she would find books, pens, ink, and paper, at her service, if she wished for employment, and she accordingly sat down to write to her mother.

In about half-an-hour her new friend tapped at her door, and when it opened and she saw the blaze of beauty that presented itself, never love at first sight did purer homage than did Gwenllean to the queen-like figure that stood before her. A rich white satin dress and pearl ornaments adorned a figure of singular dignity, and somewhat above the ordinary height, even of a tall woman. White roses crowned a delicately shaped head. The hair was of the darkest brown; the complexion clear and almost transparent; the eyes very dark and fringed with long lashes. But those eyes owed their wonderful charm chiefly to the varying brilliancy of their expression. Now they flashed forth the fire of an independent and untamed spirit; and now, as when she spoke to Gwenllean, were subdued into inexpressible softness. The former was, perhaps, their characteristic expression, for her manner and carriage were somewhat haughty, though towards Gwenllean the eagle-eyed had become the dove-eyed maiden. Perhaps she had discovered in her new acquaintance, or mistress, that charter of nobility with which Nature gifts her chosen children, and which the vulgar mind can only find when clad in velvet and jewels.

As this young lady stood in all her high-born beauty by the side of the humble Gwenllean, and laid her white hand upon her shoulder, a painter need scarcely have desired a more striking picture. Gwenllean was seated at her desk, dressed in black—for she was in mourning for Herbert—with no other ornament than that fair hair which Nature had given her, and her own pale and touching loveliness. She looked up at her companion with mute admiration, whilst she was regarded in her turn with peculiar interest.

"I will return for you in about an hour and a half," said the one.

"Oh, no! pray excuse me," entreated the other. "I am not accustomed to company—I have no dress."

"Take off these mufflings, and come just as you are. Ah! there is the dinner-bell, and I must go down—so pray do not forget," and playfully smoothing down Gwenllean's hair, as a mother might do by a pet child, the young lady disappeared.

Gwenllean again turned to her writing-table, and gave her beloved mother her thoughts and opinions of her new friend, whose kindness had raised her spirits, and whose beauty inspired her pen. But in came Louise with cold chicken, sandwiches and tarts.

"Now, meess, a leetel col shicken vill do you some good. My young lady beg you try to eat."

Gwenllean thanked Louise, and took the offered plate, but she had no appetite. The good-natured woman pressed her in broken English, and at last prevailed on her to take a little. She then asked her when she would like to dress. Gwenllean said that she had really no dress but a plain black silk. Louise shook her head.

"Me tink you look ver well, mam'-selle, vid your hair à-la-mode—turn up behind. Mais, Mademoiselle parle-t-elle français? Me forget de English dernièrement."

Gwenllean said she spoke a little French, but not better, she feared, or as good as Louise's English.

"Mais essayons, donc—let us try, den."

And Gwenllean, overcoming her natural timidity, determined not to lose an opportunity of conversing with a native. Louise praised her French—said she must have been abroad, and that her accent was pure and good. At last she begged to be allowed to put on the black silk dress, to which Gwenllean consented, when she had arranged the profusion of curls that Louise was fain to admire, though she said they were not *à-la-mode*. The long sleeves next called forth Louise's displeasure, but there was no remedy. Gwenllean had not worn a short-sleeved dress since her childhood. Still, as Louise said, it was a pity; for her arm was nearly as white as her young lady's. Again, there was no ornament—not even a brooch. Louise shook her head, but Gwenllean smiled, and said she had no jewellery. Louise did not augur much from such a confession, but her mistress had ordered her to be very attentive to the young lady, and she liked Gwenllean's gentle manners, so the announcement did not produce quite so bad an effect as it might have done. She was very inquisitive, and asked a great many questions, from the answers to which she learnt but little. Gwenllean said she had a letter to finish, and she left the room.

By-and-by her friend returned.

"Mrs. Wynne is anxious to see you," she said, "I begged her to excuse your travelling dress. Oh, you look very well—better than any of the misses in the drawing-room assembled, though they are decked out in all the colours of the rainbow," and drawing Gwenllean's arm within her own, she led her downstairs.

(To be continued.)



WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT IN APRIL.

ALTHOUGH we are fairly in spring now, and are looking forward to the plenty of summer, this is one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult month, of the whole year in which to provide for our tables. Townspeople have a better chance than country dwellers, as a good many *primeurs*, or "early forced" things are on the markets; still for economical purses even these are not available.

Perhaps the best things we have just now, and the most wholesome, are *Salads*. Those who have frames out of doors will have an abundance of small salad ready, and the hardy lettuces that have stood the winter will have well-formed hearts by this time. Then *Mint* is sprouting; London shops have given us pot-grown mint since February, but it was only purchasable by the well-to-do.

Someone has facetiously declared lamb to be "the proper accompaniment to mint-sauce," and truthfully too in the minds of many people, for the lamb loses half its flavour when its particular sauce is absent.

Mint reminds us that *Chervil* and *Fennel* are also with us now, likewise *Chives*. All these are important and essential to salad and soup-making.

Salads have been written upon so frequently in these pages it is scarcely necessary for a further mention of them to be given, only I would urge those housekeepers who are sometimes at a loss for making a variety in the way of sweets and puddings to try the American fashion of substituting a salad instead. For instance we may have a bowl of salad—endive, chicory, or crisp lettuce, well-flavoured with pot-herbs, garnished with hard-boiled egg, etc., and nicely dressed, served with a cream cheese, brown bread-and-butter, and biscuits. This makes a pleasant and wholesome variation, especially if it follows after a substantial joint.

Freshwater fish come in this month, and country dwellers are often very glad to make use of them. We must remember that all fresh-water fish are more or less apt to have a muddy flavour, therefore much washing and sometimes a steeping in salted water becomes necessary. Lemons cut in quarters or slices should accompany this fish.

Perhaps the nicest way of cooking all the smaller kinds is to coat them with beaten egg and bread-crumbs, to sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and to fry them in plenty of boiling fat until crisp and brown. The commonest little river fish become palatable when treated thus.

Tench comes next to *Carp* in point of size and importance among freshwater fish; the latter is rare, but the former not so much so. Tench is an example where much washing is required, as being a pond rather than a river fish it has a strong muddy flavour. When nicely dressed it is, however, much liked, and is both good and substantial.

It is perhaps best when baked in the oven; for this it should be well rubbed with lemon-juice and lie so for an hour or more, then be placed in a dripping-tin with two or three shalots or small onions, a good tablespoonful of parsley, some salt and pepper, a liberal sprinkling of bread-crumbs, and several pats of butter—not dripping. Bake for nearly an hour, shielding with buttered paper if the oven is fierce. Serve as it is. A nice sauce to serve with tench is some good melted butter to which chopped gherkins have been added.

We now have *Mackerel* in perfection, also *Herrings*. These sea fish are at their best for flavour before the roe is formed, although many people think the contrary.

Mackerel is one of the most beautiful fish, and one that spoils the most readily, therefore perfect freshness must be insisted upon.

There are three sauces *par excellence* for *Boiled Mackerel*, they are—

Fennel Sauce, for which a few sprigs of fennel should be taken and just steeped in boiling water, then chopped. Stir this into sufficient good melted butter.

Parsley Sauce, the chopped parsley being stirred into the melted butter, then boiled for a moment, and

Gooseberry Sauce; this last we cannot of course avail ourselves of until June is upon us. But it makes a most delicious accompaniment to boiled mackerel, roast duck, etc., and to make it about a pint of picked gooseberries are stewed with a very little water, then they are rubbed through a colander, and just sufficient sugar added to take away the excessive sharpness, but not to make the sauce sweet.

Broiled Herrings are delicious. They should be split open, laid flat, and the bones removed, then sprinkled with pepper and salt and placed on the grid. Broil them quickly first on one side then on the other, lay on a hot dish, and pour over them this sauce: an ounce of butter dissolved, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of parsley, and pinch of salt and pepper.

We have *Cucumbers* now in the market; they are not cheap, yet not excessively dear either—we may obtain a large one for sixpence, sufficient to make a nice vegetable dish.

Pare the cucumber somewhat thinly, leaving very fine strips of green rind on, cut through and across into pieces an inch or so long and as thick as two fingers; boil these in salted water until they are just tender, then drain. Make a little white sauce—it should be just as thick as cream and nicely flavoured. Put in the cucumber to become hot through and then pour into a vegetable dish.

Another thing which we have, or ought to have with us, is *Sorrel*—most valuable to us from a hygienic point of view, and making a very welcome change. It is a wonder we do not grow it in our gardens more frequently than we do, as it gives no trouble in its cultivation, and once it is sown comes up year after year.

Sorrel Soup is perhaps the best way of making use of it, although we may make a *purée* also, just like spinach. For the soup take two or three handfuls of picked and washed sorrel-leaves, chop them rather small, a few spring onions also, and frizzle or stew these in butter until quite tender and cooked. In another stewpan put to boil a pint and a half (or more if required) of water; when it boils throw in a slice of white bread (a large slice) freed from crust and cut small. Then add the sorrel, etc., and simmer all well together for upwards of an hour, but do not let it boil hard. Stir through a colander, rubbing well in order not to waste anything; season well and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. The eggs correct the acidity of the sorrel, and also slightly thicken the soup.

Lobsters, which are in season from the beginning of April until the end of October, come to take the place of oysters, and when eaten in moderation they are not unwholesome.

Lobster Soup.—Pick the meat from a freshly-boiled lobster and set it aside on a plate. Melt two ounces of butter and put with it a small onion, a stick or two of celery, or pinch of celery-seed, a piece of lemon rind and a few sprigs of herbs. Let these frizzle a few minutes, then stir in enough flour to absorb the butter, and add by degrees a pint and a half of clear unflavoured stock (failing the stock use milk instead). Bruise the shell of the lobster and add it also. Boil this up well, stirring all the time, then strain through a colander, and add a quarter of a pint of cream, the picked flesh of the lobster, the bruised spawn and sufficient pepper and salt to taste. Make hot and serve at once.

Lobster Salad is a favourite dish. When making it we must be careful that the lobster is perfectly sweet and fresh, also that the lettuces are both crisp and dry.

Place a layer of lettuce hearts in the bottom of the salad-bowl, then a layer of the picked flesh of the lobster, also a few thin slices of cucumber. Pour a little of the salad dressing over these, then place more lettuces, more lobster, etc., until the bowl is filled. Pour on the remainder of the dressing, then ornament the surface with strips of the whites of two or three hard-boiled eggs, the yolks to be rubbed through a hair-sieve, also the coral of the lobster. Sprinkle these latter upon the surface of the salad. Ornament round the edge by a fringe of mustard-and-cress.

The mention of mustard-and-cress reminds me of two or three delicious little savouries with which we may conclude dinner after the American fashion, or which will come in usefully for afternoon tea.

A stale French roll cut into rounds half an inch thick, then fried on one side only in butter. Spread the slices (on the upper side) with a layer of *Salmon paste*, or the delicious preparation known as *Luxette*, to be bought of most large grocers. Place a round of hard-boiled egg on this, then some picked mustard-and-cress.

Also this savoury: Cut some slices from a Hovis loaf, butter them liberally, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Pepper with cayenne if liked, and a pinch of salt; put picked mustard-and-cress on one slice, place another over it, and cut sharply into small squares.

Here are some delicious biscuits for afternoon tea—

Queen Biscuits.—Beat the whites and yolks separately of six eggs; mix together half a pound of flour and four ounces of castor sugar, with a teaspoonful of crushed coriander (not caraway) seeds. Make into a rather soft paste with the yolks first then the whites of egg; roll out on a board that is sprinkled with castor sugar instead of flour. Bake on buttered paper in a moderate oven to a pale brown.

Queen Cakes.—Beat four ounces of butter and the same quantity of castor sugar together; add a few drops of almond essence and the yolks of two eggs, a few currants if liked. Then lightly beat in two ounces of self-raising flour and two ounces of rice-flour. Pour into small fancy tins, previously buttered, and bake for a few minutes in a quick oven.

LUCY H. YATES.

PREVENTABLE WORRIES.



SUPPOSE there are few people exempt from worries in their daily life. They may spring from endless causes, and possibly very many are altogether unpreventable and must be borne with patience and fortitude; it is not of such as these that I would speak.

The limits of my paper will only admit of my touching upon some of those little frets and jars which cause needless trouble to busy people, and arise simply from lack of method in carrying out our work of whatever kind it may be.

I will first touch upon some small annoyances which are apt to hinder the comfortable dispatch of our daily letters. Quite a crop of preventable worries are apt to cluster around the inkstand and writing materials.

No doubt there are thousands of orderly, well-conducted people whose pens, ink and paper will bear examination by a critical eye and always be found in proper working order; but, ah me! how many of us allow the ink-glass to get lower and lower without replenishment, not observing the incessant dipping of our pens until, in the middle of a page of fair neat writing, we land a great clot of ink from the point of the pen. We then vainly wish we had thought to put fresh ink before beginning our letter. The thing is done and cannot be helped, but we make a mental note that our ink-glass shall be in future attended to in due season.

It is not the easiest thing to fill a small ink-glass without the catastrophe of an overflow, but this may easily be obviated by first pouring the ink from the stone bottle into a phial, from which we can readily replenish tiny glasses.

For the comfort of those who may have ruined a valuable table-cover or damask cloth by an inky flood, let me mention two remedies, not so well known as they deserve to be.

There is, I fear, nothing to be done if the ink-spots have dried, but, in the case of a coloured cloth, if, while the ink is wet, some milk is poured over the stain and rubbed gently with rag, the spot may be entirely removed. The milk must be renewed again and again until the cleansing is complete. The remedy for a damask cloth seems scarcely to be credited, but I can only ask my readers to try it for themselves, and they will be assured that the statement is true. If some red ink is poured over the black ink-stain whilst it is wet, and the cloth is at once taken in hand by a laundress, not a trace of stain or spot will remain.

In public offices I fancy fresh blotting-paper is supplied daily, but in private houses how people do go on with a ragged, poverty-stricken sheet of that article, until it wholly refuses to do its duty and blots very emphatically just in the middle of our best sentence; or, worse still, the blotting-pad having parted with its last remaining strip of paper, we absently take it up and turn our writing into hieroglyphics by applying the bare wood to the wet lines. Linen blotting-paper sold in small sheets is by far the most effectual and pleasant kind to use, and with a packet of it at hand we are without excuse if our letters are ever ink-spotted. In these days of multitudinous pens our writing implement should always be in faultless condition. With J and R pens, Waverleys, Owls and Pickwicks, every style of handwriting may be easily suited; and yet, do we not sometimes from lack of thought go on using a pen that has attained most vicious ways? With a point that splutters, catches up hairs, digs into the paper, and shows such a will of its own that, at last, when our temper is rasped and patience exhausted, we are led to replace the offender by a new pen whose smoothness and delightful ways make us deeply regret that we were led to bear so long with this preventable worry.

Our inkstand should always possess a well-pointed lead pencil for making casual notes; but are we not painfully familiar with pencils of an unusable kind—perfectly decrepit, hopeless articles, with the lead broken away and nothing left but jagged points of wood, instead of the delicate tapering point which a moment's application of a sharp penknife would produce? There are now also such excellent pencil-sharpeners to be had everywhere that there is no excuse but laziness if our pencils are not in good condition.

After we have been seated at our writing for a while, how frequently we find we are in a cramped position and so cumbered up with books and papers around us that we cannot push our paper higher up as we fill the sheet.

I am reminded of the advice of an old painter to a pupil who was going to sketch under his tuition. He said, "Now my first direction is going to be a most important one, which you must try and remember as a life-long rule: never grudge time or pains in making your position comfortable before you begin; it will be time saved in the end. You cannot do good work with cramped hands and aching limbs, nor maintain the easy mind and unruffled temper which will tend much to promote the success of your efforts." This advice is quite as applicable to letter-writing as to painting. Always, if possible, clear a sufficient space on the table before you begin, have the inkstand at your right hand, and for pity sake dip your pen in gently so that the ink may not be flicked over the table-cloth, or your friends—who may be quietly reading—be regaled by a teasing noise like a woodpecker engaged upon a hollow tree.

Now a word about unreadable writing. Do we not all know what a misery it is when a letter arrives just as we are going out or otherwise pressed for time, and we see with dismay that it is from a friend whose writing is the next thing to Sanscrit for its illegibility. We can read enough to learn that it needs an immediate answer, but what is its purport? One word is run into another, the t's are not crossed, the b's are the same height as the m's, the y's have no tails—in fact, one's reading can only be a series of guesses. It is difficult to bear patiently such a needless strain of mind, but the messenger waits—what is to be done? I have heard of one puzzled friend putting the "vexing letter" upon the floor and walking round it once or twice, hoping for inspiration by viewing it upside down. If only there is time a clue can generally be obtained by observing how the letters of one's own name and address are formed, and then, by applying the same rule to the unreadable words, at last some light begins to dawn. Here and there a sentence can be read, and by degrees the rest is deciphered.

How truly needless and provoking is all this trouble! Surely young people, who can easily alter their style, should endeavour to attain the useful gift of a very clear handwriting. It predisposes one to like a letter and its writer if the missive can be read without trouble, and the saving of time and avoidance of worry are really of importance in this busy life of ours. It was a wise writer who gave us this excellent piece of advice: "Be a whole man to one thing at a time." I suppose it is the neglect of this rule that leads so many correspondents to say "I enclose" such a thing, but the thing is omitted and you have the trouble of writing a second time to ask for it. It is always well to read over our letters before closing them, to supply any words left out, and to be reminded ourselves of any promised enclosures.

This may seem but a trivial piece of advice, but the omission, for instance, of the word "not" may alter the tenour of the letter and keep some friend waiting for us for hours when we thought we had said "I shall not be there." The non-enclosure of a cheque or postal-order required on a special day may also be of the most serious consequence. In addressing letters it is never wise to add the name of some post-town we think may be right, for if incorrect it will lead to at least a day's delay, whilst the letter is sent there and returned.

No hard-and-fast rule, however, can be given about addressing letters; it simply needs thought and intelligence to avoid mistakes.

Where the name of a town is a very common one, it is most needful to add the county, as there are, for instance, nine Whitchurches and fourteen Newtons, and a letter sent to either of those places without the county would probably be returned in a few weeks' time, ornamented with endless post-marks, showing the needless trouble given to the postmen, who are bound to do their utmost to find the right destination of the letters committed to their charge.

Some people are in the habit of signing their epistles with initials only, so that in the case of strangers one is left in doubt as to the sex of the writer. No one likes to make mistakes, and it is with a feeling of annoyance that one discovers that the correspondent we have addressed as esquire proves to be of the gentler sex. I would earnestly counsel young people to adopt the habit of invariably signing Christian and surname in full, and clearly written, if they would avoid the loss of their letters from misspelling. It is only kind to inform strangers whether they are to address you as Mrs. or Miss, yet how often this simple guidance is omitted!

I often marvel at the unbusinesslike ways of some secretaries. They ask for your subscription to a society the name of which they only give you in perhaps five initial letters. Now in these days of multiplied charities it is really difficult to remember all their names; many are very similar, differing only it may be in one letter, yet the object of the charity may be totally different. Then also it should be a standing rule always to mention the amount of the annual subscription asked for, it saves a busy person having to refer to a list of charities or it may be turn over cheque counterfoils, or search for last year's receipts. All this is clearly preventable worry arising from unbusinesslike habits. Much more might be said upon this subject, but instances enough have I think been given to show the need of careful thought being bestowed upon the work we do with our pen, to avoid as much as possible giving rise to needless trouble. I hope to be forgiven if my strictures seem to touch upon small matters, which to many may appear too trivial to be censured; but let me say that, just as a little pebble may hinder the action of a great steam-engine, so the needless delay of half an hour in our morning's work, and a ruffled temper for the rest of the day, may have very sad and far-reaching consequences.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART VI.

SHE was the most beautiful person in the world. She had brown eyes and pink cheeks, a blue silk dress and a white bonnet with orange-blossoms in it. She had two pairs of shoes and two pairs of stockings, and she had two wigs, a brown and a flaxen one. All her clothes took off and on, and there was a complete change of them.

I saw her first at a bazaar and longed to possess her, but her price was two guineas, and no hope mingled with my longing.

Here let me make a confession, I had never really loved a doll. My affections up to that time had been lavished on a black and white spotted penny rabbit, bought at a Kentish fair; but when I saw Rénée, it seemed to me that if I could love a doll, this would be the one.

We were at Pau then in a "select boarding-house." I was bored with travel, as I believe all children are—so large a part of a child's life is made up of little familiar playthings and objects; it has little of that historic and artistic sense which lends colour and delight to travel. I was tired of wandering about, and glad to think we were to stay in Pau for the winter. The bazaar pleased me. It was got up by the English residents, and their fancy-work was the fancy-work of the church bazaars in England, and I felt at home among it, and when my eyes rested on Rénée I saw the most delightful object I had seen for many weeks. I looked and longed, and longed and looked, and then suddenly in a moment one of the great good fortunes of my life happened to me. The beautiful doll was put up to be raffled, and my sister won her. I trembled with joy as she and her wardrobe were put into my hands. I took her home. I dressed and undressed her twenty times a day. I made her play the part of heroine in all my favourite stories. I told her fairy-tales and took her to bed with me at night for company, but I never loved her. I have never been able to love a doll in my life.

My mother came to me the next day as I was changing Rénée's wig, and said, "Don't you think it's almost time that you began to have some lessons again; I don't want my little girl to grow up quite ignorant, you wouldn't like that yourself, would you?"

"I don't know," I said doubtfully, feeling that ignorance in a grown-up state was surely to be preferred to a return to Stamford and long division.

"I am not going to send you to school," my mother hastened to add, doubtless seeing the cloud that gathered in my face. "I know a French lady here who has a little girl about your age, and she says that you can go and live with her for a little while and learn French."

"Is she a nice little girl," I asked. "What is she like?"

"Well, she's rather like your new doll," my mother laughed, "when it has the flaxen wig on. Think how nice it will be to be able to write letters home in French."

I knew Miss —— could not write letters in French, and the prospect of crushing her with my new literary attainment filled my wicked little heart.

"I should like to go and live with the little girl who is like my new dollie," I said, "if you will come and see me every day."

So I went, my doll's clothes packed in their little tin trunk. And I stood stealing shy side-glances at Marguerite, who was certainly very like my doll, while my mother and her mother were exchanging last civilities. I was so pleased with the new surroundings, the very French interior, the excitement of being received as a member by a real French family, that I forgot to cry till the wheels of my mother's carriage had rolled away from the door.

Then I was left, a little English child without a word of French in the bosom of a French family, and as this came upon me I burst into a flood of tears.

Madame Lourdes could speak no English but she knew the universal language, the language of love and kindness.

She drew me to her ample lap, wiped my eyes, smiled at me and chattered volubly in her own tongue words whose sense was dead to me, but whose tone breathed of tenderness and sympathy. By the time Mdlle. Lourdes, the only English-speaking member of the family came home from her daily round of teaching, Marguerite and I were unpacking my doll's clothes together and were laughing at our vain efforts to understand each other.

I learned French in three months. All day I was with Madame Lourdes or Marguerite, neither of whom knew a word of English. It was French or silence, and any healthy child would have chosen French, as I did. They were three happy months. I adored Marguerite who was, I think, the typical good child of the French story-books. She wore her hair in a little yellow plait down her back.

I do not think we ever got into wilful mischief. For instance, our starving the cat was quite unintentional. We were playing bandits in a sort of cellar that opened from the triangular courtyard in front of the house and it occurred to us that Mimi would make an excellent captive princess, so we caught her and put her in a hamper at the end of the cellar, and when my mother called to take us home to tea with her we rushed off and left the poor princess still a prisoner. If we hadn't been out that evening we must have been reminded of her existence by the search for her, but Madame Lourdes, failing to find the cat, concluded that she must have run away or met with an accident, and did not mention the matter to us out of consideration for our feelings, so that it was not till two nights later that I started up in bed about midnight and pulled Marguerite's yellow pig-tail wildly.

"Oh, Marguerite," I cried, "poor Mimi!" I had to pull at the pig-tail as though it was a bell-rope, and I had pulled three times before I could get Marguerite to understand what was the matter with me. Then she sat up in bed rigid with a great purpose. "We must go down and fetch her," she said.

It was winter; the snow was on the ground. Marguerite thoughtfully put on her shoes and her dressing-gown, but I, with some vague recollection of bare-footed pilgrims, and some wild desire to make expiation for my crime, went down bare-footed, in my night-gown. The crime of forgetting a cat for three days was well paid for by that expedition. We crept through the house like little shivering mice; across the courtyard, thinly sprinkled with snow, and into that awful black yawning cellar where nameless horrors lurked behind each bit of shapeless lumber, ready to leap out upon us as we passed. Marguerite did not share my terrors. She only remarked that it was very cold and that we must make haste. We opened the hamper fully expecting to find the captive dead, and my heart gave a leap of delight when, as we raised the lid, the large white Mimi crept out and began to rub herself against us with joyous purrings. I remember so well the feeling of her soft warm fur against my cold little legs. I caught the cat in my arms, and as I turned to go back to the house my half-frozen foot struck against something on the floor. It felt silky, I picked it up. It was Rénée. She also had been a captive princess in our game of bandits. She also had been shut up here all this time, and I had never missed her!

We took the cat and the doll back to bed with us and tried to get warm again. Marguerite was soon asleep, but I lay awake for a long time kissing and crying over the ill-used cat.

I didn't get up again for a fortnight. My bare-footed pilgrimage cost me a frightful cold and the loss of several children's parties to which we had been invited. Marguerite, throughout my illness, behaved like an angel.

I only remember one occasion on which I quarrelled with her—it was on the subject of dress. We were going to a children's party, and my best blue silk was put out for me to wear.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that," said Marguerite hesitatingly, "it makes my grey cashmere look so old."

Now I had nothing else to wear but a brown frock which I hated.

"Never mind," I said hypocritically, "it's better to be good than smart, everybody says so," and I put on my blue silk. When I was dressed, I pranced off to the kitchen to show my finery to the cook, and under her admiring eyes executed my best curtsey. It began, of course, by drawing the right foot back; it ended in a tub of clothes and water that was standing just behind me. I floundered out somehow, and my first thought was how funny I must have looked, and in another moment I should have burst out laughing, but as I scrambled out, I saw Marguerite in the doorway smiling triumphantly, and heard her thin little voice say, "The blue silk can't mock the poor grey cashmere now!"

An impulse of blind fury came upon me. I caught Marguerite by her little shoulders, and before the cook could interfere I had ducked her head-first into the tub of linen. Madame Lourdes behaved beautifully; she appeared on the scene at this moment, and, impartial as ever, she slapped us both, but when she heard from the cook the rights of the story, my sentence was "bed." "But Marguerite," said her mother, "has been punished enough for an unkind word."

And Marguerite was indeed sobbing bitterly, while I was dry-eyed and still furious. "She can't go," I cried, "she hasn't got a dress!"

"You have spoilt her dress," said Madame Lourdes coolly, "the least you can do is to lend her your brown one." And that excellent woman actually had the courage to send her own daughter to a party in my dress, an exquisite punishment to us both.

Marguerite came to my bedside that night; she had taken off the brown dress and wore her little flannel dressing-gown.

"You're not cross now, are you?" she said. "I did beg mother to let you come, and I've not enjoyed myself a bit, and I've brought you this from the party."

It was a beautiful little model of a coffee-mill made in sugar. My resentment could not withstand this peace-offering. I never quarrelled with Marguerite again, and when my mother sent for me to join her at Bagnères I wept as bitterly at leaving Madame Lourdes as I had done at being left with her.

"Cheer up my darling, my cabbage," said the dear woman as the tears stood in her own little grey eyes. "I have an instinct, a presentiment, which tells me we shall meet again."

But we never have.

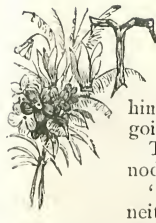


"BATHSHEBA."

BATHSHEBA.

By IDA LEMON.

CHAPTER I.



"THAT fare * strange, John, tu think yow be come tu eighty year."

"And yow but one behind. Yow will be seventy-nine, going on eighty, t' year."

The old couple laughed and nodded their heads.

"That doan't seem so long neither, since we wasn't but a quarter o' that age, du it?"

"Yow be right, John. And yet, cum tu luke at us, we be changed considerable since we settled here as man and wife."

"Well, mor,† that may seem a curous thing tu say, but yow luke prettier now than yow did then, and that's a fack."

"Du yow think I believe your flatteries?" But the wife of sixty years looked as pleased as a bride, notwithstanding.

She was a dear little old woman, and, it may be, deserved her husband's praises. Her wrinkled skin was clear and ruddy, for she had always loved the fresh air and early morning hours; her eyes were blue and bright, and full of quiet fun, and her hair was as white as the snow which would lie untrodden for weeks in the paths of her garden. She had quick, brisk, cheerful ways, like some homely little bird that twitters, as it hops from place to place in its sober plumage. The sorrows of life, and she had had her full share, had been but as the fierceness of the sun on unripened fruit and made her sweeter than before, poverty had but widened her sympathies, and the imperfections of her neighbours had but made her adore the perfections of God. Everybody who knew her, they were not so many but they would have made a poor crowd, loved her, and if anyone did not love her, you may be sure they did not know her.

The old man, her husband, was less amiable, less unselfish, less tender-hearted; but you cannot sit in the sunshine without absorbing some of its warmth, nor handle sweet-smelling flowers without their odour clinging to you, nor look on happiness without a brightening countenance, and so in the close companionship with his wife, John had had his rough edges taken off, and his good points drawn out. At any rate, in Martha's eyes he was but a little removed from perfection.

All their married life they had lived in the pretty cottage with the gable, and the porch, which was overgrown with clematis in its season, so that the air for quite a distance was a joy to breathe by reason of its sweetness. No other place, not the parson's house, nor the squire's, was half so desirable in their eyes. The memories of children, long since gone to another world, or, and those two seemed farther off than the others, to distant parts of this world, clung about the three rooms, the garden paths, the fields beyond. To them the village was a complete hemisphere, and their own home a whole country, and every foot of it the scene of some great event. The history of their household was to them eventful to the limits of all imagination, with its births and marriages and deaths, its victories and its failures, its loves and its strivings, and here it was that all had come to pass. To lose their home would be to become as strangers in a strange land. Yet with this loss they had been and still were threatened. Early in the preceding winter old John had got a thorn into his hand, and this had led to blood-poisoning. He was unable to use his arm, which from this cause had grown stiff and powerless. The work once given over was never resumed. They had never been able to save, and there was no relation to help them. The winter had been exceptionally hard, and the old man had needed warmth and nourishing food. The brave old woman had done what she could. She had asked and obtained help of the parish, but it was very slight, and so though they had pulled through till this summer, they did not know whether the winter would find them, they spoke of it with bated breath, in "the house."

There was another inmate of the cottage besides John and his wife, and that was their granddaughter Bathsheba. She had been born in that cottage. Her mother, the youngest of the family had married well, but was left a widow before the birth of the child, and in a very few months she followed her husband. So that little Bathsheba became the property of her grandparents. Her father's people, who had not been over-pleased with his marriage, had never expressed any desire to have her, nor did they interfere in her bringing up. So Bathsheba took her mother's place in the hearts of her parents.

But they were old to have so young a charge, and unknown to the girl they began, as the years went by, to be anxious about her future. If they could but live to see her happily married they would die without a care; but to leave her unprovided for and without a protector would trouble them sorely. And of late, since they had been doubtful as to whether they would be able to keep the home together, the question as to what would become of Bathsheba was frequently asked.

"Not but what I feel sure t' Lord wull provide for her," Martha would say; but as is the way with human nature she wanted to know how.

They began to talk about the girl now, and the sound of their voices was borne to Bathsheba through the open window.

She was standing leaning against the lintel of the door knitting socks for her grandfather. She made a pretty picture in her pink print frock and clean apron, a large sun-bonnet shading her bright face. She was as dark as a little gipsy. Her eyes were bent on her work, but the long black lashes fell on cheeks as brilliantly tinted as though she were some daughter of the south. There was gipsy blood in her father's family, and there was no doubt she inherited the characteristics of this unknown ancestor. In her ways too Bathsheba was not altogether like the Norfolk folk among whom she lived. Their quiet, phlegmatic, somewhat suspicious nature was alien to her. She was passionate and impulsive, and devotedly attached to any for whom she cared at all. The old couple who had done what they could for her, were amply compensated by the love she lavished on them. She was wilful and not always easy to control; but as there was seldom any doubt as to whether she could have her own way this mattered the less.

Though prompt in coming to a conclusion, in action Bathsheba was not a very thoughtful girl, and she had never troubled herself about her future. Her guardians had always been old, and she scarcely realised that they grew older. She saw no change in them. Her grandfather's inability to work was the result of an accident. She did not grasp the fact that to a young man it would have been disabling for but a very little time. As to their doubts about the future, she never heard them expressed. It was when they sat alone the grandparents wondered about the girl, and said to one another as they shook their heads mournfully that if the home broke up they would lose her, because whatever came to the aged a strong girl must never go to "the house." And above all not their pretty Bathsheba.

This morning they did not know she was so near them. She had been away in the meadows a quarter of an hour ago, but her whereabouts at one moment was no guarantee as to where she would be five minutes later. Only one thing was certain. She would be in the open air. It was next to impossible to keep her within doors, except perhaps when the "roke" * came up from the sea, wet and clinging and cheerless. Bathsheba had no intention of listening to the conversation. The voices drifted past her without her heeding them. The old man's was not very distinct. His back was to the door and he mumbled somewhat; but Martha's was always clear, and was more so in the perfect stillness of the summer morning.

"Bathsheba would miss us."

"That she would, mor . . ."

"That have been a happer home to her. I believe she haven't had more care than the young lambs in t' meadows."

". . . . . "

"Noa, that caan't laast. But yow can't but wish to see them happer. Theer's no muther but hopes her child mayn't never suffer. I somehow laik tu think I ha' never seen her really sorrowfu', and I wud laik tu die before that time cum."

". . . Howsomedever . . . agree with yow that far."

"John!"

". . . . . "

"It cum tu my maind t' day what about his people?"

". . . . . "

"Why, Wilmerson."

". . . strangers . . . " There was an angry sound in the one word which reached Bathsheba's ears.

After that there was a movement on the part of the old woman, and she had evidently withdrawn further within the room, for the girl heard no more.

But she had gathered enough to set her quick wits to work.

At any rate she realised that things must one day be changed, and that there was a question as to what would become of herself. The allusion to her father's people too reminded her that it was curious they should be to her what her grandfather had called them, "strangers."

When once our minds have been led to any new train of thought, it is curious how many things seem afterwards to lead in the same direction. Words and actions which had before had no special significance for Bathsheba became fraught with meaning. Where she had been dreamily unobservant she was now carefully heedful, and she saw that both the man and his wife were kind to her beyond the common wont of parents, scrupulous that she should lack nothing to which she had been accustomed, even though they themselves had less; and above all that they spoke sometimes to one another in terms which showed that they foresaw the possibility of a change in their circumstances, even although it had taken no definite form. "If" was more frequently on their lips than "when."

(To be continued.)

* Seems. † Girl.

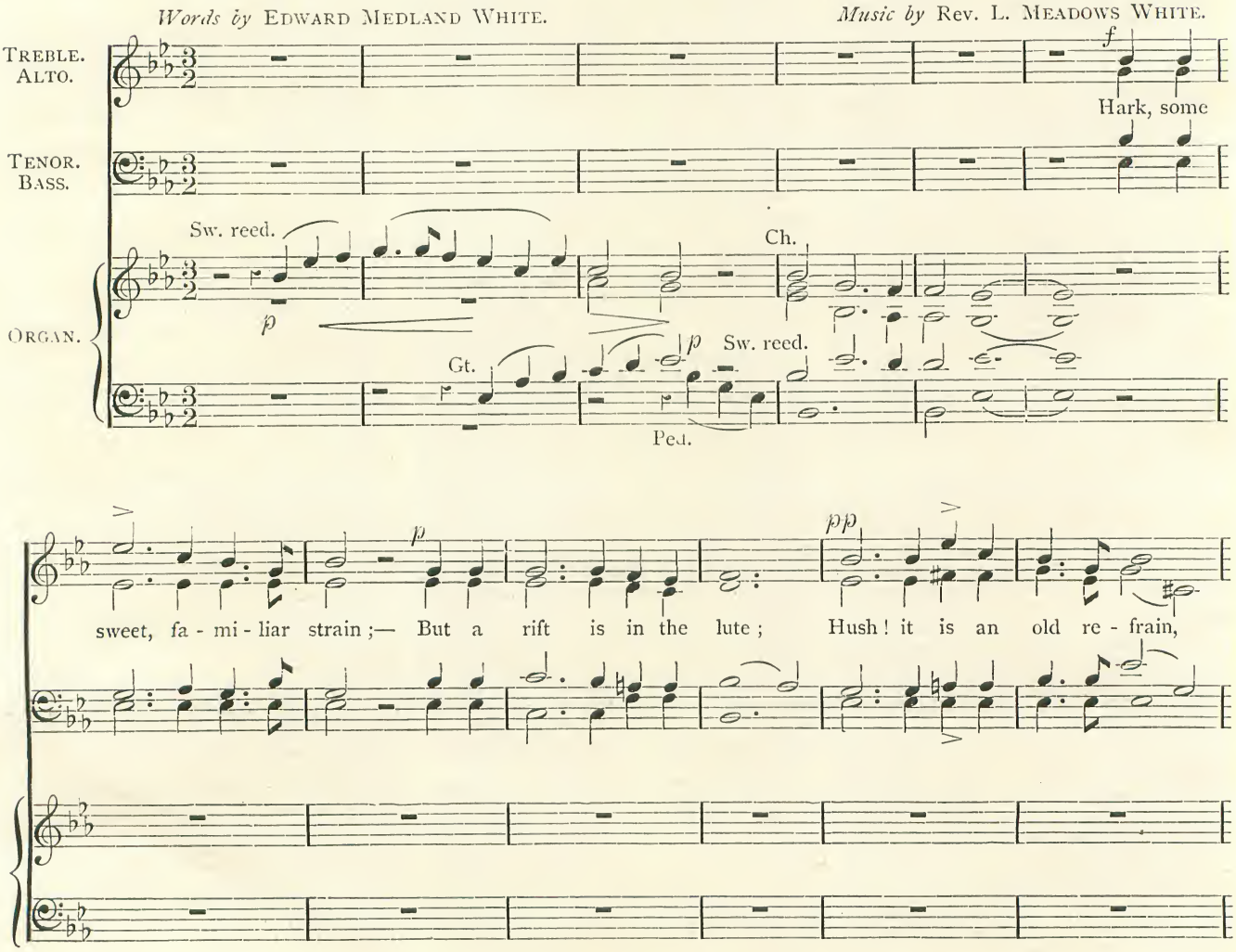
* Fog.



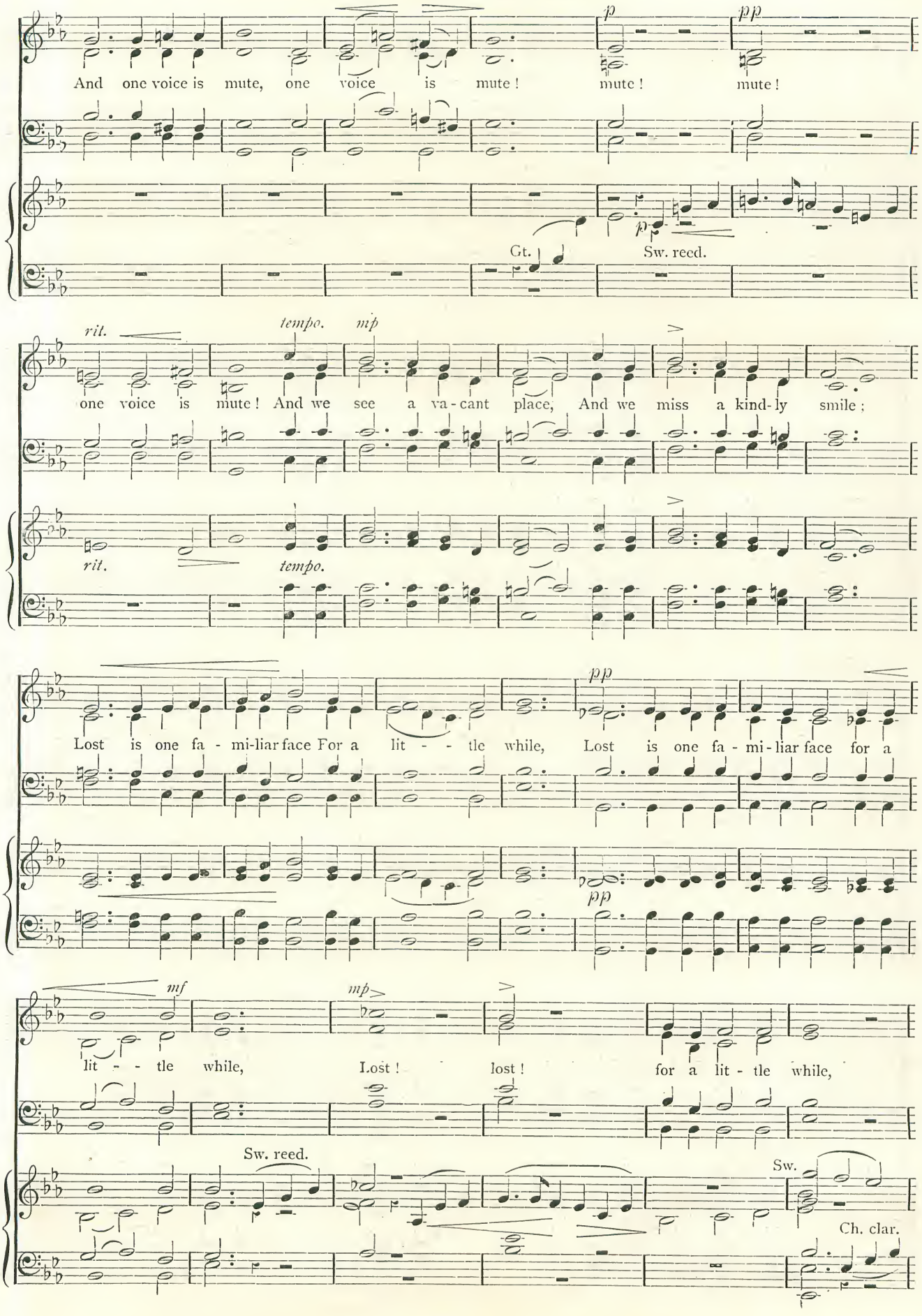
"THE OLD REFRAIN."

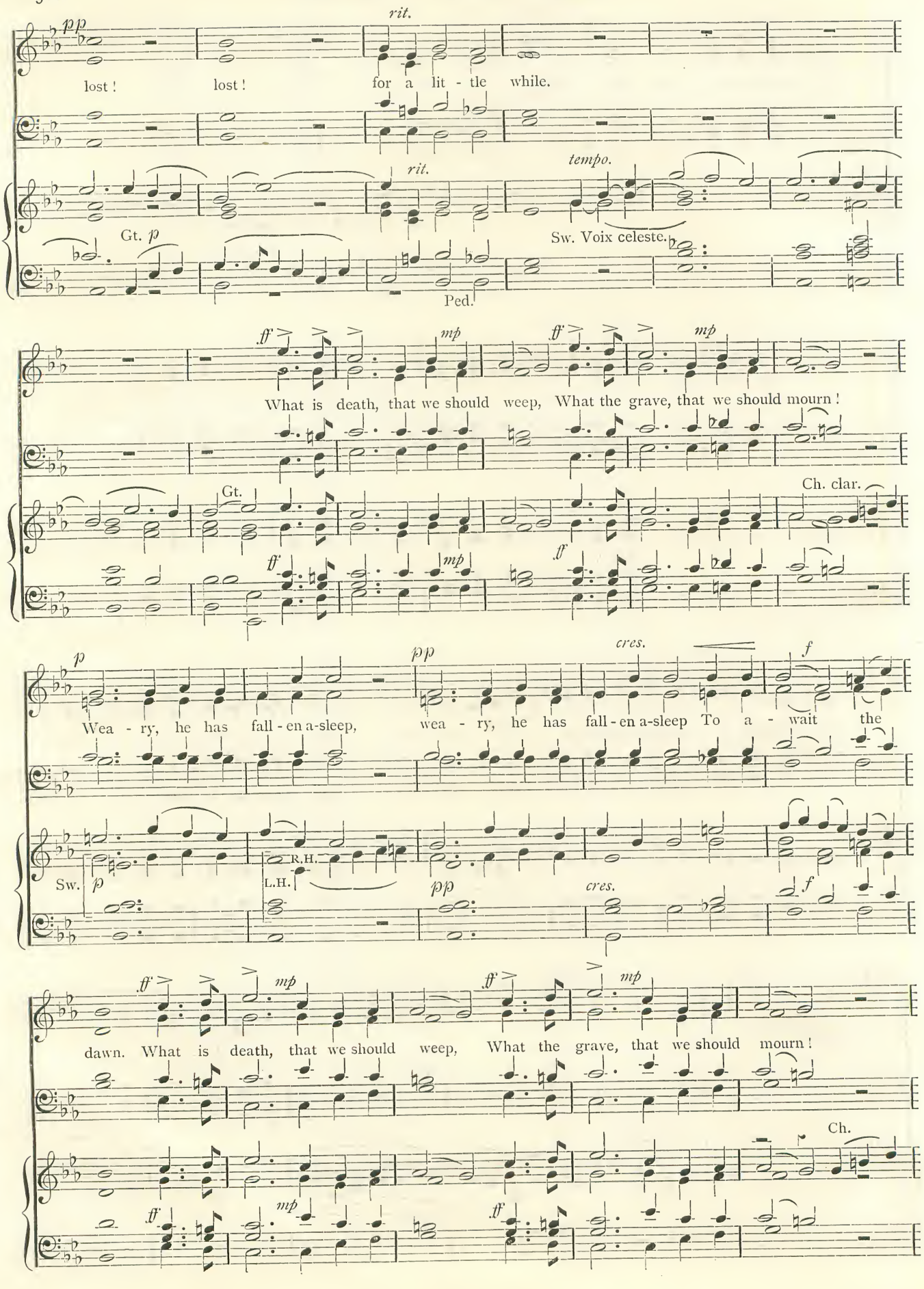
LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHORISTER.

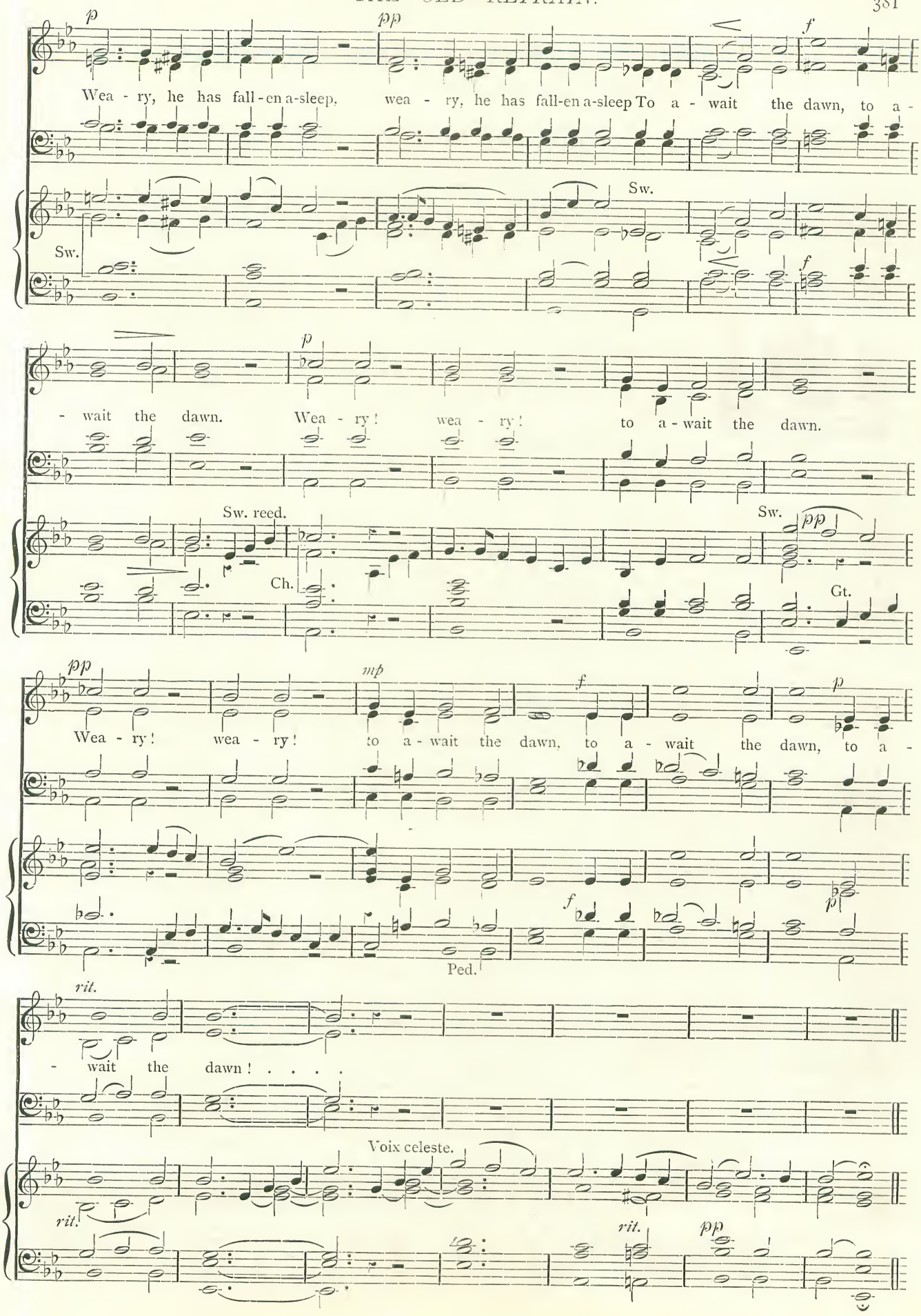
Words by EDWARD MEDLAND WHITE. *Music by* Rev. L. MEADOWS WHITE.



Note.—Three phrases from the Rev. J. B. Dykes' well known tune to the hymn "Lead, kindly Light," are employed in the accompaniment of this Anthem, to represent the "sweet familiar strain."


And one voice is mute, one voice is mute! mute! mute!
p
pp
Gt.
Sw. reed.
rit.
tempo.
mp
one voice is mute! And we see a va-cant place, And we miss a kind-ly smile;
rit.
tempo.
Lost is one fa-mi-liar face For a lit-tle while, Lost is one fa-mi-liar face for a
pp
pp
mf
mp
lit-tle while, Lost! lost! for a lit-tle while,
Sw. reed.
Sw.
Ch. clar.


rit.
pp
lost! lost! for a lit - tle while.
rit.
tempo.
Gt. p
Sw. Voix celeste.
Ped.
ff mp ff mp
What is death, that we should weep, What the grave, that we should mourn!
Gt.
Ch. clar.
ff mp ff
p pp cres. f
Wea - ry, he has fall - en a-sleep, wea - ry, he has fall - en a-sleep To a - wait the
Sw. p R.H. L.H. pp cres. f
ff mp ff mp
dawn. What is death, that we should weep, What the grave, that we should mourn!
Ch.
ff mp ff


p
pp
f
Wea - ry, he has fall - en a-sleep, wea - ry, he has fall-en a-sleep To a - wait the dawn, to a -
Sw.
Sw.
f
- wait the dawn. Wea - ry! wea - ry! to a - wait the dawn.
p
Sw. reed.
Ch.
Sw.
pp
Gt.
pp
Wea - ry! wea - ry! to a - wait the dawn, to a - wait the dawn, to a -
mp
f
p
f
p
Ped.
rit.
- wait the dawn! . . . .
Voix celeste.
rit.
rit.
pp

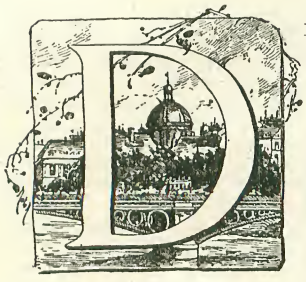
DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HAVE COME TO STAY."

"The dear Lord's best interpreters,
Are humble human souls,
The gospel of a life,
Is more than books or scrolls."
Whittier.



EB, I have come to stay," were Olivia's first words, as the woman met her on the top of the stairs; but Deborah's only answer was to lift her hands in dumb protest, and lead the way into the kitchen.

Deb's strong, hard-featured face, was haggard and drawn with fatigue and anxiety, and she looked more gaunt and angular than ever; her reddened swollen eyelids told their own tale.

"I am come to stay," repeated Olivia firmly; but Deborah only shrugged her shoulders, and walked over to the fireplace.

"You won't need to stay long, Miss Olive," she said, in a choked voice—at moments of excitement it was still "Miss Olive" with Deb—"she is failing fast, dear soul, the fever's gone and left her as weak as a new-born babe. I always said my mistress was only fit to be among the angels!" and Deb gave an expressive sniff as she filled her kettle. Olivia felt a dull pain at her heart at this speech; but she would not let herself give way. Deborah, as she knew, always took a gloomy view of her mistress's illnesses.

"Dr. Randolph is coming again to-night," she observed, "my husband told me so;" but Olivia's hand shook as she took off her hat and jacket.

"Yes, Miss Olive, the doctor is coming again, and that speaks for itself, to my mind. I knew what it was four days ago, for she was taken ill the very night after you drove round to see her; but I dare not let you know. 'We won't tell Mrs. Luttrell, or she will be anxious, and will insist on coming to nurse me; promise me that you will not send to Galvaston Terrace, Deb;' and what was a poor servant to do? I suppose if Dr. Luttrell has sent you, you will have to stop, but I won't give up nursing my mistress even to you, Miss Olive," and Deb sniffed defiantly. "There, you may go in while I warm her milk, but she will not take any notice of you, she is too weak to speak."

The folding-doors were open, and the little sitting-room with its cheery fire had a cosy aspect, the sick-room was dimly lighted. As Olivia bent over the invalid, her heart contracted with anguish. Could only four days have wrought such deadly havoc?

Aunt Madge's face looked pinched and sunken, and so changed that Olivia could hardly recognise it? but as she hung over her in speechless grief, the heavy eyelids unclosed, and something like a smile passed over the features. "My little Livy," was all she whispered, but it was the old caressing tone.

When Dr. Randolph paid his last visit, Olivia begged him to use his influence with Deborah. "She has been up three nights and is utterly worn out," she went on. "I want her to let me watch while she has a good sleep on that couch. I would promise to wake her if I saw the least change. Indeed I know something of nursing, Dr. Randolph. I was with my dear mother when she died, and I will carry out all your instructions."

"Well, you heard what I said to Mrs. Higgins," returned Dr. Randolph, "that everything depends on frequent nourishment; the fever is down, but there is a state of collapse that makes me uneasy. Mrs. Broderick has a good constitution or she would not have got through her last illness, so I still hope we may pull her through;" but Dr. Randolph's voice was not sanguine as he said this. "Now I will go and have a talk with Mrs. Higgins; I shall tell her that unless she does as she is told to-night I shall bring round a nurse with me to-morrow. I think that will fetch her," and Dr. Randolph was right. Possibly Deb felt herself on the verge of breaking down, for she consented at last to lie down on her mistress's couch, for an hour or two, but it was midnight before Olivia found herself in sole charge.

There was very little to be done, except to give medicine and nourishment at stated intervals, and to make up the two fires as noiselessly as possible; but Olivia felt her responsibilities too acutely to be overcome by drowsiness, though Deborah lay hour after hour in the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion.

Olivia's thoughts went back to her childhood as she sat there; a hundred instances of Aunt Madge's affection and devotion recurred to her. She remembered how the sprightly young aunt used to run up to the nursery, with some new toy or gaily-dressed doll, that she had purchased out of her scanty savings, for Aunt Madge had been a daily governess too. She could recall the Sunday afternoons when she sat in her lap, and the beautiful voice sang to her or told her stories—Joseph and his brethren, and Daniel in the lion's den, or on other days dear old fairy stories such as children love. She had been her bridesmaid too, and had grown very fond of the honest, sturdy Scotchman whom his wife so tenderly idealised.

"Uncle Fergus was a good kind man," she thought, "but he was not all that Aunt Madge imagined him; most people would not have called him interesting, but he was devoted to her. What a bright creature she was until little Malcolm died—that was the first of her troubles. What a happy home theirs had been; but it was Aunt Madge who had been the heart of the house, who had organised and planned; Uncle Fergus had never originated anything.

"And she loved him as dearly as I love Marcus," she went on. "And yet when she lost him there was not a murmuring word.

"'I thought it was too good to last,' she once said to me; 'but my widow's cruise will never be empty. I have the sweetest memories, and by-and-by I shall have my treasures again: do you know, I often pray, Livy, that I may not long so much to die. God's will, not mine, even in this.'

"Oh, Aunt Madge, dear Aunt Madge, I cannot spare you yet," murmured Olivia, more than once that night, for it is hard for human affection to rid itself of selfishness.

When Olivia brought Deb a cup of tea at seven o'clock, the good creature seemed quite shocked. "To think I have slept all these hours," she said in a dazed voice.

"Miss Olive, why did you not wake me long ago, you are fit to drop, and what will Dr. Luttrell say?" but Olivia shook her head with a faint smile.

"I will lie down now and get a nap. Deb, I am sure she is no worse; she has taken all Dr. Randolph ordered, and though she has not spoken, she seemed to me a shade less exhausted;" but though Deb would not endorse this, Olivia felt certain that she was right.

She was sitting at her late breakfast when Marcus called to see how they had spent the night. And her account evidently relieved him. He waited to hear Dr. Randolph's opinion. Olivia came back to him as soon as possible.

"Oh, Marcus," she said, the tears rushing to her eyes, "Dr. Randolph says that the exhaustion is not quite so great, and he owned frankly that he was afraid last night how he should find her this morning. We are to go on just the same Everything depends on frequent nourishment; he thinks the heart is a little stronger, but she must not be moved at all. 'We must see what nature and rest will do,' he said to me. 'Do not relax your efforts, we are not out of the wood yet;' he is coming again about four."

"Yes, I should not be surprised if she weathered it after all," returned Marcus; "she must have a tough constitution to have gone through all she has. Yesterday I certainly felt anxious, and so did Randolph. We both feared sudden collapse. I worried myself for a long time because I had not offered to sit up with you, Livy, but I have been up two nights already this week, and

one has one's work to do;" but Olivia looked quite shocked at this.

"My dear boy, how could you think of such a thing; it would have made me more miserable than I was already; besides, there would have been no room for you, this is such a tiny place. Oh, how I wish Aunt Madge could move into better lodgings; her bedroom is far too small, and that wardrobe quite fills it up. By-the-bye, Marcus, I wish you would tell me what I had better do. May I come home for an hour or two and see baby."

"I don't know that there would be any risk," he replied slowly; "you cannot give influenza unless you have it yourself; but all the same I would keep away from Dot. She is perfectly well and sat up in her high chair pouring out imaginary tea in her wooden set while I had my breakfast, and Martha begged me to tell you 'that the butcher had called, and she had ordered a steak for master, and would make a rice pudding for Miss Baby.'"

"Very well, then, I will stay; but, Marcus, I shall see you again this evening, shall I not," and Marcus returned in an emphatic voice that he certainly intended to keep an eye on her.

"I won't have you getting into mischief and knocking yourself up," he remarked severely. "So be a wise woman or you will have to reckon with me!"

There was plenty to do that morning, putting things tidy in the sick-room and straightening the sitting-room. In the course of the day some choice flowers came from Galvaston House with Mr. Gaythorne's compliments, and at tea-time Marcus dropped in unexpectedly, and they had a cosy half-hour together in Deb's spotless little kitchen; to her surprise he told Olivia that Dot was at Galvaston House.

"Mrs. Crampton begged to have her, and Mr. Gaythorne thought it would be a good plan, so she fetched her this afternoon. I hope I have done right, Livy;" and Marcus spoke in an apologetic tone, as though he felt that he had trenched on the mother's prerogative; "but you see I am so much out, and Martha is so busy, that I thought that we should both be less anxious to know that Mrs. Crampton was looking after her," and Olivia agreed to this.

Olivia had already arranged to take the earlier part of the night in the sick-room, and when Dr. Randolph had paid his evening visit, Deb took possession of the couch again. Olivia had promised faithfully to wake her at three o'clock.

A long afternoon nap had refreshed Olivia, and a few hopeful words from the doctor had cheered her immensely. A little after midnight she was sitting down by the bedside with some knitting to keep her awake, when a movement from the bed made her look up. Aunt Madge's eyes were fixed on her; there was a strange solemnity and deep sadness in their expression, and as Olivia rose hastily and bent over her with a tender inquiry, the feeble voice whispered—

"Don't fret any more, Livy, the Master does not need me yet—not yet," and then scarcely audibly, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," and then, it seemed to Olivia, that the weary eyelids closed in sleep again.

When her turn for rest came Olivia felt almost too agitated to sleep; the sad yearning in the sunken eyes haunted her; too well she knew that the fresh gift of life would only be an additional cross laid on the weary shoulders. What was life to Aunt Madge now but suffering and deprivation, a daily stumbling among shadows, as she had once called it.

There was no reserve and hesitation in Dr. Randolph's manner when he came out of the sick-room the next day.

"She has turned the corner now, but it was a narrow squeak," he said rubbing his hands. "Now, all we have to do is to build up her strength. Your aunt is a wonderful woman, Mrs. Luttrell. I should not wonder if she is good for twenty years yet, but we must be careful still. I suppose you will be here for another day or two. Oh, that's all right," as Olivia gave a decided assent to this. "It would be a pity to knock Mrs. Higgins up. There are not many women like her; she is simply invaluable."

As the days went on the tension of anxiety was visibly relaxed. The invalid's progress was slow but sure. In another day or two Olivia was able to go home for an hour or two to have dinner with Marcus, and give Martha directions, but while the night-work continued it was impossible for her to leave. And it was arranged that Dot was to remain at Galvaston House for the present.

Greta had written to beg for an extension of her visit. "She is such a darling, and I shall be so delighted to have her," she wrote. "She will not be at all in the way," and indeed Dot ruled royally over the household.

She and Mr. Gaythorne became great friends. "Great dada," as she called him, took a good deal of notice of the pretty, golden-haired child who played at his feet for hours, and Eros was devoted to her.

Alwyn's first work when he returned was to paint a large picture of Dot in her cream-coloured smock, hanging a withered garland round the neck of the blind hound.

"Friends" he called it.

Olivia was able to spend an hour or two at Galvaston House the day after the young couple returned.

She found them in the studio with Dot and Eros. Alwyn was looking well and handsome, and Greta's sweet face wore an expression of gentle content. She carried Olivia off at once to the morning room to have a chat, as she said, looking archly at her husband. And though Alwyn professed to grumble at the desertion, he was too busy stretching his canvas for the new picture to resent it.

"Let me know when tea is ready," he called after them, and then they heard him whistling in his usual light-hearted fashion.

"I need not ask you if you are happy, Greta," were Olivia's first words, and then a charming blush crossed the young bride's face.

"No indeed! Oh, Olive, he is so good to me; if you only knew how he studies all my wishes. It was like a dream yesterday coming to this beautiful home. And then Mr. Gaythorne's delight at getting his son back. Oh, it was so touching to see them together. Alwyn wants me to call him 'father,'" she continued shyly. "He says it will please him so, so I must try to do it. You know I always called my own father dad. Now tell me about dear Mrs. Broderick. Poor Olive, what a time you have had; and you are looking so pale and tired." And then Olive poured out her anxieties and past troubles into Greta's sympathising ears.

"She is very weak still," she finished. "Dr. Randolph thinks it will be some time before she will be able to leave her bed. I have found such a nice woman who will come in and help Deb, for of course I cannot leave Marcus any longer. I am to go home the day after to-morrow. Deb will sleep on the couch in the sitting-room. She will have to give nourishment every two hours, but Deb manages to sleep with one eye open, as I tell her. I am to go for a couple of hours every afternoon, that will allow her to have a little rest. Marcus thinks this will work excellently. Oh, how glad I shall be to be at home again and look after him!"

"You want looking after yourself, dear," returned Greta affectionately. And then Alwyn came into the room with Dot on his shoulder, but she clamoured to go to her mammy.

"How do you think Mrs. Alwyn Gaythorne looks?" asked Alwyn mischievously. "She does me credit, does she not? By-the-bye, Greta, do you think father will like us to have coffee with him in the library this first afternoon?"

"I told Phœbe that we would have it up here; shall I go and ask him, Alwyn?"

"Do, love, the attention will please him, and I am sure Mrs. Luttrell will not mind." Then as Greta left the room, he turned to Olivia and said in a tone of deep feeling—

"She looks well and happy, don't you think so? Oh, Mrs. Luttrell, every day I feel more what a treasure I have. She is an embodied sunbeam. I never knew anyone so gentle and yet so bright. How my father will love her when he knows her better." And then as his wife's step sounded in the corridor, he sprang from his seat to open the door.

(To be concluded.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

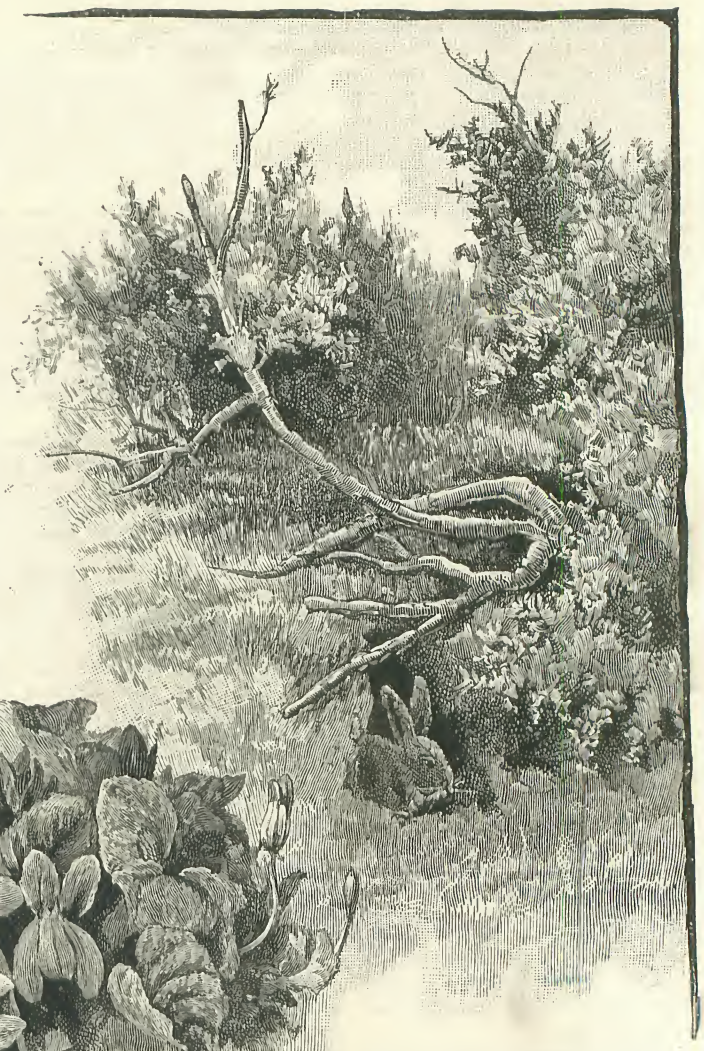
LILY OF THE VALLEY.—1. Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, is built on the southern slope of the range of mountains, and stands on an elevation of 5600 feet, a bleak, open, treeless down, often bitterly cold in winter. It is frequently assailed by dust-storms, causing inflammation in weak lungs, and the death-rates are high. In summer it is cooler than Pretoria or the Free State, and the heavy rains in this season on the loose thick soil often render the roads almost impassable. It has been said that the dryness of the winter should make Johannesburg favourable to those threatened with lung disease; but experience has proved the contrary. Persons thus afflicted should go to South Africa. Dr. C. L. Hermann, of Cape Town, speaking of this part of the great continent as a climatic resort, observes that "Where there is any hereditary phthisical tendency, a residence there is most strongly to be recommended, particularly in the case of children."—2. You can best judge of the qualities of any young man by seeing him with his own family. A good kind son and brother is sure to be a faithful and tender lover and husband. You could only judge of him by his personal character—you could have no other "proof."

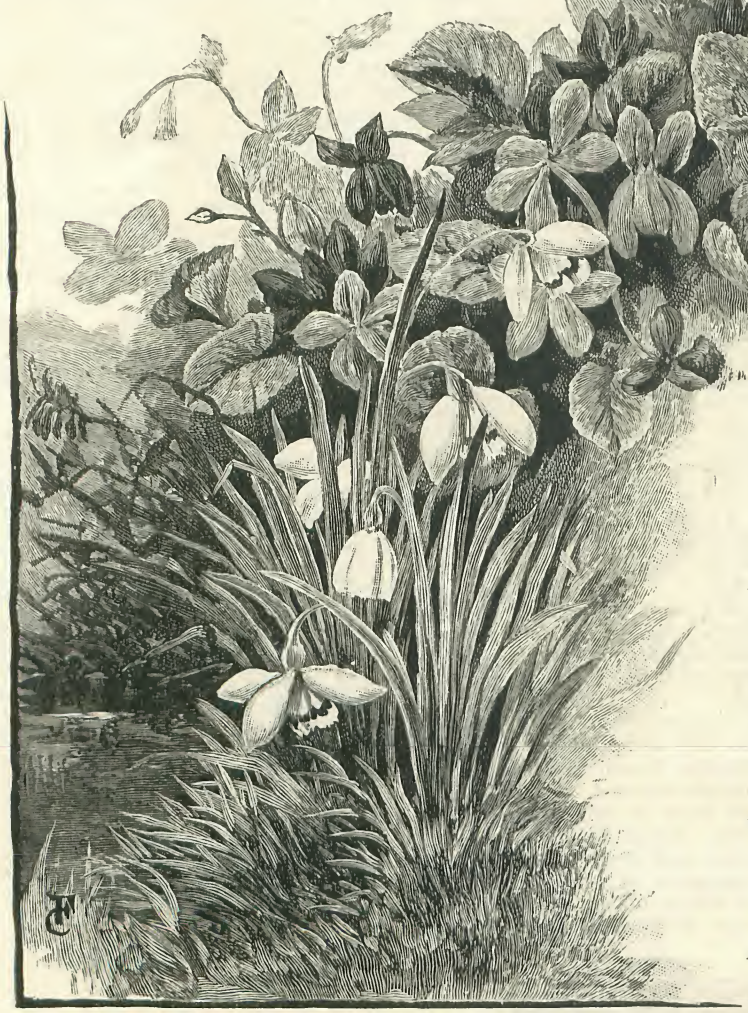
BEATRICE.—See our many answers to your query in our correspondence columns. Quite recently they were repeated. The great object is to get rid of all moisture, which can only be done by pressure between sheets of blotting-paper continually changed; but the book laid on them must not be very heavy.

"WINNIE IS MY DARLING."—If you have neither cat nor dog, you had better sprinkle insecticide all round the holes where the beetles come out, and when you have destroyed a considerable number, fill these with cement. Write to our publisher for the Christmas number you require.

NELLIE.—1. Yes, correct; but the loop at the top is rather different.—2. The "leaving out of the lighthouse and ship" on the new pennies appears to be owing to the fact that the die is a new one, and the designer did not care for this addition to the figure of Britannia, and wished to make a difference.

MARIA.—You need not incur the expense or the fatigue of a two or three days' journey in seeking a warm winter residence abroad, when we have as interesting a locality, and so genial a climate, as that of Cornwall within our own shores. It is inexpensive, and abundant as to living; and there is a choice of places in the county such as Penzance, Bude, Tintagel, Boscastle, Padstow and Mevagissey.





XENIA.—There is the Royal Alexandra Home for Art and Musical Students at South Kensington (London, S.W.), and there is also the Art Students' Home at 4 and 5, Brunswick Square, W.C., at which the weekly expenses are only from £1 1s. to £1 10s. a week. But for a student at the school in South Kensington, of course the Home connected with it, and close to it, would be preferable. At all events you might try it. For particulars of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, address the Secretary, Science and Art Department. The sessions are of five months each, and severally commence on the 1st of March and 1st of October. The hours are from 9 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. every day except Saturday. The entrance fee is 10s., and the educational fee £5 a session (£1 a month). The Lady Superintendent is Miss Trulock.

MARJORY.—To cut off a hand, or pluck out an eye rather than yield to a temptation to sin, means that we should sacrifice self to the very last extremity, as a "good soldier of Christ," for whom we should yield even life itself in martyrdom. And so to "hate father and mother" was explained by our Lord himself, who spoke the words (St. Matt. x. 37), for it referred to the confession of the Christian Faith, when to do so resulted in estrangement from the earthly parents. To give away one coat, if you had two, was a necessity of those times of terrible persecution, when fellow-Christians were turned out of house and home for the sake of Christ, and which necessitated a community of goods. The "turning of the other cheek," when smitten, was commanded in connection with these same persecutions, of which our Lord was speaking. See our answer to "Teacher" (p. 368), whose difficulties are similar to your own.

PRESIDENT OF ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY.—We thank you for your information that your discovery of a missing person was an exceptional case, and the search for lost friends is not a branch of your benevolent work. Any person desiring such aid with reference to emigrants, or travellers in America, should apply to the postmaster of the place where the individual was last heard of, who might possibly be able to obtain some information which would offer a clue.

A. B. C.—Tell your mother that, apart from a cold taken in the jaw, the lack of attention to the continual removal of tartar is the cause of the loosening of the teeth. As it accumulates at the roots it pushes them out.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 899.] MARCH 20, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



All rights reserved.]

"'WHAT AN OLD DEAR YOU ARE!' SAID MARY."



CHAPTER I.

IT was six o'clock of a summer evening, ten or twelve years ago. A girl of twenty-two or thereabout was standing outside the door of a little thatched Irish bungalow, shading her eyes and gazing intently across fields that lay in a golden wash of sunshine.

To the left of the point of her gaze the straggling village curved its last pink or yellow cottages. To the right stretched a beech-wood, into whose black mass the slanting rays were driving brilliant wedges of light. Between wood and village was a green slip of open.

Suddenly through that slit appeared a wonderful vision—a dome of blazing gold, a trail of vapour that lay upon the air as blue as the wings of a blue butterfly, and unfolded itself in tender, transparent wreaths. But the girl hardly noticed that transfiguration of the common 7.20 train. She watched, without conscious admiration, the flashing of windows as they passed, the splendid pulsing of brazen handles. Then for one second something white fluttered, and was swallowed up.

The girl waited for nothing more. Turning about quickly she ran into the house. First she put her head through a door to the right, and called, in a voice that tried to keep its excitement down, into a room far within, "Mother, she has come! I'll be back in one minute." Then, running to the end of the little hall, she pushed open a swing-door—a door that for its cruel creaking richly deserved to swing—and cried, breathlessly, to the kitchen: "Mrs. Mack! are you there, Mrs. Mack?—Oh, yes, I hear you—Miss Hildegarde is come."

"Ah!" a voice responded, "the poor thing! the poor thing!" and there was a sniff, and a sound as of a crumpled apron. "I'd as well be making the tea, so, for she'll be drying up for a drop, Miss Meary."

"There's nothing to cry at," Mary answered. "I suppose, Mrs. Mack," she added, peeping tentatively into the little kitchen, "you couldn't possibly—with all those currants to pick—but I'd come and help you after tea, and if you *could* have made just one little slice, it would—oh!——" She broke off with a little cry of delight, and clapped her hands together.

Mrs. Mack, a woman of about forty, with a funny, all-round generosity of figure and large, melancholy eyes, set in a face that might have been a specimen of her own "sad" paste, had suddenly lifted from the oven a dishful of hot cakes. She now stood silent, holding them out and giving them a little turn, this way and that. Mrs. Mack rightly thought that the cakes were quite able to express themselves.

"What an old dear you are!" said Mary. Then she remembered they were past the middle of the week, and inquired, with a hush of awe in her voice, "How did you get the butter?"

"Is it butter?" said Mrs. Mack. "There wasn't a taste of butter in the whole of it. 'Tis dripping, Miss Meary."

She set the cakes—delicately crisped with gold, and fragrant as the rich East—down upon a chair, and rolled her head slowly from side to side, while her dress heaved and crackled impartially all over. Then, lifting her apron to her eyes, she prepared to sink into a seat.

Mary darted forward, and snatched up the cakes. Only just in time. In another second Mrs. Mack overflowed the chair where they had been.

"Oh, come, Mrs. Mack," said Mary laying her hand upon the good woman's shoulder, that was shaking like a troubled cornflour mould, "you must not be melancholy to-night. My sister does not think herself at all to be pitied. At any rate, don't you see, the best way to help her is to be cheerful?"

"Ah, Miss Meary," said Mrs. Mack, suddenly staying her tears and looking up, with a face blurred like a February twilight, "'tis hard to thole! (bear) Going out for a governess—Miss Hildegarde! Now if it was yourself, Miss Meary, I wouldn't think so much of it at all."

"Oh," said Mary with just the shadow of a wince, "she is the clever one, and does everything best. I've never lived in France, you know, and my fingers are more at home with a housekeeper's keys than the keys of a piano."

"I know," said Mrs. Mack, "I know. 'Tis herself has the talent. And," she added, after a pause, "the looks. But for them that remember the ould times, musha! 'tis heart-scalding to think of Miss Hildegarde walking home from her teaching to tea-cakes made with dripping! Miss Hildegarde, that had a right to be driving herself with two white ponies, and one of them mantelpiece dogs running after her, and, when she'd alight, the nobility fighting which of them would hand down her wicked little pug. Ah, Miss Hildegarde! Miss Hildegarde!"

"I must go to mother," said Mary, turning away rather hastily. Candour, of course, is an excellent virtue, and one cannot well be both candid and candied. Still, she thought, Mrs. Mack's remark came under the head of things that one would rather have had expressed differently.

Probably on reflection the matter struck Mrs. Mack herself in the same light, for as the girl retreated, the domestic laid a detaining hand on her dress.

"Did ever ye hear," she asked, with that unabashed mendacity which is one of the bright gifts of her country, "the nickname they're after giving yourself, Miss Meary?"

"No," said Mary, with dignified indifference, "not so far as I remember."

"The Belle of Buncrana," said Mrs. Mack, with easy emphasis; "that's the way they're giving you out."

"Are you sure it is not the cracked belle?" asked Mary, as she walked away.

"'Deed then," said Mrs. Mack, whom a joke of finer point than a coal-scuttle balanced above the door was never known to penetrate; "that's it: you have it right now:" and she turned to her duties with a pleasing sense of adroitness equal to any probable emergency.

Mary, as she moved towards her mother's door, drew a little sigh, and was angry with herself for doing it. Hildegarde deserved all the admiration she received, and more. And, surely, it was a very ungenerous girl who could be envious of her sister. Some people were made for ornament and some for use. She herself was one of the useful sort. She was very happy in her destiny—and Mary sighed again. Then, taking herself, as it were, by the shoulders, she shook maudlin nonsense away. It was with a mental note to pray that night for deliverance from envy, hatred and malice, that she entered her mother's room.

All the same, circumstances did bear a little hardly upon Mary. One cannot but feel for the monthly-rose that the rhododendron overshadows. Walking alone, Mary would have blushed to hear the whispers that came back to her, "What a pretty girl!" Walking, as her custom was, with Hildegarde, she heard those whispers, and had no need for blushes. It was, I think, somewhat to her credit, that the smile with which she glanced at her sister was very seldom forced.

Mrs. Haydn was standing before her glass, making a little toilet of renovation after an hour of rest. For she was an invalid—a most unwilling and unexacting invalid, almost always suffering and never else than sweet.

Her thin, sensitive face had quite a little flush upon it now, and her hands fluttered in tremulous eagerness about her black dress and her white hair. She was not much more than forty, and, in spite of long illness her complexion was as delicate as a sea-shell. Her figure too, was youthful and of a singular distinction. At the first sight of her, people were apt to wonder, admitting that the effect was very charming, why Mrs. Haydn wore powder in her hair.

"So Hildegarde's train has come," she said as Mary entered. "Dear child, how did she look?"

"Why, mother," said Mary, laughing, while she wrapped a creamy shawl round Mrs. Haydn's shoulders, "how could I see that? It is difficult to say in what sort of health a pocket-handkerchief may find itself, because it is sure to look white."

"Of course. How silly I am. Mary, I think I'll have some scent this evening. It is very good scent, and our dear girl likes it."

"Mother," said Mary, still keeping her hands on Mrs. Haydn's shoulders, and looking with her at her reflection in the glass, "Hildegarde is very pretty, but she will never be like you."

"What nonsense," the mother answered. "Why, you speak as if the

elder people were the prettier they grew."

"They do," said Mary, kissing her mother's neck, under the white hair; "some people, anyhow."

Thereat Mrs. Haydn blushed with that charming and quite peculiar blush that comes to women no longer young, when their dear ones praise them as still beautiful.

Before the rose-tint had paled quite away, Mrs. Haydn lifted a hushing finger.

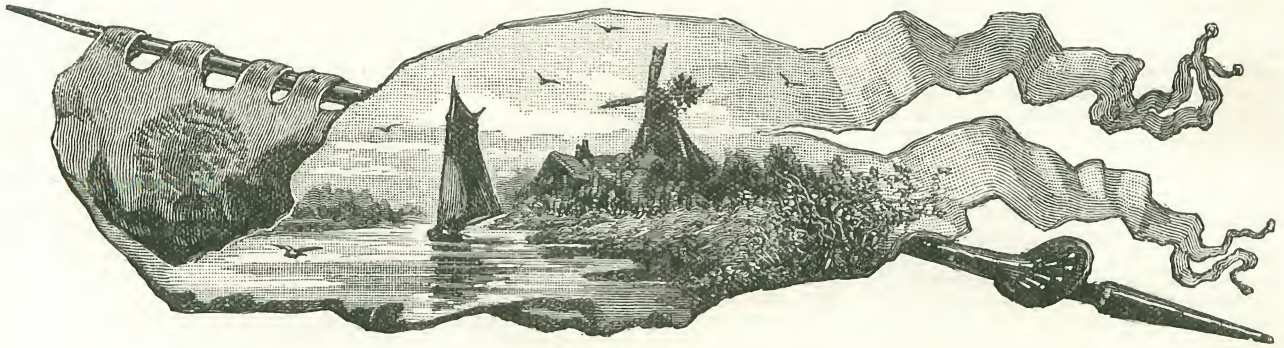
"There!" she said in a little flutter.

A door opened, and a second later a foot was in the hall.

"Come," said Mrs. Haydn, placing her arm through Mary's, "let us go to her;" and the daughter, half-supporting, half-carrying her mother's slight figure, felt it shaking like a leaf.

"Well, so you've got back!" cried Mrs. Haydn and Mary in a breath.

(To be continued.)



BATHSHEBA.

By IDA LEMON.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY week the old man walked into the neighbouring village to see the club doctor. The doctor had said in the winter, "Wait till the summer comes." But the summer had come and gone.

One day he came home and said, "T' doctor say he can do no moar."

The hope of being able to work again was thus taken from him. The dejection of his mind seemed to deprive his body of its little remaining vigour. He had to be urged to take exercise, and as the days grew shorter and colder was more and more loth to leave his fireside. He grew more self-absorbed, and but for the cheerful temperament of Martha and the gaiety of Bathsheba his despondency would have clouded the whole household.

As it was, doubts would sometimes force themselves on the old woman as to whether the time had not come for her to give up the struggle and break up the home. The winter was coming. There would be firing needed and more food. Was it wise to face it?

But the thought of parting with Bathsheba checked her. It would be like losing her daughter over again.

Nevertheless, as if in some sort preparing both the girl and herself for future possibilities, she began to talk to her now and then about her father's people. They lived at the other side of the county. Martha knew little about them, except what she had learnt from her son-in-law and heard from gossips; but she seemed as if anxious to inspire the girl with interest in them.

Bathsheba understood that Martha was thinking how one day she would ask them to take care of her. The old woman, not knowing that the girl had overheard her conversation with her husband on his birthday, did not realise this, nor how Bathsheba's proud young heart spurned the idea. They had left her alone all these years. She would never accept their grudging charity. But still she let Martha talk, and held her peace as to her own thoughts.

But one day when the east wind was blowing keenly and the world looked grey and cheerless, poor old John sitting by the fireside vainly trying to keep himself warm began to cry like a tired child. The tears ran down his pale cheeks on to his rough jersey and his thin stiff fingers.

The old woman was in the upstairs room. Bathsheba was laying the table for the midday meal of potatoes.

"Why, grandfaäther, what have cum to yow?"

The old fellow continued to cry.

"Are yow in pain? Do yoar haad ache?"

"Noa—noa, mor. Oh," he whimpered, "I am fair wearer of it, and thaat's truth. And for all she seem so bright-like is t' owld woman."

"Why, grandfaäther!" Bathsheba came up to him and laid her hand on his knee. "Wot's trowblin' yow?"

"Doan't yow see, mor," he said, the tears still flowing, "whichever way yow luke at it that's haärd? We caan't go on fightin' at our time o' life, and if so be we have tu be separated that'ld fair kill us. Why, I've knowed her since she was younger nor yow, and now when it cum tu t' laast few months o' laif, they'ld paart us. And yet if we go on as we are it means death tu me if it doan't to her. I've turned it over this way and t' other way, and I can't see it raight nohow."

Bathsheba tried to comfort him. She wiped his eyes lest Martha should see he had been weeping, and did her best to divert his thoughts. But with scant success. Perhaps the east wind had made Martha dreary too. At any rate, when she came down she was more silent than her wont, and her eyes had an anxious look not usually seen there.

That afternoon Bathsheba walked to a farmhouse some distance off for the skim-milk, three pints of which might be had for a penny. All the way there she was very thoughtful, and it was evident some plan was shaping itself in her mind, for usually her walk and her expression were much less demure.

She was a favourite at the farmhouse, and the dairymaid noticed her changed demeanour as she handed her back the tin "boiler."

"Why, Bathsheba, wot ha' cum to yor dimples? Yow be so serous as a cow bereft o' her caalf."

"I ha' been thinkin', Emma."

"Cum, then, doan't think, yow bean't owd enough by a year or two."

"Emma," said Bathsheba suddenly. "Doan't yow come from out Stanhoe way?"

"Yes. Wot maakes yow ask?"

"I thowt I ha' heard yow say so onst. And yow know my faäther come from there."

"Why, so he did. He was one o' they Wilmersons, and the best o' them, so I have heerd. I worked there onst for a bit. They kep' two cows then, but they have more now."

"Emma, I wish yow'ld tell me summat about them. Are they rich, Emma?"

"If rich means accordin' as they spend I should say no. But if it mean accordin' as they have, yes. Doan't yow know nothin' of them, mor?"

"No, Emma. They haven't never troubled wi' me."

"Nor wouldn't if it meant paartin' with moner for yow."

"Emma," said Bathsheba, "I'm goin' to get them to paart wi' some."

"Yow!" Emma held up her bare arms, laughing.

"I'll tell yow what I haven't told no one, Emma. And mind yow keep it to yourself. I'm goin' there tu beg."

Emma laughed more than ever.

"Yow will cum back empter, mor."

"We shall see."

And Bathsheba put her lips together firmly, and her eyes sparkled.

"Now tell me, Emma, when yow go tu yor home how do yow get there?"

Emma explained.

"And yor home is four mile from Stanhoe, yow say? To-morrow is t' carrier's day. I shall start to-morrow."

Emma looked at her astonished.

"Now, Emma," said Bathsheba, looking up at the dairymaid in her most bewitching way, "I want yow tu do something for me. Will yow?"

"Is it muner* you want, mor?"

"Noa. I du. But I wasn't thinking o' that. I want yow tu go to-morrow and see my grandmuther, and tell her I had a fancer to go off to Stanhoe. Yow needn't say for what. Doan't yow let her fret. Say I shaan't stop there, but I had a feeling I'ld laik tu see my granny. Maak it rait someway, Emma. Du I happened on you fain."†

Emma promised, and Bathsheba went home with the milk

(To be concluded.)

* Muner = money.

† It is a good thing I chanced to see you.

DUCK-BREEDING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

By T. WILSON-WILSON.

PART IV.

In my concluding paper, my readers will naturally expect that I shall give them some definite ideas as to the profit which may reasonably be expected to arise from duck-breeding carried on systematically. It is most difficult to avoid misleading statements, as profit is so often a question of management, chance of market, and happy surroundings. Some have every opportunity of rearing the ducklings, but find that marketing expenses run away with all profit. Others find that they have the market, but that the land is too expensive, or they are so situated that they have to pay a great deal for labour, housing or other things. There is certainly profit in duck-breeding, but that profit is perhaps rather secured through good management than obtained merely in a "fit of absence of mind."

Books on duck-keeping are sometimes misleading, and one of the greatest faults I have to find with the ordinary table of profit and loss is the want of realisation of the necessity for novices to establish their own market before they can command the prices which, no doubt, their stock may be worth, but which they can on no account get. In fact, in order to get any price above the mere market value, it is certainly necessary to serve an apprenticeship of advertising, which, for the first year or two, runs away with a good deal of extra profit.

I was reading one profit and loss table in which a breeder estimates that, out of 300 ducklings, he will average 3s. 6d. each for 200, lose 30 by casualties, and sell 70 selected ones at £1 each. Now that may be possible, but we should say that the beginner will certainly not get rid of even very excellent stock birds at such a high price unless he has been successful to a great extent in the show-pen or has spent a good sum on advertisement.

It seems to me that we ought to be able to show a reasonable chance of profit without having to rely on fancy prices, though, if pure varieties are kept and bred with judgment, it will be certain that the receipt of fancy prices will merely be a question of time.

We should like to give some idea as to the nett cost of rearing ducklings and of the keeping of stock ducks. We will not take any notice of labour and capital, expense of houses, runs, ponds, conveying to market, etc. These latter must depend on circumstances which vary considerably; and readers will soon find out in their neighbourhood the average prices obtainable for the ducklings, also the amount of rent and other expenses they will by necessity of their individual surroundings incur, and then they can see better than any one else whether they will have a chance of success.

We should like to give what we consider a fair sum as depreciation of stock and houses every year in the estimate, and would further add that it does not invariably follow that if large profits are made out of a local retail trade that the same profits in proportion will be made if the wholesale market has to be dealt with.

Whatever I do or do not impress upon my readers I should like to impress these essentials to success. Begin in a small way. Oversee everything yourself.

We have said before that profit-making in duck-breeding consists in finding out the art of getting, first duck eggs and next of all ducklings, just at the season when the highest prices are obtainable.

The grand truth must be borne in mind that ducklings cost no more to feed one time than another, and that therefore we might as well have them at the time at which they will pay best.

Let us suppose that we see our way to keeping two breeding pens of Aylesbury ducks. We have bought the ducks at one place and the drakes at another to be quite sure that they are unrelated, and we are sure that they are young birds. We have not grudged the price for good stock birds, and have paid ten shillings each all round, eight birds in all.

These are not exhibition stock, but good birds that have some slight faults bought from some reliable breeder of exhibition stock. It is always the best to start well at first.

It is generally considered that stock birds cost about twopence-halfpenny per week, and if they cost more there is some waste, and this price ought to pay for the cost of bedding also. Their cost is therefore £4 6s. 8d. in keep.

We may here remark that care should be taken to get the food as far as possible wholesale, or at any rate in hundredweight lots, as it is in these little ways that the profit is saved.

The ducks ought to lay 80 eggs each, some will lay more, others less. This will make 480 eggs in the year. All these eggs ought to be turned into ducklings, if profit be an object. We will say that 80 of them are laid at a time when it is inconvenient to set, or very late in the season, and are sold at one penny each, which is a low price. We have 400 eggs to be set. Out of these we will reckon that 50 are unfertile, and are worthless except as food for the ducklings. This leaves us 350 possible eggs.

Whether hens or incubators be used, it is certainly not too much to say that another 50 ought to be reckoned as lost. We always reckon ourselves in calculation that it costs two eggs to make one duckling. After the ducklings are "made," there is practically no loss. We hardly ever lose one, unless it might be through rats, cats or other depredators. However, to be on the safe side, we will say that we bring to the killing point 250 ducklings. Of these we keep ten of the best for stock next year, and their food will cost for ten months, say, £4 3s. 4d. The other 240 ducklings cost for ten weeks, say, 2s. each. That is £24. We see how the food adds up and how necessary it is to get all at the cheapest. Besides this we must add the cost of incubation. Whether hens or incubators be used, we ought to add another twopence per duckling to be on the safe side. So the cost is now £26.

We now come to the vital question of what can be obtained for the ducklings, as upon this depends the profit or loss of the undertaking. Aylesbury ducklings, if bred from good stock, ought always to fetch the top of the market price, whatever it is. In January and February, in the large towns, it is not uncommon to get 14s. to 18s. per pair; but in that case it is necessary to be in communication with some good London dealer, such as Mr. Brooke, Central Market, London. The prices in February, March and April run high, gradually, however, going down until May, when they get very low, unless the birds can be sent to the seaside towns during July and August, when fancy prices lead again.

For a young, fat, well-fed duckling, ready dressed for table, we should say, however, that the very lowest price ever obtainable would be 2s. 6d., and often 3s. would be nearer the mark, especially if a trade can be established amongst private customers. We should therefore say that 3s. 6d. all the year round would be a fair average price upon which we could rely. And we should reckon to get £42 for our ducklings. We will give a little balance-sheet to see where we are in our first year.

We do not give the original cost of stock or houses, but we reckon the stock loses twenty-five per cent., and therefore £1 must be calculated off. We reckon that 10s. is all that ought to be paid for rent, 10s. as interest on, say, £10 capital spent in houses, pond, etc. If more money than this has to be spent a proportion of interest must be added; if less, then deducted. We put £1 down as deterioration of the plant. This table is not on the bright side, but is meant to be really helpful and not misleading.

The profit on eight stock ducks might be increased if a higher price could be got for the ducklings, or if the eggs could be sold right off at high prices for setting, or if more ducklings were obtained from the number of eggs. But one year's experience will do more than all the article-writing in the world to show what can and what cannot be done. Some would say also that the food cost is high, but we reckon that this includes cost of grit, oyster shell, and bedding. If straw bedding be used it can be piled up and stacked for manure, as can also peat moss, and often a fair price may be obtained, or better still, it can be used in the home garden or farm. This must be put to the credit of the ducks. The feathers of the ducklings also are worth a good sum. If the ducks are sold alive, then the feathers are lost; but if they are plucked and dressed then the feathers come in to pay for the extra labour involved, besides which, as a rule, a few pence more per bird is obtained when they are ready dressed.

	£	s.	d.
Cost of feeding stock birds	4	6	8
10 ducklings, 10 months	4	3	4
240 ducklings, 9 weeks, at 1s. 11d.	23	0	0
Cost of incubation	2	0	0
Depreciation of stock	1	0	0
Depreciation of plant	1	0	0
Rent	0	10	0
	36	0	0

	£	s.	d.
240 ducklings, 3s. 6d.	42	0	0
Value of 10 young birds	5	0	0
Eggs sold	0	6	8
Feathers, manure, say	2	0	0
	49	6	8

We have therefore a sum of £13 6s. 8d. left for the trouble taken. It is a great deal more trouble to rear all the ducklings, but it pays really better than selling eggs for setting, but if one has not sufficient ground for so much duckling rearing, and were able to sell off all their eggs at an average price of 5s. per setting, then they might keep, say, twice or three times the number of stock ducks on the same ground, and make a fair profit that way.

Again, where there is unlimited space, up and down the fields, and there is a good market for the eggs, there is nothing easier than to keep flocks of Indian runners merely for the eggs alone, as they pay well, considering how much of their own living they find.

We have been speaking about preparing the birds for table. Many of my readers will know that the great objection of householders to buying ducklings and chickens from private sources is that they are delivered alive, or killed and not plucked, or plucked but not drawn. Now, mistresses may have no objection to purchasing such birds from their friends, but cooks do not share the same

feelings, and nowadays it is only a first-class cook who is willing or able to prepare a bird either for roasting or boiling.

In order, therefore, to get hold of the retail direct trade, it is necessary for the duck-raiser to be able to kill, pluck, and dress the duckling up to first-class standard. At first the business is a little tedious, but after a while all can be done in a very short time. We have often seen at the Royal and Dairy Shows the experts kill and pluck a chicken in about five minutes, and dress it in about three minutes. A quick girl would soon learn to do the work in twenty minutes when the birds are in prime plucking condition.

There is a time to kill ducklings and a time not to kill them. In order to make profit, the duckling must not be allowed to live one day after it has got its full duckling feathers. After that date it begins to lose flesh and is not worth killing for another three months, and ducklings do not pay to keep so long. Aylesbury ducklings ought to be ready at nine weeks old, and should be caught just before the new feathers appear.

Many girls will probably object to the idea of killing the ducklings themselves. This is a great mistake. True kindness and delicacy would argue that if the deed must be done we ought to do it ourselves with the greatest dispatch and run no risk of *contretemps*. Before I knew how to kill a bird I was often at my wit's end to find someone at the moment I wanted who could do it for me, and I should not like to narrate some rather painful incidents that occurred.

Now, the process learnt at the Royal Show at Darlington is all over in a moment. Take the chicken or duck, hold it firmly by the legs in the left hand, at the same time catching the points of the wings in the same hand to prevent muscular movement after death. Stand up and hold the bird in this position, head downwards, the left hand slightly in front of the body, elbow bent. Now put the right hand on the duck's head, the top of the skull resting in the palm of the hand, the thumb on the cheek, and the neck held between the first and second finger, the elbow pointing outwards. The object is to break the neck right at the head by a small bone at the base of the skull. If skilfully done there is no need for great force. Holding the bird firmly in the left hand, pull it upwards. At the moment pull downwards with the other hand, giving the hand a downward and outward jerk, so that the back of the fingers face the ground, the tops the right, and the back of the wrist the body. If the left hand is well pulled, or really held quite firm, and the weight of the body is put into the pull of the right hand the neck will be out in a moment, and death is instantaneous, as nothing but loose skin is found between the head and the neck. There can be no mistake, as there is absolutely no connection between head and neck but skin, and the end of the bone can be felt.

The great advantage of this mode of killing is that there is no blood to be seen, and yet the bird bleeds into the broken neck. From the moment of the dislocation of the neck the bird should be laid head downwards, and though there will be muscular movement for a few minutes all will soon be still. The bird is quite dead, and plucking may commence right away, though a beginner had better wait a few minutes to be quite sure that she has caused death. Birds are however plucked twice as fast when warm. After a little practice there is no need to tear the skin, and for the market it is essential not to do so. The flights and tail feathers should be taken out first, then the back down to the neck; the breast down is considered difficult to get off, but if a vessel of water is kept at hand, and the fingers are wetted, this is a great help. In fact, the professionals do not exactly pluck the down, but work it off with a quick movement of the underneath part of the first finger, which they keep wet. As soon as plucked, the bird must be laid on its breast on a flat table, wings to the side, and head downwards, the legs under the body. The bird when cold is then ready to be packed up for market, unless it is to be sold locally.

Careful packing is a great feature for success, and plenty of straw should be used, as the birds should be packed quite close together with a little straw in between each, and despatched in flat hampers. I will now proceed to describe the process of drawing the duckling, but for trussing it would be best if my readers could get hold of a good illustration in a cookery book, or better still, ask a poulterer to show the process.

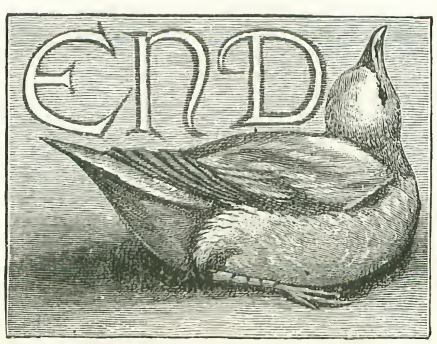
The following is the process taught by Mr. Brooke at the principal shows. And I may say that it is perfectly easy to learn from the directions, and that it is very important that all should be done quite cleanly, so that the whole of the internal arrangements come away at once. I have taken the wording in part from Mrs. Brown's excellent work on poultry fattening. "(1) Nick the skin of each leg through to the bone, just below the joint; (2) Trim the pinions, cutting off the skin on the outer edges so as to remove all feather pits; (3) Lay the chicken on its breast, with stern towards the operator, and head away from the body; (4) Make a transverse cut in skin of neck about two inches from the back, and lay the skin thus loosened backwards, exposing vertebræ; (5) Cut off neck and head, about two inches in front of previous cut, thus leaving about two inches of neck skin. (6) Now turn the bird sideways breast upwards, and laying back the neck skin to expose the front of breast; (7) Press the thumb firmly down the V-shaped orifice thus exposed, loosen the skin, and insert finger into the body to internal organs from breast bone. N.B. This is not very clear. What is wanted is to thoroughly loosen all the organs from above, so that during a later process they can all be pulled out from below. Therefore the finger must be carefully worked round hard against the inside of the breast-bone and carcase so that everything is loosened. Care must be taken not to break any organ, especially the gall-bladder. We may say that the bird should have fasted for twenty-eight hours before killing, so that there should be no trouble with a full crop. (8) Carefully cut away the merry-thought. N.B. This is optional, but a great improvement, as good slices can be cut right along the breast. It is easily done; begin from the bottom, severing the joint with the point of the knife and work up each side, and break off by bending backwards at the top. (9) Turn the bird round in the hand, make a transverse cut across the vent immediately below the 'parson's nose,' and an angular cut at each side which prevents the sides cracking when the bird is drawn. (10) Insert the fore-finger and find 'trail,' which cut off. Loosen the intestines firmly but gently, and draw through vent, taking care not to break any organ."

N.B. The great thing is not to be afraid, but to work the finger well round inside first, and then firmly pull. It is generally best to firmly grasp the gizzard, to which all is united. Afterwards hold the bird up to the light, and if properly done you ought to see right through the body.

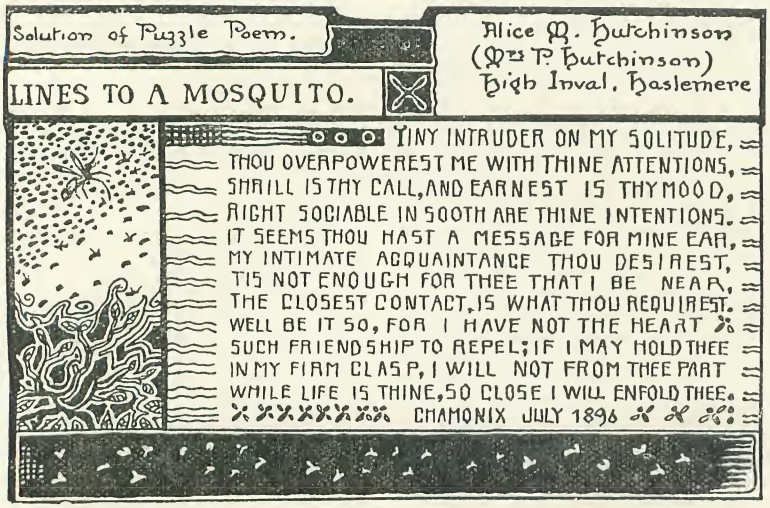
Since the issue of the first of these papers a lady has written to me asking for full particulars as to the seat of the duck-fattening industry. That is a long subject, but certainly as yet there is no district to compare with that round Aylesbury, where duck-rearing is carried on as a great industry. The rearers do not keep the stock birds, but they buy the eggs from the farmers round, and then fatten the ducklings as soon as ever they can, and the ducklings are sent by the ton load to London during the season. There is no reason why other parts of the country should not carry on such a trade. Round Aylesbury the work is carried on by the cottagers, who add considerably to their incomes by the trade.

With a view to profit it seems as though anyone wishing to make a large business in this line should be located where she can have a good enough retail market of her own, which she can fully supply, or else live in a district where there is a regular wholesale trade, so that the marketing expenses are at the very minimum. To give some guide as to prices in London, we might in closing quote those given by Mr. Brooke, as follows: January, 6s. to 10s. per couple; February, 6s. 6d. to 11s.; March, 9s. to 18s.; April, 7s. to 12s.; May, 6s. to 8s.; June, 5s. to 7s.

Whether our readers go in for ducks for pleasure or profit, we think that they will be certain to find that the one pursuit leads them to the other. No one ought to go in for any class of live stock unless they have a keen love for the birds, puppies, kittens, or whatever class it may be. As my poultryman said to-day, "I could fairly be always among 'em." Yes; that is the spirit that succeeds, and no other; and I can only wish that my readers may find the worries of the pursuit grow less and less, and the pleasure grow more and more, as they follow the delightful hobby of which I have been writing.



OUR PUZZLE POEM: "LINES TO A MOSQUITO."



PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each

Mrs. Acheson, Dunavon, Portadown, Ireland.
Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Nellie Atkins, 99, Harcourt Road, Sheffield.
Lydia E. Booth, Plashwood Park, Haughley, Suffolk.
Ines Bryson, Menival, North Dulwich, London, S.E.
A. C. Carter, Shottery Hall, Stratford-on-Avon.
E. M. Dickson, 2, Bank Parade, Preston.
Ruth Hewetson, The Cottage, Sherborne S. John, Basingstoke.
Grace W. Lewis, 5, Brompton Avenue, Liverpool, S.
Margaret G. Oliver, Wyndale, Corbridge-on-Tyne.
Mrs. P. Hutchinson, High Inval. Haselmere (for artistic design).

Very Highly Commended.

Division I.

Edith Atkins, A. J. Batchelor, Lydia Belling, J. P. Cooper, M. A. C. Crabb, James G. Crawford, H. Duncan, M. E. Hancock, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Henry Hayward, Leonard F. Kemp, Mrs. Ellen May.

Division II.

Annie A. Arnott, Florence A. Barkeer, Amy Briand, Elizabeth M. Caple, L. Clews, Helen M. Coulthard, Robt. S. Coulthard, Edith M. Davison, Leonard Duncan, Rose A. Feilmann, Clara Finch, Mrs. Lena Hopewell, E. Mastin, Ada Rickards, Annie Saunders, Dorothy Sergeant, Jeanie C. Sloan, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Frederick William Southey, Florence A. Stephens, Hugh Townshend, Helen B. Younger.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Blunt, Margaret E. Bourne, Mildred A. Carr, Rev. J. Chambers, Agnes B. Chettle, Mrs. Crossman, Rose D. Davis, Annie K. Edwards, C. M. A. FitzGerald, William R. Foster, Annie Frazer, Mary Honor, A. W. Howse, F. W. Hurst, Mrs. Cuthbert Hunter, Elizabeth Lang, Rose H. Lawley, Mrs. Layard, Frances M. Lewis, Ethel C. McMaster, Jessie L. Martin, L. Masters, Nellie Meikle, C. A. Murton, Rosa Oliver, J. G. Pascoe, F. A. Powell, Emily L. Reid, Alice Salberg, Ellen Sarjant, Jane Ritchie, A. C. Sharp, Jenny Smedley, Annie Stevenson, Ellen C. Tarrant, Ethel Tomlinson, Mabel Walton, Irene Warday, Katie Whitmore, Josephine Woodrow, Mrs. Anne Yonge.

Honourable Mention.

A. E. Armstrong, May Barker, Emily H. Brookfield, Edith F. Brown, Arthur E. Champ, Kate B. Clemson, Mrs. A. F. Ranald Daniel, A. L. Dawson, Mrs. Marie Ecles, W. R. Honeyburne, J. Hunt, Carlina V. M. Leggett, Chas. Mumford, Mrs. Emma M. Sanderson, Elizabeth Schmitt, Eleanor Taylor, Irene Keith Upton, Frances H. Webb-Gillman, Ernest J. Worman.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

IT is obviously flattering to the solver to present a mystery in the very title of one's puzzle. It conveys the idea that the puzzle-maker must have a very wholesome respect for the intellects of his clients, and, so far, is extremely pleasing. In some cases truly, such a prompt recognition of solving capacity has the effect of frightening instead of flattering the would-be solver, but whose fault is that? Our advice is, if you find grave difficulties at the outset, begin at the other end, or in the middle, or anywhere you like. Pick out all the easy bits first, ponder over the difficulties at odd times, preferably in the silent watches of the night, and the result will be most astonishing.

But to revert to the title. The mysterious lines are merely lines, railway lines in fact, to the door of the mosque. Consequently the oft-given titles "mosquito" and "to a mosquito," were not complete enough to satisfy us. As a matter of fact, we do not suggest that Oriental worshippers are conveyed to their temples by train, but that is a detail, and has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

We cannot recall many troubled readings of the first three lines. "Tiny" now and then became "too nigh," and, less often, "Tony."

"'Tony.' Intruder on my solitude.'"

The line so interpreted was difficult to understand, until it dawned upon us that "Tony" must be intended as a pet name for the mosquito addressed! On line 4 we might write pages, but it is kinder, as well as more convenient, to be brief. We should be sorry to say how many competitors began the line with "and," coolly dropping the aspirate, and accusing us by implication of a truly horrible offence against the English language. We admit frankly that we take gentle liberties with that language as puzzle needs may arise, but that of ignoring the aspirate as being of no consequence, never! We have found occasion to mention this before. The "sociable" was not universally identified, possibly because of the extreme novelty of the pattern. Of the alternative readings, "venturesome," adopted by only one competitor, was by far the best, for there are grave mechanical difficulties in the way of riding a machine with three wheels in a line. "Sociable" carried the votes of the majority, but we were inclined to be indulgent at this point, though of course readings manifestly absurd could not be passed.

The hare in soot (in-soot-hare) proved the ingenuity of many solvers, but, naturally, it baffled many more. One competitor plaintively writes to the effect that she can't imagine what the white rabbit is doing in the bag of soot. Well it isn't a white rabbit, but it appears to be doing what we should under like embarrassing circumstances, trying to get out. But we are afraid this kind and helpful explanation will be of little use to our distressed correspondent.

No other line in the puzzle seems to have given real trouble, but we must call attention to the fact that only two solvers gave "grip" in line 11. "Grasp" and "clasp" were almost equal favourites as substitutes; we prefer the former, but grip is better than either as describing the embrace with which you greet a mosquito—when you catch him. Chamonix is also spelt Chamounix, but in the case of alternative methods it is safer to adhere to that adopted in the puzzle. Try as you will, you cannot legitimately work a u into the final pleasing device.

The artistically-designed solution (reproduced above), differs from the author's version only in giving "clasp" instead of "grip," and in omitting the 28 from the date at the end.

A. B. C.—Your question is a natural one, but absolute justice was done, the solutions in the higher class being all more nearly perfect. Your reading left the line a syllable too short.

I. B.—High altitudes seem to have agreed with you. It is most unusual for a first attempt to attain such success.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

MY BABY BOY.

PRIZE WINNERS. (*Half-a-Guinea Each.*)

Mrs. H. Andrews, 258, South Street, Halifax, N.S., Canada.
May Malone, 45, Redcliffe Street, St. Johns, Antigua, W.I.
Bessie L. Young, 104, Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Very Highly Commended.

Ethel Beven (Ceylon), Mrs. Hardy (Melbourne), Clara J. Hardy (Melbourne), Anne I. Hood (France), Isla Tuck (Canada).

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Browne (Bengal), A. Stewart Campbell (Detroit), Rev. F. W. Flack (Port Alfred), Katherine J. Knop (Madras Pres.), Ethel Malone (Nevis, B.W.I.), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town), R. D. Wates (Jamaica).

DELIGHTS IN STORE.

Very Highly Commended.

May Malone (Antigua).

Highly Commended.

Chas. H. Candy (Kolhapur, India), May Mybrea (Dresden), Louisa H. Ray (Halifax, N.S.), D. R. Wates (Jamaica).

Honourable Mention

Sadie Barrat (Montreal), G. H. Bondfield (Shanghai), Rev. F. W. Flack (Port Alfred), Fontilla Greaves (Barbados), Blanche Kerr (Nantes), George C. Niven (Japan).

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Beautiful Sewing," "Winifred's Home," etc.

PART III.

GATHERING AND GAUGING.

Uses of Gathers.—In these days, gathers are not as much used in underclothing as formerly, as a great deal of fulness is done away with by means of goring and shaping. But all the same, it is quite necessary for any one who wishes to know how to do plain work well to understand running, stroking and setting in gathers, for they are used in aprons, petticoats, babies' robes, chemises, night-dresses, etc. Whether a girl can set gathers which have been properly prepared is rather a test as to whether she is a good workwoman or not.

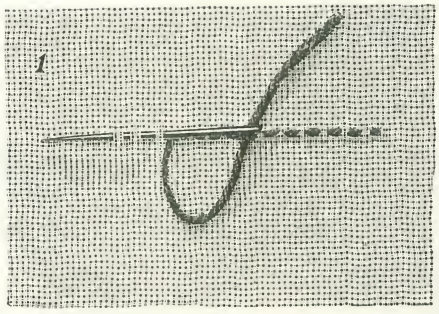
Fulness.—The amount of fulness to allow for the material which you wish to gather should be twice or perhaps a little more the length of the band into which you are going to place them. Of course you cannot always do this, and if in doubt whether to have a scanty supply of material or not, err on the side of too much rather than too little.

Marking Divisions.—This should be done on the material to be gathered as well as on the band, so that an equal quantity of fulness may be set into the band-yoke, or whatever it may be. Gathers are always made across the material and on its right side. Divide your stuff into halves and quarters, and, if very long, into eighths as well. This can be done by a stitch in coloured cotton, a pin or a pencil-mark on right and wrong side. Do the same to your band, having the same number of divisions on it as on the material. The ends of a band should be sewn over before adjusting the gathers to it.

Running.—The running for gathers differs from ordinary running in two respects. One is that no back stitches are ever put in it, for the obvious reason that you could not pull the thread if you did, and the other is that in ordinary running you take up as much material as you leave in the stitches, and in running for gathers you proceed thus:—

Look at Fig. 1, and you will see that less is taken up by the needle than it goes over. Two threads are taken up and four passed over.

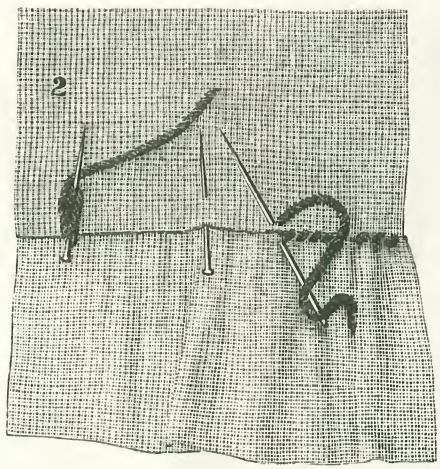
Run thus the entire length of the material on its right side. The running must be in a perfectly straight line from the edge of the stuff. Make this straight line by folding down the top edge and letting the crease guide you, for it only weakens the material to draw a thread. If a very long piece of stuff only run one section at a time.



Begin your running close to the hem but not on it. Twist the cotton round a pin at the end or section you have run. Use coarse cotton for running with. Some people use double cotton on the ground that if one thread breaks there is the second to fall back upon; but the double cotton is very apt to get twisted and to entangle.

Stroking Gathers.—This must be very carefully done, especially if you have a fine material. Draw your gathers up pretty tightly and wind cotton round the pin. Stroke your gathers on the right side of the material thus:—

Stroke every gather carefully downwards



with the point of a pin or the eye end of a needle. This should be done to about half an inch below the gathering cotton. Push each gather as you stroke it under the thumb of your left hand. When all your gathers are stroked below the gathering thread, turn your work round and stroke them above it. It is just this last detail which bad workers constantly omit and which makes a great difference in the work.

Setting Gathers.—Look at Fig. 2, and you will see how the gathers are to be set into the band. When you have done the right side, then do the wrong, and be careful to see that the divisions of band and fulness are kept accurately. Make your stitches on the wrong side exactly on, not above or below, the gathering cotton.

Gauging.—This is used on pinafores, aprons, children's dresses, etc. For the execution of five lines of gauging, an authority gives these directions:—

"The stitch is precisely the same as that used in gathering; in fact, there are here five lines of gathering ranged one below the other and equi-distant one from the other. The stitches are exactly the same size in every row, stitch under stitch, taking up as nearly as possible the parallel threads of the fabric. A guide to ensure the evenness of the lines must be contrived with cardboard. When the five lines are gathered the several cottons must be drawn up tightly so as to press the rucks closely together; then, if the gauging is rightly done, a pull of the material above and below the gauging will straighten the rucks in their place and cause them to sit regular without any stroking. Now loosen the gaugings and arrange it on a foundation in the way most suited for the purpose for which it is required. Other varieties of gauging are produced by grouping the lines in wider or narrower spaces; for instance, two lines may be grouped a quarter of an inch one from the other, followed by a half-inch space, and then two more lines corresponding to the first two, and again a space, and the two lines repeated."

Origin of the word Sew.—"To sew," we read in Lady Marion Alford's book on needlework, "in contradistinction to the word to 'embroider' is derived from the Sanskrit *su, suchi*, and thence imported into Latin *suo*. The word in Sanskrit for a needle *suchi*, and from such to sew and pierce. This is the same word as the Latin *suo*, to sew, so probably the common word used by the Aryans in their primeval habitations was *su*, and they clearly knew how to sew at that remote period. Eve sewed fig-leaves together, Adam sewed also. The Hebrew word is *lafar*, and clearly means sewing not pinning together with thorns. Sewing is the first recorded act of our forefathers."

VARIETIES.

The Cook's Message.

Messenger: "I want two pounds of fresh sausages, and cook says will you be so kind as to wrap them up in a newspaper containing a good love-story."

Her Sorrow is not Deep.

Her father dead—alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner she who must by praise be fee'd
But she who mourns in secret, mourns indeed.

Fellow Feeling.

To feel with and for others—what a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joys because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others. How it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others.

No Material.

"How is it I never see you killing time?" asked the idle person.

"I can't find the time," said the busy girl.

Four Requisites.

A Chinese proverb says: "We ask four things for a woman: that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty in her forehead, sweetness in her mouth, and labour in her hands."

Good Thoughts.—"A good thought," says an old writer, "is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who was the first to utter it, and then in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man or woman who was the first to quote it to us."



"A SOLO ON THE HARP."

THE CRUSADER'S MOTTO.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

"'Tis onlie by pathwayes of dole and paine, That menne untoe Heavynlie reste attaine."

PRONE on his tomb in the chancel grey,
His hands crossed over his cross-hilt sword,
In sculptured beauty and silence lay
The form of the old crusader lord.
And week after week from my seat close by,
I gazed at the great tomb's marble base,
And pondered afresh, while my childish eye
Its quaint old motto would slowly trace—
"'Tis only by pathways of dole and pain,
That men unto Heavenly rest attain."

I knew not the meaning of wrong or ruth,
Dole and pain were but words to me,
So passing sweet are the dreams of youth,
And oh, the world is so fair to see!
Then love awakened in fancy's room
And drew me into its paradise,
And I glanced at the old crusader's tomb
And its motto below with impatient sighs,
For I wanted to *live* in the glad to-day,
And Heavenly rest seemed so far away.

Now life for me must be well-nigh o'er—
With pain and dole I am hand in hand,
For the fight was long, and my hurts are sore,
And now that motto I understand.
As I sit by the old crusader's tomb,
Recalling the days of my long past youth,
I long for the Heavenly rest to come;
For, well I wot, I have learnt the truth—
"'Tis only by pathways of dole and pain,
That men unto Heavenly rest attain."

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IF a young lady, educated for the world, and looking forward from the age of twelve years to her emancipation from school-room duties, feels nervous and shy when she first enters society, or, in fashionable phrase, "comes out," what must Gwenllean have felt when, fresh from a life of retirement, she was conducted into Mrs. Wynne's drawing-room, resplendent with lights and ladies.

"Why do you tremble so?" whispered her fair chaperon; "you will not find one stately Queen Dido, or fierce Amazon amongst us; but a company, take us *en masse*, of very ordinary women, that you may meet with any day of the year in any country neighbourhood. You have seen the most formidable in Mrs. Wynne, who has the character of a leader of *ton*, but who is prepared to receive you with all due politeness."

When they entered the drawing-room, Gwenllean heard her new friend addressed by several of the ladies as Miss Llewellen, which convinced her that she must be Welsh, which she had before doubted, on account of her foreign accent. But the frequent occurrence of the same name in Wales excites no curiosity, and implies no connection or relationship; therefore Gwenllean, though surprised by the young lady's being Welsh, was not at all struck with her bearing the same name as herself. Miss Llewellen had spoken so favourably of Gwenllean, that Mrs. Wynne rose to meet her, and hoped she was not fatigued with her journey; though she laughed aside at some of her friends, when she perceived her unfashionable hair and *outré* dress. But Miss Llewellen acted the chaperon to perfection; and seating herself by the side of Gwenllean, pointed out a Welsh harp, upon which she hoped soon to hear her play, and engaged her in conversation until she had partly recovered from her timidity.

Gwenllean's reply was interrupted by the appearance of the gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. Wynne, cried out—

"I vow, Lord Hastings, this is too bad—you are always escaping from the dinner-table to the ladies;" to which the gentleman, who first came in, replied—

"If you have no worse accusation to bring against me, I willingly plead guilty to it at the present time;" and he looked at Miss Llewellen as he spoke.

"And is this—can this be Lord Hastings?" asked Gwenllean of herself, whilst her heart throbbed violently. "Is this Herbert's friend?"

She had no time to answer the question, for Mr. Wynne, making her a low bow, hoped she would stand his friend, and not teach Miss Llewellen a note of the Welsh harp, for he had half-a-dozen pairs of gloves thereon depending.

Mr. Wynne was a kind-hearted Welsh gentleman, very fond of his country, and hating all other nations. He had had the misfortune to be whirled all over the Continent, contrary to his inclinations, by a very fashionable wife. He was now returned, and decided upon remaining at home, that is to say, if his wife would let him.

He was upwards of sixty—retained many of the ancient notions of hospitality that once characterised the Welsh, and some of the downright honesty and straightforward dealing of the country gentleman of the old school.

"I suppose you can play me all my old Welsh tunes," he said, still addressing Gwenllean, "there is nothing like them."

"I believe I know a great many," she replied, "all those at least which you have probably heard David play."

"Now then, Miss Llewellen, we will see whether you can beat our old Welsh harp by any of your German and Italian *arias and arriettas*. Will you prevail on the young lady to favour us?"

Miss Llewellen asked Gwenllean whether she would give them some music, and Gwenllean rose, and followed by her friend, went to the harp. She felt that it would be absurd to hesitate in her capacity of instructress, though she was uncomfortably nervous. She had soon a little circle round her, when she began to play, whilst conversation went on in the other part of the room.

"I can almost fancy my youth back again," said Mr. Wynne, "and my sister Mary at the harp. Those Welsh airs, and that hair falling down the back and shoulders, take me many years into days gone by. Nothing like either nowadays—I beg your pardon Miss Llewellen. I do not mean to reflect on your pedal harp, or turned up locks."

Mr. Wynne called for tune after tune, till many of the company were tired of the old Welsh airs, and then he asked Gwenllean whether she could sing him a song to either of the tunes she had played. There was such a buzz of voices in the room that she thought she might get through a song unheard; but prefaced it by saying that she feared her singing would not please him, for she had never learnt, and only knew a few little ballads. Mr. Wynne assured her that he liked simple tunes better than any, and simple songs also. Miss Llewellen seconded him, and Gwenllean, with a trembling voice, began.

At first her tones were scarcely heard, owing, partly to the confused noise of voices in the room, and partly to her own nervous agitation. By degrees, however, she gained courage, and by degrees the conversation ceased. As her sweet, clear notes penetrated to every corner of the apartment, so every other sound gradually subsided, until there was a perfect stillness, and she had an almost breathless auditory. The song and the words were simple, her style was purity and simplicity itself, but it reached every heart, for Nature had gifted her not only with a perfect voice, but exquisite taste. When she ceased, and retired, as if for protection, behind Miss Llewellen, there was a murmur of approbation throughout the room, and "How beautiful! What pathos! What simplicity! Who is she?" and similar sentences were heard.

"Beautiful indeed!" said Miss Llewellen.

"Poor Llewellen was always humming that air," said Lord Hastings to Miss Llewellen, and Gwenllean started forwards as she heard the name. "I used to tell him that there must be a reminiscence connected with it, and he once said, 'yes, a reminiscence of home and its dear inmates.'"

Again Gwenllean's anxiety to listen, and her throbbing heart, were interrupted by Mr. Wynne, who told her that if she always sang so well, he feared Miss Llewellen would gain but little from her assistance, since she would be, herself, by general desire, fettered to her harp.

The next music was a solo on the harp given by a beautiful, but overdressed woman, who seemed to be chiefly concerned with the folds of her train instead of the beautiful composition she was playing, or attempting to play.

Mr. Wynne then asked Gwenllean if she could sing the beautiful ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," which was his particular favourite.

This was Gwenllean's most effective song, although she was not aware of it, but she had not sung it since the loss of Herbert. She tried to excuse herself from singing it, but Mr. Wynne pressed the point so warmly, and was so ably seconded by Lord Hastings and Miss Llewellen, as well as by others who had gathered round the harp, that she was compelled to yield. Her voice faltered very much when she began, and it was with the greatest effort that she commanded her feelings so as to proceed. The story was so like her own, that she seemed to be recounting her own sorrows, as she poured forth the tender and pathetic words of the ballad. Every eye was fixed upon her, and even the least acute of her auditors felt that her extreme paleness of face and fragility of form, might well have been those of the unfortunate, but pure-hearted "Jennie," when she says—

"I gang like a ghaist, and I care na' much to spin."

As Gwenllean told how—

"Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride."

Herbert seemed to stand before her; and she fancied that he was reproaching her, when, in the following verse, she said how—

"My mother she felt sick, and Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me."

If there was a tear in her own eye as she proceeded, and poor Auld Robin was transformed, in her imagination, into Mr. Grant, few in the room perceived it, since few were there whose eyes were not moistened by the feelings excited by the song and the singer. Scarcely a breath disturbed the silence, and certainly never could a simple ballad have been more touchingly sung. Hers were notes to reach the most unmusical soul—for if the voice did not take effect, the expression and the feeling did. At last she forgot herself in her song, and when poor Jamie comes back and finds Jennie a wife—

"Takes but ae kiss, and then tears himself away,"

the thrilling pathos both of the words and air seemed to keep the listeners spell-bound, and to render them unmindful of everything but Jennie's grief—Gwenllean had concluded, dashed the tear from her eye, and left her harp, before the long-drawn breath and low murmur of approbation burst forth. Her pale cheek crimsoned when the praises reached her ear, and one after another the party pressed round her; one to question her of her master, another to find out from herself where she lived, and why her talents had been so long hidden; a third merely to look more closely into a face so modest and so lovely. Miss Llewellen pitied her embarrassment, and so did Lord Hastings. Both had stood in mute admiration whilst she sang, and Lord Hastings, to relieve Gwenllean, said to Miss Llewellen—

"You must not so readily allow Mr. Wynne to be victor. Will you sing us one of those 'arias' he professes to despise?"

"It is a pity to efface the impression just made by singing such as mine," replied Miss Llewellen, seating herself at once at the piano, and doing so merely to withdraw from Gwenllean the attention of the throng that still surrounded her; "but Mr. Wynne shall not exult over me just yet."

She began a beautiful little German song, almost as simple as Gwenllean's ballads.

"Einsam einsam, nein das bin ich nicht," and Gwenllean, in her turn, was fettered by the rich, finished singing of her new friend, whose voice, though less perfect than that of Gwenllean, had been cultivated to the utmost. Gwenllean had never heard any German songs, and it may be well imagined how music so perfect delighted her. She forgot the company, she forgot Auld Robin Gray, and when the song ended, took courage to second Lord Hastings in asking for another.

"I seldom sing more than once," she said, "but to please you, I will try again," and she sang, with great taste and correctness, one of Mendelssohn's magnificent compositions.

"Always some foreign jargon," said Mr. Wynne; "I daresay you could not sing an English song."

"A challenge! a challenge!" said a gentleman standing by the piano.

Miss Llewellen again ran over the keys, and Haydn's exquisite canzonet, "She never told her love," succeeded.

It was now her turn to have a breathless auditory, and when the last words,

"She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief."

sounded through the room, it would have been difficult to decide whether she or Gwenllean had won the palm.

As she rose from the piano, and was going towards Mr. Wynne, as she said—"To settle the rival claims of rival nations," she met Lord Hastings's glance, which was so earnestly bent upon her, that it seemed to be looking into her heart. She blushed, and changing her purpose, sat down by Gwenllean. She, or rather they, were soon the centre of attraction, and to her great disgust Lord Hastings, the only person she cared to talk to, as soon as he saw her surrounded, as usual, by admirers, retired to another part of the room and took up a book.

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART II.

THE EASTER BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

I THINK that next to my presentation I most enjoyed my first banquet at the Mansion House, for that, too, was unique in its way.

When the invitation arrived I felt much elated, for it was one of the few functions I really wanted to attend. It was, I knew, unlike any other dinner, and here again I turned to my mother for information, for my parents' annual departure to the Guildhall for the Lord Mayor's dinner, was another of my childish recollections.

A suitable dress having been decided on, and various shopping expeditions connected with the event having taken place, I had nothing to do but to wait for the evening itself, which I did, full of pleasurable anticipation.

It came at last—wet and dismal—though the month was April; but as I drove through the busy City streets, with a resplendent personage in full Court dress—sword and all—beside me, I felt that nothing could damp my happiness, except a lurking pity for every one who was not going with me.

I felt like a certain young English authoress who, when the Queen sent a state carriage for her, exclaimed—

"Oh, that I could stand in the street and see myself go by!"

Visions of Cinderella in her pumpkin coach also flitted through my brain, and, in fact, only vanished when the carriage drew up at the Mansion House itself. Yards of red-and-white-striped awning, unlimited crimson carpet, and rows of stalwart policemen met my delighted eyes when I sprang out with more haste than dignity, I fear, but I was recalled to the necessities of the situation by the apparition of the resplendent personage aforesaid, whose imposing costume reminded me that this was no ordinary occasion.

Side by side we mounted the front steps and entered the outer hall, and then I was shown a room on the right, where I laid aside my wraps before joining my companion in the pillared saloon glittering with mirrors and lights, adorned with tapestry and flowers, and filled with a gallant company of City and other magnates, whose magnificent uniforms, together with the superb jewels and dresses of their wives and daughters, made a bewilderingly dazzling picture.

The company formed a living avenue, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress standing in front of two red-and-white-and-gold armchairs at the end, supported by the City officials in quaint dress, with equally quaint titles, and I found I had to walk up between the guests and make my curtsey, with about two hundred and fifty people looking on and criticising me.

Talk about "running the gauntlet"!

However, I was not new to the sort of thing; a most excellent band was discoursing inspiriting music, and so I plucked up courage and presently found myself shaking hands with my august host and hostess, and then forming one of the crowd, watching eagerly as celebrity after celebrity appeared, and the buzz of voices grew ever louder.

Every gentleman had a "plan of the tables" given him, so that he could see at a glance where his seat was; and the plan also formed a *menu* and a programme of music. Long before I was tired of gazing and listening, the toastmaster led the way to the dinner, shouting—

"Room for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress," and we all trooped after them into the Egyptian Hall.

This is a splendid apartment, which I had often seen by day when it is not at its best, for the light coming entirely through stained glass it is always rather dark, but now, under the soft radiance of electric light, with buffets of gold plate and eight long tables decked with flowers, candelabra with red shades and more gold plate, it looked grand!

Even the white statues along the sides seemed warmed up into something like life, and the only pity was that the stained glass could not be lighted up from outside, so that we could enjoy its lovely colours.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and most distinguished guests, sat at a long table running the length of the hall, and all the rest sat at other tables branching down from it.

By the help of our plan we soon found our seats, on each plate being placed a plain white card with the City arms in gold on the top and our names written legibly thereon.

The toast-master ensconced himself behind the Lord Mayor's chair, the band established itself in a tiny balcony overhead, a Latin grace was sung, and we settled down to the business of the evening.

I say "business" advisedly, for dish after dish made its appearance in apparently endless succession; every delicacy in season and out of season, each with its accompanying wine, sauce, or vegetable, till it seemed to me impossible that anything new could follow.

There was so much to look at, too, that it was waste of time to eat or drink.

It was such a blaze of light and colour, with the music clashing overhead, and the hum of talk and laughter filling the place and echoing up to the dim roof that I had to pinch myself now and then to make sure I was awake and not dreaming about this splendid pageant.

The people, too, were most interesting and amusing, not sitting as at an ordinary dinner—a lady and gentleman alternately—but just as they came, and all helping to form a most splendid spectacle.

At length we arrived at the ice-pudding, which marked the close of the banquet, and the men brought round a huge gold dish filled with rose-water, into which we each dipped a corner of our serviettes. These gorgeous dishes, of course, take the place of the usual finger-bowls.

Have any of you read Mark Twain's *Prince and the Pauper?*

If so, you may remember how this same "broad, shallow, golden dish with fragrant rose-water in it," proved a great stumbling-block to poor Tom who, after gazing at it a puzzled moment or two, raised it to his lips and gravely took a draught. Then he returned it to the waiting-lord, and said—

"Nay, it likes me not, my lord; it hath a pretty flavour, but it wanteth strength."

Poor little pauper! This was but one of many blunders by which he dismayed the "Grand Hereditaries" around him; but I thought of that special incident as the dish passed on.

Next came the "Loving Cup," which is a special feature of City banquets, and is a large, tall, two-handled gold goblet with a most elaborate cover, which I watched with interest making its way round to me.

At length it reached the gentleman on my right, who received it, standing, from the lady on his right, also standing, and then he turned round to me.

I had been thoroughly drilled in the matter so I knew what to do.

Rising, I removed the cover, which I held carefully in both hands, while he, grasping the two handles of the cup, bowed to me and took a sip, then he passed his serviette lightly over the rim, I put on the cover, took the cup in both hands and turned to the gentleman on my left who rose and removed the cover while I bowed and sipped, wiped the edge, waited till he replaced the cover and gave up the goblet.

He repeated the pantomime with his other neighbour, and so on till every one in the hall had partaken.

I was struck by the weight of the cup, which was as much as I could comfortably hold, and indeed I was in mortal terror lest my wrists should give way and a catastrophe ensue.

It would have been a bad omen, to say the least of it, but I am glad to say the Mansion House was saved from such an exhibition of awkwardness.

I cannot say I was pleased with the mixture within, though this statement, I am aware, is not very far short of high treason, but it was not to my taste at all, being compounded of wine, highly spiced with pungent herbs of various sorts and other ingredients too numerous to mention.

I was disappointed, too, that the company did not approach this historical ceremony in a less frivolous spirit. I took it very seriously, but most of the others laughed over it, affected to shudder at the contents, and altogether treated it far too lightly, I thought.

You know it really dates from our most ancient times when treachery was abroad in the land and even lurked at the festive board.

After Edward the Martyr was stabbed by his step-mother Elfrida in 978, while drinking a cup of wine, it was arranged that companions at a feast should have both hands occupied when drinking, so that neither could stab the other while off guard; but, happily, now the graver reason no longer exists, and the quaint old ceremony only survives from pleasure, not necessity.

After the "loving cup" came toasts, and here the toast-master (who must have been having rather a dull time of it, poor man) came into play.

First he exclaimed—

"Pray silence for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

Then as each toast was given out he started up from behind the Lord Mayor's chair (where he had remained *perdu* all this time) and in stentorian tones exclaimed—

"Charge your glasses, gentlemen! The Queen!" and so on.

Then, of course, each toast was proposed and responded to in suitable speeches by appropriate persons, and in the intervals we had songs, a grand piano being wheeled into the Egyptian Hall for the purpose.

When at last the signal was given for rising, every one moved back into the pillared saloon (for the gentlemen did not remain behind the ladies as at other dinners), and here we found a buffet spread with tea, coffee, and yet more eatables!

The gentlemen smoked while the ladies strolled about, in and out of the drawing-rooms, which are as beautiful as can be imagined, and all chatted and enjoyed themselves.

I discovered a girl who had, like myself, never been to a Mansion House banquet before, so we were happily comparing notes, when I was summoned to take leave, and was dismayed to find how late it was.

It is not often in this world that one's anticipations are realised, but mine were on this occasion, and I think I cannot end this article better than by quoting what I wrote in my diary the morning after: "Altogether it was a brilliant success, and the proudest evening of my life!"

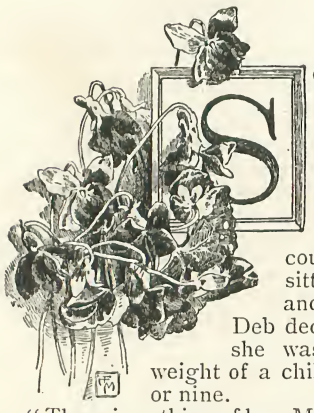
DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"NOT YET."

"But here I bring within my trembling hand,
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
And Thou alone, O Lord, can understand,
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all."—*Anon.*



SOME time elapsed before Aunt Madge could be lifted on to the couch in the sitting-room, and even then Deb declared that she was not the weight of a child of eight or nine.

"There is nothing of her, Miss Olive," she grumbled. "She is worn to such a shadow. Tire my arms indeed—I could lift a heavier weight than that," and Deb gave one of her ominous sniffs, and went off to her kitchen to shed a few tears in private.

All those weeks Olivia had been unremitting in her attentions, and all other visits were interdicted; but the friends at Galvaston House showed their sympathy in every possible way. Mr. Gaythorne sent choice old wine and game, and Greta and Alwyn kept the invalid supplied with fruit and flowers. Mrs. Crampton made jellies and soups, the little larder at Mayfield Villas was filled to overflowing. Mrs. Broderick took it all gratefully, and gave her nurses no trouble. "I am under orders," she would say, with a pitiful attempt at her old drollery; but only Olivia, who loved and understood her, ever guessed at the sadness of those days of convalescence.

One evening as they were together in the twilight, Olivia ventured to hint at this depression; she was waiting for Marcus to come and fetch her, for they were to dine at Galvaston House.

"Is it because you are too weak to feel cheerful, dear Aunt Madge," she asked tenderly; but Mrs. Broderick shook her head.

"It is because I am a coward," she returned with a spirit of her old energy. "Ah, Livy, I am ashamed to tell you what a coward I have been; but I simply felt as though I could not face it. Let me explain myself; I feel strong enough to talk, and it may do me good. Dear child, dearest Livy," stroking her hand, "you have been such a comfort to me! Do you remember that night when I told you I was not going to die. Well, I had had a wonderful dream, a vision rather, for I shall always think it one. I thought that I was wandering in some strange place, some vast emptiness where there was nothing human but myself, and that I came suddenly to a wide arched portal that seemed to reach to the stars, and I said to myself, 'this is the Gate of Paradise.' As I stood on the threshold I could see a green space like a valley bathed in sunlight, and I even noticed the white starry flowers growing everywhere, and then I saw my dear Fergus, looking just as he did in life, only somehow with a grander and more peaceful look on his dear face, and he was leading our little Malcolm by the hand. I thought I kissed them both, and clung to them in a perfect ecstasy of joy, but Fergus looked at me in such a tender solemn way. 'Not yet, Madge,' he said, 'your work is not quite done yet; the Master has sent me to tell you so; be patient, true heart. When the time comes Malcolm and I will be here,' and then I felt myself falling, and when I opened my eyes I saw you sitting there by the bedside."

"What a sweet dream, dearest!"

"Yes, I am beginning to feel the comfort of it now; but that night I felt as though my heart were broken to be so near and then to have to go back: but, Livy, I am trying to say it—'Thy will, not mine, be done.' God's will—not ours, surely our Father knows what is best for his poor children."

"And you are not unhappy?"

"Only a little sad and tired, but that will pass, it is passing now," and the old lovely smile came to her lips. "Don't you recollect what Keble says—

"'"'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store.'

"What are a few more years of loneliness when Fergus and I have eternity to spend together. There, I hear Marcus' knock, he will scold me for making you look sad."

But Aunt Madge was wrong, for once in his life Marcus was too preoccupied to notice the signs of agitation on his wife's face.

"What do you think, dear people," he said brightly, when he had greeted the invalid. "Dr. Bevan and I have settled matters; he will have the deed of partnership drawn up at once. Nothing can be fairer or more liberal than his terms. I told him I had only half-a-dozen paying patients at present, but he said that I should soon have more. We have turned the corner, Livy, and my wife shall walk in silk attire yet," and Marcus flung back his head with a gesture of pride and importance.

"My dear laddie, I congratulate you with all my heart," returned Aunt Madge affectionately, as she grasped his hands. "Livy looks quite dazed, and no wonder," and then a warm flush came to Olivia's cheek.

"Dear Marcus, I am so glad, so thankful," she whispered.

"Yes, but it will be uphill work at first," he returned, "and I shall have plenty to do. Bevan is not the man he was. Randolph does not seem satisfied about him; but he will pick up when the warm weather comes. Oh, by-the-bye, Livy, I have not told you half yet. Bevan insists on our moving at once; he wants me to take a good house, either in Brunswick Place, or Montague Square, or one of those roads leading out of it; it is well that we have that nest egg, the five hundred pounds untouched, it will pay for the necessary furniture, and the first year's rent will be assured."

"Yes, indeed," returned Olivia in a low voice, she was awed and overwhelmed by this unexpected good fortune; but Marcus would not allow any more talking; his professional eyes had already noted the signs of weariness and exhaustion in the invalid.

"We must go now," he said abruptly. "We will talk over details another time, it is no use giving Aunt Madge a bad night," and then Olivia rose reluctantly and put on her wraps.

"I shall come to-morrow afternoon and tell you everything," she said, and Mrs. Broderick nodded and smiled.

But as they slipped out into the wintry darkness, and Olivia took her husband's arm, she said with a little laugh—

"I am so glad I have put on my wedding-dress to-night. I ought to be smart for such an occasion; this is our first dinner-party since we have been married."

"Then it won't be our last," returned Marcus, in a tone of conviction. "I wonder, Livy, whether we shall ever regret those cosy evenings in the dear little room at No. 1, Galvaston Terrace; but Olivia only sighed happily, she was too good a wife to regret anything that led to her husband's advancement. Very likely her cares and responsibilities would be doubled. She would have less of Marcus's society, and the world would have claims upon them, the long three years' honeymoon was over, but, thank God, something else was over too; the dread of approaching poverty, the sadness of unproductive labour, of work done only for love's sake and without grudging.

The following afternoon Mrs. Broderick lay tranquilly in the pleasant fire-lit twilight, awaiting Olivia's promised visit.

A pine log was spluttering and diffusing tiny coloured sparks. Zoe lay curled up in a silken ball on the black bear-skin rug, and Olivia's favourite low chair had been wheeled to the foot of the couch, the tea-things were on the table, and the brass trivet on the fender was suggestive of hot buttered scones.

"Oh, Aunt Madge, how cosy you look," were Olivia's first words. "May I take off my hat and jacket? I am going to stay a long time, and Marcus hopes to come round presently."

"Then we will wait tea for him," returned Aunt Madge, with something like her old briskness. "Will you tell Deb not to bring in the kettle and scones until we ring. Come, this is like old times; it is months since Marcus had tea with me. Now draw up your chair, Livy, and begin your story, for you are just bursting with news," and though Olivia laughed at this she did not deny it.

"We had such a lovely time last night," she began. "Greta looked so pretty in her black evening dress at the top of the table; she wore the pearl necklace and Olive's diamond cross. She has such a beautiful white throat, the pearls hardly showed against it. Mr. Gaythorne came in to dinner, and sat beside her, but he was very tired and left us directly after, and we all went up to Greta's morning-room and sat round the fire talking, just we four, it was so nice and cosy."

"I suppose Mr. Gaythorne was told the grand news?"

"Oh dear, yes. He and Alwyn were so keen about it. They drank the health of Dr. Bevan's new partner. Mr. Gaythorne proposed the toast himself. Just as we left the dining-room, I noticed that Greta detained Alwyn, and they did not follow upstairs for quite a quarter of an hour, but of course Marcus and I took no notice. They both looked a little bit excited when they came in. Greta gave my arm a funny little squeeze, and Alwyn cleared his throat and looked at Marcus, and then said in such a serious voice that he had an important proposal to make to us. It was Greta's idea, but he heartily approved of it. The house at Brunswick Place was waiting for a tenant. Why should not Marcus take it; it was to be let furnished. They had decided on that already, so there would be no delay or fuss necessary. 'You might go in next week,' he finished. 'The rooms only need airing and warming.'"

"My dear Livy, what a splendid idea. Three cheers for Greta, I say."

"Yes, it was all Greta's thought, but oh, Aunt Madge, what a talk we had. First the terms that Alwyn proposed were so absurdly low that Marcus got quite red, and said in almost an annoyed tone—you know how proud he is—that he must decline living at other people's expense. He would pay a fair rent for the house or he would not have it at all. And then Alwyn patted him on the back, and told him to keep calm, for no one wanted to insult him, and then they went on wrangling like two schoolboys. Marcus called Alwyn a stuck-up millionaire, and Alwyn retorted by telling him that he was as proud as a Highlander, and then Greta and I called them to order, but we were laughing so that we could hardly speak."

"How I should have loved to hear them. Marcus is so delicious when he gets on his high horse."

"Well, it was arranged at last to everybody's satisfaction, though Alwyn went on grumbling for a long time, and we are to move in next month. Marcus is to pay the full rent, and there is to be a fixed sum paid quarterly for the furniture, and at the end of two years it will be ours. They both thought this the best plan. You see, expenses will be heavy the first year, and we must not look for great profits. But there is every reasonable hope, as Marcus says, if he keeps his health, that in a year or two he may have a good practice. There is room for another doctor, even Dr. Randolph says so."

"Well, Livy dear, I can only congratulate you."

"Yes, indeed, Greta and I have been in Brunswick Place all the morning planning things. Oh, Aunt Madge, it is such a lovely house. The dining-room and drawing-room are such handsome rooms, and there is such a study for Marcus. It is too large for us of course." And then Olivia stopped, and her eyes grew very wistful.

"Aunt Madge, dear Aunt Madge, we want you and Deb to go with us. I have set my heart on it, darling, and Marcus wants it too. Don't get pale over it," as Mrs. Broderick gave a little gasp. "Listen to me a moment," and Olivia knelt by the couch and put her arms round her.

"There is Greta's morning-room on the first floor, it is such a large, cheerful room, with a bay window overlooking the nice old-fashioned garden, where you could lie and look out on the trees and flowers; here you see nothing but the four walls. Greta's bedroom is next to it; you would have that too, it is a pleasant front room, very large and airy, and so nicely furnished, and my room would be just opposite. Deb could have the room just at the top of a short flight of stairs, it looks on the garden too, and she could sit there and do her sewing. There are three or four other rooms besides attics, but they have not been used, so you can judge what a good house it is. Aunt Madge, do say you will come. It will make us so happy to know you are safe under our roof. Think what it would be to me to have you at hand in all my little difficulties. And you shall not be troubled, you shall live your old life, and Deb will have nothing to do but take care of you." But Aunt Madge made no answer, only a curiously sweet smile played round her lips.

"I should be no expense to you," she observed presently in a reflective tone. "I might even be able to help a little. By-the-bye, Livy, how many servants do you propose to keep in this palatial mansion?"

"I am afraid we can only afford two good ones at present. That is my difficulty, Aunt Madge. What am I to do with Martha? She is certainly not eligible for a house-parlourmaid."

"Keep her as Dot's nurse, and I will pay her wages. Yes, I mean it, Livy. In a year or two with careful training that girl will be worth her weight in gold. She will be a second Deb to you in time. Oh, that is Marcus, and we have not finished."

"Well, are you coming to us, Aunt Madge?" were Marcus' first words, as he entered the room. There was unmistakable eagerness in his tone. "If you do not want Livy to cry out her eyes with disappointment, and if I am to have a peaceful moment for the next six months, I entreat you to consent."

"Am I likely to refuse, Marcus?" But Aunt Madge's voice was not so clear as usual. "Don't you think that I shall love to have you and Livy caring for me, so it is 'yes,' and God bless you both." And a slow tear rolled down Aunt Madge's pale face.

Marcus and Olivia never repented that step. As the years went on and other children's voices were heard in the house at Brunswick Place, when three sturdy boys climbed up on Dr. Luttrell's knees, and two small brown-eyed girls toddled after mother, Aunt Madge's room was the heart and nucleus of the busy household.

There would come Marcus for a greeting word and a jest before he set off on his day's round, and there Olivia would betake herself for a rest and a chat. When her household tasks had been despatched, she seldom found Aunt Madge alone; Nigel or Hugh would have brought her their kites to mend, or to beg that Deb would make them new sails for their boat, and of course where Nigel went, fat sturdy Ronald followed.

Or the twins would be playing with their Japanese babies on the carpet, or rolling over each other—and Zoe (not the same Zoe, alas!) like kittens. But the most frequent visitor was Dot, dimpled and winsome as ever.

Olivia had verified Aunt Madge's words. She had grown a little stouter and more matronly and had become a fine-looking woman, but the eyes were as frank and kindly as ever, and one only needed to look at her to find out that she was thoroughly in harmony with her environment.

And Madge Broderick was happy, although the years of her widowhood and banishment stretched out indefinitely.

"You will make an old woman yet," Dr. Randolph often told her, but she had ceased to wince when he said it as though a cold hand had struck her.

And year by year a deep peacefulness steals over the dear face, and the ring of cheerfulness in the full mellow voice grows stronger. "I have two lovely homes, Livy," she would say. "One here with you and Marcus and the darling children, and one in the 'many mansions' where Fergus and baby boy wait for me." And as she said this a radiant smile would light her features like sunshine.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fish Recipes.

What we need most to consider are newer and more varied ways of treating our fish; with too many of us it would seem as if boiling and frying were the only methods we had acquaintance with. Whereas we may bake, we may broil (think how good is a freshly-caught herring, split open and broiled over the coals!), we may stew or make a curry, or a fish-pie is available when luncheon or the children's dinner is in question.

Certain ways are better adapted to certain fish; you cannot stew a herring, nor can you broil cod, but you may bake both cod and halibut and find them delicious, especially if you are liberal with butter for basting, sprinkling them with seasoning and lemon-juice, and adding chopped parsley with all.

Let us take a slice, or rather a steak, of

Halibut, quite an inch and a half in thickness, cut right across the fish. Melt a little butter in a shallow dish (an enamelled iron or fireproof china one, as the same dish ought to come to table, anything done *au gratin* is not intended to be removed), on the butter sprinkle some grated bread-crumbs, a spoonful of chopped parsley, with the veriest suspicion of chopped onion. Lay the steak of halibut, or some thick slices of cod on this bed, squeeze lemon-juice over the fish, then cover it with the same ingredients in their order, having butter for the top. Bake rather quickly, from twenty to thirty minutes, and serve as soon as done with whipped potatoes.

Here is a delicious

Fish-Pie.—A pound of cod or a large plaice, boned and cut into fillets; roll each piece in flour that is mixed with salt and pepper, then lay them in a pie-dish. Place with them half-a-dozen oysters, the beards removed, and add their liquor; squeeze the juice of half a lemon over all, and add sufficient water to barely cover the fish, and a few small pats of butter. Simmer this gently for about fifteen minutes, then place a crust of well-mashed and moistened potato over the fish; brush the top of the pie with yolk of egg or dissolved butter; mark in a pattern, then bake until brightly browned. Serve whilst fresh and hot.

Before quitting the subject of fish, we might study one or two ways of using-up cold boiled "remains." One of the best is

Kedgeree.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until thoroughly soft; add to it an equal quantity of fish broken into small flakes, a large spoonful of sauce (whatever sauce accompanied the fish at its first appearing), a small piece of butter, and plenty of seasoning. Stir well until thoroughly hot through; have an egg boiled until quite hard, take off the shell, cut the white into strips, and rub the yolk to a powder. Press the fish mixture into a shape, then turn it out on to a hot dish, garnish the lower part with the white of egg, and sprinkle the yolk over the upper portion, using a pinch of dried and sifted parsley as a last finish.

Scalloped Fish.—Make a little good white sauce, using milk or cream for the purpose; add to it the flakes of any nice cold cooked fish, and half-a-teaspoonful of anchovy essence. Season highly; butter some china scallop-shells, sprinkle a few bread-crumbs at the bottom, then lightly fill with the mixture, and sprinkle more crumbs over the surface with a little grated Parmesan cheese. Brown in a quick oven. They will take about fifteen minutes baking.

To keep butter firm in hot weather, place it on a dish with a clean flower-pot over it, cover this with a thick cloth or piece of flannel, stand this in a larger bowl or dish half full of water with some salt in it, with the ends of the cloth standing in the water. Place it in a draught, and keep the water renewed. The evaporation will keep it quite cool and firm.

To keep milk in hot weather, it should be boiled and then put away cold; the same rule applies to broth of meat.

LINEN BAG.

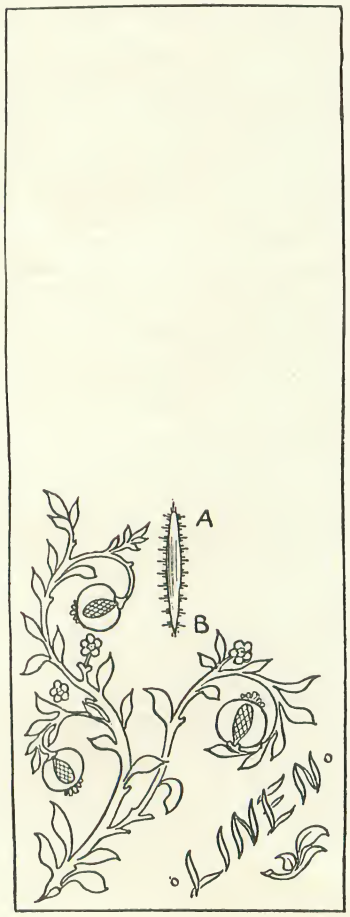


FIG 1.

This pattern hails from Ireland and is particularly suitable for travelling, as it makes a flat roll and is easily packed.

Two yards of strong linen are required, any single width from 24 to 30 inches. Measure from the lower edge 20 inches to B, Fig. 1, and cut to A, thus making a slit 12 inches long, work a button-hole or ornamental blanket stitch on each side to make the edge firm.

Now sketch with pen and ink any design you like, introducing the word "linen" in some prominent position. The design given will be found very effective and not difficult; work it in outline with washing threads. Iron it well on the wrong side. Double the material inside out and run up the side seams, leaving $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches open at D, Fig. 3; turn the bag right side out, fold in the lower edges C, Fig. 3, and stitch them together on the right side. A line of stitching is needed $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the top fold E, Fig. 3.

The wooden rod, Fig. 2, is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and half an inch shorter than the width of the material; bore small holes in it, F, G, run it into the top of the bag at D, Fig. 3, where the seam was left open, which can now be sewn over. Thread ribbon through the linen where the holes in the wood can be felt and tie it in a bow H.

The bag is intended to hang flat against the door or wall, or inside the wardrobe, the soiled things being slipped in by opening in the front. It sells well at bazaars for 3s. 6d. or more according to the work expended in embroidery.

"Cousin Lil."

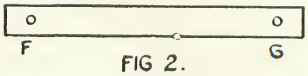


FIG 2.

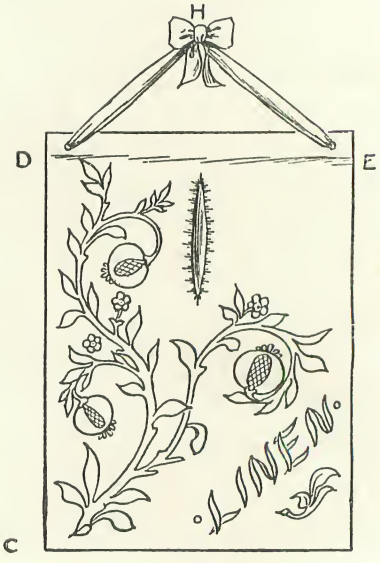


FIG 3.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SHOPPING COMMISSIONS.—*Is it true that girls can earn a living by undertaking to buy things in London for people in the country? I have good taste, and should like to employ my spare time in this way.*—SEVEN-AND-TWENTY.

A shopping commissioner can scarcely make "a living," we fear. It is customary to offer 5 per cent. commission on the amount of goods purchased; so if you realise that you would only be paid £5 after you had disbursed £100 on behalf of your clients, you will see that shopping for other people hardly leads direct to wealth. Some girls, however, who do this kind of work, combine it with making themselves useful in other ways. Thus we know one enterprising young woman who visits London houses when the employers are away, sees that the servants are doing their work properly, and that nothing is taking place that the absent mistress would not approve of. Also she escorts children across London when they are going to or returning from school, will take them to the doctor's or dentist's, and, in short, act as an obliging London factotum. Nevertheless, though girls nowadays show more cleverness in meeting the community's minor wants, we advise you to turn to a more definite occupation if you really need to earn your bread. Moreover, the number of persons in the country or the colonies who care to pay a stranger to perform such little services as the above-mentioned is extremely small, whereas the ladies are many who think they could spend other people's money advantageously.

INDENTATION.—*Will you kindly tell me the rules governing indentation in poetry? You lay great stress on correct indentation of the puzzle poems, but I can find no help in any of the published works on verse.*

Indentation is designed to enable the reader to see at a glance the structural character of verse. Form in poetry is as vital as form in the other arts, and it is form that creates delight, by giving true satisfaction to the ear. Would that we could trace more of it in modern music and painting! Then again, if indentation is properly understood by the verse-writer, he is more likely to produce satisfactory workmanship. If Tennyson had written "In Memoriam" without the indentation of the second and third lines of each verse, we question if that great poem would ever have become popular, for, as it is, the ear is impatient to arrive at the rhyme of the first line; we know it will come in line 4, for the indentation is for ever pointing it out. Then again in sonnets and in triolets, the intelligent reader must first satisfy himself that these compositions are in proper form, and if indentation is adopted he sees this at a glance, and time is thereby spared, for without this indentation, no man who ever lived could "take in" such poems without reading twice over. Should our readers ever see verse wrongly indented (and this may often be noticed in some of the commoner publications of the day), they might safely expect that the writer is ignorant of the demands of the form which he has adopted. Far wiser would that writer be if he were to ignore indentation altogether, as the old writers did, though this would mean unnecessary trouble to the busy but conscientious reader.

CLARA FINCH (Pau) *inquires: "What is the origin of the expression 'turning the tables' on anyone?"*

To "turn the tables" is to rebut a charge by bringing a countercharge. Thus, if a husband accuses his wife of extravagance in finery, she may "turn the tables" by accusing him of extravagance in cigars. This class of retort was actually that from which the expression arose.

The Romans were accustomed to pride themselves on their tables, made of citron wood from Mauritania, and inlaid with ivory. The price paid for these tables was so enormous, that Pliny calls the taste for them *mensarum insania* (literally table-madness). When the Romans accused their wives of extravagance, the Roman ladies would reply by reminding their husbands of the vast sums (in some cases equal to a senator's income) they lavished on these costly articles of furniture. Hence the expression has become imported into common use.

H. A. R. *inquires whether, supposing she does not intend to take up teaching, it would be "any real advantage" to go to St. Hugh's Hall, Oxford?*

We understand the meaning of our correspondent's inquiry, but we give it prominence because it offers an opportunity for clearing up a point that is sometimes rather vague. One often hears the query, "What is the good" of pursuing such and such studies, unless they have a direct bearing on one's future work in life?

There are two ends to be sought by education. The one is the perfection of the individual as a whole by the full and harmonious development of all the faculties. The other is the perfection of the individual as an instrument—as a bread-winner. The perfection of the individual in these separate ways is not always the same. The first is by far the higher of the two aims. When the two can be combined the life is ideal: *e.g.*, when one's professional training lies exactly in the same direction as the training best fitted to develop one's whole nature.

To bring out latent powers (which is the meaning of the term educate), to develop one's nature harmoniously is a glorious privilege, and when it can be attained it is of the utmost advantage, for it makes a better human being, a better member of society "all round." Therefore it would never be correct to say that such an education was no real advantage, even though one were not going to earn by its means. We say this because we have often heard it remarked, "Such and such a one is not going to teach, why on earth should she slave away like that?" at some favourite study or studies.

There are, however, many cases in which the "all round" advanced training not only develops the recipient as a human being "in herself," but fits her better for earning her livelihood. We should judge this was the case with H. A. R., and that if she can possibly do so, she had better go to Oxford.

Regarding the second of her questions, as to the work open to a girl who had a good knowledge of French and German, as well as type-writing and shorthand, we believe that many merchants and professional men now are glad to avail themselves of the services of competent lady-clerks. Journalism is extensively practised by women, but an opening is somewhat difficult to find. We wish H. A. R. all success.

WELSH HARP.—We are very glad to hear from you. (1) The words you quote mean "Invincible Red Dragon of Wales," and apply to the coat-of-arms which symbolises the warlike spirit. (2) Rowland's Welsh Grammar is said to be a good one. We must not answer more than two questions, but will throw in some advice as well. If you wish to see the mountains and the coast of your "ain countree" to their best advantage and at moderate expense, go to Vriog, a quiet hamlet on Cardigan Bay, near Dolgelly: the mountain-climbs are endless, and the bathing is perfect, while the woods and streams are a constant charm. Thank you for your wee picture.

A TYNESIDE LASS.—(1) We are glad you are interested in the prize essays from working girls. What you say about the contrasts of life has our sympathy. It is to be hoped they will grow less as time advances. But we do not share your feeling of "pain" as to these essays, for we think the picture of bright, happy content and making the best of things they give, produce the conviction that after all it is in the individual, not in the surroundings, that the springs of content are found. Many a rich girl leads a less happy life than some of those described by our contributors, and it is "worry," not "work," that kills. You yourself are to be much congratulated on your success in music, in spite of your domestic industry: did your hard work make you unhappy? Rather you must have felt that the medal was more precious, because of the efforts made to win it. (2) Look at 1 St. John iv. 8, and the last four words of 2 Tim. ii. 13, and you may be comforted.

WINTON.—The term "mug" is chiefly used in the North country (Lancashire and Yorkshire) we think, to denote a drinking-vessel of pewter or earthenware, while a jug is not used for the purposes of drinking, only for holding or pouring liquid.

"PATHOS" wrote some time ago of a photograph connected with the "Legend of the Christmas Rose," asking us to explain it, but did not describe the picture, so we could only tell her of such legendary lore as we guessed might be serviceable. A strange chance has thrown a photograph in our way, which may possibly be that bequeathed to "Pathos," and we give the story connected with it.

A poor child coming to visit our Lord in the manger was grieved to have no gift which she could offer to Him. An angel, to recompense her loving desire, appeared to her and filled her hands with flowers, which have ever since been called "Christmas Roses." In the picture the little girl kneels before the Virgin and Child, offering her flowers; an angel is dimly seen in the doorway, shedding light upon the bare interior of the stable.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

Can any correspondent tell us where to find the well-known dialogue of "Geese," a conversation between two countrywomen? Also "Saturday Night," beginning—

"Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know."

And will anyone give the authors and the remaining verses of the poems commencing—

(1) "Oh leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppressed to-day,
Oh leave me, and to-morrow
The dark clouds may have passed away."

(2) "Is it true, O Christ in Heaven, that
the highest suffer most,
That the strongest wander furthest,
and more hopelessly are lost,
That the mark of rank in Nature is
capacity for pain?"

Odds and Ends.

IT is not generally known that we all carry about with us in our pockets an example of the work of the present President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery. Sir Edward Poynter designed the reverse side of the new coins, and, although its merit was much questioned at the time, he had very little scope, seeing that he had to introduce the four quarterings, and all the other heraldic badges of Great Britain and Ireland. In the competition for this design Mr. Brock introduced some dolphins, and Mr. Onslow Ford an old English galleon, but Sir Edward Poynter's was accepted.

IT is curious to observe how comparatively few Christian names are in use at the present time, and a statistician has discovered that fourteen out of every hundred girls are called Mary, and thirteen out of every hundred boys are called William. This fact is not due, as might naturally be supposed, to the Revolution, which placed the daughter and son-in-law of James II. upon the English throne. The number of Marys is due to the popularity of a saint of that name in the Middle Ages, whilst William is popular solely because it was the name of William the Conqueror. The constant use, however, of both these names, their origin apart, is the strong family feeling that names daughters after mothers and sons after fathers. Another interesting point, proved by the same statistician, is that more than half the children baptised are given two names, considerably less than half one name, whilst the remaining number have a varied number, some even as many as twenty-four. And not only is William popular as a Christian name, but it is the root of more surnames than any other word in the language. Williams itself is the commonest surname we have, with the exception of Smith and Jones, being much commoner than either Brown or Robinson. In addition to Williams, Williamson, and other names directly derived, there are, from the French, Guillemot, Gillet, and Gillot. Then the "Bill," into which William is so frequently turned, gives us Billson; whilst Willcox, Willy, Wilkins, and Wilkinson may all be traced to a Norman source. Of course fashion influences the choice of names, as it does the choice of clothes, and frequently after the appearance of a successful book, or the death of some eminent person, there are a large number of children baptised with the name of the heroine or hero. Speaking of girls' names a few years ago, Ethel, Mabel, and Maud were extremely fashionable; to-day, Dorothy and Doris seem to be the most popular.

THE town of Luneberg, in Hanover, has been the first town in the world to achieve the distinction of erecting a monument to the memory of a pig. In the Hotel de Ville of that town there is a mausoleum, in the interior of which is a costly glass structure enclosing a ham still in a state of good preservation. Above there is a marble slab, upon which is written in golden letters in Latin this inscription: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig, which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt-springs of Luneberg." Tradition asserts that the springs at Bath were first discovered by pigs, but the claims of these animals upon posterity have not as yet been recognised.

ONE would not imagine that spiders are affected either by music or love, but that they are extremely sensitive to both has been proved by observation. For instance, an organist in a church noticed that a spider would swing down upon a single thread and rest above the keyboard every time a tune was played, and directly the music ceased it would disappear. Either very soft or very loud music would bring him down. During a concert at Leipsic, the leader of the orchestra particularly noticed a spider which descended by the same means from a chandelier whilst a violin solo was being played, but directly the solo was ended it ran back quickly. With regard to other instincts possessed by these insects, some very interesting experiments have recently been made to test their powers of vision and sense of colour. Twenty species were selected, and were studied and observed by a naturalist for eight summers. It was found that when their prey, which consists of small insects, is motionless, they can see them at a distance of five inches, but when the insects are moving they can see them at a much greater distance. As for each other, a spider will sight another spider at least twelve inches away. Sight, it would appear, not smell, is the spider's greatest guide, and it is said that during the mating season the males will throw themselves into quite different attitudes, according as they see a male or female spider. It was by this manner of expressing their feelings that the distance they could see was first ascertained.

NUTS are supposed to be very indigestible, but this prejudice most probably arises from the fact that they are very rarely properly masticated. In order to obtain the great amount of nutrition they contain they ought to be thoroughly masticated before they are swallowed. If they are baked hard and then ground into a meal, they can be eaten with much greater safety, especially by people whose teeth are not good.

WRITING of coinage calls to mind a curious case, which has for some time engaged the attention of the officials at the Mint. A large number of spurious half-crowns are being circulated in this country, and the odd part of the affair is that these coins are not made of base metal, but of silver of the same quality as that of the half-crowns made by the Mint. These false half-crowns are excellently made and stamped with proper dies. A new half-crown weighs about half an ounce, the real value being 1s. 3d., whilst the cost of coining is 3d. These false half-crowns, therefore, yield a profit of 1s. each to their manufacturers, and being made of silver it is extremely difficult to detect them, the only difference between them and those issued by the Mint being that the false coins are a little larger in diameter, and a very little thinner. This is one of the results of the cheapness of silver.

A LAMP, said to be the largest in the world, has been invented by a Belgian. It is six feet in height, and three feet ten inches in diameter. Lard oil is burnt in it, and so strong is its light that it is possible to read at a distance of six hundred feet away from it. This "Great Eastern" of lamps is composed of three thousand pieces.

HERE is another story: A little girl, aged three and a half had been sent to a kindergarten for the first time. On her return her mother asked her how she liked it. "I didn't like it a bit," the mite replied. "The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present, and I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."

THE oyster has no greater enemy than the starfish. It appears difficult however, for a fish to open the shell of an oyster, which requires a certain amount of skill even with an oyster knife; but the starfish has a peculiar method of leverage upon the opening of the two shells which the oyster cannot resist. Biologists used to think that the starfish simply starved the oyster until it opened of its own accord; but observation has shown that by the pressure it applies the bivalve speedily becomes a victim to its ingenious enemy.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK stands in a very unusual relationship both to his father and mother, for he is at the same time third cousin to the Duke of York and second cousin twice removed to the Duchess of York. The Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge were sons of George III.; their respective children, Her Majesty the Queen and the Duchess of Teck are therefore first cousins, and thus the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York are second cousins, which brings the Duke of York and his son into the relationship of third cousins. On the other hand the Duchess of York is second cousin once removed to the Duke, and therefore is second cousin twice removed to her own son.

AMERICA has long enjoyed the reputation of being the land of marvels, but the limits of the most fertile imagination seem to be passed by an experiment which has been tried, and tried successfully, by an American farmer. He has made use of electricity as a means of bringing on his crops. The electric current is applied in two ways to the plants, either through the soil by means of wires placed about two inches below the surface, and by powerful arc lights, which, being softened by amber globes, act upon the crops like strong sunlight. Directly the seed is sown an electric current is turned on, and running through the underground wires, it causes the seeds to germinate, and, as it is constantly kept up, stimulates their growth, until the crop is gathered. The whole farm is lighted by the arc lights at night, so that the plants have sunshine or its equivalent during the twenty-four hours. It has been discovered that by this use of electricity, radishes, lettuce, spinach, and similar vegetables are matured in half the usual time, and on this farm, radishes seventeen inches long and five and a half inches thick are quite common. The wheat-ears and the heads of all other corn are much larger than those of crops grown under ordinary conditions, whilst the amount produced is half as much again. Amongst the other marvels of this electrical production are lettuces, three feet high and two feet wide, and cabbages that measure two feet in diameter.



Girls' Own Paper.

Lenaon.

IN THE MERRY SPRINGTIME.

From the Painting by P. FRANC LAMY.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 900.] MARCH 27, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

APRIL.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE wise old Earth awoke one morn and roused himself to hearken,
For in the East a mystic bird was singing unaware—
"O light arise, and cleanse the skies, and let no cloudlet darken,
Fair April comes to us to-day adown Love's shining stair."

Then spake the Earth, a hoary king, by years and sorrows laden,
"Ah! would that I were young again, and 'reft of crown and throne,
I would go forth, by east and north, to woo this lovesome maiden,
And ere a moon of thirty days her heart should be mine own."

But when he saw her winsome form across the meadows moving,
With kingcup clusters round her feet, and cowslips bending low,
His long-lost youth came back in truth, and, by the grace of loving,
The earth transfigured sought her smile, a stalwart suitor now.



All rights reserved.] FLOODS OF APRIL.

On mischief bent, with saucy showers she dashed his new-found splendour;
He made her cherry-blossom crowns, she flouted them with hail,
Now near and sweet, now far and fleet, most wilful, arch and tender,
For her all lures that lovers know were spent—without avail.

But, when full thirty days had sped, Earth cried, in wrath and sorrow,
"O changeling maid of many moods, yet never one to spare,
When wilt thou deign to share my reign?" And April laughed "To-morrow—
To-morrow, maybe, hand-in-hand we'll climb Love's shining stair."

Again ere dawn the Earth awoke to chide the Sun's delaying,
And vainly sought his errant love in all her flower-lit ways,
Until he heard the stranger bird pipe softly, "Gone a-maying,
And none shall see her face again for thrice a hundred days!"

A fickle April, dazzling all with short-lived gleam and glory,
Shall ever May-day loveliness those yester-dreams restore,
Yet this indeed we learn, who read Earth's tender, old-time story,
Wherever love hath blent with life the world grows young once more!



THE GARDEN IN EARLY SPRING.

With the first gleams of sunshine and soft breath of the balmy winds, which generally come to us with the opening days of March, we instinctively turn our thoughts to the garden. The rich brown earth is just emerging from the iron bands of winter, and seems to cry out to us for the touch of a friendly hand. Indeed, if we wish to reap the rich harvests of summer, we must lose no time in commencing the necessary preparations now, and seed-sowing is one of the most important of these.

The due preparation of the ground in both kitchen and flower-garden is, however, of the first importance. If it was not thoroughly dug over in the autumn, it must be done at once, and manure added where it is required, the beds marked out for seed-sowing, the paths and lawns weeded and rolled, and new gravel laid where required. While this is being done, we can purchase and prepare the seeds that will be necessary for our summer crops.

Peas will crop much better if planted where the ground has been deeply dug and enriched with good manure, burnt rubbish, and lime. They should be sown in rows, from four to seven feet apart. The first early peas are sometimes sown in November; they appear above ground late in January, and one can then tell how many have "missed" owing to frost, and can fill up the vacant spaces. These autumn sown peas will fruit very early, and a succession can be kept up during the summer with fortnightly sowings of different kinds. Some of the best varieties of peas for general use are the following—"English Wonder," "Earliest of All," "Ringleader," as first early sorts, and "Champion of England," "Sharp's Queen," and "Stanley" (dwarf) for second crops. "Mammoth Marrowfat," "Ne Plus Ultra," and "Veitch's Perfection," for late summer gathering.

The main crop of broad beans should also be sown now, and of these "Early Mazagan," or "Green Windsor," will be the best. Runner beans are not so hardy, and should be left till April or beginning of May, but some French or dwarf kidney beans can be sown in pots or boxes in a frame and hardened off for early planting out. A very sheltered border should be chosen for the first sowing of spring carrots—the "Early Scarlet Short Horn," which can be followed by a general crop sown in the open in April. A portion of the same border should be reserved for a sprinkling of broccoli seeds, celery, parsnips, and early salads, all to be planted out when large enough to handle.

The main crop of onions and turnips can be sown in the open ground now, but it will be well to sow vegetable marrows, cucumbers, and tomatoes in pots in the frame or greenhouse, so that they may have time to be well hardened off before planting out in May. Radishes sown broadcast once a fortnight from now until August will keep us well supplied, and ensure their being fresh and crisp. Mustard and cress for early salads is easily raised in boxes indoors. At the end of March we may proceed to plant the first crop of early potatoes. The border under a south wall will be the best place for them; it will probably be occupied with fruit-trees, but the potatoes will not injure them. "Early Regent" and "Myatt's Ashleaf" are perhaps the best early varieties.

Herbs and garnishing plants must not be omitted from our list. Of these the most useful for the kitchen department are basil, chervil, fennel, marjoram, mint, parsley, sage, sorrel, thyme, also summer savoury; whilst such medicinal herbs as balm, borage, horehound, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, and wormwood should always flourish in a lady's garden. From many of them simple teas and drinks are made, and also washes and cosmetics, an employment by no means unremunerative, and which essentially belongs to the housewife's department.

In the flower-garden we need to look over the beds which should now be gay with crocuses, snowdrops, aconites, scillas, and early tulips, removing decayed leaves and forking up the earth between the bulbs. Sow seeds of climbers, such as nasturtiums, morning glories, sweet peas, cobea scandens, convolvulus, and in the borders mignonette, nemophilla, Virginian stocks, sunflowers, especially the sunflower-miliflowered, a wonderful variety, and not forgetting some annual chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies for autumn blooming. The poppies, both Shirley and Iceland, will be better left until April.

The green-house should be gay with pots of azalea indicans, azalea mollis, spireas, heaths, cinerarias, winter carnations, and pelargoniums, etc. In the hot-bed we may sow asters, begonias, lobelias, musk, mimulus, petunias, verbenas, and other sweet-scented favourites.

Hanging baskets and wall-pockets for indoor or outdoor decoration are best prepared at this time, so that they may hang in the green-house and become thoroughly established before being removed to their permanent quarters. For sunny windows out of doors, the ivy-leaved geraniums—pink, white, or cherry-coloured, with musk, lobelia, and a foliage plant or fuschia for the centre will thrive well. For a north or east window, out of doors, a creeping jenny, tradescantia, with ferns, or an aralia for a centre piece, is more suitable. Indoors, mosses and ferns are perhaps the best. Hanging baskets are a great addition both inside or outside the house; over doorways, or under arches, or on terrace-walks they are exceedingly effective.

The rockery should be well looked over and all decayed fronds removed, and fresh ferns and roots be added where required. Some forget-me-nots, sedums, etc., will improve it.

A. Yates, F.R.H.S.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VI.

KIND, PITIFUL, COURTEOUS.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "Be pitiful, be courteous."



If, during these short talks, we had time to study a concordance to the Holy Scriptures, how many things we should find of a suggestive character! We should indeed become so fascinated and interested, that it would be difficult for us to close the volume.

One thing would strike you, dear girl-friends, as it has so often struck me, namely, the great number of times that certain words occur and the rarity of others. And yet when we come to look at some of the words which occur but once, twice, or it may be thrice, in the same sense, we feel how sorry we should be had they been omitted altogether.

Such are the three that we are going to talk about a little, and to note with regard to their influence on our daily lives.

I dare say you will be surprised to know that the word "kind," in the sense we are going to consider it, comes only four times. We have instances enough of kindness, kindly, loving-kindness, and so on, but not of the qualifying word. Pitiful only comes three times, and courteous—the last of our chosen three—only once.

Yet, seldom as these words occur, they have grand contexts. By obeying the injunctions to be kind and pitiful, we shall be copying, humbly and reverently, two of the glorious attributes of the Godhead.

God "is kind to the unthankful and the evil." Not only to those who have listened to His call, accepted His invitations, and given their lives to His service. His kindness is all-embracing, and so we are bidden to be kind and to do good, even to our enemies, "hoping for nothing again."

You and I, dear ones, are to "be pitiful." "For the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

Are not these beautiful words? Ought we not to rejoice over the reasons why we should lay to heart these few but precious words, and study to be kind and pitiful in our dealings with our neighbours?

A few years ago, in the early days of my widowhood, I met a clergyman whom I had not seen since it began. He was an old friend of him whom I mourned, and had been associated with him on various committees. He spoke sweet words of sympathy and had much to say to me about the Christian character of his departed friend.

"He found fault so kindly," was one expression which I shall never forget, for, truly, it needs much battling with human weakness, much self-control to do this.

If we feel ourselves aggrieved and know that we have just cause to be indignant at those who have injured us, we seem to think that we have a right to show this by stern faces, sharp words and threats of punishment. Most of us, I suppose, do this.

I say "us," because you young folk have power over others younger than yourselves, if you are sisters in a large family. You can do so much to make things run smoothly in the household by a kind word, a pleasant look and a little consideration for those who serve. Perhaps these last are in some cases girls no older than yourselves, and, if you look into your own daily lives, you will probably see that in doing your special duties, you, too, are often careless and forgetful, and need patience and kindness from parents and older friends, as much as do the servants of the house.

So, if you have cause to complain, think of your own failings and find fault kindly.

I knew a great manufacturer who employed many hands in his mills and clerks in his office. Over the latter was a confidential book-keeper, to whom they and the travellers for the firm had to render account. He was an upright man, zealous for his master's interests, and grateful to him for having raised him from a lowly position to a post of trust. But, oh, how hard he was in his dealings with those beneath him!

One man in particular, a traveller, writhed under his harsh mode of fault-finding. It is true he laid himself open to it, for an old failing, intemperance, which had reduced him from the position of master to that of a servant, still proved too strong for him at times.

The book-keeper was not slow to let him feel the lash of a harsh tongue and to threaten him with dismissal.

At last, stung by his words, the offender taunted him in turn with his lowly parentage, adding—

"When you were a scavenger in this mill, I was owner of one as big."

"I know you were, and might have been yet if you had had sense and sobriety to prop you on your seat," was the retort. "Folly and extravagance bring their own punishment: and now, my man, you'll have to find a fresh berth, and well for you if you don't go a step or two lower down in the world."

The book-keeper did not know that his master was within earshot; but there were two entrances to his office, one through the outer room, the other from the street, and he had gone in through the latter. Quite unintentionally he had heard the altercation, and now he opened the door between the offices, and in a quiet voice said, "I will speak to Walton myself."

Both men looked ashamed, though one was right in blaming the other, but not in the method of doing it.

Half an hour later Walton passed out of his master's office by the street-door and went quickly homeward.

His wife met him with a hopeless look on her face, sure that he could have only one tale to tell—dismissal without a character. To her surprise and alarm her husband pushed past her, went into the sitting-room without a word, and dropping into a chair burst into tears. Before this there was just one thought which had suggested hope to the wife. "The master is a good man and very kind. He will think pitifully of the children and me. Maybe he will give John one chance more, if he is not too proud to own his fault and ask for it."

The sight of her husband's tears drove away this last hope. After all the tears were not despairing ones, but the overflowings of a truly penitent and grateful heart. The old master had given his faithless servant another chance. When Walton could speak he told his wife, "I was like a madman with the book-keeper's hard taunting words, though I knew I deserved them, and I was ready to say or do anything when I went into the master's office. No hard words there. What I saw was the pitiful look of a good man who grieved over me as a servant of God mourns over those who have wandered from the right way, and would fain help them back into it. He found fault so kindly. He said less about the wrong I had done to him than of my sin against God, my own soul, my wife and our little ones. And then he prayed over me as a father might over a son. I felt like a child in his hands and I cried like one.

"When we got up from our knees the master said, 'Walton, will you try again, seeking strength from God?' and I said, 'I am as weak as water; will you help me? Your kind words have made me hate myself, and I long to be a better man. If you had upbraided me and sent me away I should have gone——'

"'Hush, Walton! We will not try to say what might have been. I am going to have in you from this moment a good and faithful servant.'

"He spoke as if there were no doubt about it, and his words made me feel both weak and strong. I knew I was helpless in myself; but I resolved to go to Him who is a very present help, and I hope there are happier times in store for you and the children."

You and I, dear girls, cannot imagine the gladness and thankfulness of that poor wife and mother, lifted as she was from the depths of despair. One of her first acts was to fall on her knees and thank God for renewed hope, and for having given her husband a kind, pitiful master.

In the office at the mills the book-keeper sat, sullen and offended. He had passed sentence on Walton and the master had reversed it. He felt himself lessened and his dignity wounded, and when his employer entered, he bent over his books and wrote on as if unconscious of his presence.

But a hand was laid on his shoulder and he heard the words, "You and I must help Walton, James."

He was touched at the use of his Christian name. It took him back to the days when his present master used to come and speak to the Sunday scholars, of whom he was one. He remembered how kind he was even then, and how, when he had got into trouble by some boyish trick, the master, a young man then, had laid a kind hand on his shoulder, and by gentle words made him more ashamed of his faults than any scolding would have done. Later on the master had chosen him out as a sharp lad, had given him a post suited to his abilities, and gradually promoted him till he reached his present position.

Still he could not quite get over what he deemed a slight, and he answered, "I will do anything for you, sir."

"Me, my dear fellow! I am not asking anything for myself. I want you to share with me the honour and privilege of winning back a soul for Christ."

Who could withstand such words? Not our friend the book-keeper. He lifted his face with an expression of love and reverence towards his master and said, "For Walton and for Christ's sake, sir, I will do all I can."

I need not say more. Only that Walton's future proved the sincerity of his repentance, and two men rejoiced over him, though only one could fairly appropriate the blessing which Christ gave to "the merciful."

How delightful it is to look upon the pictures of Christ's dealings with known offenders, and to hear the words in which He spoke to all who earnestly sought His help.

As He stretched out a healing hand and gave new life to the palsied limbs the kind words came, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." And to another, "Daughter,

be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." "Go in peace." "Go and sin no more," to the convicted sinner, brought before Him for judgment.

To the terrified disciples who saw Him coming walking on the sea, and cried out for fear, "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid."

How kind was Jesus. Not one who came or was brought for healing, was sent away without being perfectly cured. How pitiful was Jesus. He waited not to be reminded of the needs of a hungry multitude, but had compassion on them, and fed them, by exerting the miraculous power of the Godhead within Him.

The searching eyes of Jesus saw Zaccheus in the sycamore tree, and made him, the despised publican, glad with the words, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." It mattered not to Him that the crowd murmured and said, "That He was gone to be a guest with a man that is a sinner." From the Saviour's lips came the kind, sweet, pitiful words which gladdened the heart of His courteous host. "This day is salvation come to this house. For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Again, how kind and tender are the invitations of Christ? "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden. Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." We seem to see Him weeping over Jerusalem, and crying, "If thou hadst known the things which belong unto thy peace!" "How often would I have gathered thy children togther, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

No hard words did Jesus utter, when, in Gethsemane, the tired disciples slept whilst he endured his great agony, only the half rebuke, half question—"Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" followed by the excuse—"The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

It is impossible to spend even a few moments in looking into the life of Our Glorious Example, and noting His dealings with mankind under every variety of circumstances, without exclaiming, "Oh, how kind, how pitiful was Jesus!"

Does it not then become us to imitate Christ in these qualities, which are so delightful in themselves?

Which class of characters wins friends in this world and keeps them?

Is it, say, amongst girls, those who think much of their own comfort and convenience, and care nothing how their neighbours fare? Those who hold themselves aloof where help is needed, whilst the kind-hearted ones, who are Christ's servants, are contented to imitate Him who said, "I am among you as One that serveth."

Be kind to all. To the little children, remembering that, only a few years ago, you were children also. Be pitiful to them when they are in trouble, though their grievances almost provoke a smile. I have known a little one sleepless and miserable over a doll's broken arm, and suffering more than many a human mother has done over a real injury to a living child. It has been worth while to make-believe a little, and apply seeming remedies to comfort a sore heart. Be kind to parents. Try to save them from anxiety, weariness and sorrow on your account. The truly loving parent suffers with the children always. Let the children strive to lighten the parents' burdens. And, in doing kind things for them and all around, remember there are various ways of rendering service.

You remember that charming story of Christ, in verse, called, "The Old, Old Story." It says of Him—"He did kind things so kindly."

Be kind and pitiful to every living thing. To inflict needless pain on the meanest reptile is hateful, inhuman, and shows a cruel nature, specially unbecoming to womankind.

Be courteous. I have left but a few moments to speak of this once named word.

"Civility goes a long way and costs nothing," is a good old proverb. Courtesy goes a little farther still. It is civility refined.

Civility is formal. Courtesy is genial. Civility is gold in the rough. Courtesy is wrought gold. I am sure, my dear ones, you will understand the difference, and if you look into your own lives, you will at once acknowledge that you have often rebelled against a curt command, when you would have rendered cheerful service in return for a courteous request.

Take the lesson of experience home. There is no teacher so valuable, and may our talk this evening be blessed to us all.

I wanted very much to bring in another story in illustration of our subject to-night. But time seems to have gone faster than usual even, and I can only say, "Good night, dear young sisters."

"May God be with you till we meet again."

(*To be continued.*)

A letter to the dear girls who sit "In the Twilight Side by Side."

I should like to tell you, my dear girl friends, with whom I have, for months past, been holding sweet converse, that the result of our meetings has filled me with joy and thankfulness. I have heard from the lips of some of you that our "Talks" have influenced your lives for good. Others have written me sweet letters, and thus given me glimpses of minds in harmony with my own, on the most important of all subjects. It has been impossible to read them without tears of gladness and heartfelt thanks to God for His manifest blessing on our communings.

I will quote a few words from the last letter I received. They may touch the hearts of other girls.

"I am writing to you because I feel, as you say, that we are not strangers, and I want you to know how much I enjoy and look forward to 'Twilight Talks' in the 'G. O. P.' I feel they are specially suited to me, as one of a large family of ten, and I want very much to live a Christian life."

The dear girl goes on to tell of happy home surroundings and Christian influences, yet writes regretfully that these have not had all the effect on her life they ought to have had, and shows her heartfelt longing after still higher and better things. She concludes as follows:—

"I did not mean to say what I have. I just wanted to thank you for your papers and let you know how much I appreciate them. I hope they will be a means of blessing to my own soul, and the souls of many others."

I do not know the real names of any of my correspondents, but I am asking the Editor's leave to tell them here, how happy their words have made me, and how I sympathise with them in every holy aspiration.

I have heard clergymen say that the most trying thing in connection with their work was, that they seldom knew when their words had been blessed to their hearers. I happened to say to one that a sermon of his had influenced my life for good ever since I heard it. He was so much moved at hearing this, that for some moments he was unable to tell how glad my words made him.

How happy and thankful your words, dear girls, have made me. Surely I am blessed above measure, seeing that, whilst I am trying with one hand to sow a little good seed in your young hearts, God is permitting me at the same time to gather a precious harvest with the other. I pray that He will give to each and all of you abounding blessings both for soul and body. Affectionately yours,

RUTH LAMB.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER II.

HILDEGARDE stood and looked, with a face of serene unconsciousness, at a circular that was lying on the hall-table. She knew that her mother and her sister were staring at her, all note of interrogation, but she turned over the leaf as unconcernedly as though she were alone upon the face of the earth.

"What nonsense!" she said., "Nineteen per cent. realised in twenty-eight days! And why will they send notices about investments to people who haven't a threepenny-bit for the collection? I daresay all the circulars about *toupés* and rational corsets go to old bachelors."

She laughed and moved away with that rather long, rather slow, step that suggests laziness, if not languor, but which often means strength held in easy reserve.

"Well," said Mary, "of all the dry old sticks you are the driest. For goodness' sake, girl, don't behave like a pelican in the wilderness."

"Yes, darling," Mrs. Haydn added, "aren't you going to tell us anything? We are dying to hear."

"Oh," said Hildegarde, "I think you'll last another ten minutes. There's really nothing to tell—besides, I'm dying for tea."

And on the word appeared Mrs. Mack with the teapot and hot cakes.

"Mary," said Hildegarde, "take my hat, there's an excellent creature."

"There is no excellent creature here," Mary replied; "say 'charming sister' and I'll take it—under protest." Mary smiled, but she really did object to being called excellent. She noticed that the adjective was becoming rather a common epithet for her, and all the excellent creatures she knew were of the spinster persuasion.

Mary ran off with the hat and Hildegarde with indolent-seeming promptitude seated herself at the table. Before her sister had returned she had begun to eat.

"You have been studying 'Self-help'" said Mary, giving her a stroking pat as she took her own place.

Hildegarde made a little face. "Dripping!" she said, succinctly.

And thereupon Mrs. Mack, who had been lingering about the sideboard, expectant of a nod from her idol, hopeful of a good word for her good cakes, turned round, holding out her two spread palms in tragic testimony.

"Dripping it is, Miss Hildegarde," she said, "and that goodness would be cutting yees down to two pounds of butter a week is what I never looked for. Yes, ma'am," she added, facing Mrs. Haydn, "and I think that them that orders all things might order another pound."

At that point Mrs. Mack was overtaken by an emotional sniff, and she retired, precipitately, a troubled and sorely-shaken blancmange.

"She remembers times," said Mrs. Haydn, "when there was no need to count pounds of butter or pounds sterling. Good old Mrs. Mack."

"Yes," said Hildegarde, "and good old cakes, too."

"You might have said as much to her," remarked Mary.

"Your sister was tired, dear," said Mrs. Haydn with gentle exculpation.

"No," said Hildegarde, "I was not. I don't pretend to be a person who says the correct thing. Mother, the tea tarries."

For a little while the high tea—though it was not higher than potted meat—proceeded in silence, the two stay-at-homes compassing Hildegarde with all observance, and pressing upon her, not unsuccessfully, tea-cakes, sandwiches and plum jam.

"A radish, darling," said Mrs. Haydn, delighted that Hildegarde was bearing herself so bravely; "they are out of our own garden."

Hildegarde allowed herself to be helped. "So I guessed," she said; "from the hairs. Somebody must have been pouring Ko-Ko on their bed."

Now at that time—for, among those circumstances that do not always come off as we should like, young ladies must number hair—Mary was particularly sensitive to one word of purest Japanese—Ko-Ko.

She coloured a little, and said, "That's another of your gracious speeches, Hildie; you are in luck to-night." But while she spoke her eyes became riveted upon her sister's plate.

"Well," said Hildegarde; "know it again?"

"Jam and butter," Mary replied in capitals and notes of admiration.

"Yes," said Hildegarde: "I'm slipping into the ways of the peerage."

"It is not often," Mrs. Haydn said, "that Hildegarde indulges in two coats."

"No," answered Mary, "or I don't know where we should be on Friday, but it would be somewhere on dry land."

After that Hildegarde fell into a little fit of abstraction, during which she altered, without knowing what she did, the pose of a tiger-lily in its glass.

And all this while Mrs. Haydn and Mary were burning to hear the news.

At last Mary could stand it no longer. "Hildegarde," she said, "if you do not begin this instant and tell us everything about everything, I will arise and slay you with my hands."

Hildegarde laughed and lay back.

"All right," she said, "I'm anxious to oblige. But really, there is not much to tell. I know I have been provoking to-night. Excuse me, dears. (That's in parenthesis). Well, things are very nice—handsome and expensive—but they are in bad taste, I think. Nothing—if I may be allowed the word, Mary—comes off properly."

"Are they quite?" asked Mary. "Quite," with a peculiar emphasis, was a family abbreviation for quite a lady or quite a gentleman.

"Well," said Hildegarde, "he looks like a commercial gentleman got up as a country gentleman: knickerbockers and big checks—you know the kind of thing."

"And she?" asked Mrs. Haydn.

"Oh, she is a mild, timid person who tries to be rude, thinking that *brusquerie* is good style. I think if she could find herself she'd find herself rather nice. At present," continued Hildegarde, under cover of the interest of her story helping herself, unchallenged, to further jam and butter, "she models herself upon Lady Gildie, the only lady of title she knows at all well, and who is very gildy and not at all goldy."

"How on earth do you know?" asked Mary, staring in amazement. "You have never seen her."

"Oh, yes I have," replied Hildegarde, carelessly. "She came in to-day: professedly to see the children really to inspect me."

"Goodness!" said Mary. "Were you introduced?"

"Yes, I think so," said Hildegarde; "yes, I was. She is a walking book of 'don'ts.' By reversing all that she does, one might become an example of good manners."

Then the girl's eyes began to cloud in a peculiar way indicating that mentally she was not at home. Nobody ever spoke to her when she fell into that abstraction, being well aware that speech was lost labour.

At length Hildegarde rose.

"Where is papa?" she asked, as though the question were the outcome of her silence.

"I thought you knew, darling," Mrs. Haydn answered. "Gone about some business matter. He will not be back to-night."

Hildegarde walked to the window and looked out, bathing her face in roses. The rooks were beginning to talk about bed; the river's voice was gathering the solemn cadence of evening; and one thrush was singing to all the world. Hildegarde listened for a few seconds; then, with her back to her mother, she asked suddenly:

"There is nothing wrong, is there? You don't think father is in any difficulty?"

Mrs. Haydn selected a skein of silk from her basket.

"I don't think," she said at length, "your father would have agreed to your accepting employment unless he had been seriously straitened."

"Oh, I know that," Hildegarde answered. "Of course, we are as poor as rats."

She tried to speak carelessly, but there was a ring of defiance in her voice that suggested poverty was to her a hateful thing. "That is an old story; but do you think there is any—are we?——"

She hesitated, and finally broke off, merely glancing half round towards her mother, and then leaning her arm again upon the sill.

There is often a shadowy fear in sentences that die away, half-spoken, with that wide interrogation.

It was so now, for Mary, who had been carrying out the tray to save Mrs. Mack's legs—Mary was always saving some part of somebody's anatomy—felt a strangely-laden atmosphere within the room, and stopped with her hands upon her mother's shoulder. That was another peculiarity of Mary's, she was always touching or stroking somebody. She did these things quite unconsciously.

Mrs. Haydn's face, always pale and somewhat worn, seemed to have grown smaller. And when she spoke her voice came from a long way off.

"I cannot tell," she said; "I don't know what to think. But I am afraid."

Her words were the least impressive part of her whole effect. Afraid she was, indeed, with a fear that was like that Egyptian darkness—a thing that could be felt.

Mary laid her cheek against her mother's. She noticed that Mrs. Haydn was half covering her side with her hand.

She had observed that movement before when her mother had been shaken.

Hildegarde turned round.

"It is too bad of father," she said. "We are old enough to be told now—whatever there is to tell. He has no right to treat us like this!"

"Oh, Hildie!" said Mary.

Hildegarde met her disapproving gaze with a calm look of inquiry, and then went on, thinking, it seemed, as she spoke.

"I don't believe those circulars about syndicates and concessions are mere chance. They never used to come in shoals, as they are coming now. My opinion is," she added decisively, "that father has been speculating."

Mary put her arm round her mother.

"I don't think," she said, speaking quickly, and with a flushed face, "that father would do anything of the kind; but whatever he has done, you may be quite sure that he has done it with the best and kindest intentions. And another thing that you be sure of is this: that girls who speak disrespectfully of their fathers will never be liked or admired, no matter how beautiful or clever they may think themselves."

"Dear me," said Hildegarde, "what eloquence!"

Then she gave a little start, and drew herself back.

The front door, just beyond her, but invisible from where she stood, had been struck by the knocker, so smartly that the sound seemed to crack through her.

"Mercy!" she said. "Does anybody know exactly how dirty Mrs. Mack's apron is? Mary, perhaps you had better——"

She broke off. Mrs. Mack, with unwonted and ill-advised promptitude, was actually answering the door.

The three ladies listened, and then—a donkey began to bray. Sonorously—and not without repetition—he poured his sorrows upon the hearkening summer might. Not a word beyond hee-haw could anyone distinguish.

Then Mrs. Mack entered, and, with a not quite successful effort to look unconscious, announced: "A gentleman by the name of Dogcart inquiring for Miss Meary."

"Did you ever!" said Hildegarde, in a whisper, that must certainly have reached the person concerned; for he was, doubtless, refreshing himself upon the door-mat. "It must be Mr. Docker!"

(To be continued.)

PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "OUTDOOR ETIQUETTE."

SOLUTION.

OUTDOOR ETIQUETTE.

This afternoon when in the town,
I met demure Jemima Brown,
She dropped her eyes—I raised my hat—
She passed as if to cut me flat,
And I was left all high and dry
The laughing-stock of passers-by.

But presently there came in view
That upstart person, Jane Carew—
She rushed across the road to say,
"I'm charmed to see you here to-day;"
And all the people turned to look
As she my hand profusely shook.

Now when a well-bred girl you meet
Advancing towards you in the street,
Her eyes will recognise the friend,
And she will be the first to bend;
Her unaggressive manners please,
And everyone she puts at ease.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

M. Cerise Deane, Broughshane, co. Antrim.
Miss H. E. Jellett, St. Patrick's Deanery, Upper Kevin Street, Dublin.
Grace W. Lewis, 5, Brompton Avenue, Liverpool, S.
E. J. Stable, 4, Lancaster Road, Belsize Park, London, N.W.

Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

Helen Simpson, 32, Brighton Place, Aberdeen.

Six Shillings Each.

Margaret Craven, Rocklands, Kendal.
Mrs. G. Cumming, 9, Ibrox Place, Glasgow.
A. O'Donoghue, Killinardrish, co. Cork.
Annie F. Stoney, The Heath, Abbeyleix, Ireland.
Ethel M. Warner, Ilmington Rectory, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire.
D. C. Wilson-Ewer, Stonleigh, Midsomer Norton, Bath.

Very Highly Commended.

A. C. Carter, Miss Millikin, J. A. E. Reynolds, Marian J. E. Reynolds.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, "Blair," Mary K. Buchanan, Alice H. Chater, L. I. Churchman, J. P. Cooper, S. H. Coupe, M. A. C. Crabb, Madge Cunliffe, E. Dobell, Eleanor M. Dresser, Lillie B. Eustace, Sophie C. Funnell, Edgar W. Greenslade, V. M. Griffin, Elsie H. Harris, Ada Helps, Thomas A. Hennen, Violet Hewett, Frances Hill, Emmie Holgate, Lily Horn, Margaret Jaques, Miss John, Clara E. Law, Annie C. Lewis, Ethel C. McMaster, L. Masters, Grace W. Mell, Lilie Milner, E. F. Moody, E. M. Morrison, Annie E. Osborn, E. Paul, Amy I. Seaward, Jenny Smedley, R. Carr Smith, Annie Stanton, Violet C. Todd, Isabel K. Townley, E. M. Waind, R. A. Wells, M. A. Yonge.

Honourable Mention.

Geo. Aitchison, Elsie André, Maud L. Ansell, Miss Arrow, Mrs. Ashby, Edith Atkins, May Barker, Adelaide G. Barnes, N. H. Bates, Jeannie Bednall, Miss Bellhouse, Lydia Belling, Alice L. Bird, Arthur W. Bird, R. R. Black, Isabel Borrow, Muriel B. Botwood, Ida Brooks, Chas. M. Clarke, Emmeline Clarke, Edith R. Clegg, Annie Clemens, Mabel Collard, Frank R. Cooksen, Minnie Cornwell, Frances L. Cosson, Helen Cross, A. L. Dawson, "De Moira," E. Dell, Annie K. Edwards, Annie L. Fisk, A. and F. Fooks, S. M. Gordon, Louis Grant, Florence Graves, Edith Grover, M. E. Hancock, A. D. Harris, M. Henderson, Mary Horton, Edith Howard, A. W. Howse, Edith L. Howse, Mary Hunt, E. James, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Kittie King, R. C. Le Cren, Caroline Lee-Warner, Ivy D. Lown, Mrs. C. T. McCready, Robert G. McGechie, Annie Manderson, Susie F. Manderson, Leilah Masterman, Kathleen Mathers, Isabella M. Maxwell, Mrs. Meikle, Mary E. Miles, Agnes Money, Miss O'Donoghue, J. G. Pascoe, Gertrude Peace, Mrs. K. S. Plant, Rosemary Satchell, Lottie Sheppard, Annie Stevenson, Chas. D. Stephens, Emily Stephenson, Ida M. Swallow, J. F. Swann, Ethel Tuffin, J. Henry Warner, Kate R. Weeks, G. S. Wilkins, Josephine Woodrow, A. W. Wright, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It may be some consolation for each unmentioned competitor to know that her fate is shared by 1469 others. For the puzzle, or the subject of it, proved so attractive that the record number of solvers, which for long has stood at 1100, has been increased by 46 per cent. And yet only four solutions out of the 1600 give the author's version word for word, though the variations in seven others were so trifling that places for them had to be found in the list of prize-winners.

But hundreds of solvers came very near to perfection, and their failure has to be recorded only because extreme niceties of interpretation had to be taken into account in order to bring the number of "mentions" within reasonable limits.

The first point calling for remark is the E flat at the end of line 4, several competitors noticing that the key indicated is that of B flat and not of E flat. That is so, but the device was not intended to represent the key at all; in the original an excellent e figured, but unhappily in printing the head of the note was lost and only the ghost of the stem remained. However, the reading "cut me flat" was so obvious that the accident gave no trouble, beyond a little harmonic distress on the part of more sensitive solvers.

Line 5 is rendered noteworthy only by a fantastic reading indulged in by a few, very few, competitors—"And I was left, and hung to dry." The manifest absurdity of such a method of expressing one's woe, ought to have placed such a reading beyond the bounds of possibility; but solvers are so very imaginative. And then in the next line, over and over again we came across, "The smiling bow of passers-by." We have been unable to determine whether "bow" is meant to rhyme with *how* or *beau*, but having regard to the picture, we presume the latter is intended. If so, pray what is a "smiling bow?" It must indeed be a fascinating article of attire, and we would gladly add one to our already somewhat complete collection.

Line 7 was simplicity itself, and so was line 8, though some, with an originality bordering on perverseness, converted "upstart" into "sweet, sweet," "sunny," "shy, sweet," and the like, upsetting the whole moral of the poem. Also, the purse-on-j was frequently rendered "purse-proud," but it was not a happy guess.

In line 9, *stalk*ed was often given instead of *rush*ed, somewhat altering the character of the impulsive Jane, and weakening the force of the lesson.

In line 11, "And all the crowd turned back to look," was often substituted for the author's version, in favour of which we have ruled the slight difference.

In line 14 we found many interesting substitutes for the first word. "Coming" was the general favourite, but "advancing" is manifestly the better reading, especially having regard to the accentuation. "Gliding," "sliding," "drifting," and "floating" all found many adherents—let us examine them one by one. "Gliding" is not bad as expressing the movement of the boat; but a walker who glides is a deportmental abomination. As to "sliding," the sturdy boatman is not of the kind who use sliding-seats; and further, when you meet a well-bred girl sliding towards you in the street, it is time to look surprised. "Drifting" only describes too accurately the walk of certain modern girls, whose ambulations would lose nothing in grace were they rather more decided. "Floating," in the same connection, suggests a catastrophe, happily as rare as it would be disconcerting.

Another reading—"Her back towards you," in conjunction with the following line, seems to indicate an unusual position for the eyes, while "Striving to catch you," and "Racing towards you," are both curiosities in another way. It is not a common experience to *meet* people who are trying to catch you; and as for a well-bred girl "racing" in the street, we shudder at the very thought.

It is clear that all these mistakes have one common origin—want of thought which is, alas! responsible for many things more serious than errors in a puzzle solution.

In line 17 "unassuming" generally appeared instead of "unaggressive," but the attitude of the man cannot accurately be described as assuming. "Unoffensive" is also un-English, and could not be passed. One competitor discards "unaggressive" on the ground that "one would not expect a young lady's manner to be aggressive in any case." We submit with some diffidence that such reasoning is not flawless.

Lastly, a few competitors object to the attitude of the soldier at the end of line 18, as one pleasantly puts it: "Your artist is quite wrong, the soldier in the picture is not 'at ease;'" then comes damaging evidence from her father's drill-book, the whole point being that the unfortunate man is only standing "easy." We have always understood that military drill was a severe and uncompromising discipline, but for its victims not to be "at ease" when they are standing "easy" is assuredly a most aggravating hardship.

Etiquette has quite enough t's without the introduction of another; across looks better with only one c, and aggressive with two g's.

Correspondents will be answered next time.

BATHSHEBA.

CHAPTER III.

IT was late the following evening when she stood outside the Wilmersons' home. It was quite a small farmhouse standing back a little way from the road in a neat garden.

There was a lamp burning in one of the rooms, but the blind was down and Bathsheba could not see the occupants.

With a rapidly beating heart she went softly along the gravel path which led to the door.

Arrived there, however, she had not the courage to knock. She was tired and hungry, and the excitement and sense of adventure which had stimulated her at starting had quite died away. On the impulse of the hour it had seemed a simple thing to go to her father's mother and ask her to help those who had befriended his daughter for so many years. To a child ignorant of the world it was natural and even right. And pretty Bathsheba had never known harshness, or repulse. But now that she stood outside the door in this strange part of the country, knowing no one, and unknown to all, it is little wonder that her courage failed her. She gave a fleeting thought to her grandparents, and the memory of them gave her strength. She knocked.

There was the sound of heavy footsteps, and when the door was opened Bathsheba saw before her a young man. His unexpected appearance did not lessen her embarrassment until he said—

"Hulloa! I thowt it was granny."

"Is 'granny' Mrs. Wilmerson?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then she's out?" said Bathsheba.

"Yes. Do yow want tu see her?"

"If yow please."

She looked up now straight into his face. There was not much light in the hall, but it was sufficient for her to see he looked young and strong and kind. It was sufficient for him to see her eyes.

He spoke more shyly now.

"Who are yow?"

Bathsheba saw no reason why she should not immediately announce herself.

"I'm Bathsheba," she said—"Bathsheba Wilmerson, and I ha' cum many a mile tu see her."

The young man gave an exclamation, the full meaning of which Bathsheba could not understand. There was astonishment in it, a certain measure of excitement, and perhaps a little concern.

Bathsheba followed him into the room from which the lamplight was streaming. It was bright and cheerful, furnished in the style of an ordinary farm-parlour. There was no ostentation, no attempt at luxury, or even prettiness, but all was neat, clean, and solid.

The young man during her rapid glance round was looking at her, and was divided between wonder and admiration. When their eyes met he smiled.

"Won't you sit down?" he said gently.

His manner was kind and protecting, and reassured Bathsheba. She took the seat he drew forward for her. She sat still for a moment, her quaint little face resting on her hand, then she said, looking up at him—

"Yow said 'granny.' Is she yor granny, too?"

"Mrs. Wilmerson is. My mother was her daughter."

"Then yow and I are cousins."

The young man laughed.

"So we are."

"Do yow know me?" Bathsheba asked.

"Yow told me yor naäm, yow remember. And I supposed yow were my Uncle James's little girl."

Bathsheba nodded gravely.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said. "We have sometimes wondered what had become of yow," he added after a moment.

"Yow doan't seem to have cared much," said Bathsheba with reproach in her voice. "No one has ever been tu ask how I was."

"It was certainly very wrong of us," said the young man, with a half smile. If he was sorry not to have sought Bathsheba, his sorrow was not on her account, but his own.

Presently he started up.

"Why, yow must be hungry!"

"I am very hungry," Bathsheba admitted, and she glanced at the tea-table, which she now saw was only laid for one.

The young man, whose name she discovered to be Nicholas Waite, called "Poller," and a stout farm-servant appeared, who looked curiously at Bathsheba.

"Bring in another cup and saucer, Poller, and the tea. This is my cousin, and she have come a long distance."

Polly stared at her with round eyes, wondering where this cousin had dropped from.

"Wud yow laike to clane yersel'?" she asked at last.

Bathsheba accepted the offer. She was dusty, and wished to appear to advantage before her grandmother.

When she reappeared, fresh and rosy, with the drops of water still glistening on her hair, and with her dress neat and pretty, her cousin felt more than ever pleased with the state of affairs, and more especially with the prospect of the *tête-à-tête* tea. But he was to be disappointed.

Polly had already brought in the tea-pot.

"Will yow pour it out?" said Nicholas.

Bathsheba was about to obey him, and had already lifted the tea-pot, when suddenly she hesitated and laid it down again, blushing crimson.

"Perhaps," she said, "it isn't rait?"

"What isn't rait?"

"Why, yow see, if some one cum to ours, I know my grandfäather and grandmuther 'ld wish me to maak them happer and see to them; but if so be your granny is different, as foaks have told me, I wouldn't laik to eat in her house what mait be grudged me."

It was the young man's turn to redden now.

"Oh," he said, "that's absurd! You're a relation."

"When wull she be back?" asked Bathsheba, her hand going again to the tea-pot, and being again withdrawn.

"I doan't raitly know. It may be sune, but it may not be just yet. She will ha' had her tea."

"I—I think I'll wait," said Bathsheba. "Yow taak yourn."

Nicholas did not know whether to be amused or angry, and they had just begun a discussion on the subject, when there was the sound of an opening door, and in a moment the grandmother stood before them; behind her, Polly of the moon face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE grandmother was quite a little old woman, but she could make people afraid of her. She had a hooked nose, black eyes, a pointed chin, and was like the witch in the fairy-tales. She carried a stick with a crook, and she brought this down with a thump as she exclaimed—

"What impudence is this? Nicholas, explain!"

But Bathsheba, who had never been afraid of any one in her life, came up to the old woman and said, dropping a curtsey—

"Please, ma'am, I am Bathsheba, and your son James that is dead wor my faather."

And before the old woman could doubt her, she saw Bathsheba's uplifted eyes, and they were the eyes of the boy she had loved best of all her children, before her heart grew hard and cold.

"How cum yow here?" she said in a voice that was gentle and trembled.

And Polly ventured a step farther into the room.

"I will tell yow all," said Bathsheba. "My mother died when I wor born, or soon after, greivin', my grandmuther said, arter yor son, and her muther and fäather, none gainsaying, luked on me as their own. They ha' given me all I ha' ever had, and fed and clothed and luved me, and now they are old and poor, and my grandfaather is like to die, and there is no one to help. And it cum into my heart that if yow luved yor son it wouldn't cum amiss to yow to help them who ha' asked nowt of yow for his child. They doan't know I ha' cum, or maybe they wud ha' kep' me back. I hope I ha' done rait to cum."

And Bathsheba stopped, because, tired and excited as she was, it was hard to keep the tears back.

The old lady listened to her attentively, but when she ceased, she remained perfectly silent, only regarding the girl steadily with her piercing eyes.

"My cousin is very tired, granny," said Nicholas, who was afraid that when she did speak she would say something unkind, "and she would not touch a morsel till yow made her welcome."

The old lady moved to a chair.

"Poller," she said to the servant, "what do yow here, standing and gapin'? Git yow back to yor kitchen. And yow"—turning to Bathsheba—"taak yor supper."

Now, though every one said old Mrs. Wilmerson was very mean, and though if Bathsheba had consulted with the neighbourhood they would all have dissuaded her from her venture, yet, as sometimes happens when we have faith in the goodness of another, Bathsheba was right and the world was wrong. It may be her unexpected appearance striking the old woman with the likeness to her son had won her; it may be she regretted the neglect of the years gone by; it may be that the things her grandson said to her had weight. Be that as it may, she accompanied Bathsheba back on the morrow to make the acquaintance of her dead daughter-in-law's relations.

The old people heard the cart stop at their gate, and Martha ran out, feeling sure that some one had brought back her darling, but not for an instant expecting to see old Mrs. Wilmerson herself. Still less did she expect her to act as she did, for she advanced towards her with great dignity, saying—

"I am late in cuming to see my son's wife's muther. But Bathsheba wished it."

And Martha said—

"Come yow in. Yow are rait welcome. Why, Bathsheba, yow ha' kep' me wakin' t' whole night long!"

So the two grandmothers became acquainted, and Mrs. Wilmerson said she would like to contribute something to Bathsheba's support, hoping, no doubt, some day, to have the girl in her home.

And Bathsheba had the happiness of helping the dear old people and seeing them happy together. And she remained with them all their lives. And when they were gone, it was Nicholas, not the old woman—who had died before either of the others—who fetched her away, for from the evening he had first seen her he had vowed she should be his wife.

IDA LEMON.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I HEAR from several quarters a prophecy that mohair materials, as well as cashmere, will be the favourites of the season. The new mohairs have been much improved in both appearance and goodness, and are consequently improved in price. This will be a season of very thin materials worn over silks or satins; and white muslins trimmed with lace and ribbons, grenadines, gauzes, and *chiffon* will be the dress of those who can afford many changes of apparel. Accordion-pleated skirts, in these thin silky materials, will be much used. They are finely pleated, so as to cause no thickness nor bulk at the waist, while they flow out round the feet with extreme breadth and a graceful flowing fulness, which is very pretty when in movement.



SIMPLE GOWN OF STRIPED CLOTH.

All kinds of prophetic announcements have been made about the revival of Victorian fashions, as they are called; meaning really those in vogue in 1837, when Her Gracious Majesty came to the throne, and to which she has been said to be greatly attached. The same things were prognosticated, I well remember, in 1887, when we celebrated the Jubilee, and we were all warned that we must shortly put ourselves into tight and scanty skirts, wear sandaled shoes, and the largest of poke bonnets. Last week one of our best fashion journals was quite gloomy, in view of the revival of that most dreadfully ugly style of hairdressing, the bunch of small, short curls on each side of the face, while the back hair was twisted into a bun, and decorated with the biggest of combs. Let us hope that, although the hair be certainly raised upwards from the nape of the neck, and the twist or roll now reposed nearly at the top of the head, we may not be constrained to accept the other style. Meanwhile there are several pretty things to be looked for too, the capes and kerchiefs were pretty, as also the frillings at the neck and sleeves, and the shape of the sleeves. The advent of trimmed skirts is also quite of the Victorian period, and perhaps we shall have flounces round the edges, and flat trimmings at the top of them, of the same date. There seems no fear that any attempt will be made to raise the waist line; our present style is much too elegant to return to that, and no one would be found, we think, to raise the band to within three inches of the arm; the shortened skirts are certainly one of the best introductions of that period, and those we have adopted already, and they will continue to be in the height of fashion.

So far as colours are concerned, there seems to be more than enough of choice. Certainly where hats are concerned, I find the brightest of crude tones are represented, both in flowers and in the straws of which the hats are composed. Seldom have we seen such bright creations in the way of bonnets and hats as now fill the windows of the shops; and the mixture of colours is one of the things to be wondered at. But no one seems to think it odd, nor even gaudy; and the feminine world wears them with an easy mind. At present the favourite flowers are violets, lily of the valley, roses, and red geraniums; while the wallflower is beginning to put in a tardy appearance. I saw a lovely toque in shades of wallflower the other day. The velvet was of wallflower-yellow, and the darkest red-brown of that flower, while the wallflowers were disposed in two large posies, and two red-brown tips finished the whole. Flower-toques are worn by the best-dressed women, and seem to be chiefly made of violets and pink roses, or violets and blue velvet; or, still better, of violet velvet, violets and lilies of the valley. I have also seen some *chiné* ribbons used in millinery, but very few of them. As many as four different kinds of flowers are sometimes seen on the same hat—roses, pansies, violets, and lilies of the valley were the ones chosen. This year we have the most beautiful imitations of the rose, and at the same time we have green, mauve and blue monstrosities, which are also called roses.

Nearly all the newest hats are high in the crown, but the brims are not quite as wide as they were. The trimmings are generally put on at the top of the high crown, leaving a blank, or only covered by a ribbon round the lower edge of the crown, where it touches the head.

As regards colouring, I must not forget to say that black and white are as much in favour as ever, and I notice that the coats and skirts of shepherds' plaid are being produced in the shops in great quantities. Bright red cloth costumes have been making their appearance in the Park, and they are always accompanied by a red hat. The dress may or may not be braided with black, but the hat always has a relief of black feathers and velvet. French grey is much worn also for coats and skirts, and so is green, in various shades. Petunia and brown are, I hear, to be the favourite hues this spring for coats and skirts.

There are some very pretty new blouses to be seen just now, made of the striped floral pompadour silks, the yoke being formed by tiny tucks, which are so arranged as to bring the lines of the silk close together so as to form a striped yoke. There is a wide box-pleat in the centre, on which are fancy buttons, or brooches, and a folded collar of white lace with a *jabôt* finishes the whole. These very pretty blouses are worn with the coats and skirts, and give

great smartness to the appearance when the coat or cape is taken off at afternoon tea.

The newest mantles, or really jackets, for the season are all of the Bolero style, the prettiest having wing sleeves, which sometimes match and sometimes do not match the material of the Bolero itself. One of the prettiest will be seen on reference to our illustration, where the back is shown. The bodice is of velvet, trimmed with jet bands. It is very youthful in its effect when cut up in the same rounded manner as at the front. The wing sleeves are made of *miroir moiré*, the other trimmings and ruffle at the neck being of *chiffon;* and the sleeves are lined with white satin or white *moiré*. These are also made in box-cloth, the edges being finely stitched and braided with the same colour. Fawn, myrtle, drab, and black seem the favourite colours. The skirt may be of the same cloth if preferred, when it becomes a useful walking gown of the coat and skirt order. For best mantles of this kind *Velours du nord* is much used, either with sleeves of the same or with those of *moiré*, which I have described above. Satin ribbons and jet are almost the invariable decorations; and of course where expense is no object mantles can be found of extremely rich design.

The small *moujik* or Russian jackets of fur, of which we have seen some this winter, are now reproduced in *Velours du nord*. They have the bands at the waist either of gold *galon* or of metal, and they are distinguished from the Bolero by having a small basque. They are very graceful, but require to be specially well made to look well; and they would not of course suit a stout person. The braided gowns with Bolero jackets are decidedly stylish-looking. The braiding designs, being of a conventional sort, could be very easily done at home—a wide flat braid is usually laid on the edge of the jacket below the braiding, and this again is edged with a small looped pattern of another very narrow braid. Dark blue, fawn, stone-colour, and black are some of the best colours in these costumes.

A word must be given to the subject of capes. They seem still very popular; but now that the sleeves are more moderate in sizes there seems



BOLERO JACKET.



BOLERO JACKET WITH WING SLEEVES.

less need of them, though they are most convenient and easily put on. A very pretty cape is one made of blue frieze, fawn, or navy box-cloth piped with scarlet and lined with scarlet silk. There are rows of stitching in scarlet round the cape, and a scarlet silk frill at the neck—this was very pretty. The same style is made in both fawn and black, with white pipings, frills, and lining, more delicate, but quite as pretty.

The mateador, or the really old pork-pie hat, has become quite a favourite since Christmas; and I see that, for this spring, they are being made in velvet, as well as felt and straw. They are trimmed with bands of velvet, and have ostrich tips, or cocks' feathers arranged in a bunch on the right side. Toques, sailor-hats, boat-shaped hats, Tyrolean, and a high-crowned cavalier shape, are all in fashion, as well as that called Edward VI., with a loose crown, and fur band, that was worn last autumn.

The new skirts that are being made of cloth, and serge, are about four yards wide, and are composed of either four or five gores. They must fit very snugly at the hips, and, consequently, in most of the patterns a hip-gore is found, which requires to be fitted carefully to each figure, so that the fulness may be kept entirely towards the back. A piece of wide elastic is sewn in to keep the pleats, into which the skirt falls at the back, in their right places, and no skirt appears to be complete without a silk lining. Indeed, many women have lessened the number of their gowns, so as to save enough to have a silk lining to

every gown. One great recommendation to them is, that they certainly render the gown much easier to carry, as the slippery nature of the silk makes it slide over the under-petticoat and gives a feeling of lightness and freedom from constraint

Very odd and fantastic are the shapes into which our fashionable jewelry is cast; and birds and animals, as well as every known game and pastime, are all represented and worn. Diamonds are, apparently, regarded as one of the necessities of life; and so it is very fortunate that we have such excellent imitations of them; which are quite good enough to be worn, and yet inexpensive enough to come within everyone's reach. The long neck chains are also in high favour, and happy is the person caring for such adornment who has inherited one, especially a handsome specimen, for now they may wear it with much admiration from everybody. Watches seem to be worn attached by the pretty brooches to match them, and the chains appear to serve no purpose except that of decoration.

Waistcoats for wearing under jackets and coats are more splendid than ever. Some, to be worn under the new boleros, are made of accordion-pleated gauze, or *chiffon*, and over that is another covering, in the shape of some Irish lace. A great many velveteen waistcoats are to be seen, and they look handsome and warm under the coats. Many of the newest of these have the wide band of folded ribbon, and the necks are generally trimmed with frillings of gauze, or ribbon, and bows at the back. The latter are as fashionable as ever in spite of the report that their place was to be changed to the front of the collar.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE evening went off better than Gwenllean had anticipated, and the novelty of the scene had amused her, in spite of herself, and made her temporarily forget her sorrows. The most puzzling part of it was the conduct of her so-called pupil. She appeared such a strange mixture of frankness and reserve—of pride and humility—of sensibility and perverseness—that she could not make her out.

"How I hate those ill-natured, heartless gossips," she said, as she flung herself into an easy chair when Gwenllean and she retired for the night. "Do not notice them. Believe me, it is all envy, my dear. I saw you shrink back when that spiteful Lady Jones scowled upon you, and whispered to her three ugly, stupid daughters. There are a set of women who hate you at first sight, if you have the misfortune to be superior to them, or to gain, unsought, the attention and praise they are dying for. Why did Nature give you such a voice, that beautiful hair and that face? It must have been to plague you, for you have already succeeded in attracting the envy, hatred and malice of almost all the ladies you saw to-night, who not only reflected upon that black gown of yours and that out-of-the way hair, but found a hundred faults with your face and singing, that, strange to say, not one gentleman in the room could discover."

Gwenllean looked frightened.

"Do not be alarmed. But seriously, did you not see all the old dowagers squinting at you like so many furies, and the young ladies simpering and lifting up their eyes when their *adoratos* left their sides to get a look at you when you were singing?"

"No really," said Gwenllean, "you are laughing at me, and practising upon my ignorance of the world."

"Never mind. They shall pay dearly for it to-morrow. We are to have a party, for you must know we fashionables have nothing in the world to do either with time or eternity, but to kill the one and forget the other. Good-night."

"May I stay here to write to my mother and sister!" asked Gwenllean.

"Have you a mother and sister then?" said Miss Llewellen with a sigh. "I wish I had. Oh, how I long for a sister; some one who could understand me, and love me for myself; not because I am rich and, as they please to say, fashionable—some one, whose ideas and thoughts soared beyond the narrow boundary of a ball-room, and whose soul was not confined within laces and jewels—some one, in short, who could not only enter into my feelings, but could direct them to nobler objects than they are now obliged to dwell upon."

"I wish you knew my mother," said Gwenllean, with some hesitation.

"Is she like you?" asked Miss Llewellen, "and am I right in thinking, that for your mother's sake, you submitted to the ordeal which I once saw you endure? Pardon me, Miss Llewellen, mine is no mean curiosity—no impertinent desire to elicit your family secrets. But I knew you to-night as soon as you began to sing, and my interest in you has redoubled. I am not given to take fancies. I scarcely know what sudden emotion seized me at the Eisteddfod, when I first saw you, and has made me since constantly refer to that day with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain. To-day, again, my feelings for you are already those of a friend, and I could do anything to serve you."

Tears rolled down Gwenllean's cheeks as she thanked her young benefactress for her kindness—thanked her with a fervour of gratitude that small favours will call forth from the unsophisticated heart when gracefully conferred.

"You have nothing to thank me for," said Miss Llewellen, "for I could not help it. There is something within me that impels me irresistibly towards you, and not all the sneers of all the Lady Joneses in the world should withdraw me—but alas! here is Louise, and you will be dead-tired to-morrow; so good-night," and so saying Miss Llewellen rose, and imprinted an affectionate kiss on Gwenllean's cheek, who retired to bed—but not, alas, to rest.

The sudden friendship of these young ladies increased hourly. The day after Gwenllean's arrival at Plas Llandre, they were constantly together. Nominally practising the harp, virtually interchanging thoughts and feelings, which, though flowing from persons very different in manner and education, were essentially the same. When they were interrupted, Miss Llewellen changed the conversation, saying that people who had no feeling themselves, cannot understand it in others. She spoke of the merely fashionable world, into which she had been, from circumstances, unhappily plunged.

The formidable dressing-bell rang again, and Gwenllean was endeavouring to convince Miss Llewellen that she should disgrace the company, and should not know how to behave at a dinner-table, when the young lady insisted on her making no excuses, and preceded her up-stairs.

"Now," she said, arrange your hair, and then let me have the pleasure of dressing you."

Gwenllean complied, and then looked about her for her black silk dress; but she could not find it. She tapped at Miss Llewellen's door, and called Louise.

"Me voici, mademoiselle," said a voice, and in popped Miss Llewellen.

"I wanted to ask Louise for my dress," said Gwenllean.

"Here it is, meess, in dis drawer," said Miss Llewellen, going to a chest of drawers, and taking from one of them a thin white muslin dress and white silk petticoat; "now let me *attacher*, dat is attach, de *cordons*," and so saying she held the dress over Gwenllean's head.

"It is not mine, Miss Llewellen," said Gwenllean smiling, and drawing back.

"Yes it is, if you will do me the little favour of wearing it," replied Miss Llewellen. "Tout simple—c'est tout simple—all simple, meess," she added, following up her imitation of Louise, and fairly slipping the dress and its appurtenances over Gwenllean's head.

It was with some difficulty that Gwenllean could be persuaded to wear the attire that had thus secretly been provided for her, and to make which all the dressmakers in the village had been called in. At last, under a fear of offending Miss Llewellen, it was put on; and as nothing could be more simple or unornamented, so nothing could be more becoming.

"Now sit down, please, meess, I must arrange les cheveux—dey are un peu dérangés—dere—comme cela—now look in de glass."

As Miss Llewellen said these words Gwenllean obeyed her, and certainly she must have been the wonder of all womankind if she could fail to admire her own lovely person under the influence of the present transformation. Her statue-like neck and arms rivalled the whiteness of her dress, which she could not, even had she been less well-bred, and poorer than she was, have objected to on the score of finery, it was so perfectly simple. But there was a blush-rose slily planted, and as slily peeping out from amongst her hair, which she would have entreated to remove had not Miss Llewellen curtseyed, and said—

"Milady, hope you vill *porter*—dat is—vear de rose. You look ver well, meess. Now I must go *habiller* my young lady—dere are de gloves and silk stockings."

And off she ran, closing the door after her.

Certainly Gwenllean did take another look in the glass before she put on "de gloves, etc.," but she sighed as she did so.

"If Herbert were here," she thought, "he might not consider Lady Louisa so much, so very much superior——" then she recollected that he was gone for ever, and shuddered to think of Mr. Grant.

Turning away from the glass, she upbraided herself with being so attired, when scarcely a twelvemonth had passed since the sad event. She sat down, forgetful of all but her sorrows, when Miss Llewellen appeared, dressed precisely like herself, and with equal simplicity.

"I am a whimsical creature," she said; "but let us be, or seem to be, sisters for this one night."

Gwenllean tried to thank her, but could not. She took the little golden harp that she had given her at the Eisteddfod from her box and placed it in her bosom, then removing a white and red rose-bud, that she had gathered in the morning, from a glass, she presented them to her friend, and said, with a faint smile, that it was all she had to bestow.

Miss Llewellen said gaily—

"An emblem of ourselves. You are the white and I the red rose," and fastened them into her bodice.

"How absurd Miss Llewellen is," whispered one of the Miss Joneses to her sister, when the young friends entered the drawing-room.

"Fancy being dressed like one of those country creatures!" said another.

"I am glad my girls were not brought up in Italy!" said Lady Jones scornfully. "Such romantic, nonsensical notions! A vulgar harpist's daughter too! Quite a disgrace! I wonder Mrs. Wynne suffers it!"

"Look at the Jones family!" said Miss Llewellen to Gwenllean; then repeated some lines of Spenser—

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawèd his own maw
At neighbour's wealth that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But, when he heard of harm, he wexèd wonderous glad."

"Allow me to take you to the dining-room," said Mr. Wynne, junior, to Miss Llewellen.

She took his arm carelessly, and fidgeted over her gloves and pocket-handkerchief, until a young baronet, who had sidled away from one of the Miss Joneses, offered his arm to Gwenllean, and off marched Miss Llewellen in triumph, followed by her *protégée*, near whom she contrived to seat herself at dinner.

Gwenllean got through the formidable meal with tolerable self-possession, and conversed with the young baronet with tolerable courage, helped out occasionally by Miss Llewellen, who was, however, not in full force. Even Gwenllean had penetration enough to see that she was more agreeable when Lord Hastings was present than when he was absent, though she showed him no particular preference, on the contrary, appeared more guarded in her conversation with him than with anyone else.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EDITOR ASKS A FAVOUR.

FOR eighteen years the Editor of this magazine has done his best to interest girls in all the many subjects that they care for, and now it is surely time that the girls did something to interest *him!*

He is very curious to know the exact mind of the majority of his readers as to their preferences in connection with the material which, for all these years, has been placed before them, and which has received such hearty approval generally, as is proved by the vast sale of the magazine.

The readers often, in their letters to him, refer to the current serial stories in terms of delight, and sometimes mention the special help that other departments of the magazine afford them. But now the Editor wants something more than this; he wants each one of his readers to write out the following on a page or a sheet of foolscap, whichever is preferred, and to fill in the two blank columns with well-thought-over preferences and remarks.

My Favourites.	*Which?*	*Remarks.*
My favourite Serial Story . . .		
,, ,, Complete Story . .		
,, ,, Short Story . . .		
,, ,, Musical Competition		
,, ,, Picture		
,, ,, Competition . .		
,, ,, Poem		
,, ,, Series of Articles .		
,, ,, Article		
,, ,, Writer (generally) .		
,, ,, Artist (generally) .		
,, ,, Binding of the Year's Numbers . . .		

Then add:

The above are my "favourites," uninfluenced by the opinion of others, and I have been a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER *for* (*here add number*) *years.*

On the back of the paper should be written the writer's name and address as a guarantee of good faith. The paper should then be posted in a wrapper or in an *unsealed* envelope (as the postage then will cost only one halfpenny). Then address as follows:

> *"My Favourites."*
>
> The Editor, "GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"
> 56, Paternoster Row,
> London, E.C.

How the Editor is to reward his readers for their kindness to him he cannot at present imagine, except it be in a magazine produced for the future *quite exactly* to the taste of the great number of English-speaking girls throughout the world. Perhaps, however, the opinions of his readers will differ so much that he will be able to get very little help from the papers; but if this should prove to be the case, then he will be interested in the medley of opinions; his curiosity will be appeased, and he will be equally grateful to his readers. So, you particular girl reading these words *now*, give him (your tried and true friend) the prize he desires—that sheet of paper within a week from this date.

COMPETITION FOR PROFESSIONAL GIRLS.—THE FIVE PRIZE ESSAYS.*

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

WELL! I am a Hospital Nurse, and such a world of meaning is contained in that short sentence, that as I have often said—had I known all I should never have had the courage to begin such a work; but no one *can* know until they themselves have gone through it, and that is why I am going to try and tell you girls a little bit about this profession.

It is no play—far from it! downright hard and earnest work. There *are* those (a shame that it is so!) who dabble in the work, but these never stay long at it, and perhaps best so for all parties concerned, so we will pass quickly over them, and if *you* want to be a nurse, do make up your minds to give up the worship of such gods as "Pleasure" and "Self" and let your high ideal henceforth be —"I was sick and ye visited Me."

Had Charles Kingsley still been with us, I think he would have thought me justified in using his words when I say it is truly the case that we

> "Do noble things, not dream them all day long,"

though more often than not the "noble things" consist in being very common things after all, but then—"He has learnt to live well who has learnt to do common things uncommonly well."

My first impressions on entering upon my hospital duties were anything but pleasant, in fact if my home had been within walking distance my apprenticeship might have been brief, as it was I had taken good care to go out of my own town. I began work on my twenty-third birthday, and a more wretched day I have seldom spent! Instead of kind looks, and the dear familiar voices wishing me "Many happy returns of the day," I had to pass through the ordeal of being stared at as "the new pro:" and spoken to accordingly. *Now* I look upon it with different eyes, and may I never live to regret the step I took that day.

I said it was hard work for you will rarely find nurses working for less than twelve hours a day, though we do not in consequence "strike" for eight hours like many of our abler brethren! Is it because we work with the motive that all we do shall be for others, and not that we may grasp all we can get for ourselves?

So in hospital we were content to rise at 6 o'clock—no! rather must I say we were *called* at 6 o'clock, for to be honest we did not rise then: I shall not mention the correct time but shall trust to your finding ready excuse for us if our caps *were* rather crooked, and if our beds *were* only "smoothed up"—we were tired nurses! To be in time for 7 o'clock breakfast was compulsory, woe betide the one who appeared after Grace was pronounced by the "Sister" at the head of the table. Breakfast and Prayers over we began the day's routine—Patients' breakfast first and the bed-making then the medicines to be given round, and next the dusting of the wards, and the arranging of plants and flowers etc. in which one and all of us took great pride, and vied with one another as to whose should look best. All this took time, but we were supposed to have finished by 9.30, when the matron went her rounds distributing in each ward the ever welcome letters, though to read them then was an impossibility for now we were busy with the dressings, the poultices, rubbings and what not; doctors coming and going of course "Just when we did not want them." But 1 o'clock would see us all clear again and serving out our patients' dinners amidst the usual grumbles and thanks. More routine, and then our own dinner, and I noticed we did not climb the stairs quite so easily as we had scrambled down first thing in the morning!

On alternate afternoons it was our luck to be off duty for two hours, and many were the arrangements made at the table as to what we should do, and where we should go. And here let me add that if when entering upon this life we should be willing to give up everything for it, I do not for one moment hold that we should, as it were step outside the world altogether—should give up our music and singing, our bicycling and our visiting—by no means! a girl will find in her time off duty that a run on her "bike," or an hour at the piano, and even a pleasant chat over a cosy cup of afternoon tea will all help to invigorate her, and so she will be more fitted for her evening's work, than if e.g. she had gone to her *bed*—a practice of which our wise matron highly disapproved. So *my* advice is to go on with such innocent pleasure, but just so long as you do not give it the first place in your life, tho' to do so at times is a temptation, and no very small one either, and often when I hear of others going to every concert, attending theatres and dances, well, then like the little boy in the old old poem—

> "... I can't forget that I'm bereft
> Of all the pleasant sights they see."

but since they never were "promised me" I just make up my mind to submit and not to be "dull."

So the afternoon would find only half the staff on duty. During the first hour as a rule we would have nothing very special to do, though it varied: on admission days I have gone to my ward to find several new patients waiting, and if women or children this meant a good deal—if men the warders attended to them. Oh! those women! I remember one who insisted she had had a bath only that very morning. I said it mattered not for all were treated alike, unless their temperatures were much above normal, or for some other equally good reason. Poor thing! her scare upon reaching the bath was pitiable, and in her wild despair she let the cat out of the bag for alas! she had never seen such a thing before! Once in bed, and fully alive to the fact that for *this* time, at least, her life had been spared, and she had not been "drownded," she looked much happier with her now clean face, tidy hair and the orthodox red-flannel "Nightingale" across her shoulders.

At other times "urgent cases" would arrive, or an accident. Now we each had our turn for receiving these, so during our respective weeks we had always to have a bed ready in case of emergency—What lessons to be learnt by the side of some terribly mangled form, sometimes beyond human aid, and sometimes, indeed, where life was altogether extinct! Truly, "In the midst of life we are in death."

So time rarely hung heavily upon our hands, and at 4.30 the big bell would sound when we knew we might go to the kitchen for our patients' teas. By 5 o'clock we were generally ready for ours, and needed not many little delicacies to tempt our appetites—plain bread and butter sufficed! In the evenings, besides attending to our patients, we would water our plants, tidy the lockers, (and what treasures we would find concealed therein!) and cupboards etc. for in a hospital everything must be kept as neat as a new pin; our matron would look sorely displeased if on opening a linen cupboard for visitors' inspection, she found it not up to the mark!

In the children's wards, where several nurses worked it was so arranged that every one got alternate evenings off duty, but when with the adults it depended upon our work, as to when we could get free. Sundays I confess I never liked, and would fain have taken my seat in the pew at the old church at home: the routine was similar as on other days. We got to church once a day and Evening Service was held in our chapel for all patients able to attend. And so, in spite of long hours and tired feet how short the weeks seemed, and sped past in a remarkable manner, carrying us on to Christmas and Christmas festivities, which all meant extra labour if extra pleasure. The holly to put up, the texts to choose and illuminate, and still the daily work to be got through. What wonder if our friends looked in vain for letters that week! It was at such times as these that those nurses who could play or sing were in great demand. Oh! the pleasure in getting up the "Patients' Concert"—the excitement in choosing the glees, tho' at times the weariness in singing them! I smile to think of one night when we all gave it up as a dead failure, each found fault with her neighbour for being "flat," till at length we all joined in a hearty laugh and agreed *in totum* that "Operation Day" was the wrong day on which to have a practice. So we crawled off to our beds and hoped for better success the next night!

So the time of training passed by, and though ill health will at times prevail dominant, and it was only with a struggle that I got through the last few months, yet it has not been without a feeling of regret that I have turned over the leaf to begin a fresh chapter and have joined the Private Staff, still you see in the same great work—that of nursing the sick, and still do I call myself a "Hospital Nurse," and very proud am I to hold forth my three years' certificate as testimony. But now I almost tremble to think of how Xmas will this year dawn for me, for the Private Nurse is on very different footing, often only appreciated because necessary, and after all that is not the most comfortable feeling for the poor "Necessity"! But here again the great Ideal of a nurse's life is to do for others, so I must bury such selfish thoughts, and instead shall begin to wonder what I may do in order to brighten that Day for the sick one whose lot it may be to be cast under my care, so that at night I may lay down my efforts as a birthday gift worthy for the Great Master to accept, and my Christmas will have been bright indeed, if my lot it has been to have heard His kind voice saying, "Well done! good and faithful servant,"—"She hath done what she could!"

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

AGNES EUGENIE SMITH,
Nursing Institute,
December, 23rd 1896. Sunderland.

---

* *These essays are printed without correction or alteration of any kind.*—ED.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

FOR some time back I have been engaged in Folk-Lore collecting. To me it has become most interesting, as well as being a means of making me so far independent of circumstances.

I. How I began my profession.

Having a good deal of time on hand, and seeing many things I would like to get with a little extra money; if I could only earn it at home, I began to wish I had something to do, that would be interesting, and profitable. I had learned no trade, or profession, and as my home is in an out of the way part of the country, home employment was difficult to get. Well, I was in this frame of mind about three years ago, when a person asked me if I would care to do some Folk-Lore collecting.

I asked about the terms, and the work, and whether he thought I could undertake to collect information on a subject with which I was practically unacquainted. Receiving encouragement from my friend, and making myself so far acquainted with what was wanted, and the terms offered for such work, I resolved to make a start. Although I confess I had little expection of being successful. Indeed it was two months after that, before I summoned courage to send off my first collection of Lore; which I may say here, was a very meagre production.

II. My method.

At first I had no method. I simply talked to people about old times, who told me many stories of such things as constitute subjects of enquiry by Folk Lorists. These stories I wrote on scraps of paper in the first instance, and then when I had time, I transferred them to my collecting sheets. The penciled scraps I burnt. As time went on however, I found that I would need to take note of what I was sending, as well as what I had on hand, otherwise, I would be in danger of repeating myself. I therefore decided on the following plan. I bought some large minute books; these I paged, and indexed, and I also provided myself with a few small note books, and pencils which I gave to some of my young friends whose help I solicited, keeping one for my own use. I then took note of every item of information I could get on anything bearing on the subject in hand, and if a story, a rhyme, a legend, a riddle, or anything else was incomplete, I told my young friends, and we all did our level best to get it completed. From the note books the information was transferred to the large minute books, with the headings written with red ink, and the page entered in the indextable This enabled me, when filling up my sheets, instead of filling them up with all sorts of scrappy information, as I had been doing at first to fill them up page after page with one, subject. It had the further advantage of giving far less trouble to the receiver, for at a glance he could see how much information he had under each heading. My sheets I paged, and joined together at the left hand corner. I numbered each item of information given in them, and where the reciters name was not to appear, I marked the top of the page with red ink. While to keep me right as to matter already sent off, I drew a blue pencil line through every page of the big book, so soon as the matter had been transferred to the sheets, as well as marking off the corresponding page in the index.

I have said nothing so far, as to the manner of dealing with those from whom information is to be got. At first I thought women would be much better versed in Folk Lore, and much more communicative than men. In that I soon found out I was mistaken. Men I found to be much more willing to tell what they knew, and they really seemed to know more. With either sex however, a F.L. collector need not expect to succeed unless she herself is interested in the subject, and has something in common with the reciter. There is no use going to a house and proceeding to pump the inmates right off. This would simply have the effect of freezing them up. The only way to succeed is to go in when you are invited; to be pleasant, kindly, and polite, and to converse with those from whom you expect to get information, as you would converse with your most intimate friend. Another thing that chokes the spring, is the presence of a note book. And this brings me to the difficulties.

III. The Difficulties of my profession.

My residence being in the Highlands, it was a great drawback to me that I knew so little of Gaelic. I could understand that language pretty well, but could hardly converse in it, and as for writing it, I could do absolutely nothing. In these circumstances, my work at the commencement of it was very much up hill. I could not use a note book in presence of my informants, for I found out from experience that if I did, it would interfere with the freedom of the conversation. My plan was to get things repeated over, and over again, until they got fixed in the memory, after which, I took the first opportunity, to commit to my note book such information as I had obtained. The Gaelic I wrote phonetically, pending an opportunity of getting assistance from some qualified friend to have it reduced to proper form, after which I transcribed it into my large collecting Book. It will be seen that this at least was a slow process, and many a time I found that I had forgotten important points of my information, and had in these cases to go back to my informant to have it repeated, and this I had even to do in many cases, two and three times over. Such experience soon convinced me, that if I was to have any pleasure in my work, or success; I must face the learning of Gaelic, I therefore made a commencement with the result that I can now speak it wonderfully well, and am besides able to do a good deal in the way of writing it. And now I am able to tell something of my encouragements.

IV. My Encouragements.

First among my encouragements is, that I have been giving entire satisfaction, and instead of the fee at first offered, I have all along got two thirds more, and consequently I make a fair salary. Then my gaelic has improved so much that it is a great pleasure fore me to hear a story in that language, and I have seldom now to search my dictionary for any word I hear. Folk-Lore is a wide subject, and the Study of it is most educative; so that to my profession I am indebted for a great deal of my culture, and general information, as well as the ability to put my thoughts in writing. It has also shown me my ignorance. Before I began collecting I was inclined to think that book learning was the only kind of learning under the sun. Now I know that there are people who may not be able to read a line, who nevertheless have their minds stored with most useful information. They know plants, and their uses; they know the names of stars, when, and where they rise, and when, and where they set; they know how to extract dye from plants, and even from the scurff of stones, and can tell far more of how our forefathers lived than can many who profess to have studied history. All the same I think it would add much to the pleasure, and profit of my Highland friends, if they had a Gaelic G.O.P.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"ST. JOHN'S WORT"
Portcharlotte.

THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.).

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

I AM a musician, a sort of local celebrity in a small way, having at nineteen years of age been chosen out of ten candidates for the post of organist of a church. Before that I had been assistant-organist at the largest church in the district. Since then I have been able to spend four years at the Royal Academy of Music, where I was moderately successful as a student. I left with silver and bronze medals, and what is better, the highest award of the Academy, the Certificate of Merit. I have also gained the medal of the Society of Arts, and the gold medal of the London Academy of Music entitling me to put L.A.M. after my name, which I never do.

So much for my credentials. Now for my work. When I left the Academy I hoped to do something as a singer, but I found that I could not get enough engagements. There are so many girls who want to be singers: it looks such a very grand thing from the outside. I fear I have not the requisite "push." But however that may be, I took the work that lay nearest and began to teach. Now it happens that the music-teaching profession is also very overcrowded. There are quite a large number of teachers within a stone's-throw of where I live. Then too we are near London, and people have a great idea of going to town for lessons. All this makes it difficult to get pupils, and also keeps fees low. Unfortunately the public does not discriminate at all between good and bad music-teachers. In the scholastic profession it is quite different; the standard is very high, and so it ought to be: but in ours, nobody seems to care whether you know anything or not, so long as you do not charge much. The true evil is that there are a lot of bogus degrees and worthless certificates obtainable in music, and that girls rush into teaching directly they have got a certificate from anywhere and of any grade. This is a sore point with every qualified musician so I hope I may be excused the writing so much upon it. When people advertise to teach for sixpence an hour, and get pupils, there is something wrong somewhere.

My terms are two guineas for twenty-five half-hour lessons. I do not think this is at all good pay, but I frequently have to take less because if I do not I lose the pupil. I am not at all sure that it is right, but what else can one do? As a matter of fact not one of my pupils pays me my full fees. Recently a lady

sent for me and offered me fifteen shillings instead of my two guineas! "That is all Miss So-and-so charges!" she said. I was aghast, but seeing I should get little it any more I said I would take her little boy for a guinea as a great favour and since he was one of my choir-boys. She held out for a long time, haggling and haggling, and I do not quite know whether to be ashamed or proud to say that I held out too, but at last she said, "Let us split the difference, Miss Pimpernel. Take seventeen-&-six."

That is the sort of thing one meets in the music profession.

As for the work, nothing can be more delightful. The hours are very irregular, because I must suit my pupils' convenience, & some of them must come at a certain time or not at all. Many of my lessons are given in the evening, and I am sorry for that, but in this district many people are engaged all day & have only the evening free. On Mondays I have little to do: two lessons, I think. On Tuesdays two lessons in the day, and lessons from six till nine in the evening. Until lately I then went out to give a lesson at half-past nine to a girl who is in a shop and cannot get home till then; but I gave that up as I did not get home till half-past ten, & in winter I found it very trying. On Wednesdays I have a pupil at two, then I rush off as a rule to an afternoon orchestral concert given here in the winter: home to tea, then out to give two lessons from six till seven, then off to church. Service is at half-past seven. Only the boys of the choir attend that, and as we sit in the gallery out of sight, it is all I can do to keep them in order & attend to my own work as well. At half-past eight the rest of the choir comes in and we practise for an hour at least, frequently more. I play and conduct as well. It is quite easy to me now to detect faults in the singing although I am accompanying all the while, and of course I have to stop and correct them. After practice I have to write down the numbers of the hymns for the next Sunday, and give the paper to the verger for the hymn-boards. Also I must make a copy for myself, with the numbers of chants & everything else for the service-lists. Then I have to see that the books and music are gathered up and the place left tidy. I get home between ten and half-past.

Thursday is rather an off-day with me as far as teaching goes. I usually go to London to the house of an eminent professor of singing who very kindly invites a few young teachers and students to come and discuss with him & each other the difficulties which arise in our work. It is wonderfully good of him, but he says he learns as much as we do.

On Friday I have five lessons to give, and I often have the younger boys of the choir, new ones especially, come to me for an hour for a little extra teaching. I do not do this every week, neither am I expected to do it at all, but I think it is a good thing. Choir-boys want no end of attention: indeed some organists say that you cannot make them really efficient unless there is a daily service at their church.

On Saturday mornings I begin at nine o'clock with a girl who teaches in a school all the week. She takes both pianoforte and singing lessons, and is now preparing for the Trinity College Senior Local. At the end of her hour, two little boys arrive, twins of nine years old. They are darling little fellows: both learn pianoforte, and they are also being trained for a church choir. They enjoy their lessons thoroughly and consider me their especial property. On Sundays they come to church with their parents and are very delighted if they can make me smile from my perch at the organ. After them comes the boy whose mother "split the difference," and then my head choir-boy for his singing-lesson. I give him one lesson a week for nothing, because he is a good boy and quick to learn. At two o'clock I begin again with another piano-lesson, and so on till half-past three. Then I usually write the service-lists for next day, and then I am free till five o'clock. After tea I hurry away to church for the boys' practice, which lasts until eight o'clock. We go through the next day's psalms and hymns, as well as any anthem or "service" which we have in preparation, & I usually manage, even if there is ever so much to be done, to give them a few minutes talk about keys, time, how to produce their voices, how to manage the breath or say the words. I often think that the shorter this little interpolated lesson, is the better they remember it.

Then comes Sunday. There are only two services for me, at eleven and at half-past six. The afternoon service is merely hymns, and a young man in the Sunday-school expects & likes to play, so he is quite welcome to do so. Our services are not very ornate, since it is a Low Church, but I find quite enough to do in preparing the choir for them. We have ten boys and eight men in the choir. By the way, we sometimes use a hymn-tune of my own, & some of my chants are quite favourites. I have a nice little organ by Robson, recently renovated. It has nine stops on the great & room for a trumpet, six on the swell & room for an oboe, one pedal stop, three couplers & three composition pedals. I have given recitals for charities, got the church full & good press notices. My salary is twenty-five pounds. No extras except an occasional wedding, when as a rule the interested persons object to pay me anything, but go off & ask somebody to play —on my organ—who will do it for nothing.

Of course I get concert engagements, but the same thing is found. Cheap people can be got, so I must be cheap too. I am quite commonly offered half-a-guinea. Country engagements pay better. An oratorio engagement in the West of England last month brought me £2. 10. 0, but the expenses ran away with most of it. These are cut-throat days, and one must take what one can get. Last year I gave a Vocal Recital. Everybody called it an artistic success, but I only made about thirty shillings. However I was lucky not to lose on the venture.

Nevertheless, in spite of my grumbling I know I have a good deal to be glad about. In 1896 I made between seventy and eighty pounds, and there are many girls who work far harder for far less.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"PIMPERNEL."

5th January 1897. Plumstead.

FOURTH PRIZE (£1 1s.).

I EARN my living with pen & brains; my sister works in the same office (a publisher's), and we two have a little room all to ourselves; it is a very ugly little room, & not very tidy, I fear: paper is dreadful stuff for getting scattered about; when I screw up useless sheets, I always aim at throwing them into the waste paper basket, which stands by my desk, but somehow or other I but rarely succeed. On one side of our room is a large window, where my desk stands; the window commands a not very extensive view of dirty roofs, but above them is always the sky—at which I gaze when in search of ideas. Another side of the room is almost entirely occupied by a sofa, which, even if it were not usually piled up with papers & books, would hardly be conducive to repose, for it is a very hard & uncomfortable piece of furniture; by this sofa, in true foreign fashion, stands a table, at which my sister works, & where I work too, when I require plenty of room; on the opposite side of the apartment is a gas-fire (horrid thing: I would far rather have a coal fire!), & in the corner a cupboard & book case combined; against the fourth wall of the room are just three chairs which, like the sofa, are generally piled up with books & periodicals. In one corner is a typewriter on a small stand. On the walls hang a few coloured fashion-plates, a thermometer, sundry notes & reference lists, pinned up at random, a portrait of the Duke & Duchess of York, an almanac & a picture of four chickens & three frogs playing tug of war with a poor unfortunate worm; over the mantel-shelf hangs a card upon which is printed: 'My Work is for the King': that card sometimes calls me to account when I am wasting my time.

So much for our room; on the same floor with us is a large room where four girls work at patterns, & next to that is a dining-room for those of the girls who do not go home to dinner. We are on the first floor; below us is the shop, two offices, & a room where two more people work at patterns. Downstairs is the machine room, where 3 men work at cutting out paper patterns, packing etc. On the 2nd floor of the house is the care-taker's sitting-room, where my sister & I take our meals; also a kitchen. On the 3rd floor are 2 bedrooms belonging to the care-taker, a store-room for books, patterns etc. & a large workroom where several girls work at patterns —cutting, stamping & folding them. On the 4th & last floor is another, still larger workroom, where a good many girls work; I do not exactly know how many. These workrooms are all reached by a back stair-case. The three ladies who do the bulk of the editing work, do not come up to the office, except occasionally: they send their work on by post.

At home we breakfast at 8, & a few minutes after 9, my sister & I go off to business; we have a good long omnibus ride before we get there, but I enjoy that; we always ride outside, so as to get as much fresh air as possible; besides, when we ride outside, we are not tempted to read & so spoil our eyes & make ourselves sleepy. I find it exceedingly interesting to look at all that passes; to watch how cleverly the driver dodges between all the vehicles on the road; & to note familiar faces. At 10-o-clock we start work: my sister does various odd jobs—if I may use so inelegant an expression; my work is to write descriptions of dresses & other garments for five monthly fashion magazines; that is my chief work; some of the descriptions I translate from the French; some I write by looking at the illustrations; but of most I have the patterns given me, which I open out separately on the table, & write from those, aided by notes & explanations which accompany each pattern. I also have to write descriptions to send abroad—lists of such being sent up to me as pleasant little surprises now & again: most often when I am very busy, seems to me. Another branch of my work is to read & correct the proofs of the magazines, before the latter are printed off; this needs careful attention to every detail, as the printers make very funny mistakes sometimes. I also have to read all French & German papers that are sent up to me, & translate anything that I consider worth translating; occasionally, too, I have French or German letters sent up to me to translate & answer. Sometimes I find

myself with nothing particular to do; then I employ my time in writing stories & things that come into my head; if these be worth anything, I get paid for them, which is nice for me; my regular pay is £1 a week, but more has been promised me in the near future. We work from 10-o-clock till 1-o-clock, that is, my sister & I do; at 1-o-clock we go upstairs, where we find a hot lunch awaiting us; I generally spend the luncheon hour in reading a book or the newspaper; then at 2-o-clock we recommence work, and keep at it till 4-o-clock, when we lock up & go home —arriving there in time for tea. After tea we of course do as we please; our evenings are always pleasant, & home is all the more appreciated after a day at the dingy office—for it is dingy: there is no denying the fact. On Fridays, we do not get home until about 7 or 8-o-clock, but we do not mind that, as we have a whole holiday on Saturdays. Every Tuesday evening we have a sewing-party (which consists of six members), from 5.30 to 7.30; why I mention this is because I wish some more girls would do the same; very likely there are many who would, if once the idea were put into their heads. We get from our clergyman the address of some poor woman who has a family to provide for; then, somewhere about October, two of us go and visit the woman, and ask permission to make clothes for her children; these we work at every Tuesday evening; when we have made one garment for each child, we take them round, & perhaps a cake or something as well; then we go on to make them something else each; we make for each child two sets of underclothes and one dress; then we leave them & go on to another family. Worked thus, I think a sewing-society is very interesting. So far, we have only been able to manage one family a year, as we stop work in the Summer; but every little helps. If all the girls who could, would!

Of course I occasionally find things to grumble at. For one thing, it is rather a bother getting up to business and going home again, when the weather is bad. It also annoys me that I cannot get my work regularly: sometimes I have ever so much to do in a very short space of time, and sometimes I have very little to do; sometimes I get through a whole day without having done anything in particular; and then, just when we are thinking of going home, something is sent up for me to do at once. Then again, it is very vexing when, through no fault of my own, I have to do the same work twice over, as sometimes happens. But there, we cannot have everything just how we like it; and these are, after all, but very minor troubles.

I declare this all to be perfectly true.

"CAULIFLOWER."
Church Road,
Jan 4th, 1897 Brixton Hill.

FIFTH PRIZE (£1 1s.).

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

WHEN I was fifteen I made up my mind to earn my own living: so I went to my father and said—

"Father, I want some work to do."

He smiled at me encouragingly.

"Find some," he said.

After that I went about for days turning things over and over in my mind. The result was a letter, written in my neatest style, to the village postmistress. This letter took me some hours to indite, but was very satisfactory in its result, for the answer arrived promptly by return.

My delight when it was given to me was unbounded. It was the first step toward the end I meant to achieve. I can remember the words it contained to this day—

"In answer to Miss P—'s letter, the postmistress wishes to state that she will undertake to teach all post-office duties, and telegraph instrument, for a fee of £4. 4. 0."

I carried this precious document to my father. He read it, silently laid upon it four bright sovereigns, and four shillings, then passed it back to me.

I squeezed his hand affectionately, and went away.

Those four guineas were a perfect mine of wealth in my eyes, and indeed they must have seemed almost as important to my father, for times were very hard then, and there were so many hungry mouths to fill. I was old enough to understand a little of the look of care that rested upon my mother's brow, and the money seemed to put a dreadful responsibility upon me. What if I were to fail, and so waste it all! I determined to try so hard, and all the way—as I walked to the office, with my little purse clasped tightly in my hand, for my first lesson—I was asking God, in my heart, to help me in my self-chosen career.

I was to have two hours tuition a day, and after the first week the strangeness had considerably worn off, and I found myself getting used to the duties. I remember how pleased I was, because, when I arrived exactly at 10 one morning, my teacher said "she needed no timepiece with such a punctual pupil." That was the character my father had earned. I wanted to copy him.

Of course there were difficulties to be overcome. The dots and dashes of the telegraph instrument were very bewildering, and the different rules for everything—Registered letters and parcel-post and a thousand other things puzzled me exceedingly; but I laboured —(I had almost written *manfully*) on.

In those days I slept with a penny edition of the post-office handbook under my pillow, that I might have it in readiness to study the first thing on waking, in the quiet time before the children were up. Looking back upon them now those short three months seem very bright ones, for long ere they ended my work grew full of interest to me.

I was quite sorry to leave the office, and really begin alone, although it was something delightful to bring home my first earnings. I proudly gave the money to my father. I meant to pay my four guinea debt—for it was a real debt to my thinking—as quickly as I could.

After that the way became comparatively easy. I took several holiday engagements in the country, and greatly enjoyed the novelty of seeing fresh people and places. I can safely add that I never met with anything but the greatest kindness and consideration in all my wanderings, being always treated more as a child of the home than a hired assistant.

I would like to tell you a little about my present situation, because among so many girls in business who have real grievances, it is nice, I think, to hear of those whose lines have fallen in pleasant places.

This is a small London sub office. I always thought I should hate London. Maybe it was my country up-bringing that led me to expect to find everybody in the great City rogues and "sharpers." It was not without a feeling of dread that I first took my place behind the counter here. Here—where day by day I meet with honest hearts and true as ever country villages produced, where, amid the busy stream of men and women who hurry into the office for letter stamps, on their way to the city, in the morning, scarcely one is too busy or self-occupied to wish a pleasant "Good-day," or make some kind courteous remark, before they mingle with, and are lost in the never ending procession of toilers for daily bread. I often laugh heartily over the comical questions people put, and the strange ideas they hold. Once a lady, very aged and feeble, came to deposit the savings of her life-time. When I gave her a bank-book with the amount entered, she looked earnestly into my face and said, "I am pleased to lend you the money, my dear, and I hope God will bless it to you."

Such confidence was certainly pleasant.

One dear old gentleman never comes to draw his monthly allowance without bringing me a nose-gay from his own tiny garden-plot, or in the winter-time from some precious indoor plant, and one hot afternoon a great basket of strawberries came. Everybody down to the smallest telegraph boy remembers what a delicious feast they were.

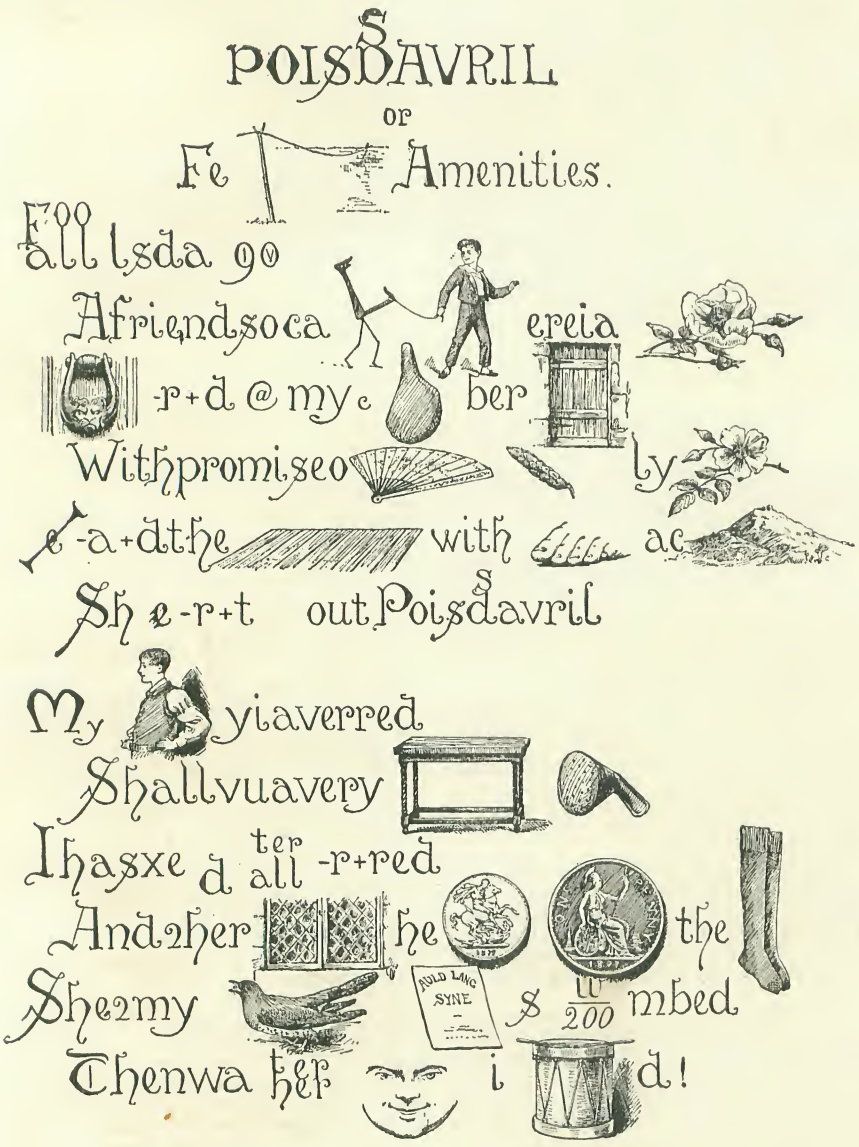
The hours are long. On duty from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. without only about 15 minutes for each meal, but by the kindness of my employer I get half an hour's rest after dinner, in which time I do all my odd jobs of mending and brushing my clothes. I have to keep the accounts, and see that everything runs smoothly in the office, but I do all in my own way, and just as, and when I like. My salary is only a pound a week, but I have Sunday quite free, beside one evening. At 8 P.M. sharp I close the office, and, as I am engaged, and hope to be married before so very very many months are over, I spend the rest of my leisure time in making pretty things to adorn, what to me, at least, will I am sure be, the most wondrously beautiful little home in the whole world.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"DANDELION,"
Southgate Road,
Islington, N.



OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be May 17, 1897; from Abroad, July 17, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ANTOINETTE.—Cantharides does undoubtedly strengthen the hair. It is only used in hair washes in far too small quantities to do any harm. We have never heard that it darkens the hair.

STAMFA.—"Face spots" or acne can be cured by washing the face with sulphur soap and applying sulphur ointment every evening. To cure stammering is by no means an easy task, and it is impossible to give you any advice in the space allowed in the "correspondence column." You had better consult one of the many specialists on the subject.

ANNIE LEES.—There is absolutely no cure for moles except removal; but from your description we think that the marks you mention are warts. If they are warts lunar caustic will remove them.

HIS IDEAL.—Varicose veins cannot be cured apart from operation. The danger and pain, etc., attending them is, however, removed by wearing an elastic stocking if the veins are in the leg, as is almost invariably the case. Although varicose veins are said to run in families, it is doubtful if this is really the case, for it is an exceedingly common affection, especially in women: so there is really no reason why they should interfere with your marriage.

P. S.—1. We cannot criticise any patent medicine in this paper. You are certainly suffering from anæmia, and most probably from overwork as well. Nothing that we know of would cure you more rapidly than the following:—℞ ferri et ammoniæ citratis, gr. x.; spiritæ ammoniæ aromat, ♏ xx.; aq. chloroformi, ad. ℥j. Taken three times a day after food.—2. The soap you mention may be good for blackheads, pimples, etc., but no soap is so good for this condition as sulphur soap, which usually rapidly cures them.

T. B. A.—The "red nose" which troubles you is due to a disordered digestion. An alkaline mixture before meals, and attention to your diet is the best treatment that you can adopt. If this fail, try taking "ichthiol" in pills every night.

OLIVE STEWART.—There is no method known by which superfluous hairs can be permanently removed. Peroxide of hydrogen bleaches them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLAMING JANE.—No really satisfactory origin of April Fool's day is known. But throughout Europe the first day of April is looked upon as a suitable time for making people ridiculous. The meaning of the word April is supposed to be opening—the opening of the spring. In Scotland a person who is being made a fool of is "hunting a gowk," and in France the fool is called *Poisson d'Avril*, or April fish.

ETHEL.—If you refer to our rules as regard this correspondence you will see that we do not give such addresses. The 8th of August, 1880, was a Sunday.

POPPY.—1. The salt contained in sea-sand makes it unsuitable for birds. Possibly it might be thoroughly cleansed by washing, but if not, the worse for the birds. The right sand for birds is silver-sand, and can be obtained at a grocer's or oil-shop.—2. Your wearing spectacles for short sight would not preclude your being a nurse; but we think that at the present time you are not likely to find an opening.

HILLS AND GLENS.—Say, "excuse my not having written sooner," and "we felt very much disappointed," not "very disappointed." You write fairly well, but not sufficiently regularly. There should be even distances between the words, the lines kept straight, the letters all of the same size and sloped the same way, and the strokes passed through every "t." It is a comfort to see good spelling.

LENA.—We are unable to give you any very definite limits of date as to the period called the Middle Ages; but it comprises, roughly speaking, a period of about 1000 years, or from about the end of the 5th to the end of the 15th centuries. Hallam makes that period so-called to date from the invasion of France by Clovis (A.D. 489) to that of Naples by Charles VIII. (A.D. 1495). But as he himself admits, a precise and accurate limit cannot be made, and the nearest that may be given is that first above-named.

GRETCHEN.—In Chili the bark of *Quillaia saponaria*, named quillia, a soap bark, is a common substitute for soap for washing clothes, two ounces of the bark being sufficient to cleanse a dress, besides imparting a fine lustre to woollen textiles, and likewise for removing stains. Some years ago it was employed for cleansing the hair; but if it have any effect on the colour of the hair it would be to render it lighter in hue not darker.

PEARL, ALBERTA and MAY.—Ethel is only a contraction of Ethelind, or Ethelinda, which are Teutonic, and signify a "noble snake." Beatrice is Latin, and means "making happy."

ALICE ST. CLARE.—June 30, 1873, fell on a Friday; Dec. 14, 1875, on a Tuesday; and Feb. 6, 1885, a Thursday.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 901.] APRIL 3, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MUSIC.

PLAY on! play on! Bid music roll
In sweet, melodious refrain;
Breathe airs of Eden o'er my soul,
And steep me in the magic strain.
Play on! play on! Bid sorrow cease,
While dreamy murmurs rise and fall,
And bid the charm of pensive peace
Steal gently o'er my senses all.

Play on! play on! Set fancy free
To wing at will her wayward flight;
Bid harmony descend on me,
To lap me in her soft delight.
Play on! play on! and let me still
The witching cadence fondly con,
And till my soul hath drunk her fill,
Play on, sweet music, still play on! G. K. M.



All rights reserved.] "THE WITCHING CADENCE."

GIRLS AND THEIR POCKET-MONEY.

BECAUSE they happen to be girls, and, therefore, have more interest in the house, is it lawful to lead them astray by causing them to "save" out of the housekeeping? Perquisites are not legitimate pocket-money, and yet how many householders are there who, while denying the daughters a stated amount in return for services rendered, allow them to "make it up somehow." Some curtains are required for the drawing-room, which are purchased, but the bill is swollen to the amount of excess money required for other articles, or for an outing enjoyed on some previous or future date. A friend of mine who had a passion for music, after being denied such a luxury by her wealthy father, who failed to understand her (to him) unnatural craving for harmonious sounds, swelled the accounts until the requisite sum was raised, but in what room could the piano be placed without her father's knowledge? The deed was injudicious, not dishonourable. She was denied pocket-money, but she was allowed so much per annum for house-keeping, out of which sum she could save what surplus she could. When the expensive piano was duly installed into the house, her conscience was awakened, and she feared she had overdone her part, or had spent too little in the demands of the household. As she reflected upon her father's anger, her thoughts made her a coward. Now, all this unhappiness would have been spared had she been treated justly, and as a responsible being. Acting as her father's housekeeper, she had as much right to a regular private income as a stranger, but simply because she happened to be the daughter of the house, independence was denied her, and she was eventually shrouded in paltry dishonour which ill-became the dignity of the family.

There is even a stronger argument for regular pocket-money, and that is for hobbies. The oldest of us can remember the days when we were young, and with what spirit and enterprise we entered into those little pleasures so dear to the undeveloped nature. Painting, drawing, photography, botany, art-needlework, stamp, autograph, and crest collecting, all cost money. It is neither wise nor kind to permit well-to-do girls to sell their wares in the open market for mere pocket-money, and so enter into unjust competition with those who must utilise their talent for the necessities of life. "Live and let live" is a saying which could with profit be kept in view previous to any undignified enterprise of this nature. There are so many dull spots, if not in our own homes, in the houses and halls of the less wealthy, which could be beautified by the results of such talent. All these accomplishments, it is true, are taught in the schools, but in concentrating the mind and energies upon some hobby, the girl is individualising the knowledge she has previously gained, and developing the natural bent of her own nature. Fifty girls in a school may be instructed by the most talented professors in any one branch of artistic development, yet there may be only one of that number who has any special genius in any one direction, and it is but natural for her to spend and be spent in continuing her studies unaided. Good photographs are always acceptable, so are drawings and paintings, and as for art-needlework, who would refuse such adornment for their apartments?

When we come to consider this question, it is difficult to say what pocket-money will not rather than what it will do.

Habits of self-reliance, industry and thoughtfulness, as we all know too well, will be required in womanhood, and yet girls are too seldom assisted in the formation of these virtues, and they are too seldom trained to assume with a due sense of importance the obligations that womanhood devolves upon them. All this, however, may be disregarded as a mere truism, but in pocket-money we have a stubborn realism, by which it is possible to educate for coming responsibilities. The pocket-money of the child is comparable to the capital of the adult, and it is absurd to expect irresponsible beings, whether young or old, to steer clear of the rocks against which are shattered the inexperienced and undisciplined.

Broadly speaking, the acquisition and utilisation of pocket-money have a stronger educational influence upon the minds and habits of the young than most guardians imagine. The child who has a regular allowance, weekly or monthly, no matter how insignificant the sum may be, and who is required to keep a written account of how that money is spent, will have acquired knowledge which is denied her less fortunate sisters. The spending of money educates the owner in habits of economy, in the approximate value of coin, and, what is better still, leads to the discovery of the prominent traits of the child's character. Until a being, who is responsible for taking, giving, and spending money, is allowed to give full bent to her individual tastes and principles, it is impossible to speak accurately as to the future.

In the days which happily have gone by little girls were supposed only to be silent in the presence of their elders, but we have outgrown this absurd notion; in fact, we are daily becoming aware of the truth that our girls are "little women," whether we like it or not. To encourage the spirit of independence to be elastic, but not breakable; to inspire honour, generosity, comradeship, and amiability, pocket-money is a powerful weapon. Girlhood is but the trial-ground of life, and impressions received in the early years will largely colour the view taken of life in the future. An unhappy, cheerless, loveless girlhood will undoubtedly lead to a cynical and morose womanhood. Molehills are not mountains, neither are ducks swans, and a happy, unbiased judgment of things large and small will eventually lead to a right appreciation of life, and all it has to offer. A girl inspired by the principles of self-government, and worthy of the greatest degree of individual freedom, with a perfect knowledge of and obedience to existing laws, will find life more interesting and livable than one who has been handicapped and mistrusted. The possession of pocket-money and the power to spend it will do more to build a firm foundation upon which to stand than all the vapid platitudes that could be preached to a weary listener for a century.

It is not wise to expect old heads on young shoulders, but by studying the character of the individual, it is easy to decide how much or how little pocket-money should be regularly given to the girl, who is as much the mother of the woman as the boy is the father of the man. Our girls are bright, young, and vivacious, with the springs of life, and the thirst to taste its innocent joys, running very strong in their veins. Little women they must be if their desire to try things on their own account has to be satisfied. The sage and proud ambassador-mother may think it wiser that they should wait for age and experience ere they are properly introduced into responsible life. But from sweet seventeen and upwards the individuality is strongest, although it may be the most inconvenient thing, and a deep yearning comes to be allowed to travel ever so short a way alone, or to accomplish ever so small a task unaided. Mistakes have to be made at some period or other, why delay them? Minor mistakes of initiative action surely show more character-building than the production of prim and feeble imitations of their mother's best copies.

It has been said that "Money is the root of all evil," but if properly understood, and recognised as a product of convenience, much of the abuse of the coins of the realm would be immediately abolished. Buying and selling, profit and loss, are peculiarly interesting to the human mind, not by right, but by inherency. The possession of pocket-money, how much it may enlarge a child's little world! Grown-up folks live in their big world and are sometimes quite oblivious to the fact that an even more interesting and animated little worldkin—as Carlyle puts it—is growing up in their very midst. A world worthy even of Hans Andersen, so full of rich imagination, romance, and beautiful fancies is it. No sordid restrictions and petty restraints here! All one brilliant phantasy! And supposing it doesn't exist to-morrow, are we not happy to-day, and are we not the better for being gloriously free of all miserable conventionalities? Soaring high and losing ourselves for the nonce in the fairyland of childhood, we grown-ups forget that two-and-two make four, and all other undesirable calculations. How happy are they, and how happy are we in the blissfulness of their ignorance. The dull matter-of-factness of the adult world loses its sense of gravity, and topples over like a card-castle, whilst we enjoy the fleeting hours of a brilliantly inspired memory of forgetfulness. For us to-day two-and-two can make five or any other modest figure, for are we not in childland?

Pocket-money, however, loses half its intrinsic virtue if it is irregular, or comes in windfalls. It is only by the acquisition of stated and regular amounts that its full powers can be rightly appreciated. The odd gifts of pennies, shillings, and even pounds, are spent on sweets, toys, or coveted instruments of amusement and pleasure, to satisfy a momentary craving; but to gradually develop and inspire the best faculties in our girls a stated income is required. Let us not rudely disturb the glamour of the Ideal which surrounds girlhood, but gently introduce, here and there, germs of realism, which will at a later date spring up into sturdy young shrubs, strong enough to bear the weight of the most exalted idealism possible to human nature. The sweets of life alone do not satisfy. How gladly we welcome the frosty days of chilly winter when in due season they come in contrast to the wearying summer heats, and there is no better test of youth and strength than the desire to grapple with and be invigorated by the bracing atmosphere. 'Tis only the feeble and weak who shrink from tasting the cold, bleak winds. As it is with atmospheric changes so it is with the vicissitudes of daily life.

Side by side with this question of pocket-money comes the suggestion of a children's parliament. It has been stated in the Scriptures that "A little child shall lead them," but it is only too evident that our parents

have not realised the hidden depths of this passage. Unconsciously, it is true, and not the less sweetly, we are led by children, but who can at this moment point to a family in which the children are consulted upon any matter dear to their hearts and lives? A children's council, in which the youngest from seven years and upwards, should have the first opportunity of speaking, and at which even baby should be present, would do much to assist parents and children to understand each other. One of the elders, of course, should be voted to the chair, to superintend the order of the proceedings, and the counting of votes. Such an informal gathering would lead to a mutual exchange of confidences, of hitherto unexpressed desires and opinions, of frank criticisms of thoughts and actions, as to enable the matter-of-fact adult to cast aside for a period the commercialism of life, and enter into that happy realm in which untrammelled fancy runs riot.

By combination and co-operation of pocket-money, too, there should be in the midst of the family circle an excellent organiser and executor. This executive faculty should be trained early, as it brings success and comfort not only to its owner but to the entire group. By systematising little tasks, and little by little putting tiny responsibilities upon them, the children learn to make the best of their time, opportunities and possessions. Girls who have some knowledge of the value of money and how far it will go, will be better equipped even for school life, to say nothing of the future that awaits them. It is well-known that thousands of brave women have had to go through the terrible ordeal of finding work for which they have not been trained; dark days of trouble and heaviness have taken them unawares, and have forced them to display the true nobility of soul which is always latent in womanhood. Beautiful as it may be to contemplate the golden lives of women of courage, endurance and industry, who have been roughly torn away from the slender ties of home life, and its myriad joys, it is neither wise nor kind to increase their number.

Loose habits of any kind are detrimental to the building up of character, and it is essential that our girls should not be financially undeveloped, seeing that in this nineteenth century many are expected to be self-supporting. Dependence upon self has made great men, and there is no reason why it should not make women also great. Use, action, these are the means by which all growth is accomplished. The time has gone by for our girls to sit and wait for princes to come and carry them off to palaces. Even in the oldest times if such an event did happen, sometimes the prince turned a pauper and the palace a hovel, but undaunted in their superstition the hapless creatures dreamt that some impossible thing would happen to change their evil fortune to good. The idea of dependence had been so cultivated, and it had taken such deep root that they could not let it go even in the face of disaster. It is common knowledge that the human mind is very malleable. It grows like that which it daily reflects as in a looking-glass.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.



Letter I.

Chelsea, London, S.W.

MY DEAREST MARJORIE,

I have been thinking deeply over the news contained in your last letter about the state of your dear father's health, and the possibility of his not being able to return to his business for some months to come. It is indeed a most serious matter, and I am proud of the bright, brave spirit, which you, dear, have shown in expressing the desire to do something at once to help in bearing this unforeseen trouble. You ask me whether I know of any suitable post for you in town, either as companion, daily governess, or useful help in any way.

Well, I have made many inquiries for you amongst the several agencies which are employed in finding such situations, and they one and all tell me the same heart-rending story—how few are the vacancies, and how numberless are the applicants who would fill them—indeed, I came away from the last office quite sick at heart. My journeys on your behalf have more than ever convinced me that there is absolutely no opening in this huge city for those who have not had, or who have not the means of obtaining, a training for some special branch of work.

It is however, always darkest just before the dawn, and as I was idly turning the pages of my newspaper ruminating the while upon the best way of breaking the bad news to my little niece, my eye suddenly caught a paragraph headed "The British Produce Supply Association," and then followed a description of the fine new building lately erected and just opened by Lord Winchelsea in Long Acre, as a central depot for the reception of all kinds of English grown produce, and to be a market where salesmen, and also private people may go to buy genuine English goods —for everything is to bear a brand as a mark of its British origin.

In London, we housekeepers firmly believe that no foreign produce can in any way compare with our own English grown, and I am sure we are quite right, but not infrequently we pay our butchers and greengrocers the high prices they ask, only to find when we have our dinner on the table that the so-called "Welsh mutton" is New Zealand lamb, and that the "Jersey new potatoes" came to light in the Canary Islands.

One would not mind this so much if only one knew it beforehand, but I really do object to pay for the genuine article and have an inferior one foisted on to me. I hear that English farmers are combining together to send up large supplies to the Association, where, if it is equal to their standard of quality, they will brand it with their Cable brand, and offer it for sale. Cheese, butter, bacon, eggs, etc., are also received in the same way, and fruits, flowers, jams, jellies, preserved fruits will be added shortly. So just as soon as ever I can rid myself of my tiresome local tradesmen I mean to go over to Long Acre once or twice a week and order in all that we want. I may not pay any less than I do now, but at least I shall know that my "Welsh mutton" is really and truly Welsh!

I went to bed, dear, still hugging my grievance, and alternately thinking over the disappointment of the day and the new era which has dawned for our British farmers, when it suddenly struck me that here too, was my Marjorie's opportunity!

You have the garden at your feet, so to speak, and though not large, it is capable of producing a good deal more than you are likely to require in the house, and also there is more land to be had in your Derbyshire village if need arise. You know something of gardening already—your father told me how useful you were to him in this and in other ways—and I think I can help you also by finding out, as one has so many opportunities of doing in London, what are the most saleable and most profitable crops for you to grow, and the modern methods of growing them to the perfection to which we Londoners are accustomed. Of course there are many things such as cabbages, potatoes, onions, etc., which would not pay at all to send up; they have to be grown and forwarded by the ton to be profitable, and that would be quite beyond your powers. But there are many smaller articles which are lighter and quite as easy to grow, once you know the way, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, salads, good beans, mushrooms, strawberries, and raspberries, etc. All these will, I know, flourish well in your rich light soil, and I will think out the plan of your garden, and send you directions in my next letter for planting as many of the above as may seem desirable.

In the meantime do not lose a moment, but get someone to dig over every vacant plot of ground, to clear away any old crops that may have been left standing, and to tidy up generally. Try if you can get your neighbours to give you a load or two of good manure to spread evenly over the land, and also a bushel or two of coarse salt before the digging is commenced. You will see the benefit of this later on, so try your best to get it. The autumn is really the best time of the year to make this new beginning, November being, in gardening parlance, the first month of the year in garden work, but you must begin to make your plans *now*. December and January are also preparatory months; upon the thoroughness of the work done in these three months depends both the quantity and quality

of your garden produce for the ensuing nine months; so you see it is a serious matter.

And on my part I will hasten to pay a visit to the Association, and learn all I can about the mode of sending goods to them, and the things that are likely to pay the best, and I really think that together we may by degrees add something substantial to your family purse. At any rate the opportunity for trying to do so is at your hand; you will not need to leave home in order to embrace it, a boon which your father will be the first to appreciate, for I know he dreads the thought of losing his Marjorie's bright companionship. Awhile ago this plan might not have been so feasible, but now that we have this splendid opening for disposing of anything that we can grow, it is only our duty to avail ourselves of it.

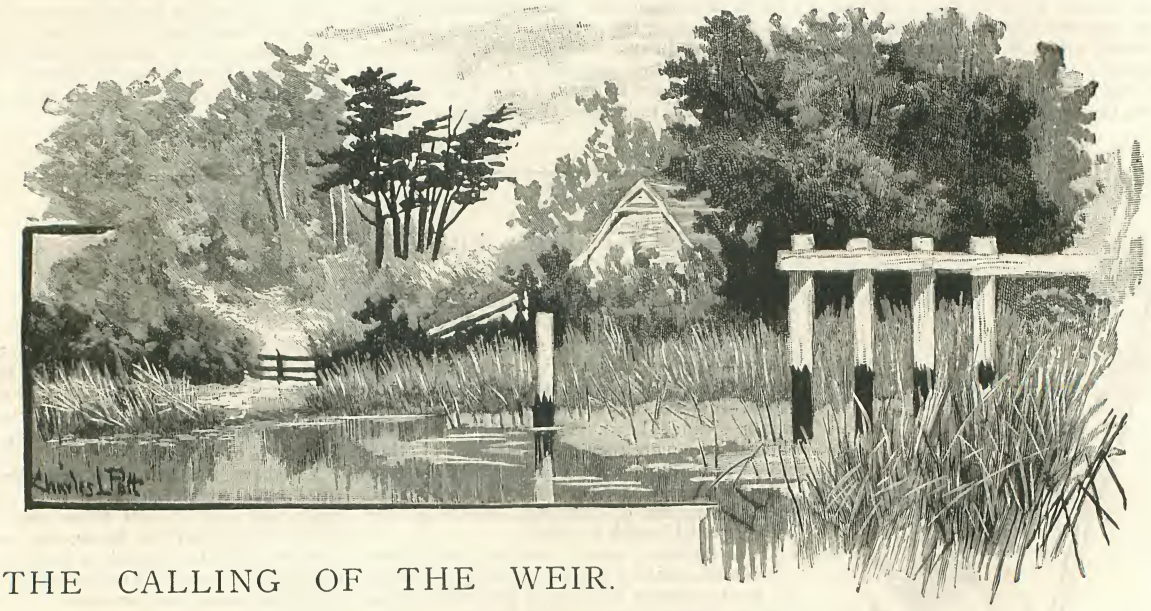
And on the other hand, here in London, I hope to induce all whom I come in contact with to become purchasers at the depot, for we must have purchasers as well as producers, must we not?

Indeed it lies very largely in the hands of the purchasers whether this venture is to be successful or not. I wish I could make the housewives of England, and especially of London, understand that it lies now in their power to help to bring back to our land its ancient agricultural prosperity, and keep at home the millions of money which we are every year paying away to foreign countries for goods we can produce quite as well ourselves. Oh, ye women of England, will ye not take heed!

But there, dear, I must not sermonise any more; this letter is quite too long as it is. Don't forget my instructions, be sure, but "be up and be doing," and I will do likewise, hoping that in my next I may have further good news for you.

Ever your loving,
AUNT AMY.

(*To be continued.*)



THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A QUICK glance of intelligence—in which Mrs. Mack claimed her share—went round the room, and then Hildegarde said in words and tone addressed to the domestic, but intended for the hall-mat, "Oh, ask Mr. Docker to come in."

The tone implied, as in such cases it is bound to do, that so far from anyone's feeling surprise at the advent of Mr. Docker, there had been a little general uneasiness on the ground of his rather unaccountable delay.

Meanwhile—in the momentary interval during which the caller was pulling down his collar and imparting a touch to an errant wisp of hair—Hildegarde remarked to Mary, "What on earth can the man want here?"

Hildegarde clung, as do so many girls, to the superstitious belief that her whispers, whilst pleasantly audible to those to whom they were addressed, were entirely inaccessible to the rest of the community.

That whispers go further and fare worse, the ears of Mr. Docker might have convinced the most sceptical. Mrs. Mack, a witness of the phenomenon, remarking upon it in the morning to Mary, made use of these memorable words: "'Deed, then, I'd aisy light the drawing-room fire at the two ears of him." Now the drawing-room fire was celebrated for its uninflammable habit.

"How do you do, Mrs. Haydn?" said Mr. Docker, advancing and speaking with that rapid ease which betrays the nervous soul. "I know it looks awfully queer——" The last word was uttered with a jerk, upon a much higher note than the rest of the speech, and was accompanied by an acceleration of pace and a lowering of the head that suggested the intention of tossing somebody. "Hang the cat!" said Mr. Docker, bringing himself up against the table, and he discharged a belated foot somewhere in the direction taken by the vanished Sweep.

That was one of Sweep's irritating idiosyncrasies. Fire or no fire, he would lie in the exact centre of the rug, and his rusty black coat so exactly matched it, that not even foresight and experience allied were at all an adequate protection against the pitfall which he permanently provided. Falling over Sweep was one of the accepted hazards of existence at Weir Bend. If strangers were expected, either Mary threw over him a warning yellow antimacassar, or Hildegarde, remarking, "Here, you come out of that!" kicked him beyond mischief's way.

There was silence. Then, while the flame radiated from Mr. Docker's ears and wandered down his back, and while he made futile attempts to brush it away with his straw hat, Hildegarde began to say what was appropriate to the occasion.

"I am so sorry," she said, rather unsteadily; and went down into her handkerchief.

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, "I hope you didn't hurt——" She ended abruptly with a sob, and made the same descent.

"Oh, yes," said Hildegarde, partially emerging; "I hope—I'm sure—one might—so very——"

It was of no use. Mrs. Haydn, with a countenance that worked convulsively, was staring out of the window. Mary's shoulders were shaking. Hildegarde stopped, and tried to look the sympathy that she could not speak.

At that instant from the hall, where Mrs. Mack had fallen into a chair, there came a sound as of soda-water discreetly uncorked.

Then all the ladies gave up fighting. With a precision that would have shown a volunteer company what volley-firing ought to be, there followed three explosions in one. And, swaying backwards and forwards, lifting eyes of imploring weakness one to another, Mrs. Haydn and her daughters laughed and cried, and cried and laughed, and conquered

themselves for a moment, and tried to speak, and went off again, until at length they sat—like invalids propped up for their first picnic in the bedroom chair—silent and serious.

Mr. Docker also was now quite in possession of himself.

"It gives me," he said, addressing himself to Mary, "sincere pleasure to have afforded some amusement. You dropped this in the post-office. Good evening—good evening—good evening."

He laid on the table a small brooch of Connemara marble, and, having distributed three stiff bows, moved towards the door. But Hildegarde intercepted him.

"Don't go for one moment," she said. "Do give my sister an opportunity——"

"Really," he said, "I think Miss Mary has had every possible opportunity. If, however, she has not had her laugh out, I can spare her"—he looked at his watch—"another ten minutes."

He was much on his dignity, and that was rather absurd. An older man, or a man of more instinctive tact would have seen that under the circumstances dignity was the least dignified behaviour that could be adopted.

When people laugh at you, laugh with them, and the scoring is on your side. Be huffy or pompous, and the rudeness has its justification.

Still, the young fellow sat his high horse well. He had looked by no means handsome when he came in, but he was certainly handsome now. All the ladies felt that if the insult—as he was foolish enough to feel it—had come from men, he would have taken a short method of righting himself. Evidently Mr. Docker had the courage of his huffiness.

"I don't want to laugh at all," said Mary. "You would believe me if you knew how sore I was." Then, feeling that this was hardly propitiatory, she added: "We always do laugh when we fall over him, and I am sure you will have your revenge; though, of course, it was very rude."

"Oh, not at all," said the young man, a little propitiated, but reserving a suspicious corner of his eye for Hildegarde. "I thought," he added, glancing where the trinket lay, "it might be rather a favourite."

"It is," said Mary. "It was given to me by a very dear friend, and I should have been most unhappy if I had lost it."

"Mr. Docker," Hildegarde now remarked, with a friendly smile, "we were thinking of going on the river—we do go on almost every night. Will you not—just to show there is no *arrière pensée*—come with us?"

"Oh, really," the young fellow began; then, catching Mary's eye, in which the invitation was frankly seconded, he ended, somewhat contradictorily, "thanks, awfully—if I may."

"My daughters," said Mrs. Haydn, "are quite able-bodied seawomen, so that you can, if you like, have an idle time."

"And you may smoke," said Hildegarde.

"Yes," Mary added, "and there is a line in the boat, so that if you care to fish, you can."

"I'm in luck's way," said Docker, as he turned slightly to Mrs. Haydn.

Hildegarde went into a little outhouse to bring an extra pole, and Mary led the visitor towards the river.

"You see, I take you at your word," he said, as he lit a cigarette. Then he remarked reflectively: "I must have given it a tremendous kick. I hope it wasn't your cat."

"Well," said Mary, "that is a disputed point. I claim him."

"Ah, then; you ought to put your case into my hands," said the young man.

"Oh," Mary answered, "I did not know you were a lawyer. Have you much practice?"

"Yes," he said; "in patience, not in anything else."

"Never mind," Mary replied, with glib optimism, "the rest will come in time."

"Will it, though?" said Docker. "That's just the interesting point. To be in time it will have to be pretty quick. You see, I have a clerk and a brass plate both eating off their heads, and they take a good deal of sustentation."

Mary stopped short. "Oh, Mr. Docker," she said, "I can find you a customer."

"Client, you mean," he said; "but can you really?"

"Yes, certain," she answered, nodding emphatically. "It was only to-day that I was asked to recommend a lawyer, and I promised to find out a good one from papa. It isn't," she went on, "what you would call an important case; in fact, it is about"—she hesitated, seeking for a graceful periphrasis, and, failing in her search, concluded crisply—"a goose."

Docker's eyelids lifted suddenly.

"Oh," he said stiffly, "you are taking another rise out of me!"

"Oh, no," Mary answered seriously, "it's a perfectly genuine goose. She was found in something—hay: or was it turnips?—and the man who found her locked her up, and refused to resign custody of her"(Mary evidently relished the fine legality of the phrase) "until thirty shillings expenses had been paid. And your client wouldn't, and won't, pay a farthing. And I do think; yes, I really do think"—Mary was sincerely anxious not to exaggerate the excellency of the person's character—"she is the most obstinate woman in the parish."

"Good," said Docker, "there will be law."

"Yes," said Hildegarde, who had now rejoined the stationary two, "and, I hope, profits."

"My client," said Mary, "or rather your client, shall be with you to-morrow. You see, you had not long to wait."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Where Fortune Lies.

"Oh, papa, who is that ragged man?"

"That, my daughter, is the great composer of grand operas."

"And who is that fine-looking person with such good clothes?"

"That's the man who wrote the latest popular song, 'Never let your mother carry up the coals!'"

The Forget-me-not.—It is well-known that plants have exchanged their names largely. The forget-me-not is a good instance of this. In all the old herbals the name is given to the ground-pine (*Ajuga chamæpitys*) on account of its offensive smell and sometimes also to the Speedwell. Then somebody invented the legend of the drowning knight throwing the flower to the lady, and fixed the name on the pretty blue flower which had previously been called Mouse-ear. In Mexico, the name forget-me-not is given to an orchid. A suggestion has been made that it might be employed as a delicate name for the onion!

Only One.

"If each one would care for one,
Only one,
Poverty would leave the earth,
Brotherhood would light with mirth
Every shadow of the earth,
If each one would care for one,
Only one.

If each one would care for one,
Only one,
Each one meeting that one's need
Would his own heart's hunger feed;
Happy were the world indeed,
If each one would care for one,
Only one."—*Butterworth.*

Every Girl May be a Preacher.—She preaches sublimely who leads a sober, righteous, and pious life.

Ourselves and Others.

She does not rightly love herself
Who does not love another more.

Old Christian Names for Girls.

The subject of Englishwomen's Christian names in the fifteenth century has recently been gone into by Sir Walter Besant. "The favourite and most common names," he says, "were then those that prevail at the present day. Alice, Agnes, Isabella, Sibil, Edith, Lucy, Beatrice, Matilda, Amy, Agatha, Anna, Mary, Eva, Felicia, Helen, Mabel, Muriel, Margery, Margaret, Ida, Katharine, Emma, Rose, Sarah."

But there were others which have dropped out of use, and many of these, according to Sir Walter, are worthy of being restored. He gives for example the following: Athelena, Aldithe, Avelina, Alfreda, Anable, Annice, Amicia, Avice, Clarice, Clemence, Elicia, Isonia, Earilda, Barilia, Etheldreda, Erneburga, Denys, Nichola, Eustachia, Roesia, Petronilla or Pernella, Sabine and Theophania—otherwise Tiffany.

Giving Enough.—Only the girl who puts her heart into her gift gives enough.



THE ADVENTURES OF A BIG DIAMOND.

A SLAVE, poor and naked, was toiling in the mines at Portreal in India, just as many thousands of others were toiling beside him, scraping up the pebbly soil, washing the mud, carefully looking for diamonds. Everybody was looking for diamonds, except those who were looking after the slaves. All the large diamonds belonged to the Mogul, but he never got them; all the lesser stones belonged to the Emir, who got very few of them; and none at all belonged to the slaves, who only stole them. To steal a diamond was the highest of crimes in Golconda and was often punished by death. And yet the slaves were continually stealing them. The slave of whom we speak was toiling, washing, and looking; and remembering how many had escaped with diamonds, he began to consider what he should do in case he found one. There would not be the least use in swallowing it.

"I have it!" he said, slapping his lean leg. "I have thought of a new way of hiding a diamond!"

That night, when all was still, he got a sharp flint and made a great gash in the firm muscle of the calf of his leg, and then carefully bandaged it up with some green leaves and an old cotton rag.

"What's the matter with your leg?" said the overseer in the morning.

"Oh, most excellent master! my unworthiness slipped and fell against a sharp rock in the night-time. See! the blood of your faithful slave flows from the wound."

He raised a corner of the bandage, and sure enough several drops of blood trickled down.

"Umph!" said the overseer, "I'm not going to let you off your work on account of that scratch."

"My faithfulness will work to the death for you, oh, noble master," said the slave.

And so he hobbled off to the diamond-washing. By-and-by he found some diamonds, but they were small, and not worth risking his life for, therefore the slave handed them in to the overseer, who also passed them on, as they were smaller than what he usually appropriated to himself. But a wonderful piece of good fortune befel the clever slave. One day as he washed his mud he noticed a large lump that did not wash down. He took it between his thumb and finger to crack the lump and lo! It would not crack.

The slave's heart gave a great leap of joy. His fingers had felt the greasy, slippery texture of a diamond, and had touched the sharp cutting edges of crystallisation. A diamond as big as a hen's egg! In a moment it was under the bandage of his leg, in another it was shoved bodily into the wound itself.

It does not make a sore in your leg any better to shove a big diamond into it. Next morning he was very bad and his leg was inflamed.

"What are you trying to sham for?" said the overseer. "I know what's the matter with you! You've been swallowing diamonds. I won't cut off your head this time, but you had better look out, and if it ever happens again——!"

He left him with a dark look and in a few minutes returned with something in a bowl. It was a stiff emetic.

"Now then, swallow this, and you will be relieved of your pain," said the overseer.

"My faithfulness will swallow anything your nobleness gives me, but no diamonds will come," said the slave.

He was dreadfully sick, but no diamonds came, as there were none swallowed. The overseer said he would give him another dose the next day, but he took no notice of the sore in the slave's leg.

The next day brought the medicine, but no diamonds.

"Go die like a dog in the jungle," said the overseer angrily. "I don't know what is the matter with you."

The slave kissed the ground where the great overseer stood and crawled away, very lame indeed. By-and-by that lame slave, pretty nearly well, turned up at Madras. His leg got well when he took the diamond out of the wound. He had the largest diamond in the world to sell, and when he had done so he thought he would be a very great man, and have slaves of his own, and even an elephant too. He would do just as he liked for the rest of his life. He came across a ship captain to whom he showed the diamond.

"I sometimes buy stones like that," said the captain airily. He was nearly choking with surprise at the beauty and the enormous size of the gem. "Come down to my ship and we will see if we cannot come to a bargain." The captain was a seafaring man on land, but when at sea he was something more like a pirate, as the slave found out when he went down to his ship.

The captain was waiting for him, not with a bag of money, however, but with a club. The slave was killed and thrown overboard to feed the sharks, and that was the end of him and his fine dreams of wealth and happiness. The captain now wanted to sell his ill-gotten diamond. Jamchund, a merchant, gave him a thousand pounds for it, and whereupon he turned over the stone to that individual.

Fancy a piratical skipper with an evil conscience, and a thousand pounds in hand in one lump. What should he do to show his happiness but take to drink? He did so, and one fine day, mad with drink, he could not think of any other way to get rid of the haunting image of that wretched slave whom he had killed, than by tying a rope around his own neck, and drawing it so tightly that all images were for ever more blotted out. So the skipper hanged himself, and that was the second owner of the Big Diamond who had come to grief.

Now Jamchund thought he would go to the Governor of Fort St. George with his stone. Mr. Pitt was the governor, a sharp gentleman, who did a bit of trading on his own account.

"Oh, most gracious and noble of patrons! I have here a trifle I would gladly let you see. I would show it to no one else. Its beauty is reserved for your greatness to behold."

Thus Jamchund to Pitt.

"Come along now, and show whatever you've got to sell and don't keep me here all day."

Thus Pitt (approximately) to Jamchund.

There were also pipes and pauses in the conversation so that it took a long time in reality. Finally Jamchund opened a box and showed to Mr. Pitt the largest diamond he had ever seen, considerably larger than he had ever even dreamed of.

He gasped with amazement. Jamchund rejoiced inwardly.

"What is the price of that stone?" asked the Governor.

"Two hundred thousand pagodas," answered Jamchund sweetly.

"Two hundred thousand demons!" said the Governor. "What do you mean by naming such an impossible sum? Why don't you ask for the nearest star and have done with it?"

"Excellency, I should be ruined if I took less," said Jamchund. "Even so, I gain but a contemptible commission, hardly enough to live on. And it is only to your Excellency I offer it at so modest a figure."

To appreciate Jamchund's kind modesty, it will be well to reduce pagodas to pounds. Two hundred thousand pagodas is about £80,000. As he gave the skipper a thousand pounds, his commission and the insignificant nature of it can be seen at a glance.

"Jamchund, I will give you thirty thousand pagodas for that diamond and not a penny more," said the Governor.

"Excellency that would be pure destruction and destitution for me. I cannot do it, even for you," said Jamchund as he bowed himself out. He stayed away two months.

"Excellency, I have come back," he said on his return, "to say, that I could not rest easy in my mind if any one except your Nobleness should possess my inestimable diamond."

"Which means, you cannot find another purchaser," said the practical Governor. "What is your figure now?"

"Fifty thousand pagodas. It is beggary, but I shall have a clear conscience," said the humble Jamchund.

"Forty-five," said the Governor, inwardly observing that if the stone "were good, it must prove a pennyworth."

"Forty-nine thousand, Excellency! Just to save me from absolute penury," whined Jamchund.

"I'll give forty-six, and no more."

"Think of my risk, noble Excellency! Say forty-nine thousand."

"What is your risk? Did you steal it from the Mogul?"

"The sun, moon and stars listen to that! No, I bought it at a fabulous figure. But think of the risk I have run of having it stolen from me."

"Well, I'll give forty-seven thousand," said the Governor.

"And I have come down from two hundred thousand to forty-nine!" sighed Jamchund. "It is ruinous generosity! I will say forty-eight thousand to show my devotion to your Excellency's interests."

"Bosh!" said his Excellency, and turning to an English gentleman he asked him his opinion.

"My opinion," said that oracle, "is, that a

thing that is worth forty-seven thousand pagodas, is very likely to be worth forty-eight thousand."

"Thank you," said the Governor. "I never thought about it in that light before. I will pay forty-eight thousand pagodas then."

And he paid them.

The advice sounded foolish, but it proved valuable, for upon that diamond the fortunes of a great family were solidly founded. The Mr. Pitt who bought this diamond was grandfather to the great Earl of Chatham.

Behold now Mr. Pitt the possessor of the Big Diamond, and his troubles began almost as soon as that fact became known. When he returned to England he had his stone cut and polished. It took two years to do that, and at the end of that time Pitt's eyes were gladdened with the sight of the most dazzling gem the world had ever beheld.

"Who'll buy, who'll buy?" was now his cry. But though many would, nobody could. Kings and queens shook their heads sadly. It was beyond them. The Big Diamond became an awful burden to its owner. Everyone was a thief in his fancy. A learned German travelled to England and wanted to see Pitt and his pebble.

"Never!" said the harassed owner. "He will assassinate me." He fled to town, he changed his name, he fled back to the country, and changed his name again. The learned German considered such a life not worth living at any price. By this time Pitt never dared to sleep two consecutive nights in the same house.

He was always "moving on," pursued by the terrors of his own imagining.

At last somebody came forward as a purchaser. This time a real one. It was Louis, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France for the boy king Louis XV. Saint Simon, a wily courtier, tempted the duke to buy the Big Diamond.

The Duke of Orleans objected.

"We have no money in the treasury," he said.

"That is nothing! You can borrow," said the courtier.

"We have no credit."

"Still less important! Borrow from the people."

"The people are starving," said the duke.

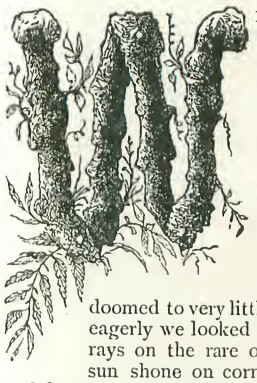
"Highness, buy the diamond. The people will applaud your spirit. They will be proud to think their king wears a diamond that no other monarch dared to buy. The French admire a spirited policy. Buy it. They will never taunt you with it." Thus spoke Saint Simon, courtier and philosopher, thoroughly understanding his nation. The Big Diamond was bought and the sum paid to Mr. Pitt was £135,000 sterling. He had given Jamchund £20,000. Jamchund gave the skipper £1000, and the skipper gave his life and so did the slave. A costly stone indeed!

Now a strange thing happened.

During the Revolution this Big Diamond was stolen along with all the rest of the French crown jewels. There was a terrific row, and political parties accused each other of the theft. Some said it was the royalists, and some said it was the republicans. However that may be the thieves were certainly Frenchmen, for a few days afterwards, the secretary of the Garde Meuble, got a note to say that he had only to hunt in a spot carefully described in the Champs Elysées, to find the Big Diamond. A search was made, and sure enough, there was the diamond as bright as ever. The thief could not bring himself to rob France of the prize gem which placed her first of all the nations of Europe in the matter of diamonds. Even a thief was patriotic. Old Saint Simon was right. The people took the Big Diamond into its very heart. Napoleon pawned the stone and got in that way money for his first campaigns. The diamond may thus have been the beginning of his fortunes, and who shall say how many lives that cost.

Now does anyone want to see this Big Diamond? Let him go into the long gallery of the Louvre, and there he will see a glass case surrounded by a brass railing, inside of which stands an armed guard. In the middle of the case is a twinkling stone looking for all the world as if a star had fallen from the skies and lodged there, so bright, so beautiful, so flashing, is this point of light. Let him walk all around the case and notice the sparkles that dart from the facets of that diamond: sunbeams going outward towards the windows every colour in quintessence of brightness, shimmering, flashing, darting, in every direction at every moment. Let him look at and wonder at and admire the most beautiful diamond in the world, but let him ask no questions, for the armed guard scowls at questioners, and, as in the days of Pitt, suspects everyone that inquires about this wonderful stone. For this is a true story, and the name of the Big Diamond is "the Regent."

KEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.



We lived for many years in a house facing north-east, and being built in the old-fashioned style of only two storeys, and with a frontage of more than sixty feet, almost every room faced to the front, and we were doomed to very little sunshine. How eagerly we looked for its warmth and rays on the rare occasions when the sun shone on corners of the house, and how we revelled in the sunny south-west garden and lawn. In summer it was perfection, for while the house was cool and shady the garden was ablaze with the sunshine, except under the shade of the old fruit trees where we sat. But it was in the early spring and autumn that we envied our opposite neighbours whose houses faced the sun, and into whose windows it poured its life-giving beams. In due time our old house was doomed to destruction by a ruthless builder. Down it all came, and it nearly broke our hearts to see it. The lovely lawn, the rose walk bordered on each side with rose-bushes; the old apple-trees, yew-hedge, and old lilac-trees that had braved at least forty winters—all, all were uprooted, and we had to seek another home. Fortunately for us there was a house to let on the opposite and sunny side, one of a terrace it is true, and with no garden to speak of (and that facing north), no fruit-trees, and worse than all, no conservatory or greenhouse in which to rear our favourite plants. But with all these failings, and they were serious, we were more than repaid by the advantages of being on the sunny side.

Every scrap of sunshine found its way into our windows, the world looked brighter and happier out of them, and if we were kept indoors by illness the outlook from our windows was a cheerful one. The drawing-room was large and lofty, and in the spacious window recesses we placed our plants, a very bower of greenery. The ferns all at the back facing north and the geraniums and other blossoming plants facing south-west in the front. We preferred plants to window curtains, and soon our friends got to know the house by its cheerful appearance. We had two very large geranium plants, quite fifteen years old, and these we placed one at each side window, and the one nearest to the hall-door greeted our visitors with clusters of its lovely rose-coloured blossoms. An asparagus fern on a stand drooped like a green veil above, and maiden-hair petunias, hyacinths, cyclamen, and even rare Indian blossoms in their turn cheered and interested us.

My mother, who had what we called "a magic hand" with plants, managed to raise a little vine-tree from the pip of a raisin, some little oranges from the pips of some Tangerine oranges, little chestnut-trees, and even a little olive-tree from a seed, besides many interesting plants from bulbs sent to us by friends from various parts of the world. These were of never-failing interest to ourselves and our visitors. Was it not worth while to have moved on to the sunny side? Besides this our health improved—low heavy colds which laid hold of us in early autumn and stuck to us till the late spring vanished in the warmth and brightness of the new home, and I understood for the first time the supreme importance of a sunny aspect.

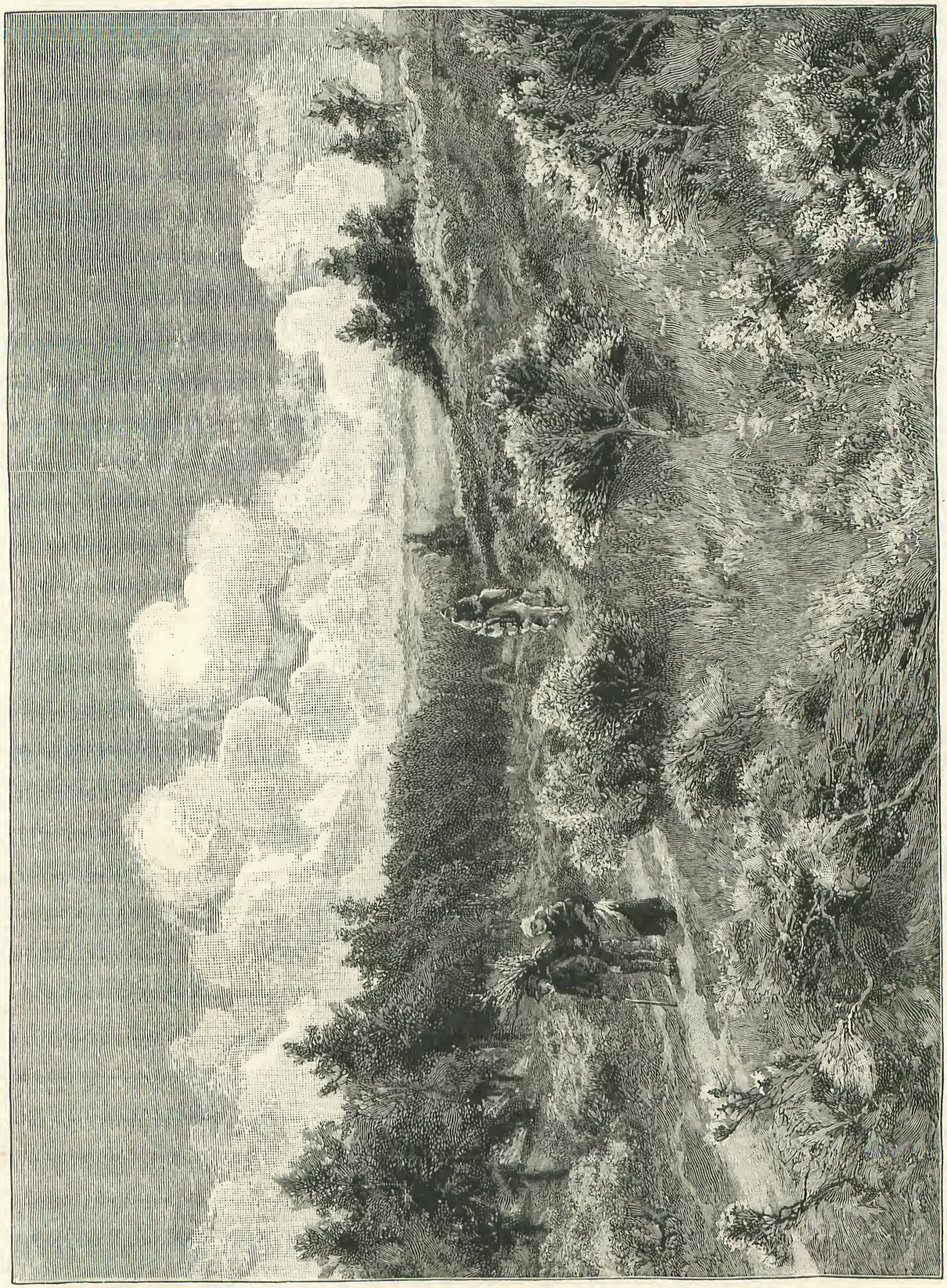
Invalids and children walked on our side of the road rather than on the other, and it became quite a fashionable promenade on a bright day.

One of our neighbours however persistently kept some or all of their blinds down even on dull days, and I longed to have it out with them. They did not deserve their good fortune. What are faded carpets in comparison with health? Better have no carpets and no ornaments that fade rather than ill-health and depressed spirits. And this set me thinking of some people who, in spite of adversity and in the face of misfortune, present to the world a sunny front, whilst others with every comfort and advantage prefer the shade and even darkness, and their appearance is one of gloom. Do we not all know some of both kinds? To whom do we most readily go when in trouble and perplexity, the sunny happy person who is always ready to hear us and to cheer us and with a warm grasp of the hand sends us away comforted and refreshed, or the one who receives us with a chill and whom we leave with a sense of coldness and sadness?

Let us try each in our little way to present the sunny side to our friends. Draw up the blinds, let cheery faces be seen and a sense of welcome and friendliness pervade our home.

Let it be said of us: "It cheers us up to go and see them, they always do us good." But let us never forget who it is that makes us feel sunny. It can never be the true sunshine unless it is from the Sun above, the Sun of Righteousness, whose bright beams in our hearts are reflected in our faces, and who will keep us sunny to the last if we will but look up to Him for eternal sunshine, in whose presence there is fulness of joy.

SURSUM CORDA.



WHEN THE GORSE IS IN BLOSSOM.

ALL THE WORLD'S ON WHEELS.

A LAMENT.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

No friend to take a walk with,
  No friend to sit and chat,
None to exchange one's thoughts with,
  On books, or this, or that—
Each day that o'er me passes,
  The fact to me reveals,
That all my friends and gossips
  Now pass me by—on wheels!
For all the world's on wheels now,
  All the world's on wheels!

We used to read together
  So many a pleasant book,
We used to seek in spring-time
  So many a rustic nook:
But now alone I wander
  (And very dull it feels),
Because each friend I call on
  Has just gone out—on wheels!
For all the world's on wheels now,
  All the world's on wheels!

Then, if I air my grievance,
  They say, "Just get a 'bike,
And then we'll ride together
  As much as e'er you like."
The smile is rather ghastly
  That my disgust conceals,
At the profane suggestion
  Of "H. M. B."—on wheels!
But all the world's on wheels now,
  All the world's on wheels!

So I must be contented
  To tread my lonely way,
Until the craze is over,
  And "bikes" have had their day.
Farewell, my friends and gossips,
  I'll make no more appeals,
But bide my time till fashion
  Grows weary of its wheels!
Though all the world's on wheels now,
  All the world's on wheels!

THE GROCER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

"It is simply disgusting!" cried Clarissa Greville, and she turned up her aristocratic nose in a manner that was neither very amiable nor very pretty.

"And I think it is abominable!" agreed Leonora de Smythe, and half-a-dozen of Miss Wynnard's pupils nodded a vehement assent. "To think that the cr—eature should sneak herself among us! I suppose her parents think that contact with the daughters of gentlemen will blow away the odour of the groceries. Picture Charlie Vereker's face when I introduce him to a grocer's daughter!" and Clarissa Greville laughed sarcastically.

"Oh, I wish you would! it would be a screaming farce!" cried a chorus of girlish voices.

"Yes, it wouldn't be half bad!" drawled Leonora, who affected an air of world-weariness and languor, and professed to admire "wicked men."

Clarissa smiled patronisingly. "Imagine Charlie Vereker twirling his moustache, and asking Miss Grocer the price of ham?"

"What is the real name of the creature?" asked Leonora.

"Beatrice Merle. And as if having to associate with a grocer's daughter were not bad enough, allow me to inform you that her father is a horrid, low, dynamite kind of fellow, one of those street brawling socialists."

"No!" cried the girls in unison.

"It is true, my children. In future you will live with a member of the lowest and most degraded class of society. I am seriously thinking of asking mamma to allow me to leave the school."

"I don't see why we should be driven from the school. We were here before this low-born grocer's daughter. I think if we play our cards with tact we can drive her away; we can at least make her life uncomfortable."

"But will that be kind?" asked little Beryl Beauchamp hesitatingly.

"Yes, to ourselves; Miss Wynnard has no right to take low class pupils. Ashdene House is understood to be solely for the daughters of gentlefolk and professional men, and we are justified in standing up for our rights. From my babyhood I have been forbidden to converse with the daughters of tradesmen."

"Hush, girls; here she comes! Listen for murdered h's and mutilated pronouns; and draw in your skirts; she will be reeking with butter and lard."

The door opened and Miss Wynnard, the head mistress of the school, appeared, accompanied by a tall, slender girl of about sixteen years of age.

"This is your new school friend, my dears, I hope you will endeavour to make her life happy."

To Miss Wynnard's chagrin there was a dead silence, and the quick colour mounted to the delicate face of the new pupil. Disregarding the ominous sign Miss Wynnard introduced each girl by name, and then said pleasantly, "Now, my dears, I will leave you to chat until tea-time," and with a smile and a nod she left the room.

When the door had closed there was a long pause. Then Clarissa Greville sprang from her seat and said, without glancing at the new-comer, "Now girls, I will tell your fortunes by palmistry."

There was a general cry of "Tell mine,



Clary," and with an air of patronage that she assumed as the eldest girl in the school Clarissa said, "I will tell Nora's."

There was a murmur of disappointment, but Clarissa would not be moved, and presently began to examine the pink palm of Leonora de Smythe with critical eyes.

"My dear child, you have a life of brilliant success before you. Suitors rich and poor will flock to your feet, but of course being a perfect lady by birth and training you will never look at the common herd. Vulgar tradesmen will never dare to lift their eyes to you, my dear."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Leonora viciously. "I should like to see the tradesman who would presume to address me. My father's groom would dip him in the horse-pond."

"No, no, my dear, you will marry a 'howling swell,' probably a duke or an earl. Your path in life will run through pleasant places, and you will have a goodly heritage. Isn't that scriptural? You will have many offers of marriage, and after refusing countless admirers you will marry——"

"A socialist," sneered Leonora scornfully.

"Oh, horrors!" gasped Clarissa in mock astonishment, "what makes you think of low people? You will marry a gentleman, my dear, of great wealth, blue blood, and vast property, and you will possess horses, and carriages, and servants, and jewels, in fact everything that heart can wish."

The hot blood mounted to the sensitive face of Beatrice Merle, and a passionate remark leaped to her lips, but with an effort she restrained herself and murmured inwardly: "If these are the daughters of the rich, I too will be a socialist."

At that moment the tea-bell rang, and in spite of the disapproving glances of Clarissa and Leonora, little Beryl Beauchamp stole up to Beatrice and taking her hand whispered, "Never mind them, I will be your friend."

With a smile at the dainty little creature, Beatrice followed her from the room. In the corridor the words "soap, candles, tobacco, pepper, and snuff" were whispered audibly at her elbow, but she held her head erect, and though her heart was aching with disappointment and humiliation, she whispered to herself "They shall not see how they wound me—I will not be a coward. I despise them."

Presently Beatrice found a pair of soft, grey eyes studying her face, and she was introduced to Miss Annie the "governess," who superintended the walks, meals, and wardrobes of the girls, and acted as general factotum for all.

Miss Annie's position was by no means an easy one. The orphan daughter of a poor curate, she had been compelled to face the world for her daily bread, and having very few accomplishments, the opening at Miss Wynnard's was hailed as a God-send by her impecunious relatives. Like other apparent God-sends it had its drawbacks. But the brave spirit of Miss Annie would not be daunted, and as Beatrice Merle looked into her face, she realised truly that she had found one who would prove a firm and reliable friend.

Later in the evening Beatrice went to her room to unpack her trunks, and abandoning herself to the sense of desolation and loneliness that oppressed her, she gave way to a passionate burst of weeping.

"I cannot stay here—I cannot—I cannot," she moaned.

"Yes, dear, you can," murmured a gentle voice in her ear, and Beatrice felt herself drawn into a pair of loving arms.

"But they despise and insult me. It is intolerable! My blood boils when I think of my reception. They sneer at my father's business and his political views. Miss Annie, my father is one of the truest, noblest men that ever lived, and I am proud of him. Rather than wound the feelings of a fellow creature, he would put himself to any trouble or pain. Night after night in the biting frosts of winter I have seen him come home blue with cold, carrying some poor little waif he has picked up from the gutter, or leading some poor lost creature he has rescued from a life of sin. When I think that these frivolous girls despise—no, I will not allow my temper to run away with me. But I am so disappointed, and so humiliated!" and once more Beatrice burst into tears.

"My child, if your father is the man you describe, you have indeed reason to be proud of him. The foolish talk of your schoolfellows cannot injure him, it will merely rebound upon their own heads. Try to be patient, Beatrice dear. I have passed through trials similar to yours. I have often felt compelled to repeat that line of Longfellow's to encourage myself.

"'Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is God-like.'

"Think it over, my child, and may it inspire you as it has inspired me. Now shall we arrange these piles of linen. They are redolent of your mother's care and love."

"Yes, mother made them all with her own hands while I was studying with father."

"You are blessed indeed in having a good father and mother. My dear mother died when I was a child, and I lost my father five years ago, so you are richer than I am, Beatrice," and Miss Annie's voice trembled.

"Yes, Miss Annie, I have many things to be thankful for, so I need not be so 'touchous' when unkind things are said to me, as old Mattie Dawson says, but I forget, you don't know old Mattie."

"No, some day you must tell me about him."

"But he is an old woman," answered Beatrice with a smile. And the task of piling away the linen was finished more cheerfully than it had been begun.

(*To be continued.*)

SPELLING MADE EASY.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE difficulties presented in the arbitrary orthography of our language do not appear to be satisfactorily overcome by the orthodox means of our grammars, dictionaries, and various small manuals of aid supplementing the former. The old-fashioned spelling-books giving rules for pronunciation of words by syllabic division, and following on by lists of words merely arranged in alphabetical order, without reference to their class, proved, in very deed, a "weariness of the flesh." The poor children waded despondently through such fields of dry stubble before reaching those gardens of delight—the stories long promised as their reward.

The comparatively new method of teaching to read—quite irrespective of syllabic rule for arriving at the sound of the words—was a God-send to the little ones. I mean the plan of looking at each entire word as at a picture and being taught the sound of what the collective letters represented after an entirely arbitrary method.

On much the same principle as this "Reading made easy," I propose to make equally easy the acquirement of spelling, that is to say, irrespective of the rules which to so many appear to have proved a failure. They are, I consider, far harder to learn and apply at a moment's notice, than to learn the words by rote and repeat them, parrot-like, till indelibly impressed on the memory.

On the same principle, all will agree that to learn a language for ordinary practical use—as, for example, in travelling or receiving foreign visitors—to learn by conversation and personal intercourse, results in a far quicker acquirement of a language than to learn the grammar and labour through intolerable exercises, *à la* Professor Ollendorf!

The art of spelling correctly, like that of arithmetical calculation, appears to be a natural gift to many. They seem to have an intuitive perception, and a special description of retentive memory, in these arts which is defective in others; and I may observe, for the comfort of the defaulters, that many such are to be found even in the ranks of those who possess (with this exception) an all-round intellectual capacity, evidenced in every department of learning, science and art. There are also those, on the contrary, whose brain-power is quite of an ordinary type yet whose spelling is faultless, and whose letters put to shame those of their more gifted fellows. Be comforted then, my troubled friends, to whom this article is addressed, and accept the very simple suggestions which may help you over your difficulties.

While making such an excuse, I must, at the same time, observe that I consider (and so I think would be the opinion of the majority) that, to write a free, correctly-formed hand, to spell well, and to express oneself in good Saxon-English, are attainments of far higher value in ordinary life and polite society, than accomplishments in the fine arts, and any higher and scientific attainments.

Amongst the words that present the chief stumbling-blocks to those who are not adepts in spelling are the compound words ending in "able" and "ible," in which the final "e" of the first syllable is sometimes retained, but perhaps as often dropped; also the words in which the letters "e" and "i" are in juxtaposition and respectively take, or give precedence to each other; and likewise in the doubling or dropping of double letters. Of these I do not propose to make an exhaustive list. It may suffice to give some few examples leaving my readers to make a careful search of the dictionary for more and to add them to the lists now given. My suggestion is, that you read these several times daily and write out each list as often, until thoroughly fixed in your mind, and that you can do so correctly without having to copy them.

Remember that all words ending with "ment" retain the final "e," excepting in

the word "judgment." I leave my reader to look for another if there be one. But an oversight is frequently made in reference to words with this termination, as also with those terminating with "able" or "ible," the question of there being any final "e" in the original word. For example, there is none in the words deport, deport-ment; develop, develop-ment; enrol, enrol-ment; control, controll-able; and thus they form no exception to the general usage before referred to.

When the word terminates with "able" or "ible," we find that the final "e" is more frequently dropped than retained.

Dropped.		*Retained.*
Advisable	Dividable	Changeable
Blamable	Endurable	Chargeable
Conceivable	Excitable	Damageable
Combinable	Excusable	Effaceable
Contrivable	Lovable	Marriageable
Curable	Measurable	Noticeable
Declinable	Mistakable	Peaceable
Derivable	Movable	Serviceable
Desirable	Provable	Traceable
Despisable	Recognisable	
Dissolvable	Reconcilable	
Dispensable	Untamable	

A very common mistake is made in the use of the terminal syllables "able" and "ible" on account of the trifling difference, if any, that is made in speaking rapidly between them. So as to distinguish one from the other, I give a few examples of the words that terminate in "ible."

Admissible	Corruptible	Forcible
Combustible	Deducible	Responsible
Convertible	Defensible	Tangible

The doubling of letters presents great difficulty, and one to foreigners more especially—as I have found when I have endeavoured to assist my own foreign friends over the many obstacles on the "hill difficulty" towards their acquirement of English. In fact, I never realised their extent till put through a series of troublesome questions, and required to give appreciable reasons for exceptions in grammar, spelling, and pronunciation. Some examples of irregularity of spelling in reference to the letter "t" may be given.

Single.		
Affrighted	Exhibited	Noted
Bated	Fated	Predicted
Belated	Inhibited	Profited
Benefited	Invested	Protested
Blighted	Jested	Rejected
Completed	Jilted	Requited
Delighted	Limited	Sequestrated
Doubted	Mated	Voted, etc.

Double.		
Abetted	Dotted	Remitted
Allotted	Jotted	Rotted
Besotted	Knotted	Spotted
Blotted	Matted	Trotted
Clotted	Petted	Wetted, etc.
Committed	Remittance	

The doubling of other letters, such as "l," "m," and "n," is another question of perplexity to many. The following examples may be learned by heart in addition to those the readers may find for themselves:—

Doubled.	
Begin	Beginning
Commit	Committed
Control	Controllable / Controller
Dismal	Dismally
Doleful	Dolefully
Drop	Dropped
Duel	Duellist
Inflame	Inflammable / Inflammation
Lawful	Lawfully
Level	Leveller / Levelling
Marvel	Marvellous
Patrol	Patrolling
Signal	Signalling
Soul	Soulless
Travel	Travelling / Traveller

Extend this list and add another in which no final letter is doubled. Sometimes a word ending with a double letter drops one in the middle of the word when made a compound one; for example, in the words "dull" and "full," which are written "dulness," "fulness," and "fulfil."

An acquaintance with French sometimes confuses those not very conversant with English spelling, as in the word "agreeable," which in French is "*agréable*," and in "apartments," in which a letter is doubled instead of dropped in that language, and is written "*appartements*," and an "e" likewise superadded.

Another difficulty is presented in a lack of uniformity with reference to the relative precedence given to the letters "e" and "i" when in juxtaposition. You will generally find that when immediately following a "c," the next letter in the sequence of the alphabet should take the precedence. Thus, as "e" follows nearest to "c" (not "i"), these three letters should be placed "cei." For example:—

Conceive Deceive Perceive
Receive Receipt, etc.

Otherwise, with a few exceptions, the "i" precedes the "c," as in—

Aggrieve	Fierce	Pier
Believe	Grievance	Relief
Bier	Hierarchy	Siege
Field	Niece	Sieve
Fief	Piebald	Tie Tier
Fiend	Piece	View
Fiery	Pierce	Yield, etc.

As usual, in our language, there are exceptions to this, the usual mode of spelling, shown in the following examples—

Forfeit	"Nonpareil"*	Seine
Freight	"Seigneur"*	Seize
Freize	"Seigniory"*	Seizable
(* Adopted French words.)		Seizure, etc.

Examples of such exceptions are to be found in surnames where there was no "i" in the original name.

There are a few words which I do not attempt to classify, but I name them because so commonly misspelt. In reference to the word "pronounce," the "o" is dropped in "pronunciation," as in the word "denounce" it is dropped in "denunciation." Again, in the word "explain," the "i" must be dropped in "explanation." Perhaps one of the most general mistakes is made in the word "separation," which is so persistently spelt "seperation," also "harass" has but one "r" and "embarrass" two.

The formation of plurals demands attention. The simple addition of an "s" is the usual form, as in chimney—chimneys, donkey—donkeys; but the letters "ies" and "ves" are likewise employed. Words ending in "f" and "fe" change them for "ves," viz.:—

Beef	Beeves	Life	Lives
Calf	Calves	Loaf	Loaves
Elf	Elves	Sheaf	Sheaves
Half	Halves	Shelf	Shelves
Knife	Knives	Staff	Staves
Leaf	Leaves	Wife	Wives
Wolf	Wolves		

Some words ending in "y," change it into "ies" in the plural, viz.—

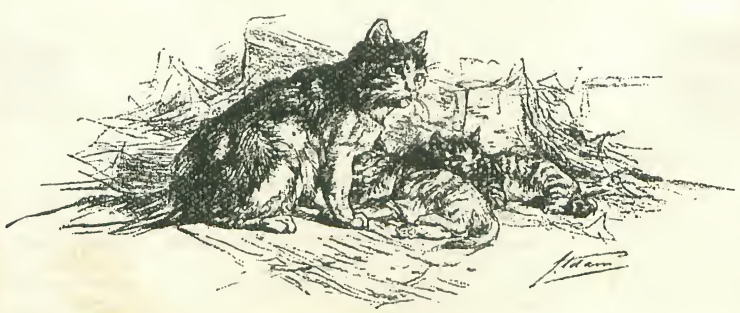
Army	Armies	Fly	Flies
Baby	Babies	Money	Monies
Bevy	Bevies	Penny	Pennies
Sky	Skies		

Words ending in "o," form their plurals in "es," viz.—

Cargo	Cargoes
Echo	Echoes
Embargo	Embargoes
Hero	Heroes
Potato	Potatoes
Tomato	Tomatoes, etc.

Some French words adopted into the English language retain the original form of their plurals, as in beau—beaux, portmanteau—portmanteaux.

In conclusion, I wish it to be clearly understood that I by no means recommend the parrot-like learning of difficult words, instead of the study of grammatical rules, and a mastering, where possible, of the "whys and wherefores" of spelling—so difficult and often so abitrary—as ours. Accepting the exigencies of the case in regard to so many of my sisters (and I may include the boys with the girls), I only offer a few suggestions with the hope that they may prove helpful in a case of so much importance. So many competitors for appointments in Government offices as in other lines are "ploughed" and cast aside as ineligible on account of their ignorance in regard to this very first step on the highway to even a limited English education.



CACTUSES.

BEFORE the full burst of spring, when as yet there are few flowers, or none over which we may linger in the garden, lovers of flowers may turn their attention to such tasks as the indoor cultivation of cactuses. In our last paper we spoke of *Mamillaria* cactuses, but now in the long cold evenings we may mix our garden lore with stirring tales of travel, and pictures of the mind painted with glowing colours, such as Kingsley used when he told of the virgin forests in *Westward Ho*, with stories of adventure such as those with which the Moor of old won the tender heart of Desdemona—

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.
* * * *
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven."

But what have cactuses to do with travel and adventure, may perhaps be asked? The answer is, that growing as they do in wild tropical countries, and especially in Mexico and South America, that home of romance and wonder, they have formed the colouring of many a wonderful story. Their curious shapes and long strong spikes, as well as their lovely and brilliant flowers, make them a striking feature in any landscape.

Maximilian tells of them in his travels in Brazil. As they passed through the great forests, the horses and mules were often maimed by the long spines which ran into their hoofs.

The six-angled upright cereus or torch-thistle (*le cactier de surinam*) will grow forty feet high if unchecked in its growth. If cut it branches out from the angle directly below the part at which the incision was made. This species has a white flower as large as the hollyhock, and was the first to become

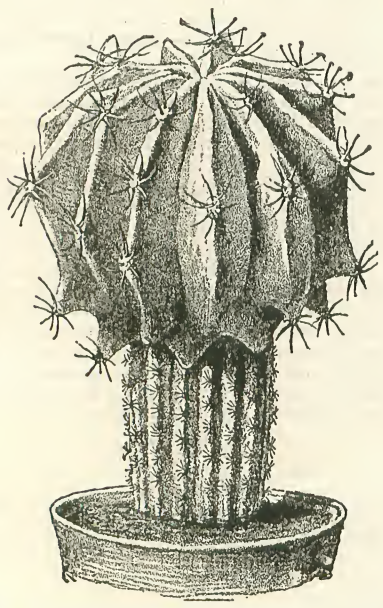


FIG. 1.—ECHINOCACTUS ELECTROCANTHUS.

common in English green-houses. It flowers seldom, usually in July, and may be trained on a trellis work of sticks, and kept throughout the winter in a warm inhabited room. It is upon plants of this genus that the cochineal insect feeds, especially on *Opuntia cochinellifera*. The Indians cultivate them in "nopaleries" for the sake of the insect. The female insect when dried constitutes the cochineal of commerce.

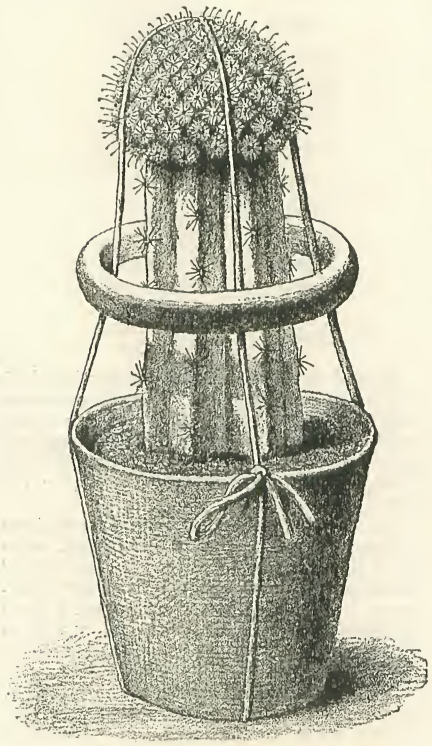


FIG. 2.—GRAFTING WITH THE RING.

On landing at Cape Town, travellers have often been struck by the beauty of the cactuses found there, and if they draw forth admiration in that land of colour and brilliance, how much more do they delight us in South Australia, where the eye tires so soon of the dusky green of the great gum-trees, and the long weird needle-like foliage of the shea oak. The colonist, home-sick for the tender green of the English hedge-rows, looks with disgust at the wire fences that skirt the fields, with their scanty stink-weed, or coarse couch-grass. It forms a pleasant feature when we meet with a prickly-pear hedge (*Opuntia vulgaris*), whose curious yellow fruit and long aloe-like fingers remind us even of lovely Italy, and that meal at scirocco-time, described with a vividness, that is almost creative, by Browning in his "Englishman in Italy"—

". . . . Supping in state,
We shall feast our grape-gleaners (two dozen, three over one plate)
With lasagne so tempting to swallow
In slippery ropes,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of popes.
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you;
The rain-water slips,
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe,
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence.
* * * *
Next sip this weak wine [its stopper,
From the thin green glass flask, with
A leaf of the vine;
And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh,
That leaves thro' its juice,
The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth,
Scirocco is loose."

But the strangest tales of these fleshy plants with their strange camel-like way of hoarding up moisture against a scorching day, come to us from a traveller who has seen rough times, subduing Dacoits and enforcing British justice in the wild Burmah country, off which

". . . . the flying fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay."

He speaks of the thick leathery skin of the cactus, almost like the "mussack" of the Indian "bhusti," and the sharp thorns that prick the noses of goats and cattle. The poetical Easterns give strange appropriate names to these plants. One kind has little prickles set all over it in small bunches, which stick into one's fingers and cause an irritation like caterpillar's hairs. This is called "tiger's tongue" by the Burmans. Another species has larger leaves with thorns an inch to an inch and a half long, sharp as needles, and hard and transparent like horn at the tips. Each thorn springs out of a little fluffy base. The officials used to use them for pins in the offices in Upper Burmah after the annexation, to pin files together, before things got into working order. One man was out on a pig-sticking expedition, and got thrown into a clump of this thorny cactus. He was unable to move until folk came and cut him out and carried him to a hospital where over three hundred spines were picked out of him.

These cactuses have a beautiful tube-shaped flower which springs out of the edge of the leaves, but the fruit is no good.

Another kind that is found in Burmah is the one which the natives call the "steeple," because it grows like the seven-storeyed steeples of the monasteries—those steeples which symbolise the seven-fold path of salvation of the Buddhist religion. This and the flat-leaved kinds are planted round villages to keep out cattle thieves and Dacoits. It is part of the duty of a village head-man in Upper Burmah to make his hedge strong and thief-proof, and he often plants a cactus hedge, as nothing can get through it when it grows thick.

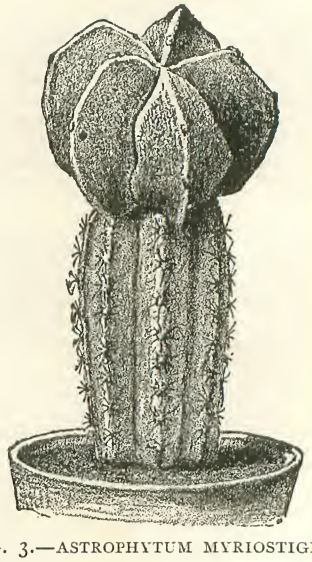


FIG. 3.—ASTROPHYTUM MYRIOSTIGMA.

A native of India died lately with all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and asserted that he had been bitten by a cobra. On examination it proved that the cobra had never touched him, but that in springing back he had run a cactus thorn into his foot and

had died of imagination, the thorn having been quite harmless.

The other kind of cactus we have in Burmah, says our traveller, grows like some sort of horned creature or a sea-weed tree, covered with barnacles, and coralline growths. It

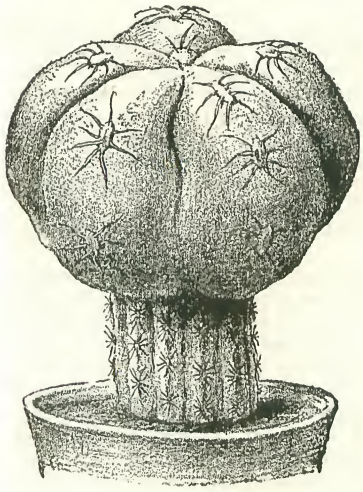


FIG. 4.—ECHINOCACTUS DENUDATUS.

stands like a candelabrum, stiff in any ordinary breeze, ungainly and void of grace, the very type of a curmudgeon, and yet not without the beauty that we feel in things which have made a brave and successful struggle against unfavourable environment.

Other tales come to us from hunters on the Rio Grande that forms the boundary between Texas and Coahuila in Mexico. The prickly pear cactus greatly complicates the shooting of the blue quail in the early chilly winter's dawn. Where prickly pear is, there is blue quail in those parts, for its succulent leaves constitute the food and drink of this bird. The spines so torment the poor dog that it is better to do without retrieving altogether than to spend so much time picking needles out of him at every covey. These brushes with their light leaves and dark fruit form the great feature of the chapparal thicket with its wild long-horned cattle, and blue or bob-white quails.

So much for tales of travel. Let us now turn our attention to the art of grafting cactuses in pots. Grafting is not an easy operation, but it is less difficult with cactuses than with many other plants. Certain kinds are apt to be weak when grown from seeds or slips, and then it is better to propagate by grafting. Care must be taken to choose suitable cactuses on which to graft fine ones. Such are *Cereus spactrianus*, *C. peruvianus*, *C. macrogonus*, *C. rostratus*, or quick growing pillar cactuses, also various kinds of *Opuntia*, or fig cactuses, and *Peirescia calandrinefolia* and *aculeata*. The fruit of the latter, under the name of Barbados gooseberry, is used in the West Indies as an article of diet.

On the two last the beautiful *Epiphyllum* cactus may be grafted, which blossoms towards Christmas time. It is well to have the *Peirescia* kind ready from slips for grafting. To carry out the process cut off the *Peirescia* slip to the height desired, and make an incision in the centre of the surface to the depth of about one-third to half an inch, then cut off a branch of the *Epiphyllum* with several leaves, making the incision downwards right to the heart of the wood on both sides of the stalk. This branch must then be put into the fissure in the *Peirescia* and held fast either by a pin or a cactus thorn which is stuck right through the two which are to be united. Supports will be needed after a short time's growth. The grafted cactuses in the pictures which accompany this paper are drawn from the graftings successfully performed by Herr Mundt, of Pankon near Berlin. The grafts consist of thick fleshy kinds of cactus applied to the stem or stock of *Cereus* or pillar cactuses.

Care must be taken before applying the cactus ball to the *Cereus* stock to cut or break off the ball very gently. A fairly shallow hole must be made in the graft with a sharp penknife, and it must then be put into the stock and the join smeared with grafting wax. Put a little wadding on the top of the ball, and pass a binding of bast under the pot, tying it at the edge of the surface of the pot, as may be seen in Fig. 2. The graft looks very like the cork of a champagne bottle. When you

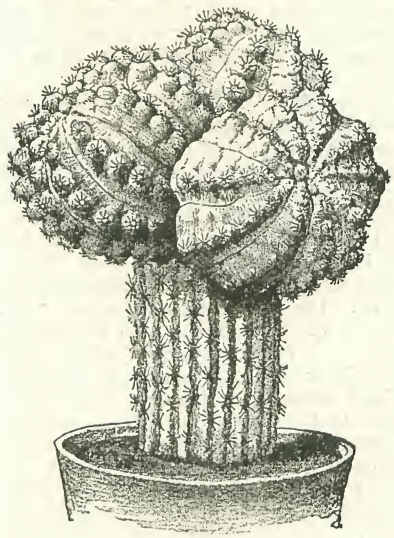


FIG. 5.—ECHINOPSIS AMOENA.

have grafted quickly-growing cactuses on *Peirescia* stocks they will in a short time require props to support their weight.

Herr Mundt's favourite stock was two to three year old seedlings or slips of grass-green *Cereus* cactuses. Blue-green kinds such as *Cer. azureus or Seidelii* do not answer for this purpose. Seedlings sown at the end of March may be grafted as early as July. Success depends on the stock and the graft being both of young green growth.

If the spines on the ball grow low down,

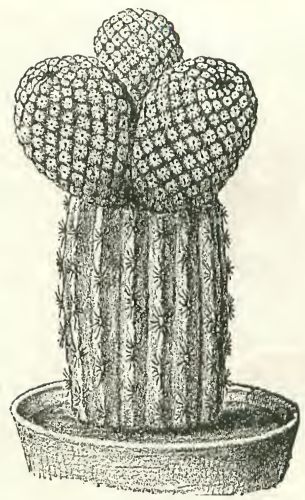


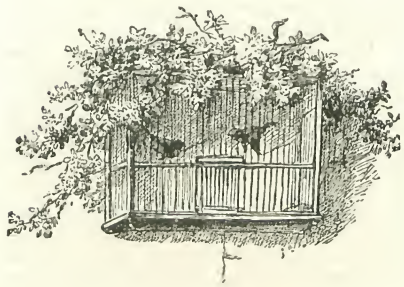
FIG. 6.—PELECYPHORA ASSELIFORMIS.

this sometimes causes a severing of the graft from the stock. To prevent this, press a ring down over the thread as described in Fig. 2. The pots with the graftings must be kept in a warm shady room for some time, and must not be watered for at least a week.

Fig. 3 represents the dotted star-cactus, sometimes called Bishop's Bonnet (*Astrophytum myriostigma*). This cactus has no spines, but when it is young it has bristles covered with thick wool, which disappear with its growth. The flower-buds grow several close together on the crown and are woolly and of slow growth. The flowers have no scent and are a yellow straw colour, appearing at the end of winter or the beginning of spring. The hedgehog cactus (*Echinocactus*) is a very interesting kind which resembles the foregoing in some respects, but has long spines.

In Fig. 4 we see the bare-headed hedgehog cactus (*Echinocactus denudatus*) which has spines sticking to the surface of a yellow or white shade. Fig. 1 is the amber-spined hedgehog cactus (*Echinocactus electracanthus*). One of the most beautiful sorts of cactus is the sea-urchin cactus or *Echinopsis*. It has curious shapes, usually ball-like, and long-tubed magnificent blossoms.

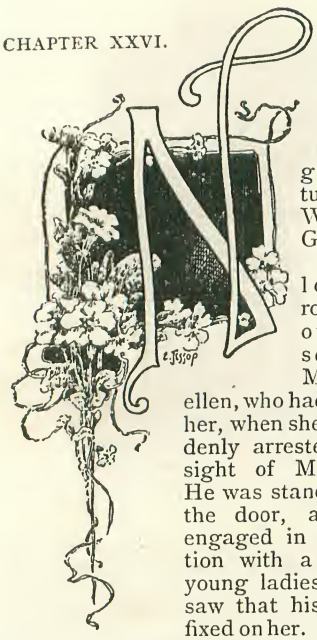
In Fig. 5 we have the lovely sea-urchin cactus (*Echinopsis amoena*); Fig. 6 resembles it in being three-headed. It represents the comb-like centipede cactus (*Pelecyphora asseliformis pectinata*). The centipede cactuses are very ornamental plants without prickles, and have knobs that are not unlike the bundle of rods enclosing the axe which was carried by the Roman lictors.



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.



"Now, my dear, you must play and sing to us again," said the good-natured Mr. Wynne to Gwenllean. She was looking round anxiously in search of Miss Llewellen, who had deserted her, when she was suddenly arrested by the sight of Mr. Grant. He was standing near the door, apparently engaged in conversation with a posse of young ladies, but she saw that his eye was fixed on her. She trembled as she returned the bow and smile of recognition and meaning, and looked again for Miss Llewellen. But Mr. Grant advanced towards them, and having first spoken to Mr. Wynne, and told him that he had come late on account of having waited for Lord Hastings, turned towards Gwenllean, and with a glance expressive of a hundred mingled feelings, pressed her hand. The glance and the pressure recalled Gwenllean to the remembrance of their mutual position.

"Do you know our fair harpist?" asked Mr. Wynne.

"I have the honour to live in the same parish," replied Mr. Grant, "and hope she will give us some music."

Gwenllean yielded and sang a little song, after which she looked faint, and he led her, for a few moments, to the drawing-room, where he contrived to say a great deal in a short space of time. He told her that he had been distressed at her so suddenly leaving home, and for such a cause, and that he had hoped she would have, at least, mentioned her intentions to him, after what had passed between them. He said he had seen her mother and sister before he left, and that the latter appeared better. That he had sent for a physician for her, who would probably be at the cottage in a day or two. Then he told her that Mr. Lloyd was in perfect security as regarded Jones, and that the affairs of the man himself were in a train for being settled, and he reinstated in his inn.

Gwenllean would have thanked Mr. Grant had not the recollection of the promise he had extorted before he consented to act, repulsed the words. As it was, she listened in silence, and felt inexpressibly relieved by the entrance of Lord Hastings and Miss Llewellen. The latter had been attracted by her and Mr. Grant, and seeing them leave the room, had followed, not liking to give her *protégée* up to Mr. Grant's exclusive care.

But that gentleman had no desire to appear engrossing, for he did not wish his gay friends to discover his attachment to Gwenllean. He had been seriously annoyed at her being removed at all from her retirement, particularly under present circumstances, before he had placed her in a position to rank with those she met. He did not wish her to be known as the teacher of the harp, though he cared not that her retired situation, as the poor, but lovely "White Rose of the Mountain," should be public. There was a romance in marrying, and bringing, for the first time, into society the beautiful creature, whom he saw universally admired, but now the charm was partly broken. Besides, he had half-a-dozen young ladies in the room with whom he was playing his worthy game of flirtation, and it was necessary that neither of them should suspect the humble Gwenllean to be her rival.

Miss Llewellen, whom he had met both in Wales and abroad, had once been his object; but he could not understand her peculiar character, and sarcastic reception of his most flattering compliments. She had been beyond him; and whilst he admired, he feared her, for he perceived that she read his designs, deep as he always supposed them to be. On the present occasion, then, he was quite as anxious to be relieved from a private conversation with Gwenllean as she was, and readily joined Miss Llewellen and Lord Hastings, to the former of whom he soon began to pay a few of his ordinary attentions.

But his eye was on Gwenllean whereever she went—and it was the jealous eye of a lover. He saw how much notice she attracted, and without seeming to follow her, listened to all that was said to her during the evening. Lord Hastings openly declared his appreciation of her modest beauty and natural refinement, and she appeared so much more at ease with him than with any one else, that he watched them closely. Perhaps Miss Llewellen was also struck by the Earl's kindness to Gwenllean, for there were so few he really liked. She was just the sort of girl to attract him, for his notions were generous and romantic. He spurned, she knew, all mercenary motives, and worshipped genuine excellence under whatever garb it appeared. And here was a creature, gifted by nature with beauty and talents, but wholly free from affectation, art, knowledge of the world, and that tact which he despised; yet a lady in the purest sense of the word. She sighed and almost wished that she had been cast into such a sphere, even though poverty were her portion; for the only person she had ever liked, despised her, perhaps, for the very circumstances for which the rest of the world courted her, and could not understand her exalted mind, because she scorned to seek his favour, by displaying to him feelings that he believed her, in common with other fashionable young ladies, deficient in.

But Miss Llewellen was mistaken. There were times when Lord Hastings's eyes were bent upon her with an earnestness unusual to him. He believed that her natural impulses were good, but that they were not followed by that perseverance, so essential to genuine excellence—in short, he admired her as a noble-minded woman, but disliked her in her fictitious character of a heartless beauty, and still more as an heiress, spoilt and indulged from childhood. His love was real—his disgust imaginary; the one was the result of his true feelings, the other of his prejudice.

During the evening Gwenllean was again asked to sing. She was very unequal to it; but she did not venture to refuse. Lord Hastings stood by her harp, and inquired whether she could play a little, plaintive Welsh air, that he admired very much, and which he tried to hum over, to bring it to her mind, as he did not know the name. She was only too well acquainted with it, for it was Herbert's favourite air, and from him she felt assured Lord Hastings must have derived his knowledge of it.

She played it over, and then he asked if there were any words to it. Alas! she knew none but those poor Herbert had written for her, and it was death to sing them. No one, however, but Mr. Grant and herself, was aware who had composed them, and he joined in the request for the song.

She had learnt to subdue her feelings, and to act when she was sick at heart, so with a trembling voice she sung the following:—

AR HYD Y NOS.

All through the Night.

Dark her life, unhappy maiden,
Once gay and bright:
By her sorrows heavy-laden,
Bewildered quite.
Then her footsteps bounded gladly,
Now all day she sitteth sadly;
Waking, sleeping, wandereth madly
All through the night.

He had humbly knelt before her
With prayers and tears:
He had promised to adore her
Through long, long years.
He had seen her wild emotion;
Won her young heart's deep devotion;
Then had left her on the ocean
Of life's dark fears.

He had left her to her sorrow,
And felt no pain:
He had promised on the morrow
To come again:
As each morrow by her flieth,
Still her lone heart sadly sigheth,
And her faint voice feebly crieth,
He'll come again.

When the gloom of eve is creeping
Upon the light,
Like a ghost she wandereth, weeping,
O'er dale and height:
Or beside some lonely river,
Where the rushes moan and quiver,
She will sit and wail and shiver,
All through the night.

Gwenllean sang this song with thrilling pathos. Although her voice occasionally quivered from inward agitation, she went through it faultlessly. Whilst she was drawing tears from the eyes of many of her auditors, her own were dry; but her heart was heavy and cold. Before its last sound had ceased to linger upon the ear of those around her, and whilst the gaze of every one present was bent in admiration upon her, she rose, and moved towards a neighbouring table. A portfolio of drawings lay open before her, and, wishing to seem engaged, she turned them over mechanically, whilst her hand trembled, and her head became giddy.

She was soon joined by Miss Llewellen, Lord Hastings, Mr. Grant, and others, who came to express their thanks for the delight she had afforded them. Miss Llewellen's quick perception soon told her that all was not right with Gwenllean, and to change the subject, and to divert general attention from her, remarked upon the excellence of a water-colour landscape that lay upon the top of the other drawings of the portfolio.

"I have certainly seen the original," said Lord Hastings. "It is the view from Glanheathyn parsonage."

"It is your drawing, Miss Llewellen," said Mr. Grant, involuntarily. "How could it have come here?"

"Oh no?" exclaimed Mrs. Wynne, "I bought it the other day;" then, as if recollecting herself, she added; "but you draw, it appears, Miss Llewellen. Mr. Grant always finds out the accomplishments of the young ladies."

Gwenllean's long-lost colour rushed to her cheeks. It was, indeed, one of her sketches, and there were others besides. Everybody perceived that she was the unknown artist, whose drawings had excited astonishment wherever David had offered them; but delicacy forbade further allusion to the subject. Mr. Grant looked annoyed—Lord Hastings offered Gwenllean his arm to conduct her to the supper-room; but she complained of head-ache as she walked thither, and asked him whether he thought she might be premitted to retire.

He understood her feelings, and leading her into the hall shook her kindly by the hand, and wished her good-night, saying, as he left her, that he had been looking for an opportunity to talk to her of Mr. Lloyd and Glanheathyn, but having failed, must defer it till the morrow.

Solitude brought Gwenllean the relief of tears. Miss Llewellen, who followed her to her room, as soon as she could leave the company with propriety, assisted her to undress, and, with judicious kindness, avoided noticing her distress, and attributed her headache to fatigue.

"I have much to say to you to-morrow," she said, "so you must sleep well, and we will take an early walk, to ensure being uninterrupted."

Gwenllean entreated her to say it then, but she positively refused, and having given Gwenllean a simple sleeping potion and seen her into bed, she sat down in a comfortable easy-chair, and tried to discover what could have made one so young and lovely so unhappy.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MOLLIE.—1. Freckles are very difficult, in many cases impossible, to remove. Peroxide of hydrogen sometimes bleaches them. If they only occur in hot sunny weather, remaining in a dark room will cure them.—2. You had far better leave your hair alone, as you cannot bleach it without rendering it brittle and liable to fall out.

SOMNAMBULIST.—It is exceedingly difficult to tell whether somnambulism is genuine or feigned, and nobody except a specialist skilled in mental disease can tell for certain. From your description, we think it is exceedingly probable that your brother is a genuine case, and strongly recommend you to consult a specialist.

A WEE LASSIE.—You suffer from one of the varieties of "relaxed throats." The best way to cure it is by washing out the nose and mouth, and gargling three times a day with the following:—℞ potassii chloratis, sodii biboratis, sodii bicarbonatis, āā ʒfs.; sacchr alb. ʒj. One teaspoonful to be dissolved in half a tumbler of tepid water. Another useful wash is made by dissolving two tabloids of "alumnol" (gr. iv.) in half a pint of warm water and using it as the former preparation.

HESTER.—The roughness and pimples that you complain of are due to acne. You will obtain very great improvement by using sulphur ointment every evening, and washing your face with sulphur soap. Washing the face in warm milk is not injurious, but it is not very efficacious.

FREDA MARY.—For "nettle-rash" lasting as long as eighteen months, we know of no better remedy than "ichthiol." This drug is taken in the form of pills, each containing gr. 2½. Two pills are taken every night. Locally lead lotion is often very useful.

TROUBLED DAISY.—You will find that sulphur soap will improve your complexion. It is very common for girls of sixteen to be troubled in the same way. It is one of the minor degrees of acne.

ADA SINAS-COOPER.—What you describe is certainly an abscess in connection with the fang of the tooth. You had far better make up your mind to have the tooth out, as abscesses about the root of a tooth are very difficult to heal, and constantly recur after they have once healed. The danger of having a tooth extracted is exceedingly small; in fact, it is not more dangerous than a pin-prick. The abscesses moreover do cause a certain amount of danger, and as they only occur in connection with diseased teeth, there is every reason to have the tooth removed.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SQUIRREL.—1. You do not quote enough of your poem for us to be able to identify it.—2. We sympathise with you in your longing to obtain a bicycle. We do not think you can save for the purpose out of a dress allowance of £8 a year, but we think you might fairly put by part of the money you earn by giving painting lessons. The cheapest way for you would be to get a really good second-hand machine, such as you may see advertised for sale in any cycling journal. We should advise you to try and earn all you can by painting, and save a little at a time in the Post Office Savings Bank; it soon mounts up.

KADJ.—We consider your little story graphically written and interesting. It is not quite long enough, as your readers would want to know the fate of the gipsy, and how he came to be lying in the ruins. If you practise original composition, and read and study meanwhile, you may very likely succeed in the future.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Your verses are not "rubbish," but you need to study the rules of form. Your metre varies too much; for instance, your ear may show you that these first lines of verses are not equal in length:—

"Gird on thy heavenly armour,"

and,

"Toil onwards in thy upward path."

You use "lay" for "lie" in verse 3. The thoughts you express are very good.

SNIKTA.—Many of the ideas expressed by the author you name have force and truth in them. But the whole style is disfigured by exaggeration and conceit; and we do not advise you to accept this writer's description of modern society. Passages may be culled from the works in question to show that men and women are alike hopelessly bad, with a few subline exceptions. This is not the view of humanity which is in accordance with fact, or the view which, we may add, is taken by the masters of literary art.

MARIE.—Copyright is the property which an author holds in an original work, therefore no process is needful for you to acquire it. But to prevent infringement of this right, works are registered on publication at Stationers' Hall. You may have noticed the words "Ent. Sta. Hall" on the title-page of music. If your song is accepted by a publisher, he will see to this, but we are unable to give names. Apply to some well-known firm.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

FRANÇOIS (*Nursery Governess*).—You can very well ask £30 a year as nursery governess with the education you have had. But we would urge on you to try to obtain some definite qualifications if you possess none already. The present time would be more profitably occupied, for instance, in preparing for two groups of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations than in taking a situation. We know of only too many girls who, obtaining situations as nursery governess for a few years when, like you, they are quite young, are afterwards unable to find any employment. It is all-important, then, not to enter the teaching profession unless from the first you can take an assured position in it. With regard to your second question we think the *Revue Illustrée* would suit your purpose, but the French are now as well provided with popular family magazines and weekly papers as we are.

ZAROTA (*Design and Illumination*).—Try to develop your talent for design, it is evidently well worth cultivating. It might be desirable to see what you could learn at the Liverpool School of Science and Technology, 21, Islington Flags, or at the Waterloo-with-Seaforth Technical Classes at Waterloo. Design would repay you much better in the long run than illuminating, though the latter might sometimes be profitable. If you can design patterns which your friends are glad to copy for their fancy work, you should succeed with a wider public. Might it not be worth while to offer specimens of your patterns to the publishers who bring out books on needlework? Another kind of drawing that is profitable and in constant demand is the designing of book-covers and head and tailpieces. We hope you will succeed in one or other of the lines we have indicated.

JANE (*Lip-Reading*).—You should write to the secretary of the association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, 11, Fitzroy Square, London, W., and ask on what terms you could be taught at the Training College. There is a good opening, we believe, for women who can teach the deaf and dumb upon this system.

CATHERINE S. (*Typewriting*).—A correspondent, writing from a school of typewriting, wishes to let you know in reply to your recent question that girls who can play the piano usually are more expert at typewriting than others. It is very advantageous to be able to use the third and fourth fingers of the hand, and this pianoforte players have usually learnt to do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORAG.—Upon inquiring ourselves on the Continent (in Switzerland) this year, and writing down our requirements plainly, we found no difficulty in obtaining what we required at a first-class pharmacy, or chemist's keeping English things, or calling themselves "Pharmacie Anglaise." Tabloids of most kinds are kept, and a good foreign chemist will have a dictionary of the English Pharmacopœia. Tabloids are of the nature of a patent medicine, and so is the other article. They would not require to be made up, but would be kept in stock, and the names would not require translation. If you wrote them down plainly in English you would obtain them, as we did other tabloids, with no difficulty, as they are of English manufacture.

MRS. ELIZA EDWARDS.—The office of the "General Domestic" Servants' Benevolent Institution is at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., of which a prospectus, and full information, may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. William Sly. We have heard of a local society that gave premiums to a very limited number of servants under special circumstances, but these were restricted to the parish itself, and none outside it were eligible. The best advice we can give is to write to the place we have indicated.

ANXIOUS.—If you do not require a Home for Idiots, but only for a person who is "deficient and peculiar," we think you will have to find some private residence in a country village, where the charge would be less than in a town. Of course the kind of peculiarities to which you refer would greatly tend to decide the charge made. If mischievous, or thievish, or disposed to violence of temper; or inclined to any undesirable habits, and causing unsuitability to sit at table with the family, or to be left alone at night, you will be obliged to pay for training and supervision, as well as a separate living-room, in addition to board, lodging and ordinary attendance.

SYLVIA.—You ask whether it would be too soon after your mother's death to go to a temperance meeting, but do not say when she died? You should wear mourning for a year, retaining the crape till quite worn out, and then wearing plain black. Of course crape on sleeves may have to be replaced more than once.

AMERICAN GIRL.—Children having only one parent in common are half-brothers and half-sisters to each other. There is no question of their being aunts or uncles to each other, but sisters and brothers. Unless the married friend were young, it would not be polite to inquire the date of her marriage.



PENCIL AND BRUSH.—1. A member of the Royal Academy is entitled to hang eight pictures at the annual exhibition. It is a private institution without any grant from the Government, although under the control and superintendence of the Sovereign. There used to be forty-two academicians, six honorary foreign ones, and two honorary retired ones, between twenty and thirty associates and two associate engravers. We have not heard of any recent changes.—2. It was Henry Mills who invented the type-writing machine, so long ago as 1714, and who took out the patent for it in the same year. How nearly those in present use resemble it we cannot tell you.

S. E. MOOR.—We are obliged to you for your intimation of change of address, and are glad to notify the same to our readers who require that of the "Y.W.C.A." The headquarters are now established at 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. (removed from 316, Regent Street, W.).

PHOTOGRAPHINE had better write to the address given in the article. We do not give any, in reference to trade, in our Correspondence. We would have sent you a list of the appliances required for the work if you had not got the article. You write a very good hand; but you do not cross your "t's"; and the little hump made at the lower extremity of the letter is incorrect. A "t" has none there.

ARCHIE.—It is quite true that Martin Farquhar Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* passed through fifty editions, and his house at Upper Norwood was filled with copies of these, and of some twenty other works of his. He had a house at Albury, Surrey, where he mostly lived, till in old age he preferred Norwood, where he daily frequented the Crystal Palace.

BAB.—1. Photographs should never be affixed with ordinary gum nor paste. A special kind of gum may be had from an artists' colourman's and elsewhere; but it is quite safe to use uncoloured starch (home-made) very thinly laid on, the thinner the better.—2. June 1, 1872, was a Saturday; Feb. 15, 1874, a Sunday; and March 15, 1877, a Thursday. We are glad you find special interest in our correspondents' column.

FAIR JAPAN (Nagasaki).—1. A darkish lemon-yellow is much in fashion at present, and suits the complexion of a brunette. Crimson and heliotrope are likewise becoming to them.—2. It is impossible to decide such a question as your second; tastes in names, as in all things else, cannot be placed under rule. One and the same person may like several names equally well, and some names are rendered specially agreeable through their associations. Even amongst unquestionably beautiful things there will be a difference of opinion between really competent critics as to the best.

COLONIST.—The oldest of all our British colonies is Newfoundland, the settlers in which island are nicknamed "Blue Noses." John Cabot discovered it in A.D. 1497, and he was rewarded from the Privy Purse, as recorded under date August 10th of the same year, with a sum of £10, the entry being "to him who found the New Isle." In 1583 Sir H. Gilbert took formal possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Between its discovery by Cabot, and the annexation by Gilbert, it was visited by Gaspard de Coltereal, a Portuguese navigator, and some two years subsequently fisheries were established there. The exact spot opposite to London on the other side of the globe is the ocean south-east of New Zealand, near a small island, which was given the title of Antipodes Island, in honour of its position with reference to the greatest city in the world.

ELAINE.—You quote a passage recorded by St. John from a discourse of our blessed Lord, and make the promise of general application. No single text should be dissevered from companion passages. Holy Scripture should always be its one interpreter whenever that is possible. In the present case the evangelist quotes the divinely-spoken words without comment; but if you refer to his own (1 Epistle v. 14, 15) you will find his own understanding of his Master's promise, and by divine inspiration he says, "if we ask anything *according to His will*, He heareth us." We are commanded to ask for "daily bread" for bodily healing (a petition which in His earthly mission, He always sanctioned, by granting it); we are to pray for the help of His Holy Spirit for grace, and preservation from temptation; and to "call upon Him in the time of trouble;" but nowhere are women told to pray for husbands, more especially for any man of our individual choice. In your own case He may see that the man you would choose would *not* be "the greatest of gifts," and "His mercy" might be shown in keeping you asunder. Perhaps it would be better for you not to marry at all. Let your prayer rather be "choose Thou my path. He will answer that prayer, and for your truest happiness.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 902.] APRIL 10, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



"'MY SISTER—MY OWN SISTER!' SOBBED GWENLLEAN."

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XXVII.



THE next morning the two friends were abroad before the rest of Mrs. Wynne's guests had risen from their beds. It was a fine, bracing day, scarcely belonging to autumn and scarcely to be claimed by winter. The sun shone brightly upon the frost-covered lawns and flower-beds, and melted the hoary dew that hung upon the shrubs and the few remaining flowers into liquid diamonds, that sparkled more brightly than the gems on the neck and brow of an Eastern queen. Death and life were strangely mingled in the gardens. The once gaudy and many-coloured dahlias had been stricken by the frost, and hung down their lifeless stems, discoloured and corpse-like. Here and there salvias and verbenas had resisted the destroyer, and looked gracefully up at the sun from amongst their withered sisters. The red geranium, too, had survived the general scourge, and some languid roses glanced fearfully from the protecting shade of the still green myrtle, to use a simile from the language of flowers, like love sheltered by constancy.

The girls did not pause to moralise upon the shortness of life, and the uncertain duration of beauty, as they passed quickly through the garden-paths by the withered flowers; neither did they seem to remark the sparkling gossamer that hung, like fairy-necklaces, amidst the dark leaves of the evergreens in the shrubberies; yet both were dear lovers of Nature. Their conversation was too engrossing to allow any passing scene or person to occupy even a thought. They spoke of the past, and not of the present. As they directed their steps through the gardens to the plantations, they took no note of the huge half-naked limbs of the oak and ash, upon which the rags of the fine clothing of better days hung negligently, and ready to fall off at the first blast; neither did they hear the crisp, pleasant rustling of the dry leaves beneath their feet, that seemed to be rejoicing in the fine, warm sun that had given their withered fibres a kind of vitality again, and made them look, in their sober browns and dark reds, almost as bright as they used to do in their fresh, many-shaded greens and yellows. The wood-walks were cheered by the sunbeams that found their way through the bare branches, and looked as if they rejoiced in having the summer clothing of the trees to cover them; whilst the stream that ran purling by their side, sung a merry song to the good-tempered sun that had come to visit it at last.

Subdued were the voices, and earnest the looks of the two young girls, who wandered through these sunny paths, and a spectator would have thought Nature, even in her rags and grey hairs, was gayer than they were in their youth and beauty.

"And did you know Herbert Llewellen?" asked Gwenllean in a broken voice.

"Intimately," replied Miss Llewellen, "and I shall remember him as long as I live. He was the first person with whom I ever held a rational conversation, or who led me to speak on religious subjects. It was he who called forth thoughts and feelings that I did not know before that I possessed; and who seemed to take an interest in me on my own account, and not because I was supposed to be an heiress."

"Where and when did you meet him?" asked Gwenllean, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Miss Llewellen gave her the history of her encounter with Herbert and Lord Hastings in the mountains of Italy.

"Then you are the lady he mentioned in his last letter to Mr. Lloyd?" said Gwenllean.

"I am; and I am glad to think he named me to his grandfather. I scarcely know how it happened, but Lord Hastings and Mr. Llewellen remained a long time near us, and we saw them frequently. My aunt liked Lord Hastings, and knew something of his family, and it was pleasant to him to be introduced to foreign society. As I said before, Mr. Llewellen seemed to understand me, and saw that whilst no pains had been spared to make me accomplished, none had been taken to make me religious. A good seed had been blown into my heart, now and then, by some unknown influence, but he perceived that it had fallen amongst weeds, and struggled with difficulty to spring into a flower. He made me think. The pure sky of Italy, the magnificent mountains, the moon, the stars, all creation, gave him elevated thoughts, that for my good he clothed in words. And not, I venture to hope, in vain. He taught me to look beyond the present, and to seek happiness in some higher object than the mere enjoyment of the passing hour."

"And Lord Hastings—his family—were they kind to him to the last?" sobbed Gwenllean.

"I believe David and Jonathan, or Pylades and Orestes, were never more faithful friends than were Lord Hastings and Mr. Llewellen. The finest trait in Lord Hastings's character is his love for him." Here Miss Llewellen paused, but soon added, "They all loved him, and no one could have perceived that any difference of rank existed amongst them. I went abroad at an early age with my aunt, who married an Italian count by the name of Sforza, shortly after she arrived in Italy; and even she liked him."

"Tell me, oh, tell me!" gasped Gwenllean, scarcely able to articulate, "what was your aunt's name before she married in Italy?"

"Somerville," replied Miss Llewellen.

"My sister—my own sister!" sobbed Gwenllean; and, uttering a kind of hysteric scream, she fell, fainting, against the tree that grew at the back of the seat on which they rested.

Miss Llewellen supported her instantly, and amazed at her words and terrified at her insensibility, turned almost as pale as Gwenllean. She unfastened her bonnet—she kissed her cheek—she called upon her passionately to explain her words—but she could not succeed in restoring her. She laid her gently down upon the rustic bench, and ran to the little brook, into which she dipped her handkerchief, and returning to Gwenllean bathed her temples and hands. Still no signs of returning consciousness. She remembered a smelling-bottle that she carried in her pocket, and immediately emptied the eau-de-Cologne it contained upon the pale forehead. This took gradual effect. Gwenllean's lips moved and her eyes unclosed. The words, "My sister," again rose and died upon her lips. Miss Llewellen kissed her, and entreated her to rouse herself from her swoon, and to explain what she meant. A smile and a flush lighted up her countenance for a moment and then faded away, whilst the eyes again closed, and the head sunk back She soon, however, revived once more, and her countenance gradually regained its usual expression. When she recognised Miss Llewellen, she looked dreamily at her, as one awaking from a long sleep, and pressing her hand upon her forehead asked the usual questions of where she was, and what had happened. Suddenly, memory resumed her powers, and she raised herself, looked at Miss Llewellen, and fell upon her neck. Tears came to relieve her overflowing heart, and she sobbed aloud; whilst Miss Llewellen clasped her arms around her, and wept with her—she scarcely knew why. They remained a short time in this attitude, when Gwenllean aroused herself, and looking almost wildly at Miss Llewellen, and clasping both her hands in hers, exclaimed—

"You are my sister!—my dear, long-loved, long-lost sister, Clare Llewellen."

"What do you—what can you mean?" said Miss Llewellen, relieving herself from the agony of suspense that had oppressed her, by the earnestness of her voice and manner. "Tell me, for pity's sake, what strange discovery you have made?"

"That we are sisters," almost shrieked Gwenllean; "that my mother is your mother—my sister your sister—and that we all love you dearly—oh! how dearly," and again she cast her arms round Miss Llewellen's neck.

"But my sister and mother are dead," exclaimed Miss Llewellen. "You must be mistaken."

"No, no—I am your sister. Do not disown me now I have found you. It would break my heart, which is already almost broken."

"Disown you—never! never! I should only be too grateful for such

a sister—but it seems a dream—an impossibility — explain it, I entreat you."

"I scarcely know what to explain," said Gwenllean, "I only know that I had a sister, whose name was Clare. I remember her as a little child, and how dearly we loved one another, although we seldom met. Our aunt, Lady Somerville, adopted her, and when my dear father, Sir Howel Llewellen died, she took her away from us. I do not think Lady Somerville liked mamma, for she never noticed her in our great troubles; and shortly after we left our own home, she ceased to write to us, and finally went abroad. In vain mamma has sought to discover her address; and for many, many years, she has suffered much pain and anxiety about you, my own dear sister. She never liked to mention the subject, therefore I have been obliged to brood over it in secret, and to think of you, and pray for you, alone. You do not, you cannot, know how, night and morning, I have entreated the Almighty for this great happiness, which He has mercifully brought about. How I have treasured up, in my heart, every word I have ever heard concerning you—and how I have tried to imagine what you were like, supposing you still lived. Thank God for this hour! Oh! my dear mother, how will you rejoice in this meeting and discovery. How will all your sorrows be forgotten in this one great joy."

Mingled feelings of delight and indignation swelled the bosom of Clare Llewellen as she listened to this history, told by her newly-found sister. Her first impulse, upon its conclusion, was to strain her to her heart in a warm embrace, and to exclaim—

"How grossly, how shamefully have I been deceived," her second to clasp her hands, and uplift her eyes to heaven, whilst her heart uttered an inward thanksgiving to her Heavenly Father for His great mercies.

It was some time before she regained her composure. When she did so, she again said—

"What a shameful deception! To have a mother and sister, and to be told they were both dead, and that ere she died, that mother had disgraced her family, and ruined her husband."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Gwenllean, indignantly. "My mother! our mother! The most patient and sweetest of earthly beings. Who could dare to tell you this?"

"My aunt," replied Clare. "Whenever I questioned her concerning my relatives, she always entreated me not to name a subject so painful, and assured me that my mother never even inquired for me. This in my childhood. When the recollection of my mother and of you faded from my memory, and I again, as I grew older, named my parents, my aunt burst into hysteric tears, and told me that they were dead; that my mother had been the ruin of her dear brother—that she was a selfish, unprincipled woman—and that I had better avoid the subject for the future, as it gave her pain, and if mentioned to others, must be productive of disagreeable results. I ventured to ask about my sisters, and she said they were also dead. Whenever I hinted, in any way, at those friends, who were always nearest my heart, my aunt became so excitable, that I was compelled, at last, to cease making any reference to them. When I obtained permission to visit Mrs. Wynne, it was under a promise that I would never make any inquiries concerning my family, as my aunt said they would be painful to anyone who might have known my father, and must bring out disclosures connected with my mother's folly. When I first saw you at the Eisteddfod, my heart was moved by something more than mere pity or admiration towards you. Doubtless God gave me the strong feelings that agitated me, and impelled me during my present visit, to make a pretence of learning the Welsh harp the means of our meeting again. I recognised the old harper, your friend, when he came here the other day, and at once begged Mrs. Wynne to ask him whether he knew any young person who could teach me, though I confess that I did not, when I saw you first, believe you to be the one I sought. That I, who love so few, should have loved you ever since, is wonderful; though it would seem impossible for anyone to help loving you. My aunt I can never forgive—never. Mother! Sister! What blessed words. To be loved, really loved by you, my sweet sister. I have a book now in which a childish hand has written—'Clare, from her dear sister Gwenllean,' the only record I possess of you, and which I have hid and treasured as a precious legacy. We will never part again. Let us go at once, this moment to my mother."

The more prudent Gwenllean pointed out the impracticability of such a proceeding, and the necessity of secrecy. The morning was far advanced before they had the courage to return towards the house; and long and fondly had they talked of their mother, and their other sister, ere they did so. Everything was forgotten—time, place, and circumstances—in the perfect happiness of that unexpected and providential reunion.

(*To be continued.*)

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART VII.

DISILLUSION.



WAS sent with a servant from Pau to Bagnères. She soon dried my tears by reminding me of the hideous blue and white knitted cuffs which my hot and rebellious fingers had for weeks been busy in knitting for my mother, and which I should now be able to present personally. They were of a size suitable to the wrist of a man of about eight feet, and the irregularities at the edge where I had forgotten to slip the stitch were concealed by stiff little ruchings of blue satin ribbon. I thought of them with unspeakable pride.

We reached Bagnères after dark, and my passion of joy at seeing my mother again was heightened by the knowledge that I had so rich a gift to bestow upon her. We had late dinner, in itself an event to me, and then I tasted for the first time the delicious *chemin de fer*, a kind of open tart made of almond paste and oranges covered with a crisp icing or caramel. I have never tasted this anywhere else, and though I have tried again and again to reproduce it in my own kitchen, I have never obtained even a measure of success. Even to this delicacy the thought of those blue and white cuffs added flavour.

After dinner I slipped away and made hay of the contents of my box till I found the precious treasures. I returned solemnly to the room where my mother was sitting by the bright wood fire, with the wax candles on the polished table.

"Mamma," I said (we called our mothers "mamma" in the sixties), "I have made you a present all my very own self, and it's in here."

"Whatever can it be?" said my mother, affecting an earnest interest. She undid the paper slowly. "Oh, what beautiful cuffs! Thank you, dear. And did you make them all your very own self?"

My sisters also looked at and praised the cuffs, and I went happy to bed. When I was lying between the sheets I heard one of my sisters laughing in the next room. She was talking, and I knew she was speaking of my precious cuffs. "They would just fit a coal-heaver," she said.

She never knew that I heard her, but it was years before I forgave that unconscious outrage to my feelings.

Bagnères de Bigorre is built in the midst of mountain streams. Streams cross the roads, streams run between the houses, under the houses, not quiet, placid little streams, such as meander through our English meadows, but violent, angry, rushing, boiling little mountain torrents that thunder along their rocky beds. Sometimes one of these streams is spanned by a dark arch, and a house built over it. What good fortune that one of these houses should have been the one selected by my mother—on quite other grounds, of course—and, oh! the double good fortune I, even I, was to sleep in the little bedroom actually built on the arch itself that spanned the mountain stream! It was delightful, it was romantic, it was fascinating. I could fancy myself a princess in a tower by the rushing Rhine as I heard the four-foot torrent go thundering along with a noise that would not have disgraced a full-grown river. It had every charm the imagination could

desire, but it kept me awake till the small hours of the morning. It was humiliating to have to confess that even romance and a rushing torrent did not compensate for the loss of humdrum, commonplace sleep, but I accepted that humiliation and slept no more in the little room overhanging the torrent.

The next day was, I confess, tiresome to me, and I, in consequence, tiresome to other people; the excitement of coming back to my mother had quickly worn off. My mother was busy letter-writing, so were my sisters. I missed Marguerite, Mimi, even my lessons. There was something terribly unhomelike about the polished floor, the polished wooden furniture, the marble-topped chests of drawers with glass handles, and the cold greyness of the stone-built houses outside. I wandered about the suite of apartments, every now and then rubbing myself like a kitten against my mother's shoulder and murmuring, "I don't know what to do." I tried drawing, but the pencil was bad and the paper greasy. I thought of reading, but there was no book there I cared for. It was one of the longest days I ever spent. That evening my sister said to me—

"Daisy, would you like to see a shepherdess, a real live shepherdess?"

Now, I had read of shepherdesses in my *Contes de Fées*. I knew that they wore rose-wreathed Watteau hats, short satin skirts, and flowered silk overdresses, that spinning was part of their daily toil, and that they danced in village festivals, generally at moments when the king's son was riding by to the hunt.

"Oh, I should like to see a shepherdess," I said. "But do you mean a real one who keeps sheep and spins and everything?"

"Oh, yes; she stands at her cottage door and spins while she watches her sheep, and eats a beautiful kind of yellow bread made of maize, that looks and tastes like cake. I daresay she would give you some if you asked her."

The mention of the shepherdess dissipated my boredom. I climbed on my sister's knee and begged for a fairy story. "And let it be about shepherdesses," I said.

My sister had a genius for telling fairy-stories. If she would only write them now as she told them then, all the children in England would insist on having her fairy-stories, and none others. She told me a story that had a shepherdess in it and a king's son, of course; a wicked fairy, a dragon and a coach, and many other interesting and delightful characters. I went to bed happy in the knowledge that the fairy-world was stooping to earth, and that the fairy-world and this world of ours would touch to-morrow, and touch at the point where I should behold the shepherdess.

I spent the next morning happily enough in drawing fancy portraits of the shepherdess, the king's son, and the wicked fairy. My sister lent me her paints and her best sable brush, and life blossomed anew under the influence of a good night's rest.

In the afternoon we started out to see the shepherdess. Over the cobble stones of the streets, among the little mountain torrents, we picked our way, and came at last to green pastures at the foot of the mountains. The Pyrenees were so bright in their snow coats touched by the sun that our eyes could not bear to look at them.

"We shall soon come to the shepherdess," said my sister, cheerfully. "You must not expect her to be like the ones in fairy tales, you know."

"Of course not," said I; but in my heart I did.

We came presently to a sloping pasture, strewn with fragments of rock.

"There she is," said my sister, "sitting on a stone spinning with her sheep round her."

I looked; but could see no one save one old woman, the witch probably.

"Where? I don't see her," I said. By this time we were close to the old woman.

"There's your shepherdess," said my sister in English, "look at her nice quaint dress and the spindle and distaff."

I looked, but such a sight had no charms for me. Where was my flowered-silk, Watteau-hatted maiden? Where was her crook with the pink ribbons on it? And as for the king's son, his horse could never have ridden up this steep hillside. It was a disenchanted world where I stood gazing sadly at a wrinkled faced old woman in a blue woollen petticoat and coarse linen apron, a gay-coloured shawl crossed on her breast, a gay-coloured handkerchief knotted round her head. She had wooden shoes, and her crook was a common wooden one with a bit of iron at the end, and not a ribbon nor a flower on it. But she was very kind. She took us up to her little hut among the rocks and gave us milk and maize bread at my sister's request. The maize bread was like sawdust, or a Bath bun of the week before last; but had it been ambrosia, I could not have tasted a second mouthful—my heart was too full. I came home in silence. My sister was sad because the little treat had not pleased me. I did not mean to be ungrateful; I was only struggling savagely with the misery of my first disillusion. Like Mrs. Over-the-way, I had looked for pink roses, and found only *feuilles mortes*.

TO GIRLS WHO WISH TO BE WELL.

By "MEDICUS."

Gloomy winter's noo awa',
Saft the western breezes blaw,
'Mong the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings so cheery-O.
Sweet the craw-pea's early bell,
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless dearie-O."

AREN'T those bonnie words, girls all? If I were not to burst into song now and then, either with some wild lilt of my own, or an extract from somebody else, I should soon, figuratively speaking—for, worse luck, I live on shore now and not in a ship—be lowered over the side in a hammock, a fifty-six pound shot at my head and one at my feet to keep me still and quiet at the dark ocean-bottom, till the sea gives up its dead. Our worthy Editor, who is himself more poetic than prosy, sometimes brings me up with a round turn, when I feel inclined to run off with myself. "No dreaming, doctor," he says. "Pray be practical—severely practical."

But I simply smile and tell him, that if he wants to tame a starling he must catch him very young indeed.

Well, now, I believe myself that this health sermon of mine will be singularly satisfactory as far as the season of the year is concerned. And I will tell you why. Thousands of my readers who have not been over strong throughout the winter and spring months, have now the long, sunny, summer days and golden hours of autumn nearly all before them, and if they can only be prevailed upon to take time by the forelock and do as I advise, the lark himself singing high up yonder—a dark speck against a fleecy cloudlet—will not be more happy than they.

Happy, *because* healthy.

You can no more secure happiness in your lives without health, than you can get rose-trees to grow and bloom when planted in dry sand. And don't you forget it.

We, the inhabitants of this country, whether young or old or middle-aged, might oft turn over a new leaf with very great advantage to ourselves so far as health is concerned. None of us for example are temperate. Don't misunderstand me, please. I'm not making the slightest allusion to the pleasures of the table. But you, Miss A., Miss B., or Miss C., as the case may be, have not been temperate throughout all the cold months of winter and spring. Neither in your work, your talk, nor in your enjoyments. You have drawn too much on your Bank of Strength, and your debit side is longer far than the credit.

You are suffering from depression in consequence, with a lowering of vitality. There are times when you don't seem to care whether you have breakfast or not, and you sit and shiver over a miserable cup of tea before you can eat a morsel. You love the fireside more than a healthy lassie should. Despite the sunshine out of doors you frequently feel cold. When you awake in the morning you don't want to get up just at once, as the birds do, you can't believe it is nearly eight o'clock, and you are not half rested. You promise yourself to go earlier to bed, but you'll do nothing of the kind. You may have hot eyes and a trifling frontal headache and that weary back-ache for which I really pity you.

Moreover you are just a trifle peevish and irritable, not that you mean to be so. Then if you look in the glass—strangely enough girls do look in the glass once, at least, in a blue moon—you find that the reflection is not so satisfactory as it might be. Your eyes are not bright, you have less colour and the inside of the lips and gums are pale.

Well, all this points to the fact that you are practically run down, and if I were to ask your opinion of life in general I should expect you to answer that this is a very ordinary sort of a world.

Perhaps you think it so at present. When a person is not over well or is suffering from indigestion or biliousness with consequent debility and low spirits, things around you appear as if you were looking at them through a bit of ordinary black-bottle glass. Ah! but wait till you get well again, and everything will look as smiling, hopeful and rosy as the morning sunrise.

I don't know if the word *malaise* is in the

English dictionary. It is nevertheless a very expressive one, and signifies that "shivery-wivery" ache-all-over feeling one has when only middling. It is generally accompanied by dryness of the digestive system and other troubles.

I want to tell you how to get over all this and to get as strong as ever you were in your life.

I am presuming, mind this, that you have no cough, no constant palpitation and no emaciation. If you have you must have a personal interview with the family physician.

Well, although the face is somewhat pale and the gums as well, and although the eyes are more muddy than bright—that little rascal of a brother of yours would call them "fishy"—still you may be in fairly good condition of body.

The muscles are sure to be flabby, however, and I'm sorry to say that many girls mistake fat for firmness of muscular tissue.

Now you are apt to make just two great mistakes. No. 1: is that you can get well and strong from taking medicine alone.

No. 2: that a week of treatment will put you all to rights.

Don't believe it. The time one takes to get strong bears relation to the time one took to fall away. So you may well allow yourself six weeks of common-sense treatment.

The dryness of the system it is best to attack at once. Aperients—notably those advertised nostrums—always contain aloes if they are the ordinary sized pills, while small ones contain podophyllin, and both these drugs may injure a girl, so leave them severely alone.

A teaspoonful of the liquid extract of cascara about every third night is mild in action, but though I do not often give prescriptions I shall break my rule for once, and tell you that I have found the following electuary do good in cases where there were sallowness of skin, indigestion with constipation and lowness of spirits.

Get two ounces of confection of senna, two ounces of cream of tartar, and the same quantity of succ taraxaci, *i.e.* dandelion juice—procuring all from a good chemist—and mix the whole up together in a jelly jar.

The dose: a teaspoonful an hour before breakfast whenever it is deemed necessary. An occasional compound rhubarb pill at bedtime adds to the good effect, or a wineglassful of Apenta water diluted with half a tumblerful of hot water half an hour before breakfast, and after the electuary.

In milder cases, cut a big juicy lemon in two, and squeeze one half into a tumbler of cold spring water, to be drank before going to sleep, the other half to be taken in the same next morning.

Well, this simple treatment, with a somewhat more sparse diet, and extra fresh-air exercise will soon cool the system and you will feel almost well in a week.

You're not quite well, however.

You may want iron. And the difficulty is to administer it without again drying the system. I think that tabloids of Blaud's iron with aloin, procurable at any large chemist's shop, will answer every useful purpose. They must only be taken, however, for a fortnight at a time, because aloes in any form has at times a deleterious effect.

Nervous girls may need some syrup of phosphates. What I take myself when a bit low from over-work and worry is a syrup of which I know the preparation. It is called Freeman's syrup of the phosphates. This, I say, suits me, but Parrish's Chemical Food is much recommended by the profession—unthinkingly sometimes and therefore unwisely.

You see that my advice tends to restore the health without surfeiting the system with medicine, for nearly all cases of debility of the nervous and muscular systems, where there is no actual disease, yield to diet and hygiene.

Now you may wonder why you are generally weak or run down, why the digestion is slow, and the liver, nerves and brain itself have to some extent ceased to act properly. The answer lies in a nut-shell, and a very small one too. The heart, you know, is a muscle just like your biceps, and if weakened from any cause whatever it becomes flabby. It ought to be as strong as the gizzard of an African ostrich. If it is not so, it cannot pump out enough good blood to nourish the different organs of the body, nor even send the blood in sufficient quantities to the hands and feet. Hence chilblains in winter and cold feet even in summer.

But a heart left long weak becomes chronically debilitated, and this is one reason why I wish you to see about getting strong at once, and having got strong to take care how you let yourself run down again.

How then can the heart be strengthened? First and foremost by supplying it with good, well-purified blood. This liquor of life, you know, all passes through the lungs to be vivified by the air we breathe before being passed on to the heart. But what if the air breathed be vitiated, as it is most unquestionably in badly-ventilated bedrooms, in workshops and schoolrooms? If you must do duty in either of the latter where healthful principles are not carried out, I do sincerely pity you, and all I fear you can do is to make the best use of the pure air when free. Anyhow, if you value your health, you will and must.

I have often given plans for the ventilating of bedrooms. If you can manage it, part of a door panel should be open and covered in with perforated zinc. The chimney should also be free or open.

After all it is outside air you want, and so draw the window up about six inches and have a board to exactly fit the opening; on this the lower sash rests, and no air can enter here to cause a draught, but a current comes in between the two sashes, that is, it passes in beneath the upper and over the raised lower sash. It is thus directed to the roof and cannot injure you.

The air of a bedchamber becomes terribly vitiated at



SPRING.

night, more particularly if two persons occupy the same room. A third girl coming straight into a bedroom in which two others slept would be almost suffocated.

Open your window generously wide as soon as you have your bath. What a gush of glorious air comes in! How refreshing and delightful! But be systematic. Start your light dumb-bells and have quite a scientific spell.

If you join a gymnasium, which pray do, you will soon learn how to exercise scientifically with these. What *is* the use of taking them up and whirling them about for a few minutes? No use at all. They are used or ought to be so as to exercise every muscle in the body.

As for the bath—cold, you know—so many of those who have proved its value as a tonic for nerves and muscles write me, that I have a good mind to institute an Order of the Bath. Come then, you girls, rouse out and drop a post-card to "Medicus" (care of our Editor) if you are disposed to join.

Well, in order to get strong and continue healthy and happy as the birds all the summer and autumn long, you must live fairly well, but be most regular in your meal hours, and you must study temperance in all things, not only in eating and drinking, but in your pleasures and conversation. You will sleep better, remember, if you are quiet and meditative for an hour before lying down. But don't forget that a warm bath occasionally, taken at night with a light snack of supper after it, tones and calms the nerves and induces good sleep.

THE GROCER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.



In spite of the friendship and encouragement of Miss Annie, Beatrice found her life at Ashdene House almost unendurable. In every way in their power did the "young ladies" endeavour to make her uncomfortable. Sometimes they aroused her anger and sometimes her grief, until she resolved in sheer desperation to go her own way as far as possible oblivious of their existence.

By an unwritten and unexpressed law she was practically ostracised from all the amusements and interests of the school, and as a consequence gave herself entirely up to her studies, and very soon was far ahead of her compeers, thus arousing their jealousy, and adding fuel to the fire of her persecution.

"Of course she has her living to make, and is compelled to work," sneered Leonora de Smythe in the hearing of Beatrice.

"A great deal of use Greek and Latin will be in the weighing of sugar and biscuits and tea," scoffed Clarissa Greville.

"She'll be able to translate into the original Hebrew such brilliant requests as 'A couple o' bloaters, an' a pennyworth o' winegar, an' half a pound o' weal cut with an 'amy knife,'" laughed Alice Crowther, the would-be wit of the school.

There was a general laugh, and with a face crimson with mortification, Beatrice arose and left the room.

"You are really too—too bad!" stammered Beryl Beauchamp. "If I were Beatrice Merle I should hate every one of you. You are horrid snobs!" and bursting into tears the little defender rushed after Beatrice.

There was a dead silence. Every girl in the room knew that as far as ancient lineage was concerned Beryl Beauchamp eclipsed them all, and for her to champion the "low-born creature" was annoying.

"Poor little Double B has ruffled her feathers, but we can soon smooth her down. I hope she won't make mischief for us," said Leonora de Smythe.

"We must be more guarded in our remarks when Double B is present. But at the *fête* I mean to have some fun out of Miss Grocer. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I intend to introduce Charlie Vereker to her," laughed Clarissa.

"Oh, do let us join in the fun, Clary!"

"Hush; there is Miss Annie!"

During the summer months a *fête* or garden-party was held at Ashdene House, to which all parents, old scholars and friends were invited. Before Beatrice had been there a month the *fête* day drew near and an air of mild excitement pervaded the whole house. Beatrice looked forward to it with mingled feelings of curiosity and dread. Her father and mother would not be present, and a wave of disappointment crossed her heart as she thought of the joyous anticipations of some of the girls who were expecting friends from home.

The house was in a ferment of preparation on the half-holiday, so with a book of poems in her hand Beatrice wandered out into the gardens. Almost unconsciously she opened the gate that led from the gardens into a plantation, and throwing herself under a hedge-side abandoned herself to the luxury of "a quiet read." The sound of voices aroused her, and before she realised what she was doing, she had overheard the following dialogue between Clarissa Greville and Charlie Vereker.

"You know, Charlie, she is a horrid common creature, the daughter of a grocer, who is a Socialist. I feel wild when I think of her."

"Then why don't you ask Miss Wynnard to expel her?"

"Political reasons, my boy. Little Double B has taken a violent fancy to her, and little Double B can be dangerous when she shows her teeth. My plan is to aggravate Beatrice Grocer until she leaves of her own accord."

"But why do you wish my assistance?"

"My dear boy, you will be invaluable in this good cause. We want you to 'draw her out,' and then surely we can prove to her that she is out of her element here."

"But won't you hurt the girl's feelings?"

Clarissa rolled her eyes. "My dear boy, she hasn't any."

"What shall I say to her?"

"Oh, ask her the state of trade, the price of butter and candles."

"But isn't that rather—rather—you know what?"

"Oh, no, not to her; no other subject would interest her. I assure you she is grossly ignorant upon all topics of intelligent conversation."

"Oh, if she is that kind of creature it will be like flirting with a chambermaid."

"Sir, I shall not permit flirtation. We want pure innocent fun."

"Isn't flirtation pure, innocent fun?"

"Under some circumstances," laughed Clarissa; and then followed a prolonged whispering, and what sounded to Beatrice like the interchange of kisses, and the clandestine lovers passed on.

At the beginning of the conversation the face of Beatrice grew dark with indignation; then the cloud passed, and a smile of amusement played about her mouth.

"They will find I am a difficult obstacle to remove," she murmured. "Well, well, I must prepare for the *fête*. It is almost as bad as having rotten eggs and old bones thrown at one. Who would think there was such persecution in 'polite society'?"

The day of the *fête* dawned brilliantly. About three o'clock in the afternoon the guests began to arrive, and very soon the house and grounds presented a scene of unwonted gaiety. Beatrice felt altogether out of her element. Unnoticed by everybody save her governesses and Beryl Beauchamp, she sat apart under the trees watching the groups of laughing girls as they joked and chattered unchecked.

"My coming here was a great mistake. Poor old dad thought it was for my good, and I would not wound him by moaning of my troubles. I never realised until now how cruel a power class distinction can be!"

Her meditations were interrupted by a group of girls, of which Clarissa Greville was the leader. Beatrice compressed her lips, and a strange light shone from her clear grey eyes, as Clarissa said carelessly—

"A gentleman friend of mine wishes an introduction. Will it be agreeable to you?"

"Yes—if he is a friend of Miss Wynnard's," answered Beatrice gravely.

Clarissa raised her eyebrows disdainfully, and in a few moments presented Charlie Vereker with an air of amusement that brought an angry flush to the face of Beatrice.

As thoughtless Charlie Vereker looked into the pale intellectual face of the "grocer's daughter," he experienced a pang of shame, and darted a look of reproach into the face of Clarissa Greville. She returned it with a scornful laugh, and seating herself near Beatrice, prepared to enjoy the fun.

For a few moments Beatrice was tempted to flee from her tormentors; then a spirit of endurance entered her soul, and she sat perfectly still.

"Mr. Vereker is very much interested in Socialism," said Clarissa, with a smile at Charlie, "and he would like you to give him some of your views."

Charlie brightened up.

"Ah, yes, Miss—ah—Merle, I shall be delighted if you will—ah—enlighten my ignorance! I understand you are a Socialist."

"My father is one," answered Beatrice quietly.

"Yes, a Socialist and a grocer," sneered Leonora de Smythe.

"Yes, Mr. Vereker, a Socialist and a grocer," repeated Beatrice in a voice that deceived the young man as to her real feelings.

"Ah—um—awfully nice of your father to send you to Miss Wynnard's school, wasn't it?" queried Charlie in a tone of would-be friendliness.

"Awfully nice, considering that Greek and Latin will be of very little use to me in weighing sugar and biscuits and tea," answered Beatrice.

"I suppose your father thought you would

acquire a veneer of polish," sneered Leonora de Smythe.

Beatrice was silent, and, with an uncomfortable laugh, Charlie Vereker asked—

"Serving in a grocer's shop must be awful fun, isn't it?"

"Imagine you weighing sugar and snuff for old women! Oh, Charlie, it is too unutterable!" laughed Clarissa.

"I assure you I should make a jolly grocer. I could nip currants and sand sugar with the best of them," said Charlie.

Unseen by all save Beatrice, a white-haired gentleman had drawn near. He looked at the group curiously, and then, stepping behind a clump of trees, listened to the conversation. More than mere curiosity prompted the action, and, as he heard the remarks of the young fellow a dull red slowly spread over his features. Stepping forward, he asked in stern tones—

"What is this about nipping currants and sanding sugar?"

A dismayed silence fell upon the group, but Beatrice rose to her feet, and, in clear distinct tones answered—

"Sir, my father is a tradesman, some people call him a merchant, while others call him a grocer; it matters not to me. I am proud of him. The remarks that you overheard were uttered at my expense, and, if you are a father, sir, you will understand that the sacred feelings of a daughter can be outraged until that daughter can be silent no longer."

With a bow to the white-haired stranger, Beatrice turned on her heel and walked away.

There was an awful silence. Then Colonel Vereker, for he it was, broke it by saying—

"Yes, I am a father, and I was never more ashamed of the fact. Charles, how dare you insult this young lady?"

"She is not a young lady; she is merely a common girl, and we were having a little fun at her expense," coaxed Clarissa Greville, with her most insinuating smile.

"Her father is a Socialist as well as a grocer, and you know, Colonel Vereker, we cannot associate with such people," ventured Leonora de Smythe.

"You are a pack of vulgar little snobs!" exclaimed the Colonel irately. "And as for you, young man," turning to his son, "I command you to go home this instant, and if ever I catch you insulting a girl again, I'll horsewhip you! I thought I had trained you to be a gentleman, but I see that you are a cad!"

There was a murmur of dismay from the girls, but to Charlie's honour, be it said, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed—

"My father is right; as soon as I have an opportunity I shall apologise to Miss Merle," and, dashing across the lawn, he disappeared among the trees.

When Beatrice left her tormentors, she made her way to the sheltered nook where Miss Annie was dispensing tea.

"Can I speak to you alone?" she asked in a low voice.

"Have you been annoyed?" returned Miss Annie, looking into the girl's pale face.

"I will tell you if you will give me a moment's conversation."

"Have a cup of tea first?"

"Thank you;" and, seating herself under the trees, Beatrice gulped down some half-cold tea.

"Now I am at liberty. Miss Hildred will relieve me for a little time. Shall we ramble through the plantation?"

"Yes, anywhere away from the people?"

"My child, what is amiss?"

For answer Beatrice related the incident before described. When she concluded, Miss Annie asked—

"Did the white-haired gentleman possess a military bearing?"

"Yes, I fancy he is an officer."

"Then he is Charlie Vereker's father."

"Oh, you don't say so!" exclaimed Beatrice in dismay. "I acted on the impulse of the moment. I never intended to make serious mischief. But really, Miss Annie, sometimes I think I shall break down and run away home."

"Courage, my child! You are under discipline, and if you are patient you will be stronger for it. The oak on the mountain side gains strength from the storm as well as the sunshine."

"I am afraid I am a sad coward, Miss Annie. You seem so patient under difficulties."

"I have a Friend, Beatrice, to whom I can turn under all circumstances. Now, dear, shall we return?"

(To be continued.)

COOKING IN MAY.

THE very mention of May and June brings to our thoughts bright sunshine, open windows, and a table that is appetising only to look at, not alone because it is gay with flowers, but because we know that salmon and trout, lamb, asparagus, green peas and gooseberries are almost sure to find a place upon it. Then, too, we have cream and butter that taste so rich and sweet, for the cows are all out in the lush meadows; besides cream we have curds, junkets and syllabubs; we have buttermilk-scones, too, oh, and a host of other pleasant things that go with May and June days in the country! But can town-dwellers hope to share in them? Why, assuredly, for does not the best of everything find its way into town? The early potatoes, the first gooseberries, the first asparagus—all these are ready for the townsfolk long before country people dare to venture on their gathering.

Now let us see if we cannot get together a few dishes that shall make ideal faring for these bright days.

Supposing that some kind friend has sent us a couple of *Trout*, or we have been tempted to buy them—how shall we cook them? First empty and cleanse them, then dry them, leaving the heads on; butter a fireproof china dish, lay the trout on it, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, also chopped green parsley; lay small pats of butter on the top and squeeze a little lemon-juice over; then bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes. They are a delicate fish and should not be too much cooked. The angler's favourite mode is to split the trout open, lay them on a buttered gridiron and broil them lightly over the red coals, laying small pats of butter on each one; this mode has much to recommend it too.

Here is a delicious way of serving *Salmon* when we cannot afford to purchase a large piece. Take two or three slices from the thick part of the tail, the slices to be nearly an inch in thickness; lay them in a shallow stew-pan, with water enough to well cover, and simmer them until tender through, but do not let them break. Lift the slices out and drain them on a plate; let them become cold. In the meantime prepare a mayonnaise sauce by beating the yolks of two eggs, adding a spoonful of salad oil to them, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, as much salt and pepper mixed, and the juice of half a lemon. Whisk these well for three or four minutes. Chop a few sprigs of fennel or parsley quite finely, then arrange the slices of salmon on a white china dish; spread them evenly with the mayonnaise sauce, but do not let it run over the edges; then sprinkle the chopped green over the surface and garnish with a double ring of sliced cucumber, dredging a little celery salt over the latter.

From the remains of some cold-boiled *Salmon* some very delicious *Breakfast Cutlets* may be made, by flaking the fish and mixing with it an equal quantity of fine breadcrumbs, a spoonful of chopped parsley, sufficient seasoning, and using the remainder of the sauce which went with the salmon when it was hot to mix the ingredients together. Shape them into very small cutlets, have a beaten egg on a plate, coat each cutlet with it and cover with bread raspings. Fry them in boiling fat, first on one side, then on the other; arrange them on a fancy paper and garnish with fried parsley. A little piece of macaroni should be inserted in the end of each cutlet to represent bone.

The most economical way of buying *Lamb* is by the quarter, and even for a very small party this is still the best, as so many dishes can be made from it. Say that we have a fore-quarter to deal with; the shoulder we, of course, reserve for roasting whole, as either hot or cold that is equally good, especially if a salad of fresh lettuces and spring onions, also mint sauce, goes with it. Then we may take cutlets from the best end of the neck; the breast, if gently stewed until the bones will slip out, then well-seasoned and pressed into a mould, will make an excellent luncheon or supper-dish for eating cold; and the leaner parts of the neck make an excellent pie. A bay-leaf, a few sprigs of mint, and one or two spring onions should be used to flavour the pie.

It always seems something of a shame to see *Asparagus* served plainly boiled as an accompaniment to roast meat. It makes such a dainty dish by itself. When cooked until tender, then well drained, laid in cross bars (the hard part cut away) on buttered toast and a little creamy *sauce poulette* placed on the top, it becomes worth ever so much more. For the sauce dissolve two ounces of butter in a saucepan, work into them an ounce of flour, half a teaspoonful of mixed pepper and salt, and the yolk of an egg, then sufficient milk to make a quarter of a pint of sauce. Mix well, then stir over the fire until it boils.

The French always serve asparagus as a separate course, and the sauce is sent round in a tureen; very generally this sauce is pure dissolved butter, but a thickened sauce is better.



QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART III.

IN HEALTH.

THERE is no more beautiful sight than a perfectly healthy child—the flushed rosy little face with its sunny smiles; the firm, rounded arms and sturdy, well-moulded legs. The life and vivacity and restlessness, the pure enjoyment in living and eating and sleeping and kicking. Who has not, at some time, taken such a baby in their arms and thanked God for setting just such little children in our midst?

Yet how seldom do we come across an infant that "Never cries"—in other words, one that is in sound condition? In order that a few more may swell the daily list, I write this paper on the management of Queen Baby in health.

Whenever a new birdie flies into the home nest, God speaks solemnly to the mother. "Take this child and nurse it for Me," He says. How few of us obey Him! We just hand the precious charge over to a hireling and pass on the duty. Sometimes death claims the mother. Then still comes the command to Queen Baby's nearest relative—be she sister, aunt, cousin, or sponsor—"Take this child and nurse it for Me." Some people think all wisdom comes with maternity. We mothers know that what we know has to be learnt patiently and laboriously. As one who has passed through this school and learnt its lessons herself, I would like to help all women who have this task of training an infant given to them.

In order to keep Queen Baby in health, we need five things—punctuality, cleanliness, fresh air,

suitable food, warmth. That wee creature is of the most delicate mechanism. A very small thing will put everything out of gear. So it is necessary, first of all, to be punctual in our dealings with her. Baby should—as far as possible—be fed, bathed, put to sleep, etc., by the clock. This will ensure happiness between whiles.

It is unnecessary for me to say that Nature provides the best food for her. But so often our little Queen has to be fostered and hand-fed. In these cases plenty of milk-and-water is the secret of growth and health. Every three hours let baby have a bottle of half and half, slightly sweetened with sugar. I am dealing with a healthy child now, so I will not advise peptonised or humanised milk. Most children are able to thrive on the cow; if not, goat's milk is easier of digestion and less expensive than the above preparations. When the little creature is six months old, a meal of Neave's, or Mellin's, or Benger's farinaceous foods may be given once a day. Gradually increase these meals until she can eat bread and butter from the hand. Then vary the *menus*. Remember that uniformity is required in feeding a young infant; but variety is necessary in catering for a child. The infant becomes a child when she has her eight front teeth. But also remember—an aphorism is easy to carry in mind—it is always better to underfeed than to overfeed. My twelvemonth-old babies have always been allowed fresh ripe fruit, bread-and-milk, sago, rice, and farola. They have never suffered from pains nor from costiveness. I give one diet table for Queen Baby when she has completed her first year.

7.30 A.M. A slice of stale bread with a breakfast-cupful of new milk.

11 A.M. A cup of bread and milk.

1.30 P.M. One egg beaten up and baked into a custard with a cupful of milk. A couple of rusks.

4 P.M. Arrowroot-biscuit and milk.

7 P.M. A breakfast-cupful of prepared food—Neave's or Benger's.

Nothing between that and the breakfast at 7 A.M.

Of course changes should be rung on the above table.

So much for feeding.

Now for bathing. A very young infant may be given a tepid bath morning and night. The morning one is all that is wise for an older child. When we take our Baby Queen from the hands of the monthly nurse, I think it would be wise to learn from her how to hold the loose, "wobbly" limbs and helpless head. I have found a square of flannel laid at the bottom of the nursery basin a great help. It prevents "slithering." The weak spine must rest on the strong wrist and palm of our left hand. The round head just fits into the hollow of our elbow. The water must be warm at first, gradually reducing the temperature. A cold douche is cruelty itself, and shocks the sensitive mite most unnecessarily. Dry baby quickly in warm soft towels. Then with a bit of sponge attached to a holder (this can be bought for sixpence) wash out the mouth gently. Our Queen will enjoy the cool soft process, and all fear of thrush is prevented.

Careful selection of suitable powder is necessary. White precipitated fullers-earth—sold in sixpenny boxes—is harmless and soothing. Dust every crease and fold of the fat flesh. It will prevent all excoriation. Now robe Queen Baby in the garments recommended in a former paper. Feed her and put her to sleep, either indoors or out. Personally, I always let my babies sleep outside. They are as comfortable in their little carriages as in a cradle, and so many extra hours of fresh air are secured. Of course this necessitates a maid of some sort to be on the watch. But mothers and sisters can so often work and write near the open window, close to the perambulator, that this "waste of time," as I have heard it called, can generally be prevented.

Children require fresh air and sunshine as much as plants and flowers do. As the latter are colourless and imperfect if excluded from direct sunshine, so children kept in close, unventilated dark rooms, are pale and feeble. From a month old—before that, a terrible autocrat named Mrs. Gamp reigns supreme—a baby should be out all day, except IN KEEN EAST WIND OR FOG. Frost and cold will only brace a child, provided she be sufficiently warmly clothed. This she will be, if my former directions are carried out. "Soft weather" is a beautifier; at least, so we think in Ireland, and baby is protected from occasional showers by the hood of her carriage.

In order to keep our bonnie baby in health, I should say it is a necessity for the person who is really responsible for her, never to relegate her to any one else at night. It is tiring, of course it is, to be waked up occasionally by an imperious call from the monarch in her cradle. It is much more tiring, aye, and heart-breaking too, to find that baby has been "fretty" all night, and that the morning light shows some illness has twelve hours' start of us. Then there may be many nights of wretched, anxious, watchfulness, until perhaps "Ole Lukloy's" twin brother steps in and lulls baby into an eternal sleep. It is at night that feverish symptoms first show themselves, or restlessness tells us that something is wrong. On the other hand, if baby has been slightly cross and "difficile" all day, a calm slumber will show the watcher that it is not from illness she cried and refused to keep quiet. Besides, who that has ever known the sweetness of baby helplessness, the clinging of soft hands, the dependent feel of the round arms, and has watched the "morning glory" brighten on the tiny face when baby comes out of sleepy-land, would ever do without it?

How can we expect a stranger to take the frequent calls on her attention at night, as patiently as mother, or auntie, or siss will? They will sometimes let the cry go on, or slap the groping hands, or smother the wakeful bright eyes in blankets. Why! even we are sometimes tempted to do so. Yet those eyes may be trained to close up of themselves if they do wake, those hands may be taught to be quiet. Crying may soon be shown to be useless. But it can only be done by patient, unselfish, watchful love. We shall not violently rock the restless brain into temporary oblivion and thus lay the seeds of future trouble. We shall see that baby is comfortable and dry and warm. Above all, we shall teach our little Queen that the first secret of ruling is self-government. It is wonderful how soon even a baby can be taught what is naughty and what is good; what is "nasty" and what is "nice." But I believe it requires a trained intelligence, a cultivated knowledge, to keep her really in health. That is why I repeat the mother, or she who stands in the mother's place, should be head nurse always. If it be urged that such a duty leaves no time for recreation, or exercise, or self-culture, I say that all such may be found in the performance of it. There is nothing so amusing as intercourse with a child; nothing so tiring as tossing or amusing it; nothing that teaches us patience and humility, and love and gentleness more than daily tendence of one such little person. Besides, in these days, a bicycle can give baby's guardian more healthful exercise in ten minutes than formerly could be taken in a hour, and books can be studied in the hours when a healthy child is sleeping.

Let each would-be care-taker ask Manoah's question, reverently and humbly, "How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" (Judges xiii. 12.) The necessary wisdom and strength will be given. For God has promised and He is faithful. Then, indeed, it will be "well" with the child, in sickness or in health, in death or in life. And, in the last day we shall not be ashamed to say, "Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given unto me"—for we shall be like Samson's mother: all that has been commanded us we have observed.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AT WORK.



IN these days of culture and refinement, it has long been a standing puzzle to me why all our middle-class girls, who find themselves obliged to earn their living, appear to see no opening or prospect beyond that of the overcrowded teaching profession, the almost unattainable companionship, or that pitfall to the inexperienced, hospital nursing life.

This inevitable trio is, to the mind of the average girl, "genteel;" therefore, no matter how uncongenial the work, or how unsuitable to the special talent, which, hidden or developed, we all possess, our girls crowd themselves "thick and fast" into an already overstocked market.

What is the result? The governess's pupils are badly taught, the employer is dissatisfied, the profession is ruined for the really efficient instructor, and the governess goes about lamenting the want of consideration and gratitude she receives, the stupidity of her pupils, and the hopelessness of trying to instil knowledge into the minds of the young. Few realise how different a thing it is to possess knowledge and to be able to transmit it.

Now the companion, who has expected to find life a bed of roses, discovers that it is not so very agreeable to be a white slave to a member of her own sex, to wash and exercise the dogs, take up lost stitches in knitting, and endless other petty jobs, including—last but not least—that of playing the part of chronic second fiddle, an unpleasing instrument, as all can testify who have tried it.

To turn to the nursing profession. Its romantic side, to give up one's life to the sick, and to bring a fellow-being comfort through the dark valley of the shadow of death, is no doubt beautiful, but its practical side to a probationer, whose whole soul is not in her profession, is wont to wear an aspect of grim reality: scrubbing floors, polishing taps, making beds, handing round food and acting willing slave to the professed nurses—all these

savour occasionally of monotony. Of course, I admit that no life can be altogether devoid of this undesirable attribute; but I do maintain that, if a girl have the pluck to pursue that calling, "genteel" or otherwise, for which she feels most taste, the dull level sameness of life may be minimised.

To begin with the lowest "storey." Why should not a lady, who understands her profession, and has graduated at one of the many excellent institutions for teaching cookery, make for herself a very comfortable and profitable existence by the exercise of her talent? What if she do live in the despised kitchen? To my mind, the beautifully scrubbed white table, the shining paraphernalia of pots and pans, the cosy fire, make up a *tout ensemble* by no means to be despised. If done with method, the work need not be great, many peaceful half hours may be snatched for needlework or a refreshing "read," even the dreaded washing up, if hot water be plentiful, is not really more arduous than instilling historical dates or puzzling sums into a most unwilling pupil.

Many of these remarks refer to the lady-housemaid and parlourmaid, whose duties, though they may sound complicated and numerous, can always be simplified by the method which an educated mind can bring to bear on any subject. I am sure that many who have watched the feckless ways of our domestic treasures, whose heads certainly never save their legs, will agree with me in this.

To mount a few steps higher; what occupation can be more dignified than the care of children? The instinct of motherhood is present in most womanly girls. The very weakness and helplessness of the tiny charge are sure to excite that affection which in itself makes a pleasure of the hardest toil. A bright, cheerful, well-kept nursery, with its little white cots, comfortable fire, and pretty pictures, is an abode to which doubtless the mistress, receiving her visitors in the drawing-room, often looks back with longing. In the evening, when her charges are asleep, the nurse settles herself down with her book or her work, with the feeling that the day that has passed over her head has not been wasted, that she has "done good in her generation."

Look well at these four professions, girls, and consider. Need there be anything degrading in them? Food must be prepared, and a great deal of health and comfort depends on the way in which it is prepared; beds must be made, rooms dusted and arranged, children attended to? Why should the fact that a girl is educated, which fact, you must remember, is shared by thousands of school-board children (who, however, consider "menial" work far below their dignity) debar her from honourable independence? No! "Let us be up and doing," let "our mind to us a kingdom be," let us remember that there is nothing degrading in honest work, however so miscalled "menial," which gives us true independence by making us feel that we are really competent to do that for which we are paid, not merely tolerated, *faute de mieux*, which last is the fate of many governesses and companions of my acquaintance.

In illustration of this, I must really give you an example which came under my personal observation.

At a large registry office some days ago a lady was interviewing an anxious governess. The employer enumerated her requirements. She must have a lady with the highest references and certificates, capable of preparing her son for college, her two daughters eventually for examinations, to include Latin, mathematics, French, and German. She must not object to sleeping with her youngest pupil, a child of six, nor yet to dressing her. She must be prepared to mend the children's clothes, and make herself generally useful. Of course, being a governess, no time for going out or rest was specified, beyond the fortnight holiday yearly. The governess somewhat ruefully assented to these terms, but inquired as to what salary she would receive. On this the lady remarked that she had been meaning to give £12, but she would not mind increasing it to £15, and laundress emphasised. The governess naturally enough declined this munificent remuneration, on which the lady informed her that she could get plenty to come to her for £12. Then, laying aside her languid air, the lady began eagerly questioning the manager of the registry office about a cook. It appeared that some treasure, whom she had half engaged, had deserted her for higher attractions. The lady piteously mentioned that she had offered her £50 and laundress, a room to herself, a kitchen-maid under her, every Sunday from three o'clock, one day in the month from the same hour, and every consideration. She did not see that she could do more. The manager was listening with much sympathy, but said she was afraid she had no one suitable on her books. Then the governess, who had been listening, much edified, as you can imagine, came forward, mentioned that she could produce several high class cookery certificates, and offered herself for the place. After some discussion she was accepted and went off, to receive her £50 as cook in the house where she had been offered £15 for the whole charge and education of three children.

I may mention that the teacher, in honour, I presume, of her education, pays 5s. entrance-fee to the office, plus five per cent. on the first year's salary she is to receive. This five per cent. is paid before entering on the engagement. I have known many a governess who has found a place really requiring more work than she could fit into the day, or who has come across a capricious employer, actually find that she has had to pay considerably more than she has received for her period of service. Now the poor downtrodden servant pays her 1s., gets her work, hands over her 2s. 6d., and goes her way, with no debt hanging over her.

Of course these difficulties do not arise with girls who have obtained a really high-class education; Girton or Newnham girls with B.A. or LL.A. certificates, or those who have a real talent for teaching. These can always hold their own and command good salaries, as can also usually girls with influential friends and connections. I am speaking now to thousands of girls of the middle class, ladies by birth, whose friends are often as poor as themselves, and have not been able to afford them more than the average commonplace teaching to be obtained in cheap schools.

To such girls as these I say, if they are determined to teach, there is one way in which they can achieve their object. The younger they begin the better. Let them make up their minds to go abroad. Spend, say, two years in Germany and two in France, or they can substitute Italy or Spain for Germany if they prefer it. If possible, let them obtain employment as pupil teachers in some large school, thus obtaining double training. If this is found to be unattainable, there are as many cheap schools to be found abroad as in England. Let them all this time bear in mind the necessities of their future life. The Oxford and Cambridge examiners, though their questions and periods of course vary from year to year, always examine on the same subjects. A careful study of two or three sets of papers will enable a girl to see the style of question she will have to answer. If she have the pluck to take the necessary books with her in her exile, and devote some of her spare time to them, three or four months in England, spent in mastering the particular periods in history and literature appointed for the year, will enable her to pass the Oxford Senior examination, which can be taken at any age. Then she is equipped for the battle of life. With her certificate, thorough knowledge of two languages and possible experience of teaching, it is hard if she cannot support herself with self-respect and comfort.

We will now consider the girl with equal education, and possibly more than equal brains, who feels no attraction to a life spent in teaching and its necessary study. I say necessary, for the world does not stand still, and the governess who is content with what she knows and does not resolve constantly to pursue her own education as well as her pupils, will inevitably be left behind by the girls growing up around her. This girl, I say, who does not care for study for its own sake, should think twice before she enters on that which is uncongenial to her, and in which, therefore, she cannot succeed.

Let us consider the reasons for which she chooses one of the three "genteel" professions. They are not far to seek. What will her friends think of her losing caste? Would she not cease to be a lady? My dear girls, what friend, worthy of the name, would despise a girl for honestly using those talents and faculties given her by God, rather than dishonestly taking money for work of which she is incapable? For those, and of course there are many such, who would cease to esteem her—well, let them go, you are better without them; one real friend is worth a dozen acquaintances. Now, as to ceasing to be a lady, that title originally meant "bread-giver," and was given in Anglo-Saxon days to the mistress of a house, whose days, as you may remember, were spent in spinning, cooking, compounding medicines from herbs, and nursing the sick and wounded, as well as their own children. How surprised those "ladies" would have been could they have foreseen that the day would come when to follow in their footsteps would be to cease to be a "lady." Believe me, dear girls, we must not be afraid to be pioneers. Let the fine ladies set the fashion in bonnets and hair-dressing; we will set it in honest hard work, and not be ashamed, but rather proud.

I do not advocate that a girl should serve behind a counter in a shop, though I know that many shop *employées* are most happy and well treated, the necessarily mixed company she would have to associate with would be uncongenial, and the long hours of standing prejudicial to their health. I most certainly do not advocate a girl's going into a mixed household of men and women servants. That would be most unsuitable, indeed impossible. No; a girl should try hard to get a situation as lady-cook, housemaid, or parlourmaid, in a family where other lady-servants are employed. Such situations are obtainable, and becoming more and more so every day. In the case of a lady-nurse, the necessity is not so great. She can keep in her nursery and need not associate with her fellow-servants. Do not cavil at the term servant. We must all serve, our parents, our husbands, or employers. We all call ourselves servants of God, and by His commands we must serve those in authority over us.

You must not suppose that any of these duties can be undertaken without preparation, and here again I say, let the girl begin as early as possible. If we were to use our eyes and hands properly, we could soon learn at home the proper way to cook, scrub, wash up, make beds, dust, lay tables, etc. There is a right way and also a very wrong way to do all these things. Between good and bad cooking, you all know the difference, but to a practised eye there is still more difference between an unaired, crumpled, untucked-up bed and the abode of comfort we are all so fond of; between a soiled and creased tablecloth, with

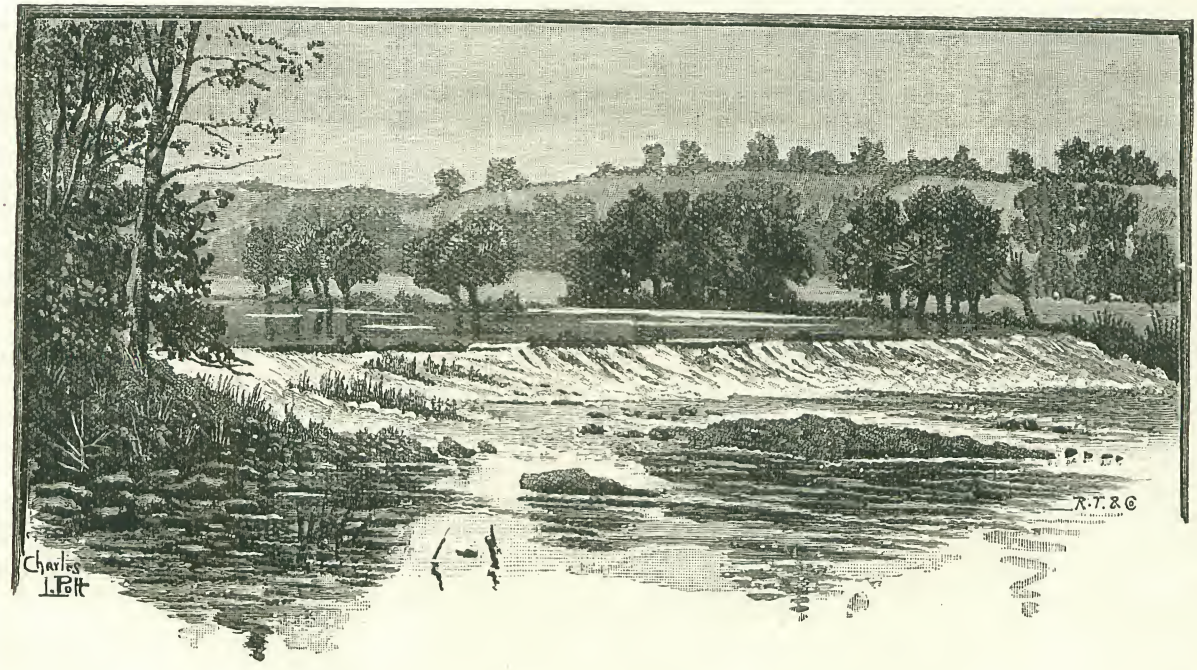
dull silver, smeared china and glass and slovenly arrangement, and the bright, cheerful dinner-table with its spotless napery, nicely arranged flowers or ferns and temptingly spread viands. Then how different a room may look, when properly arranged and dusted, wainscotting, corners, picture frames, odds and ends, etc., all carefully looked to, no depots of dust and rubbish "out of sight." A lady's hand should be visible in everything she does.

For cooking, as I have said before, special training and certificates must be obtained; to be a really good nurse, you must either have had experience at home, or better still some six months' training under a good head nurse. To be a house or parlourmaid, you need only practise your work at home, studying it as a science and getting every hint you can from books or people. Then, as to getting engagements, you need have no difficulty. Any good registry office (do not go to one in a cheap neighbourhood) would find you work, or I should strongly advise you to put three successive advertisements in the *Morning Post*, stating your requirements. Do not forget before entering on an engagement to stipulate for sufficient time for exercise, you can usually get an afternoon in the week besides your yearly fortnight's holiday. Be sure that if you do your best, your employer will soon stretch a point, rather than lose your services. If you are required to wear a cap, well, never mind. A cap is the badge of servitude, but have we not agreed that all, small or great, are servants to someone. A cap is becoming and keeps off the dust from your hair, besides you would not mind it as a hospital nurse. Do not let imaginary difficulties stand in your way. Real difficulties are bad enough to contend with.

There are many girls whose circumstances make it unnecessary for them to devote all their time to work. To such, many occupations are open. They can covenant to dust ladies' drawing-rooms, arrange their dining-tables and flowers, make their lamp-shades, even help them to receive their visitors, besides undertaking any special cooking for luncheon and dinner parties. Then girls can act as secretaries, typewriters, not exactly "menial" work, but to my mind much more arduous. All these daily engagements are hard to find, unless through private friends. Again I say, advertise. There is of course the expense, but you then have no fee to pay when work has been secured.

You will observe that I have not mentioned the stage among my professions. This omission is intentional. It is a well-known fact that unless a girl is very talented, very beautiful, a finished singer, or else has private means and influential friends, she cannot rise above mere drudgery with a possible thirty shillings a week as her highest salary. The difficulties and hardships of such a life are untold, and I would not take the responsibility of advising any girl to enter on it. And now, though I feel that I have only just touched on all that I should like to say, I have come to an end of my time and space. I hope, however, in future numbers, to speak in detail of all the professions which I have mentioned, besides discussing many other kinds of work, which girls, living at home, can undertake and thereby provide themselves with occupation for their leisure hours as well as earn for themselves many luxuries and amusements of which they would otherwise have been deprived.

Let me as a fellow-worker repeat: No work is degrading! Cast behind you all false ideas about gentility. Utilise, each of you, those talents which God has given you. Choose to be a good cook rather than a bad teacher, a thorough parlourmaid rather than an incompetent hospital nurse. The time will come and you will be helping to bring it nearer, when the whole world will recognise that, no matter what work you may undertake, you are "ladies," if not strictly speaking "genteel."



THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"HERE we are," said Hildegarde, "that is our bark."

"And don't observe," said Mary, as her sister walked on and drew it in to the bank, "that our bark is worse than our bight."

The boat was a flat-bottomed thing, good for rapids and broken water, as drawing only a few inches, but, in the local phrase, "a thrifle giddy."

"Mary, you get in first," said Hildegarde, taking, as was her wont, command. "Then you, Mr. Docker, and don't bounce about more than is necessary—though, for your comfort, I may say we both swim."

"I should think," said Docker, as he took his seat, "strangers in these boats are apt to be a little upset. They seem to me just the thing if you want a dip without getting out."

"Exactly," said Hildegarde, as she threw off the painter and stepped in. She took the bow paddle—though the cot looks pretty much the same at both ends—and Mary the stern paddle. The girls pushed off together. In a moment the cot was moving quickly up the river.

"This is delightful," said Docker; "but how on earth do you manage with those paddles? I know the usual two-handed canoe paddle well enough, but those short-handled, square-bladed things—a cross between a cricket bat and a wooden shovel—are quite beyond me. No," he said, having watched the girls' movements a little longer, "I can't see where you get your purchase."

"Off the gunwale, so," said Hildegarde. "Would you like to take a quarter's lessons?"

"Very much," he answered, "but I fear your terms are rather ruinous."

"No," said Hildegarde, "we'll be tender to the shorn lamb."

"But," objected Docker, "that looks as though you meant to fleece me first."

"Take care," cried Mary. "Look out, Hildie."

Hildegarde, without any precipitancy, gave a light stroke first on this then on that side of the boat, Mary keeping her paddle ready to second her at need, and the boat swished rapidly through two submerged rocks.

"That was a close shave," Docker remarked.

"Yes," Hildegarde assented. "That comes of talking to the man at the wheel. Look!" she pointed with her paddle, and Docker, following its direction, saw far down in the clear water, poised and still, standing against the current, a salmon, mailed in shining silver, with an eye of blazing gold.

"What a beauty," said Docker. "Twenty pounds?"

"Twelve," Hildegarde answered shortly. "Can't talk any more. Sit still now, and learn your first lesson."

The girls now changed their paddles for punting poles. A couple of pushes and the boat was in the thick of a wild riot of waters. As far as the eye could reach stretched the rapids—sparkling, frothing, creaming, curling; lying here in smooth and oily bands; now plumping to a golden cushion as they turned in a full and silent fall; now sending up a light and feathery rain; now gliding like a sleek otter round some easy stone. It was all break, and flash, and tumble, with a hundred voices separately audible beneath the deep and ever-growing roar that held them all.

Docker lit another cigarette, and watched with wonder the swift movements of the two girls, as they drew the boat from stone to stone, now holding her for a moment still in some great pour of water where station seemed impossible; now letting the light shell feel the current and rush back; then, catching her again, and so making her creep through a sinuous lane that seemed a succession of no-thoroughfares closed by gates of rock.

Sometimes the water seemed to be of various levels, and there were places where it hung high over the boat, turning for ever to overwhelm it: for ever arrested in the turn.

Once or twice, if the truth must be told, the young man felt his heart give a jump, as the cot seemed on the point of being swept back upon some broken rock, or crunched, like a nut, between two foam-filled walls, or hurled over the spouting thunder of some great water-leap.

He sat quite still, however, keeping a level head and a wary eye. He meant, if need were, to jump at what came handy, and reach for one of the girls. Mary, he thought; yes, Mary. Swimming was of small account here. A wrought-iron head was the chief requisite.

After twenty minutes of this difficult meandering, Docker found the boat stationary in a stretch of swift and silent water. Both the girls were holding hard with their poles, Hildegarde turned her head in a hearkening manner.

"Hush!" she said.

They all listened, and, after a while, Docker became sensible of a strange sound, melancholy, hoarse and wild. It might have been the lowing of a cow a great way off, or the whistle of a steamer through heavy folds of fog. And then the sadness seemed to grow until the sound became a cry of human desolation.

Docker had not been long in Ireland, but he had often heard of the wild and poignant sorrow of the Gaelic funeral wail.

"It is someone keening," he said.

"No, no," answered Mary; "listen again."

The wind was coming now in a full gust, and the sound came on it.

"Why," said Docker, "it is the river."

"Yes," Mary answered, "it is the Calling of the Weir. According to the legend (that there is a legend it is hardly needful to remark), two lovers, crossed by circumstance, met on the bank about this spot to take their last farewell. The young man—a fisherman—persuaded his sweetheart to step into his boat.

"Full of her sorrow, the girl took no heed of the course that they were holding. Suddenly, however, she became aware of the roaring of the weir, and, looking into her lover's face, she knew the truth. He had surrendered the boat to the great suck of the river that they might die together.

"A moment later, clasped in his arms, she was in the strangling clutch of the torrent.

"The bodies were never recovered. The great weir keeps its drowned."

"Till the sea gives up its dead," said Docker. "But how does the legend end?"

"The doom of the fisherman has been to haunt the spot and to cry out a warning to nearing boats before the current catches them with an irresistible clutch. Not till he has saved a thousand lives from drowning will his expiation be complete, and then his moaning call will pass out of the water, and here, as elsewhere, the river will laugh and sing."

"Thanks, very much," said Docker, "a legend gives artistic finish to a river, does it not? I hope yours is pretty old. One likes, in things of this kind, a certain mellowness."

"Oh," said Hildegarde, "I think we can recommend ours as reasonably well-matured. We do not, after the manner of fashionable resorts, lay on ghosts and illuminate their walks abroad with electric light. There is the calling again."

They listened. A little sigh of wind whitened the willows, and crisped the water, and shook together the tall yellow flags. And, mingling with those sounds, of and in them, yet beyond them, there came a sound indescribably lost and sad—some old sorrow, feeding on the rains and the gleams, and the stir of branch and sedge—a cry at once elemental and human.

"How very strange!" said Docker. "How does it really come about? Does anybody know?"

"Not with any certainty," Mary answered, "though many very learned theories have been unfolded. As far as we can make out, it depends on a particular coalition of tide, current, wind and atmosphere."

"Generally," said Hildegarde, "it is most audible when there is a south-west wind and a high tide."

"But the strange thing is this," Mary continued; "whenever you catch the calling of the weir you are in danger of being carried over it."

"Is that the weir we passed to the left just now?" Docker inquired.

"Oh, no," said Mary, "that is quite a small affair. This weir is a tremendous rush of water. Did you not notice how a little while ago the river widened? We were only on the Crans before; now we are on the Shannon."

"Oh, yes, I see," the young man answered reflectively: "our course was rather mixed, you know, and very full of sound and fury." He paused, and then inquired, "If you let go now what would happen?"

"Look," said Hildegarde.

For one instant the girls relaxed the grip of their poles.

Straightway, silently, but with an arrowy swiftness, the boat began to rush down the current.

The experiment had nearly proved a disaster. Prompt and clever as the two girls were, it was with no little difficulty that they controlled the plunge of the cot, driving her into a landward current and finally sending her swishing into a reedy bank thirty yards below.

As it was, the concussion sent the three heads butting together, and, unless there had been a general clutching at the reeds, the boat would have been wrecked in port.

"That *was* a bump," said Hildegarde.

"It must have been the bump of friendship," Docker answered. He jumped out, and held towards her a helping hand.

"No, thanks," she said, and stepped to the bank in leisurely independence.

"Don't you refuse, Miss Mary," the lad said, as she too prepared to get ashore; "let me say I have been of some assistance."

Laughingly Mary gave him her hand, and he drew her towards him, with a flourish and an exaggerated bow.

"You see how accomplished I am," he said, "in my own element."

"We must tow the boat back," Hildegarde remarked. "Oh no! here's Mr. Keogh come to help."

Thereupon a policeman in his forage cap and dark blue tunic, rolled forward and made a loose-limbed, ceremonious salute. He was a man of tremendous dimensions: with arms whose vast muscles the sleeves could not conceal, and the chest and shoulders of a vulcan. But his smile was singularly gentle and gracious, and his whole effect was that of a great hulking, beaming boy.

"'Twas a grand night for the water," he said, when he had taken hold of the painter.

"It was indeed," Mary answered. "How's Dolly, Mr. Keogh?"

"Sure I have her convenient," the big man answered. "Dolly, come here to me, my pet."

And in response to that invitation there toddled forward from a felled tree, whereon she had occupied an elevated seat, a little girl of two years old, with a floss of fair hair, two big eyes of Irish blue, and a charming little face.

As the small creature trotted forward, with the wary eyes and feet of a rope-walker, and finally with a self-approving smile caught at her father's hand, there came over the constable a change wonderful to see. The big man's face became the face of a very tender woman.

"Is not she a little beauty?" said Mary.

"Oh, she's well enough," said Keogh. "Some thinks she favours her mother."

"Why," said Docker, "she's the very image of you, constable."

"Would your honour think so?" said Keogh, trying to look as though he had not fished for—and caught—the finest compliment in the world. "Well, there's one or two had the same opinion."

Thereupon, with a nod, the young lawyer strolled slowly on.

"You hadn't any word from Mr. Edgar, I suppose?" inquired Keogh, always glad to prolong a chat with his favourite Miss Mary.

"No, Mr. Keogh," the girl replied, "not for several months, but in his last he spoke of some great chance that had come to him. He seemed very sanguine of making his and our fortune."

"Ah, the poor fellow," said the constable. "To think of the eye of him, Miss Mary, for what a body would have on! 'Twas great delight entirely he took in the ladies' dresses. Ah, there was no harm in Mr. Edgar."

Possibly this was not extravagant praise, but the policeman spoke in genial openness of heart, and Mary laughed approvingly.

"And so," said Keogh, sending a glance of crafty innocence after young Docker, "he thought the child had a look of her mother!"

"Oh, come, Mr. Keogh," Mary answered, "you can't throw salt on old birds' tails. You know very well that if she were dressed up in your uniform we should let her take us up like lambs, she's such a perfect little Constable Keogh."

The policeman lurched over with a rapturous roll and sent forth from his tremendous chest a laugh that drove three several cats, in thick-tailed panic, up three several trees.

"Faix," he said, "the helmet would do for the little cot of her." He saluted and turned away, with the painter in one hand and with the child grasping as a bannister-rail a random finger of the other. But in a moment he was walking back. "She have a little prayer," he said: "I does be hearing her of an odd time. 'God bless da-da': that's it—that's it."

Again he saluted and turned away, and as he turned his solid bulk seemed passing into haze, melted in the radiancy of his smile.

"That child is his life," said Mary, as the girls overtook their companion.

"Yes," said Hildegarde, "and Mr. Docker has made an eternal friend."

"Then friends," he answered, "are not expensive things to make. Oh, look!"

He turned and pointed to the western sky, where there was a glorious resurrection of the sunken sun: all the orchards of paradise, it seemed, had melted into bloom.

"Yes," said Mary, "we have wonderful sunsets here."

Hildegarde meanwhile stepped on a yard or two ahead, with that strange abstraction in her eyes.

Docker ventured some mild pleasantry about her unsociability—a remark that she received with silence.

"She's miles away from here," Mary explained "It is of no use speaking to her till she comes back."

So they left her to herself. But there was not much talk. The spell of the night was on them all.

It was perfectly still now. That little stirring of the wind had passed away.

The trees stood over their own shadows.

Now and again a boat came into sight: stood for a moment or two, carven in ebony, and sank into twilight. Then a man leaning over a little bridge struck a match. It seemed like some great conflagration. And now the bend of the river that lay under the shelter of the bridge blossomed with irised lights.

"That," said Mary, "is where the rainbow sleeps."

"Why, you are a poet," the young man answered, turning half round to look into her face.

"No," she said, "I make bonnets, not sonnets."

"All the same," he persisted, "you are a poet at heart."

"Hush," said Mary, and she turned her head, and lifted her hand.

Clear, but distant, muffled yet possessed with a strange penetration, there came the call of the cuckoo, twice repeated; and then again it fell—from another quarter as it seemed: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" an answer to itself.

"That is the poet," said the girl. "He can dissolve the world into dreams with two hoarse notes. Even as I listened I was a little girl again, playing by myself."

They passed by a gaunt deserted building—the old engine-house of the water-works—a sorry modern squalor of pale brick and large slates.

"It might be a house of ancient Rome," Docker said, "or of Baghdad, or of some old Bible land. Surely a lady is leaning out of that window. Can't you see the curve of her arm under the shadow of her hair? Who is she—Ruth—Scheharazade—Juliet?"

"Come," said Mary, "who is the poet now?"

"It is queer," he answered, laughing. "I don't believe I ever made a gushing remark before. It is rather late to begin at twenty-six."

He emphasised the numeral with a slight shake of the head. Evidently he felt that he was confessing to quite unusual length of days.

"It is the lovely night," Mary said: "the sunset and the cuckoo and the may."

"Don't forget the midges," he said, smiting with his cap.

"I wish I could," Mary replied with fervour, "but they make bumps on me."

"Try camphor," said Docker, taking out a cigarette. Then, having got a light, "No," he said, reverting to the previous question, "you haven't explained the mystery. I've seen sunsets before, and have only thought, 'I shall not want my umbrella to-morrow'; and I've heard cuckoos—and tried to knock them up with half a brick. *I think*," he added, after a pause, "I know what the spell is."

He turned half round again and looked at her. Mary felt that this habit was growing upon him and that it was a little disconcerting.

"Really?" she said, with would-be unconcern, and wished that blushes could be taught their proper place.

"It is," the young fellow began—and ended.

For at that point Hildegarde, coming back from wherever she was, turned round upon the loiterers—they had got ever so far behind—with suitable rebuke.

"Now, snails," she said. "Put your best horn forwards."

What "It is" was, nobody will ever know, except those marvellous people who make out the picture puzzles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. To such there is no secret thing.

At the door of Weir Bend the young man said good-night—in spite of a civil invitation from Hildegarde to join the small party at supper.

"But I hope," he said, as he shook hands with Mary, "you will let me come and tell you how my client, the goose, gets on."

"Oh yes," she said, a little formally, "we shall all be anxious to hear."

"Thanks, very much," he said, and, raising his cap, stepped out for his lodgings, three miles off, in the city of Buncrana.

"However could you ask him to stay?" asked Mary, as soon as Docker was out of hearing; "you know there is nothing for supper but cold rice pudding."

Hildegarde repressed a yawn.

"Good enough for him anyhow," she said, as she walked into the house.

(*To be continued.*)
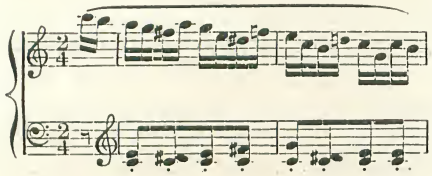
PIANOFORTE PRACTISING.

It is a common experience for the pianoforte student to find that after she has practised some difficult piece of music for a considerable time, her performance of it, instead of improving, begins perceptibly to deteriorate. She is able to arrive at a certain degree of excellence with any piece she takes up, but after that, so far from carrying on the improvement, she is not even able to maintain the standard she has reached; and every time the piece is played, it seems to become worse and worse in its mechanical rendering.

Or again, in her general playing, she finds that during weeks of careful practice of, perhaps, several hours a day, no apparent progress has been made. All those hours of mechanical drudgery seem to have been to no purpose whatever, and the student feels that she has reached a stage where she has "stuck," and cannot get beyond it.

All search for the reason of this will be sure to be unsuccessful, for the fault is one which the student believes herself to be entirely free from, and of which it is usually extremely difficult to convince her she is really guilty. The true cause of this lack of progress being of a somewhat subtle nature, will perhaps appear rather far-fetched; but if the reader will closely follow the directions I am about to give, she will soon be satisfied I am right, by the effect such a course will produce on her playing.
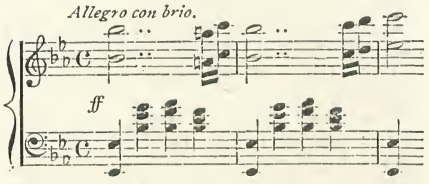
When any action is repeated a great many times, habit has the effect of deadening the feeling that accompanies the action. Thus, in reading a new and difficult piece of music for the first time, there is a distinct impression of the control of the will over the movements of the hands in the playing of each individual note or chord. But when the piece has been played through a number of times, and has become quite familiar, this accompanying consciousness has dwindled to a barely perceptible impression, and the exact movements have become almost automatic or habitual. In other words, the oftener an action is repeated, so much the less exertion of the will is necessary for its performance. So, while in playing a piece of music for the first time the mind controls the performance of each separate note or chord; when the piece is known better the mind directs these notes and chords, not individually, but in groups, and in groups that become larger as the music becomes more and more familiar. That this statement is exactly true the reader will soon see if she analyses her playing of any piece of music which she knows very well. Take, for instance, the first two bars of the well-known Rondo from Weber's first sonata, commonly known as the "Perpetuum Mobile."



Here there will at first be four distinct exertions of the will in each bar. Then as the music becomes a little better known, the mind will direct the fingers in groups of four semiquavers each; and finally a mental impression will be taken of the whole bar—or, by very advanced players, of the whole phrase of two bars and a quarter—and all this complicated group of notes played by one effort of the will.
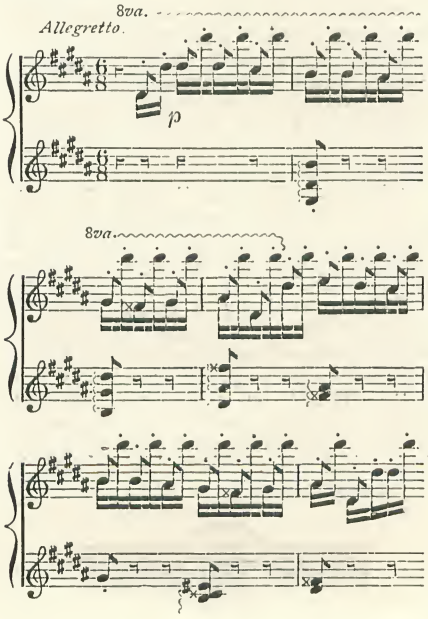
Now, if this directing control of the mind over the fingers were exercised evenly and steadily throughout each group of notes, all would be well; but unfortunately such is not the case. The whole of the actions necessary for the performance of the first few notes are directed by the mind, but towards the end of each group the superintending efforts of the will unconsciously relax, and the notes are played by the fingers automatically, while the mind has already gone on to the next group. Indeed, when a phrase is very well known, it would seem as if the mind often simply directed the fingers to play a certain group of notes and then left them to do it. They actually do it, but the result is a lack of clearness and precision which both discourages and perplexes the performer, who thinks she has been practising very carefully, and who firmly believes that her whole mind has been bent on her task. In a sense her whole mind has been given to the work, but it acts, as it were, in jerks, and not continuously. For the mind to direct each separate action of a very familiar series of muscular movements, there is required a very great degree of concentration of mind, and an amount of unremitting care which is unusual in the majority of even careful players. But it is just the want of this detailed mental control which is at the bottom of the trouble I spoke of at the beginning of this article.

A common fault I frequently have to correct in pupils will exactly illustrate, on a small scale, what I mean. I have noticed, in such a passage as the following—
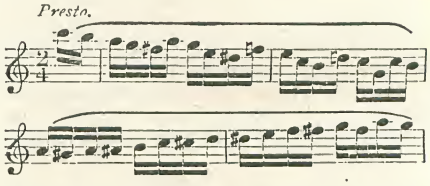


that frequently the chord for the left hand at the fourth beat in each bar is very imperfectly played. Either it is hurried and comes in just before the beat, or it is only half-played, and the notes only partially put down, while sometimes the fingers touch the notes without playing them at all. The reason of this is that the mind has already gone on to the coming jump of the hand to the low octave in the next bar, and the fingers being left to themselves do their work imperfectly, or even not at all.

Let the reader try an experiment for herself. Let her take the opening bars of Liszt's "La Campanella"—
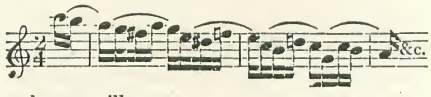


and just play through them several times in her ordinary manner. Then let her go through them again, and take especial care to play each high D♯ with the mind. Feel as if the mind itself went on to each note rather than the finger; that is, mentally place the finger on the note at the same time it really touches it. The result will probably surprise the reader, as the gain in precision and accuracy is very great, and the student will then recognise the truth of my statement, that her frequent stumblings and lack of clearness are due rather to want of mental precision than to any deficiency in her technique. Of course technical excellence is absolutely necessary, but unless the player thinks out every note while she is playing perfection is impossible, and the reason why hours and hours of practice often appear to be utterly wasted is that the player attributes to muscular deficiency what is really due to mental deficiency, and so attacks her difficulties in the wrong place. I would not for a moment undertake the importance of technical exercises of all sorts; nevertheless, even from a technical point of view, I think I am warranted in saying that in pianoforte playing the mind is of more importance than the fingers.
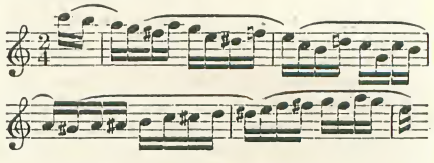
The golden rule, then, which must always be kept in the mind during practice, and to the carrying out of which the whole concentration of the mind must be bent, is to think out each separate note and to play it with the mind. As this requires an amount of watchfulness which it is difficult to maintain when a piece is practiced for some considerable time, I will suggest a mode of working which will greatly help the student. In order to prevent the mind thinking out the music in groups, let the phrasing be frequently varied for practising purposes. Take again the first few bars of Weber's Rondo in C. The first four bars are divided into two phrases:



Now let the student occasionally vary the phrasing as follows—
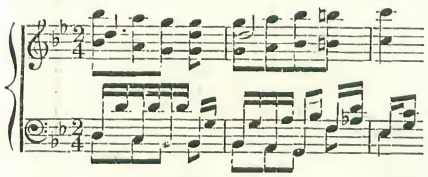


or better still—
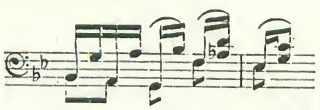


In fact, the possible ways of phrasing such a passage are almost unlimited. This method of practice will be found to cure that increasing deterioration in the performance of any much-practised piece that I spoke of in my first paragraph. If at any particular note or chord there is a special liability to stumble, or to play with any want of precision, let this note or chord be placed at the beginning of a phrase. The mind is then forced to give it special attention, no matter how rapidly the piece is being played.

A pupil of mine was unable, after long practice, to play correctly and rapidly the

following bars from Schumann's "Sonata" in G minor.



She found, when playing this passage very quickly, that she frequently stumbled with her left hand at the last half of the second bar. I directed her to phrase it thus—



The result was, that after a few minutes' practice, the passage was thoroughly and permanently mastered. She had imagined that the fault was due to technical deficiency, and so had gone through the passage some dozens of times, with the natural result that it became worse instead of better, as, on account of its increasing familiarity, the mind followed it less and less minutely. My method of phrasing forced the mind to think out each note as it was played, and the difficulty vanished and never reappeared.

In applying the advice I have been giving, the student, if she has followed carefully what I have said, ought scarcely to need to be reminded that the better a piece is known, the more necessary it is to take care that its performance is directed in the way I have indicated, and to constantly remember that precision of mind results in precision of fingers.

It will, of course, be easily seen that the remarks I have been making are meant only for advanced students. For beginners, or for those only moderately advanced, the very fact that the limitations of their technique prevent their fingers from acting without the minute control of the will, makes such advice unnecessary.

So, too, the couple of hints on general practising I am about to give the reader are only intended for those who have attained to considerable powers of execution.

First, in practising any piece of music it is best to take it in portions at first, and not to go through the whole piece. Two or three pages should be practised some ten or twelve times, and then the next few pages treated in the same way, and the whole piece should not be gone through in its entirety until some approach to perfection is reached in the performance of the respective portions. Practising in this manner, it will be found that the student will not tire so soon of the piece, as its freshness will linger a much longer time.

Secondly, I would strongly advise the student, when practising a piece in this way, to take the metronome time at which she can play perfectly those special passages which offer the greatest difficulty to her, and at which she is most liable to stumble, and then to take great care to play the rest of the piece at that rate, and only to allow the speed of the whole to quicken gradually and concurrently with that of these special passages.

A. D. SWIFT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—We are afraid that there are no examinations suited to your purpose which are absolutely free. The College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, London, grants a teacher's diploma, on examination: fee, £1 1s. The fee for matriculation in the London University is £2, and the examination is held at many provincial centres as well as in London. There are also special examinations open to women only, connected with the University of Oxford; for detailed information, address, Secretary, Local Examinations Delegacy, Clarendon Building, Oxford. The University of St. Andrews grants the Higher Women's certificate, and the title of L.L.A. One, two, three, four or more subjects may be taken at each examination; the fee is £2 2s., which is allowed to cover two years, or periods of examination. The Higher Cambridge Local Examination is held in December and June, fee £1 and £2; address, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. You might also make inquiries at the Yorkshire College, Leeds, as to the examinations there. We are interested in your letter and advise you to write for particulars of one of the examinations mentioned above.

ROSE.—We are sorry we cannot recommend "publishers from whom you would get some work." But you might apply to the Artists' Guild, Art Needlework Repository, Exhibition Road, London, S.W.; and to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W. Here you might gain some information. Your writing is quite good enough for you to obtain a situation as a clerk of any sort, but we should strongly advise you to try to get such employment in your native town by recommendation from friends.

GRACE EULALIE.—Submit the air of your song to any musical friend who understands harmony and composition, and who would be willing to complete it for you. If you have no such friend, ask any music publisher to tell you, where you could have an accompaniment written to your melody. Publication is a more difficult matter. If there is merit in the composition, it might be accepted by one of the music publishers; but the only way is to send the song, when completed, to some well-known firm. You could, of course, have it printed at your own expense if you chose.

E. J. B.—The Queen's Scholarship Examination—in other words, the examination of candidates for admission into training colleges, and for the office of assistant-teacher—embraces the following compulsory subjects:—Reading and repetition, writing, spelling, composition, English language and literature (or Latin, or French), arithmetic, algebra and mensuration, Euclid, geography, history, practical teaching, school management; there are optional subjects in addition. You ask if a "working man" could hope to qualify for the examination. All depends upon his previous education, and the length of time he can afford for study. You can obtain copies of the former examination papers from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fleet Street, E.C., price 6d.; and full particulars from the Education Department, which will enable you to judge of your chance of success. We are glad to hear from you, and hope this information will be of use.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

L. E. M. (*Cookery*).—Yes, you would be expected to pass an examination at the end of your course at a Training School of Cookery, that is to say, if you wished to obtain a diploma, as you should do. The nature of the examination would depend upon the course you had taken; if plain cookery, you would be examined on the subjects of that course, and similarly if you had studied high class work. Properly, if you were to become fully qualified, you should practice plain cookery first and then the high class.

ROSEMARY (*Institute for Children's Nurses*).—You should address the Principal, the Norland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, London, W. The course of training extends over nine months; three months are passed in the institute, three in a hospital (in order to study the cure of children in illness), and three as probationer in a family. The nurses are taught needlework and the cutting out of children's garments, hygiene, and the principles of Froebelian education. The fee to resident pupils is 36 guineas, and non-resident 30 guineas. Pupils are expected to obtain salaries beginning at not less than £20. There is a great demand for these trained nurses.

WAITING (*Money Earned at Home*).—You wish to know how your young friend can earn money at home "even if only a little, say £1 a week." We do not regard £1 a week as very little to earn at home, but rather a comfortable amount for a girl of whose qualifications you tell us nothing. We would suggest dressmaking or millinery as the best occupation for the purpose. There is a good demand for visiting dressmakers who will call at ladies' houses and either repair garments on the premises or take them away for this purpose. With some skill and a good connection, a dressmaker could earn three or four shillings a day. Hat-trimming and the renovation of the millinery are also fairly remunerative. But, of course, it is useless to venture into any of these occupations without knowledge of the trade, and this can only be obtained by an expenditure of money and time.

A READER OF "THE G. O. P." (*Servants' Registry*).—If you establish a registry in the country district from which you write you would find it best to ask low fees. The servants are usually placed on the registry gratis, and are charged either a penny in the pound on their wages or a fixed fee of one shilling upon a situation being found. If the servant, however, is dissatisfied with her place before the end of the month she can claim that another and more satisfactory situation be found for her. The employer might be charged a registration fee of one shilling and a further fee of a shilling or eighteenpence on being provided with a servant. Higher fees than these are charged at some of the best London registries, but we think the terms we have mentioned will be more suitable for your part of the world.

A. D. (St. Gall).—Perhaps your friend had better write to the secretary of the Teacher's Guild, 74, Gower Street, London; but it is difficult to hold out hopes to French teachers wishing to obtain a situation in this country *au pair*. The Society of French Preceptors might be able to assist in the matter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

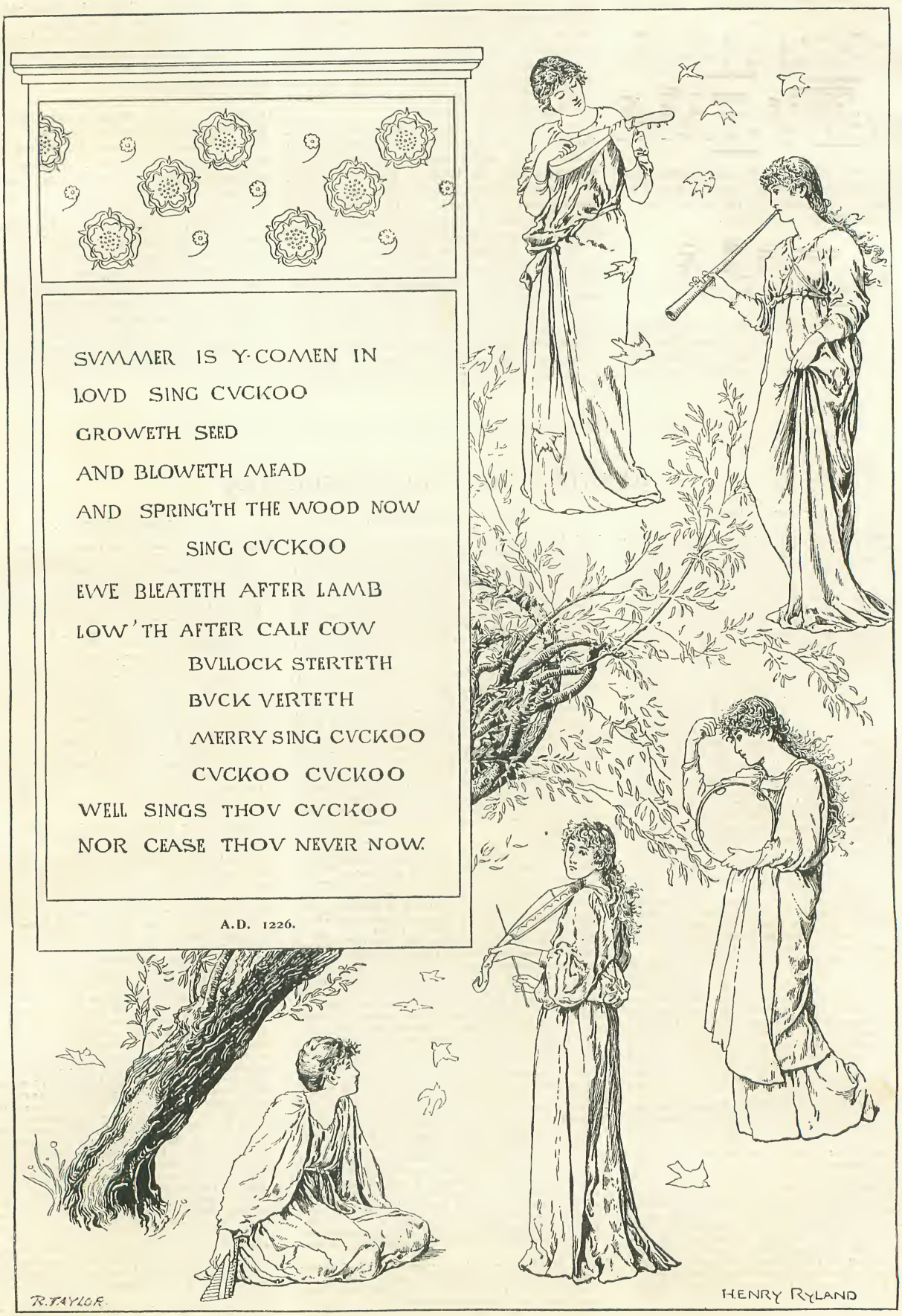
WANDERING JEW.—Where there is a young infant and child of nine still in care of the nurse, she will require the assistance of the under-housemaid, helping only in the making of the nursery beds, and dusting, herself. The under-housemaid should bring up any coals, water, or food needed there. The waitress should answer the hall-door, have charge of the plate and lamps, and the upper-housemaid should have the dusting of the drawing and other living rooms, wait on any lady guests, and have the charge of all the bedrooms, having the assistance of the under-housemaid till 12.30 or 1 P.M. The cook should have her services from the time the preparation begins for the late dinner. The upper-housemaid should assist the waitress at table at the late dinner. There will be time (on special days) for needlework for both housemaids in the afternoon. The man who cleans the boots might fill all the coal-scuttles in the morning and carry them up to the various rooms, being heavy for a woman. They should be brought down to him the previous night. We thank you for your kind letter.

A. B. C.—The origin of the title or prefix to the Turkish Government of "Sublime Porte," is the lofty gate of the Sultan's seraglio at Constantinople, from which gate the imperial edicts are issued. The Chinese Empire rises still higher in the assumption of a title in dubbing itself "Celestial." From the earliest ages that empire was called "Heaven," and the emperor "Heaven's son," or "Son of the sun and moon," or "God," and Heaven's sole vicegerent on earth. What a sorry Paradise, even for its native-born sons! Still worse for foreigners.

BELLA.—The origin of the term "squatter" appears to be American, judging from its use by Washington Irving in his *History of New York*, although now almost exclusively applied to the holders on lease from the Government of large cattle and sheep "runs" in Australia and New Zealand. They constitute a large proportion of the upper class of the Colonial Society, although the uninformed seem to regard them as somewhat kindred to our gipsies, who are permitted by ancient covenants with some of our old landed gentry to "squat" on their lands for a certain period of time every year, and regard themselves as "retainers" to a more or less extent. The connection is a curious one.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—We never heard of rooms in a house standing in a street (not underground cellars), being infested with snails. But, under the circumstances, we should sprinkle salt and lime all over the floors, in the cupboards, and on the window sills; and should have the crevices under the wainscoting filled with wedges of long strips of wood, and every hole cemented over. In this way you will get rid of the pest. If ivy or rose-trees grow over the outer walls, they will have to be cut away from the windows, and kept very low, if not removed altogether, for you will suffer from the intrusion of earwigs—which would be a greater plague than snails, and also from spiders.

SCAMFT.—Amongst a multitude we may direct you to our own publication, *The Bible Handbook*, by Dr. Joseph Angus, D.D., to be obtained at 56, Paternoster Row.


SVMMER IS Y-COMEN IN
LOVD SING CVCKOO
GROWETH SEED
AND BLOWETH MEAD
AND SPRING'TH THE WOOD NOW
SING CVCKOO
EWE BLEATETH AFTER LAMB
LOW'TH AFTER CALF COW
BVLLOCK STERTETH
BVCK VERTETH
MERRY SING CVCKOO
CVCKOO CVCKOO
WELL SINGS THOV CVCKOO
NOR CEASE THOV NEVER NOW.
A.D. 1226.
R. TAYLOR.
HENRY RYLAND

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 903.] APRIL 17, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CHAFING DISH IN DAILY USE.

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



All rights reserved.]

A DAINTY COURSE.

GLANCING over my former article on this subject, of July, 1896 (No. 858 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER), I find I have very carefully gone into a description of the chafing-dish itself, as well as its history, which is an interesting one, and of great antiquity. I must now reiterate what I have already said about the difficulty of adapting the American recipes for it to our English tastes and ideas. The dozen or more recipes given there are excellent and have been well tried.

It is hardly needful to give directions for the making of any soups in the chafing dish, for the canned ones come in most delightfully; and if you want to have soup, you have only to select the kind you like and get it. Do not, however, heat it in the can, as is usual in most families, but turn it into your chafing dish, add about half-a-pint of water, and flavour as you desire. You will find a little tapioca, cold rice, or even a cold potato carefully mashed up with a fork, excellent additions to some kinds of soup, and the French make great use also of bread, and to advantage. Vermicelli can be used likewise, as well as macaroni and sago. All these are added to give a little body to soup, and most people enjoy it more when it has something of the kind to thicken it. The dried mixed vegetables are most useful for this purpose, but require boiling for at least half an hour; and when tender you can add your tinned soup to them, and thus take advantage of the flavour the water has acquired.

My last American cookery book is very careful in its directions about preparing beforehand for the chafing dish cookery; and when one reads to what very high flights they aspire and indulge themselves, this preparation is evidently most necessary. In order that you may comprehend what I mean by "high flights," I will give you the account of a dish made at a chafing-dish lecture, before a large audience, and by a very well-known cookery lecturer.

Chestnuts and Oysters.—Take as many oysters as chestnuts, the yolks of four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, the peel of half a lemon, two sprigs of parsley, a spoonful of spinach juice, six spoonfuls of milk or cream, flour, bread-crumbs, half a pint of thin stock, half a blade of mace and three ounces of butter. Make a thick batter with the yolks of two eggs, the nutmeg, the lemon peel finely minced, the spinach juice, a little flour, and two spoonfuls of the milk. Dip the oysters one by one into this batter, roll in bread-crumbs, and fry with butter quickly to a bright brown, and then set aside to keep hot. Take the chestnuts (shelled and skinned) and fry in batter. Pour the fat out of the pan and dredge in some flour. Rub a piece of butter over it with a spoon, put in the liquor of the oysters, the mace, the chestnuts, and the half-pint of thin stock. Let them boil, and thicken the liquor with the yolks of two eggs, beating up with four spoonfuls of cream; and when it is thick pour it over the oysters and serve. The chestnuts must, of course, be partially boiled before use, and the oysters should be of the large kind, peculiar to America.

Now this recipe seems very difficult, but it is really more in the quick and skilful manipulation of the ingredients, in the use of the chafing dish, than in anything else. When first I used it, I found both bravery and decision were needed, in fact, exactly the same qualities as are said to make a good cyclist. The blaze of the spirit lamp, the necessity for speed, and the celerity with which it all becomes cooked in the pan are rather alarming, and the inexperienced are sure to fail. It all seems so much more difficult than it is to cook on a gas stove or at the kitchen range; and the very closeness of the chafing dish to you is rather dreadful. I am now writing to the inexperienced, but I have been told that even the old hands at cooking feel exactly as I do, and are almost equally fearful and nervous at first.

As I have mentioned about the tinned soups, I must also enumerate the vegetables prepared in the same manner, i.e., corn, tomatoes, green peas, and beans, which are all well adapted to the service of the chafing dish. These vegetables may be all prepared by simply heating them through, and then seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. The green peas are rendered much more of a treat if you can afford to add a little cream to them; and the corn, if carefully prepared by the instructions given on the outside of the tin, cannot be surpassed, though I find that most English people require to be educated up to this when served as a vegetable. It can also be used as a white soup, with milk and thickening added to it; and perhaps a little clear stock. In making every kind of soup, the cook must bear in mind the instructions of the celebrated Savarin, viz., that good soup must never boil—only simmer in the pot, for boiling spoils it in every period of its manufacture.

A dish which was a favourite one with this distinguished Frenchman was a *fondue*. This is of Swiss origin and is quite easy to make, and is most savoury, and quickly dressed.

Take as many eggs as there are guests, and then about a third as much of the best Gruyère cheese, and the half of that of butter. Break and beat the eggs well in your saucepan, then add the cheese and butter, cut up into small pieces. Place the saucepan on the fire, and stir till the mixture become thick and soft; add salt and plenty of pepper, the latter being the special feature of this ancient dish. Serve in the saucepan of the chafing dish, or in a hot-water dish if you have it.

Sweetbreads with Green Peas.—This is one of the dishes you meet with the oftenest at the chafing dish suppers, which are so much the rage in the United States. If the sweetbreads be prepared in advance, there is no difficulty about making it. They must be put into cold water and well washed; then parboiled in milk and water, half of each; and all the tough skin must be removed. Then put them into the lower dish, with butter the size of a walnut. Let them fry for a few minutes; add half a pint of good beef gravy, a little celery salt, and some pepper, and rub in a teaspoonful of browned flour. Stir it a little, and then put the handled pan on, and empty into it a tin of French peas, with a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper, and serve when hot through.

Scotch Woodcock.—Into a small stewpan break three or four eggs, with one tablespoonful of cream, a pinch of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and add one ounce of butter. Stir these without ceasing over the fire until the mixture become thick. Have ready a square of buttered toast, cover lightly with anchovy paste, and then spread the eggs over all and serve very hot. In some recipes the yolks of the eggs only are used.

Thackeray's Recipe for Bouillabaisse.—This I found in an American book. It is quite easy enough for a chafing dish. Put a gill of olive oil into the dish, one clove of garlic finely minced, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, two cloves, and six whole peppercorns. Fry till nicely browned, and then put in the contents of a tin of salmon with its liquid. Lastly add a pinch of salt, a bit of bay-leaf, two slices of lemon, a pint of tomato pulp, a pinch of curry-powder, with enough water to cover the fish. Simmer for twenty minutes. Line a deep dish with toast, remove all the seasoning from the salmon that is in sight, and pour the contents of the pan over the toast.

I must remark here (which I should have done sooner perhaps) that all the recipes, unless otherwise specified, are always to be cooked by moist heat over the water pan, which should have half or three-quarters of an inch of boiling water in it. Be careful to fill up the lamp with spirits or alcohol before you begin to cook; and remember to put the boiling water into the pan before the lamp be lighted.

I gave a recipe in my last article for Welsh rabbit, but I am about to give another which I have personally found excellent. One pound of a new, rich American cheese, well cut up into small pieces or even grated. First put into the dish immediately over the fire a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, and stir this round the pan till it begin to simmer, then add to this half a saltspoon of white pepper and two tablespoonfuls of milk, and mix well with a spoon. Empty the cheese into this by degrees stirring till it melt. Put in a little salt, and one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, and stir well as the cheese begins to bubble. It must be of the consistency of thick cream. Now, at this stage you may be afraid of the cheese becoming stringy, if you do not stir it very well. If you prefer it, use cream instead of milk; it is quite as nice, and red pepper is preferred by many people to the black or white. If you were cooking this rabbit for several people, you would be well advised to have the pieces of toast nicely cut and squared all ready, and you can then dip them into the toasted cheese with a fork. Cover thoroughly with the mixture on both sides, and serve on a very hot plate. As a piece of personal experience, I would advise you never to try to cook a Welsh rabbit before any strangers, till you have had some practice in doing so. The old way of making it was quite different, and in Doctor Kitchener's celebrated book we find a recipe which reads more like toasted cheese than what we should now call a Welsh rabbit; and in those days they had an article which they called a brazier, which they held over the Welsh rabbit to brown it. We have something of the same kind, but it is more usual to brown before the front of the fire.

Welsh rarebit, as made in the olden time, and also at the present day in Wales, was not the same as we make it; and instead of being used for supper was a breakfast dish. Cheese would seem to be far too strong a thing to eat for breakfast in these degenerate days in this country, although often seen on the breakfast table abroad; and one can only fall back on the idea that our forefathers, if Welsh, had much better appetites and digestions than their descendants. The following is an old Welsh recipe, which has not, it is said, appeared before in print. But of this fact of course I cannot be sure,

Thick slices of bread, cut from the round of the whole loaf, and then spread with a layer, at least half as thick as the bread, of rich cream-cheese. Crumbled finely on the top of this was a layer of bacon chopped up very finely; a sprinkling of pepper was added, and then a wineglass full of milk, or at least enough to wet the bread, was poured over the whole. The slices thus prepared were placed in a very hot oven, and left till done, which meant that the bread was dried through, the cheese all melted, and the bacon made quite crisp. In America the milk is omitted in families of Welsh extraction. My objection to this recipe is, that I do not see how cream-cheese, as we now know it, could have been used; so I believe the word is employed with reference to the quality of the cheese, i.e., made with cream, and not milk.

Smoked salmon is a very good breakfast

dish that can be managed without difficulty in a chafing dish. Make a mixture of about two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and put into this some slices of smoked salmon about an eighth of an inch thick, and let them stand for about a quarter of an hour in the mixture. Then put them in the chafing dish and let them get quite hot through. This may be served plain or with a little *maître d'hotel* butter spread over each slice of salmon.

Turning over the leaves of the very excellent cookery book from which I have taken the above, I see many easy and delicious dishes which could be cooked either with the chafing dish or else with the aid of the spirit lamp and a tiny saucepan. Amongst these are stewed mushrooms, curried eggs, eggs *sur le plat*, ham toast, omelets of all kinds, macaroni *à la* Milanese, an Italian *risotto*, sweetbreads *à la suprême*, and I think some kinds of *soufflées* could be managed. Lobster in tins can be turned in many shapes, and so can tinned salmon; and many a *frittura*, as the Italians call any fried up dish, can be rendered appetising and good with the aid of tomato sauce or paste.

THE GROCER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.



AFTER the *fête* day Beatrice found that her tormentors ceased to express their disgust in open terms. They contented themselves with silent sneers and veiled innuendoes. To her surprise she received an apology from Charlie Vereker which she answered in as graceful language as she could command, regretting if she had caused trouble between father and son. Clarissa Greville found, in instigating Charlie to torment Beatrice, she had unconsciously struck a blow at her own vanity.

Immediately after the *fête* Charlie wrote to her expressing his regret for his foolish conduct in meeting her clandestinely, and stating in straightforward terms that their intercourse as boy and girl lovers must cease until they both arrived at an age of discretion. The fact of the matter was, Charlie's infatuation had expired suddenly and violently.

Clarissa stamped with rage and humiliation when she received the letter, and vowed revenge upon Beatrice. But as Beatrice sedulously avoided her, giving herself entirely up to her studies, she had difficulty in finding a means of gratifying her spite. Thus time passed on.

The end of the half year drew near; the girls began to anticipate the prize-day and the Christmas holidays. It became evident to all that by her steady persistence, combined with her natural ability, Beatrice Merle would stand the chance of carrying home flying honours.

The Duchess of Breakwater had consented to give the prizes, and in the breasts of the girls a keen spirit of rivalry was excited. "I hope the 'dear duchess' will speak to me," said each girl eagerly, and as Beatrice Merle heard the remarks an amused smile played upon her face.

"The 'dear duchess' will certainly not notice me," she said to Miss Annie with a tinge of bitterness in her voice. "My footsteps are haunted by the Moloch Trade. If my father had been a solicitor, or a doctor, or an artist I might have received her smiles."

"Beatrice, dear, you are sarcastic."

"Yes, Miss Annie, I am growing ugly and disagreeable. Persecution does not have the refining effect upon me that it has had upon you."

"You are young, Beatrice, and will gain patience with experience. I often compare patience to the snowdrop that peeps out of the earth in the winter-time, when the bitter east winds and freezing frosts would kill the tender hot-house plants, it raises its modest little head and smiles upon us, a beautiful emblem of purity and hope."

Beatrice was silent for a few moments. Then she said musingly, "I am so thankful there is no respect of persons with God."

And with a smile Miss Annie recited—

"'Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!
* * * *
Then let us pray that come it may—
And come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!'"

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Beatrice stepped upon the dais to receive her numerous prizes from the hands of the duchess, her head swam giddily. She knew she had worked conscientiously, but she did not know her success had been so marked, and a wild throb of pleasure thrilled through her heart.

"Father will be so glad," she murmured inwardly.

As the duchess looked into the earnest, excited face a puzzled expression came into her eyes, and she said, "My child, your face is strangely familiar to me. Your name is—let me see? Beatrice Merle. Ah, now I remember. I must have a chat with you before I leave, with Miss Wynnard's kind permission," turning to the head mistress.

Miss Wynnard smiled and bowed her assent, and with a little nod the duchess dismissed Beatrice covered with blushes.

"Oh, I say!" whispered Clarissa Greville to Beryl Beauchamp. "Fancy that!"

"I am glad," beamed Beryl. "Beatrice is a splendid girl. I shall invite her to Beauchamp."

"Consult your mother, my dear, before you do anything rash."

"Mother knows all about her."

"It is your turn now, Beryl," and the whispering ceased.

Shortly before the duchess took her departure Beatrice was summoned into the drawing-room. After congratulating her upon her success the duchess informed her that many years before she had known her mother.

"Your face was familiar to me, but for a moment I could not connect the name Merle with that of Oldcastle."

"Oldcastle was my mother's maiden name," said Beatrice impulsively. "And my name is Beatrice Oldcastle Merle."

The duchess smiled. "Yes, you are truly a Beatrice Oldcastle. Save that your hair and eyes are darker than your mother's were at your age, you are the image of her. Your mother and I were playmates, and loved each other dearly. Your grandfather, Merle, I suppose was a brewer and a very rich man, but I understand your father had scruples concerning beer, and he sacrificed his father's wealth and began life as a poor tradesman."

Beatrice smiled. "I am afraid my father will never be a rich man, he is too——" and Beatrice paused blushing.

"Too generous, you mean, child. Well, well! Of course, I think he was foolish to sacrifice wealth for a scruple, but he is a fine man for all that. You see, I know a little of his career, though for the moment I forgot his name. I suppose the firm is Merle and Co. now?"

"Yes, father has taken a partner."

"A young rake he has reformed. Rather a dangerous undertaking!" said the duchess mischievously.

"By placing confidence in Lawrence Dean, father thinks he will help him to acquire strength of character."

"I hope he will not be disappointed. Now, my dear, I hear my carriage wheels. Give my love to your mother, and tell her I should like to see her for the sake of 'auld lang syne,'" and stooping the duchess kissed Beatrice on both cheeks, whispering, "This kiss is for your mother, and this one for yourself."

Clarissa Greville and her special friends held a serious cabal that evening. The attention the grocer's daughter had received from the duchess surprised them, and they debated the question whether or not they should receive her into the favoured communion and fellowship of their own special clique.

"If the duchess kissed her twice, surely we might be friends with her? Jane the housemaid saw the duchess kiss her on both cheeks," urged those for the affirmative.

"I suppose she did," answered Clarissa Greville, who was still for the negative. "But I don't like the girl. She is one of the self-righteous creatures that I detest."

"The fact of the matter is, Clary, that little fiasco with Charlie Vereker has embittered you."

"Oh, no, not in the least. But let us dismiss the subject. You are welcome to be friendly with the girl if you wish. I do not like vulgar people, and I do not wish to like them."

Fortunately for Beatrice she did not hear the foregoing debate. She retired to rest full of pleasant thoughts of the day just passed, and delightful anticipations of the morrow. Too excited to sleep she lay awake thinking, long after her schoolfellows had fallen asleep. At length, in the early morning, she began to feel drowsy. Suddenly she became conscious of a peculiar odour. She sat up in bed, her senses alert in a moment. What could it be?

(To be concluded.)

THE GIRLS OF GREECE.

"It is well to travel if one can. It teaches one how many nice people there are in the world."

So said an aged English lady to me, her stranger-fellow-countrywoman, as we journeyed together in the train which carried us back to Athens after seeing the famous "dances of Megara."

I agreed with her heartily; but a moment afterwards I was reminded that travelling does not do everything, and that those who would truly see Greece or Italy must start with a little bit of their genial atmosphere and sense of beauty already in themselves. For a sharp rasping voice from the other end of our carriage gave utterance to this sentiment—

"Greece seems to me a very poor country altogether."

It was, alas! another fellow-countrywoman who spoke, a woman in early middle-age, and this was all she had to say to a party who, except myself and the old lady, were all Greeks, one of them a Greek who had just told us that he was returning to his fatherland after twenty years of absence, and who had voluntarily stood during the greater part of our journey that this sour-voiced foreign woman might enjoy a seat!

In this connection I have used a word which I do not think we British always realise. When we are abroad, it is we who are "the foreigners," and I think most of us will acknowledge that we are treated with a kindness and a consideration which is not invariably shown to strange visitors in these islands, while some of us, with shame, may own that we do not always act and speak with the courtesy and deference due to our kindly hosts.

This does not so much arise from any ill-will, as from our insular position having made most of us, unaccustomed for generations, to see any manners or customs, or even shades of complexion, save our own—leading us to the deplorable error of feeling that everything strange to ourselves must be pitiable or at least ridiculous. We still have among us more than we like to think of the spirit of the old countrywoman who was sure that the English army must conquer everywhere because so many people were praying for it, and who, when asked whether she did not think other nations were also praying for victory, promptly responded, "Maybe, but it was not likely the Almighty could understand their gibberish!"



A GREEK WOMAN.

Travellers themselves often have a great temptation to dwell rather on the wonders—natural or artistic—of the lands they visit than on the special features and interests of the humanity dwelling among them. The Pyramids and tombs of Egypt and the marvellous remains of the Athenian Acropolis are apt to crowd out thought of the varied races who throng the streets of Cairo or of the wonderful progress and glorious aspiration of the modern Greek.

One can understand the temptation. The Pyramids and the Parthenon are, so to speak, already the familiar friends of all educated people, and admiring inquiry concerning them is but like the renewal of old acquaintance. But what can we know—or learn—of these crowds of strange faces passing panoramically before us, speaking tongues, too, which but few of us understand?

And yet, after all, in these crowds the ancient Egyptian and Greek have contributed to the present a more enduring element than even their most marvellous monuments—an element which has still got its share to play in the world's drama, perhaps even after the last great relic of antiquity shall have finally crumbled to dust. And so the traveller surely renders some service to the cause of human brotherhood when he tells whether the panoramic faces smiled on him, whether the "unknown tongues" were spoken in gentle accents, and when he does not forget to record those little touches of nature which make the whole world kin.

And that is why I should like to tell my friends of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a little about the girls of Greece.

I made my first acquaintance with them on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, when we were but new arrivals in Athens. A kind friend resident there had conducted us to Mars Hill that we might read St. Paul's great missionary sermon on the very spot where he delivered it. As we read, three little maidens drew near and paused, listening to the unfamiliar English. They belonged to the very poorest class, and they were clean and neat, with nicely braided hair and sweet, delicate faces. Our resident friend entered into conversation with them in their own tongue, giving them a free rendering of what we had read. They listened and responded courteously—one of them, at least, being quite familiar with the story of St. Paul. They said they belonged to the Greek Church. One of them went off and gathered some of the asphodel with which the grass was rich. She presented little bouquets to each of us, and a spray of that asphodel now lies in my New Testament over Acts xvii.

As days passed on of course I saw more of Greek girls. In the house where I lived there was a kind, dark-eyed hand-maiden, who was a Spartan. (Just think of being a Spartan by birth!) She knew a good deal of English, and was always ready in a shy diffident way to speak it. She never met me without a "Good morning" or a "Good evening," which had a home-like sound to my ears. She did her work in an obliging pleasant way, and often brought us up a rose from the garden. I saw her about her work at all hours—from five in the morning; but I never saw her otherwise than tidy, smiling, and soft-spoken. Through my sketching in the streets and fields I was brought in slight contact with many other Greek girls, though our mutual ignorance of each other's language prevented free communication. They took intelligent interest in what I was doing. If they made any remark to a companion, it was made in a gentle whisper. They were always ready—unasked, nay, before I thought of it—to render me any little service, such as holding my water-bottle or paint-box while I changed my position. They never crowded me nor got in my way. In short, they were *thoroughly* well bred; and these, remember, were the little girls running bareheaded in Athens streets.

In the churches too, the women, both the attendants and the congregation, were always kind and considerate. Seats are few and far between in Greek churches; there are none in the body of the buildings, but only down the sides, with a few chairs scattered in the gallery, where few but women go. But I was never allowed to stand long, and service-books and general guidance through the course of the ceremonial were constantly rendered.

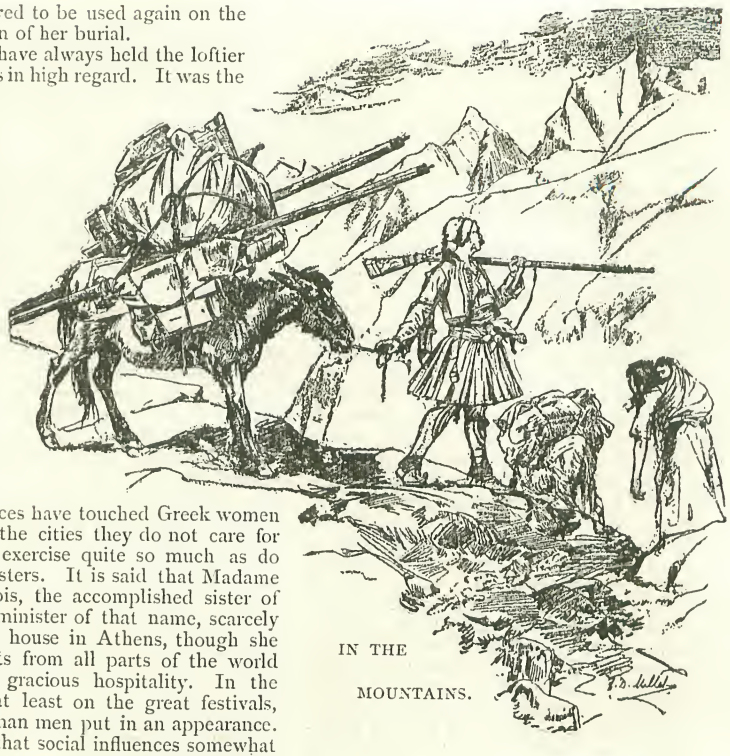
The girls of the richer classes are, I understand, generally well educated and highly accomplished. Many of them are good linguists, English and French governesses

being very frequently engaged by well-to-do Greek families. The Greeks have always valued education. Even when their Turkish oppressors made instruction in the Greek language and the Christian religion into a crime to be visited with penalties—they still pursued it, though under conditions indicated in the Greek child's song,

"O pretty little moon,
Shine out and guide my way,
And while I steal to school
Let not my footsteps stray!
There knowledge good to us is given,
A precious gift sent down from heaven."

Foreign residents in Athens dwell much on the charming and gentle manners of the Greek ladies. Yet there is fire and grit beneath the sweetness, for in the Greek War of Independence, in the early decades of this century, Greek women were among the foremost in struggling against the Turkish yoke, under which, certainly, their sex had not suffered least. Among the heroines of that time is one "Bobalina," who with her own fortune fitted out vessels and headed her warrior sailors in person. Her picture in her heroic action hangs among the other portraits and relics of the Greek Revolution in the Polytechnic at Athens. Women, too, bravely bore their part in the Siege of Missolonghi, and fought in the terrible sortie with which it ended. In 1881 an aged woman was carried to her grave clad in the dress of a Pallikar ("soldier" or "lad") which she had worn when fighting by her father's side at Missolonghi, and had secretly preserved to be used again on the solemn occasion of her burial.

The Greeks have always held the loftier female qualities in high regard. It was the statue of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, which presided among the antique glories of the Acropolis. The Greek women of to-day have their share in every progress. A lady physician, Dr. Mary Kalopothakes, has started in successful practice in the capital. Yet Turkish influences have touched Greek women so far that in the cities they do not care for active outdoor exercise quite so much as do their western sisters. It is said that Madame Sophia Tricoupis, the accomplished sister of the late prime minister of that name, scarcely ever leaves her house in Athens, though she welcomes guests from all parts of the world with the most gracious hospitality. In the churches too, at least on the great festivals, fewer women than men put in an appearance. It is said, too, that social influences somewhat tend to separate the young of the two sexes, and that courtship rather follows definite offer of marriage than precedes it.



IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Nevertheless, the simple habits of the country people at least give many opportunities for the selection of partners. The sons and daughters of neighbouring farmers meet to work together among the vines, and they meet to rejoice together in the village dances which in Greece form such a feature of every festival—Easter, St. George's Day, St. John's Day. Such dances, which take place at midday, and in which the elder men and women freely join and indeed preponderate, are of a quiet decorous character—a circle or semi-circle with linked hands moving round with slow graceful steps, while the dancers sing in a low voice. The songs are very varied, and some are very old. Some breathe memories of the national hatred to the former Turkish oppressors, but most are love-songs. We give brief translations from two.



GREEK HOSPITALITY.

"The sea consumes the hills and the hills the savage beasts,
And the black-eyed and the fair ones consume the Pallikars."

And again—

"When thou combest thyself, Xanthoula,
Give me the combings,
And I will take them to the goldsmith
To make me rings therewith."

The evening which follows these public festivities is a favourite time for approaching the parents of a girl with formal declaration of love and offer of marriage. As the Greek poet Drosines put it—

"Ere the hill is darkened, ere the sun sinks o'er its side,
Proposals fair for her he sends, and asks her for his bride."

Whatever may be the conditions and restrictions of Greek courtship, I must say that I have never seen faces more beautiful with calm contentment than those of the Greek village matrons, nor ever met with more kindliness and ready cheer than I noticed in the Greek old women, even of the humblest class, whose worn faces were always ready to brighten into a smile for the strangers as they saluted us with words of blessing or greeting.

The national dress of the Greek countrywomen is very noble, and may it be long ere it changes for the vulgarities of fashion! It varies considerably in different districts, but all the variations have certain features in common, which bring them fairly within the poet's description:

"Put on thy white embroidered gown, thy finest, softest vest,
The skirt of red with silken flowers, thy chains across thy breast."

Other things being equal, the married women are dressed with much greater richness than the girls. For one thing, on festal or "full-dress" occasions, they wear upon their heads delicate white veils, flowing down behind, and often daintily embroidered, while

the maidens simply obey the poet's invocation—

"And bind a yellow kerchief their graceful heads around."

The turning back of the skirt, as shown in our illustration, is also a sign that the wearer has not yet attained the married state. Embroidery of every kind is introduced wherever possible; white embroidery on vest and ruffle, gold embroidery on jacket, and a singular very rich kind of *appliqué* on skirts. Girls spin, dye, weave, and make their own clothing, and have a stock in hand on the day when they become brides. Nor is female industry in Greece confined to articles for personal use. "Home industries" are in full force there. The beautiful silks, gauzes, and stuffs of the country are woven by cottage families upon hand-looms. A nice old woman, carrying a basket laden with these dainty wares, was in the habit of calling at the *pension* where we lived, and she said that everything she sold was woven by herself and a daughter.

Such costumes as I have described can be bought in Athens at prices ranging from £2 to £6 or upwards, but these are for sale chiefly to visitors and artists. It would be a rare accident which would drive a Greek countrywoman to buy what she delights to make for herself. Even in Athens, where European dress prevails, I was told that ready-made garments for women are scarcely to be had, that there was not such a thing as a "blouse" for sale in the whole town, nor did I notice many dressmakers' "signs." The more valuable parts of the national costume will last a lifetime, while "the chains across the breast" and the curious head-dress, made of tiny gold and silver coins, is generally an heir-loom. These feminine ornaments are always spoken of as a woman's "weapons"—a subtle Greek hint of the "execution" she effects with them! Yet, as a favourite term of endearment with the Greek lover is "my partridge," it may be presumed that he admits that there is some "snaring" and "bringing down" on his side too!

The relation between parents and children is very tender and strong in Greece. Widowed mothers constantly reside under the same roof as their married children. There are many songs and legends which dwell on the sacredness and joy of filial duty. For instance, take the legend of the bee, which in Greece is called "the blessing of God," and which by its honey provided all the sweetness of Greek cookery, at any rate in former times. The poet Viziênos narrates that a mother had three daughters, who were all employed outside the home-roof. The old woman, finding herself dying, despatched messengers to summon her children to her side. One daughter replied that she was too busy to come, another that she had something else to do. These were at once transformed into a spider and a tortoise. But the third came running, and when her mother asked what she had upon her hands, she answered that it was dough, because when the messenger came she had been making a cake, and had not waited to wash off the flour and butter. The mother thanked God for her good child, who straightway became the valued and welcome bee.

"Forth she flieth on joyful wings,
By flower and bloom carest,
And to every creature a blessing brings,
She—whom her mother blest."

I think I cannot do better than to close my paper by quoting in full a lovely little poem about a Greek girl, written by George Drosines and translated by E. M. Edmunds. By hinting a beautiful race's philosophy of beauty, it opens to us the hope that every gentle word and winning way may add to the human loveliness of creation.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

"Tell me, O lovely maiden, whence do thy graces flow?
How did thy mother nourish thee? what care did she bestow?
With sugar did she feed thee, that thou art aye so sweet?
Was milk thy drink? For thou, like milk with whiteness art replete.
Did she bathe thee in rose waters?—for thou bloomest like the rose:
Made she a bed of downy plumes whereon thou might'st repose,
With sweet musk for a pillow—that thou of musk might smell?"
"My good and darling mother, my mother deeming well,
With sugar hath not fed me, white milk for drink nor gave,
Nor that I might be more than fair, did with rose-water lave:
She gave me no musk pillow, no bed of down to press:
But my kind mother nourished me with many a fond caress:
And with her loving kisses she all this sweetness sent,
And with her tender blessing this balmy perfume lent.
Thus was I reared on love alone, and bloom in beauty dressed,
For I am an only daughter, a maiden much caressed."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN the newly discovered sisters were returning to the house, after this long talk, they were met by Lord Hastings, who held a letter in his hand.

"The whole house is in tumult," he said, "owing to the unaccountable wanderings of its two primary planets, and I am come out like a true astronomer to trace the cause of their eccentricity. Breakfast is over, and I believe luncheon on the table—everybody but myself is either gone out riding or driving, and I have been traversing the grounds, north, south, east and west, in the hope of delivering this dispatch to Miss Llewellen, and asking her whether she has any messages to her aunt, who I may probably see to-morrow, or the next day."

Clare's face flushed crimson, and her voice faltered, as she took the letter, and asked why Lord Hastings was about to leave them.

A letter of business, he said, had called him into Dorsetshire, and he should be obliged, much against his inclination—and he bent his full, eloquent eye upon Clare as he spoke—to leave a place which contained one who knew how to rise superior to the throng of worldlings about her, and to distinguish genuine purity and excellence, even when veiled under a humble garb.

The path was narrow, and Gwenllean was walking behind, therefore she could not hear what Lord Hastings said. Clare felt confused, and longed to say that she could boast no merit in selecting Gwenllean from amongst the company, since she felt convinced that Nature had impelled them towards each other; but Gwenllean had insisted upon secrecy, and she was silent. She was pleased, however, to have gained Lord Hastings's approbation, and had he been one versed in reading a woman's mind from the expression of her countenance, he might have discovered, in the gratified look that was for a moment bent on him, a riddle that he had often puzzled over—whether Clare Llewellen had a heart at all, and whether she knew what it was to love.

Clare opened the seal of her letter, and as she read it, she uttered a sound something between astonishment and displeasure.

"Well, this is very provoking," she said. "A summons from my aunt, begging me to return immediately to her, to meet some hundred and fiftieth cousin that she expects from India, and whom I must endeavour to charm, for the sake of a hundred thousand lacs of rupees that he will leave behind him when he dies."

"A hundred thousand charms, in the eyes of the generality of the world," said Lord Hastings, "but Miss Llewellen would not care much for them, if I judge her rightly."

"Oh! vanity and ambition are the ruling passions of our sex," replied Clare, "and what can gratify them so easily as money? For example, I must start for Bath in a couple of days, at furthest, to comply with the request of a rich aunt, and to ingratiate myself with a very rich old nabob—but here are Mrs. Wynne, Lady Jones, Mr. Grant, and I know not who besides."

"Tell me," interrupted Lord Hastings, "when will there be any prospect of our seeing you at the Abbey? We are all looking forward to the—the happiness of having your aunt and you with us, and my mother begs me to get you to fix a day—or a period for your visit."

"Lord Hastings," said Clare earnestly, "God knows whether I may ever

pay this long-promised visit. I feel that there is a cloud, a change at least, hanging over me—but why do I speak thus?" she added, proudly turning away her head. "Why intrude my feelings upon others?"

"Nothing that you could say would be intrusion, Miss Llewellen," said Lord Hastings eagerly. "I would willingly——"

What he would willingly have done was interrupted by the approach of the party already mentioned; and though Clare would have given worlds to have heard him complete his sentence, no opportunity occurred, indeed she permitted none to occur, for the renewal of the subject. The day was passed by her as well as by Gwenllean in a tumult of conflicting emotions—hopes and fears, happiness and unhappiness. They spent every moment they could snatch from general society alone together, consulting and designing plans for the future.

Clare's first impulse had been openly and at once to declare their relationship; but Gwenllean overruled her imprudence. She assured her that it would break up all her mother's plans of retirement and incognito, were it known who she was; whilst publicity must effectually alienate Lady Somerville's affections, and cause much discomfort.

Clare urged that it would be impossible for her to remain with her aunt without acquainting her with the discovery she had made; whilst Gwenllean insisted upon prudence and secrecy until, at least, her mother should be consulted, and the affair be treated with due consideration. It was finally agreed between them, that Clare should accompany Gwenllean to Craigyvellyn the following day, nominally for the purpose of driving her home previously to her own departure for Bath, which she fixed for the day after; and that they should there settle the proper mode of proceeding. A messenger was procured by Louise, to take a letter from Gwenllean to Lady Llewellen, preparing her for the joyous meeting she was to expect with her long lost child, and for the return of Gwenllean.

The increased intimacy of the sisters excited many ill-natured remarks from their companions, but they heeded them not. Even Lord Hastings thought so short an acquaintance ought scarcely to have produced so warm a friendship, though he admired the disinterested spirit of Clare, and, but for mutual reserve and pride, might have been induced to seek an interview with her, and to inquire into the allusion she made when they were walking together, with the hope of being of some assistance to her. He felt how little confidence could exist between two such opposites as herself and her aunt, and had often wondered how they had managed to live so long together. But Clare, feeling a degree of consciousness that she might be very differently circumstanced from what she had been, an uncertainty as to the future, and an undefined resolution to cling to her newly-found relatives through good or ill, cast about herself a still heavier mantle of hauteur and seeming indifference. This appeared the more unaccountable to Lord Hastings, as she had been, during their present meeting, more accessible than formerly, owing to his growing esteem for her character, and consequent diminution of reserve. But even as she had uttered those few words of confidence, she had determined that he should never have to say of her, that she had cast herself upon his pity and regard when she was, perhaps, falling from riches to poverty; on the contrary she thought, I must prove that whatever may be my change of fortune, my spirit and womanly feelings are unbroken.

Lord Hastings was to leave very early on the following morning, and they parted that night in that most unsatisfactory of all ways, in a crowd. The party was breaking up unexpectedly, and Mrs. Wynne was grievously disappointed. Her two stars, Lord Hastings and Clare, were about to leave, and she cared comparatively little for the rest of her guests. She looked her feelings, and when they were separating at the end of a heavy evening, during which nothing had appeared to inspirit them, she declared herself quite "*au déses-poir.*" Clare was evidently out of spirits, though she was happier, in many respects, than she had ever been before. Gwenllean sympathised with her; for, with the quick perception of one who has loved herself, she had discovered the state of her sister's feelings. She strove, however, to appear gay, and when Lord Hastings was near her, would not permit him to suppose that she did not feel as merry as she had ever felt.

But when the last moment drew near, her heart sank within her, and not all her self-command could entirely conceal her emotion, when Lord Hastings approached the place where she was sitting with a circle of admirers around her, and asked her again whether she had any message that he could convey to her aunt.

"Tell her," she said, "that I shall return the day after to-morrow."

"And then you will prevail on her to fix a day for your visit to the Abbey. I wish I could remain in Bath to unite my entreaties with yours, but I shall be obliged to post into Dorsetshire to arrive in time for some disagreeable county meeting that I am obliged to attend on Friday."

"I will mention your request to my aunt," replied Clare, "and I hope we shall be able to accomplish this weighty matter—but my hundred-and-fiftieth cousin——"

"Oh! bring him, too—we shall be delighted to see him."

"Thank you, but——"

"What! but again. How I hate that word when it is placed so as to disjoin a scheme of happiness. I fear, Miss Llewellen, you have no desire after all to visit Dorsetshire."

"Oh! do not say so, Lord Hastings," said Clare, half reproachfully, and with a glance that no eye but hers could have given, yet of which she repented as soon as it had met one as reproachful from the Earl. "I only hope I may be able to see you all in your own home—you know, you must know how long I have anticipated this pleasure. Give my kind love to your mother and sisters. Tell Louisa, that I will write to her in a day or two—at least, I hope so—but who can venture to promise anything in this world?"

They were saying "good-night," on all sides. Still Lord Hastings lingered, and tried to account for Clare's flushed cheek and agitated manner.

But Lady Jones and her three daughters were lingering too, in the hopes of bidding him farewell, and of making more havoc with his obdurate heart at parting than they had been able to do during their visit.

"Good night, Lady Jones," he said, turning with a courtier-like bow, and coldly offering his hand.

Clare beckoned to Gwenllean, and prepared to follow Lady Jones upstairs. Lord Hastings shook hands warmly and kindly with Gwenllean, and begged her to remember him to Mr. Lloyd and her mother, promising to pay Glanheathyn another visit very soon. Then he turned to Clare, and as he walked across the room to open the door for her, said, in an undertone—

"If anything distresses you, Miss Llewellen—if you should ever need a friend—I—I mean my mother, my sisters, will think it a privilege——"

"Thank you, thank you, Lord Hastings," said Clare, as they reached the door, and he held her hand in his a few seconds longer than he had ever ventured to retain it before—"the only thing I would ask is, that you will endeavour not to believe all that the world may chance to say and think of me," then withdrawing her hand, and brushing off the tear that was gathering in her eye, she ran upstairs to ponder over the words she had uttered, and to regret that she had given the stoical Lord Hastings such a proof of her weakness.

The following morning Lord Hastings took his departure at daybreak; and immediately after breakfast Clare announced her intention of accompanying Gwenllean to Craigyvellyn. She said she would take her in her aunt's carriage, in which she had herself travelled, and thus precluded a third person's offering to make one of the party.

Mrs. Wynne looked blank; but did not attempt to dispute the will of the heiress, who always carried the day. Mr. Wynne told Gwenllean that he hoped she would come and see them often, in which Mrs. Wynne joined, for she liked the modest ladylike manner of the songstress; and moreover, wished to please Clare. Gwenllean thanked Mrs. Wynne with sincere gratitude for her kindness; received a stiff curtsey from Lady Jones, and a still stiffer one from her daughters, and was handed into the carriage by Mr. Grant, who, with the assurance of a privileged suitor, though no one else would have guessed him to be such, pressed her hand, and whispered that he should see her the following day.

(To be continued.)

AN EASTER HYMN.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

"It is finished." Hark! the pæan
Bursting from the Victor's soul
Surges through the empyrean,
In one grand triumphant roll.
Nature hears the cry and wonders,
Shuddering in sore dismay,
While the grave's dark portal sunders,
Death no longer owns its sway.

"It is finished" upward springing,
Rushing past the starry zone,
Mounts that cry, through heaven ringing,
Till it strikes the sapphire throne.
God Himself the words repeating,
Ratifies the triumph won,
"It *is* finished, Death defeating,
Well done, well-beloved Son."

"It is finished," downward darting—
Satan shrinking hears the cry;
Hell from its foundations starting,
Owns the conq'ror's victory.
Owns its powers crushed and broken,
Owns the heel upon its head,
The fulfilment of the token
Given in the Æons dead.

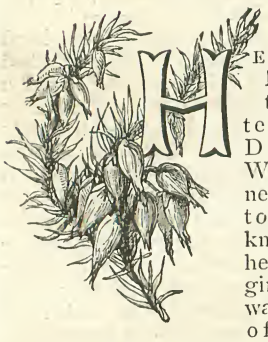
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PAINTER'S IDEAL.



HER daughter, Mirabel, was the chief interest of Mrs. Dean's life. Whatever gladness her anxious, toilsome days knew sprang from her love for this girl. Mirabel was a daughter of whom any mother might have been proud. She was bright, good, and gifted with a refined and flower-like beauty, exceedingly rare in the dismal, squalid streets in which the poorest working folk of London dwell.

Mrs. Dean had felt such joy and pride in her first-born child, that she had chosen for her the prettiest and most fanciful name she could find. It suited its owner better than is often the case with names selected with a view to effect.

But at the time of which we write, Mrs. Dean had two other daughters, Lizzie, an ill-tempered, self-willed girl of fourteen, and the "baby," a tiny, sickly child of three. Between these came Harry, a lad of twelve, and Willie, a deformed, crippled boy of eight. These children were Deans, but Mirabel had no right to that surname, though she was never called by any other. She was the child of Mrs. Dean's first marriage, and represented the romance of her mother's life, the one brief year of happiness, which had fled like a golden dream, and seemed as far removed from the present as if it had been an experience belonging to another world.

Mirabel knew hardly anything about her father, who had died when she was a few months old. She once heard her mother say that her father had been a gentleman, from which Mirabel gathered that he had not been just such another as the men who drank and swore, and quarrelled with their wives in the street in which she lived. But Mrs. Dean rarely spoke of her first husband. There was little time indeed to dwell on the past amid the daily pressure of toil and care in a life which was a constant struggle with poverty.

There had been no romance about Mrs. Dean's second marriage. It would be difficult to say what induced her to take such a step, for Harry Dean's idle, intemperate character was sufficiently well known when she married him. Her action in this matter was one of those mysteries of human folly which are past explanation. She did not profess to love him, and he, on his part, manifested for her no very ardent attachment. Whatever the motive, Mirabel's mother, a sensible woman in most respects, made a strange mistake when she united her life to that of Harry Dean, and she soon began to suffer the bitter consequences of her error.

She had married a man who had no intention of working as long as he could find anyone to work for him. He was an additional burden on her hands. She had worked before for the maintenance of herself and child; now she had to maintain her husband also. Nor had she to feed him merely. He would wring from her the last penny she had earned to spend it at the public-house. If she refused him money, he beat her and abused her. Far from marriage reforming him, he grew worse and worse. If he could get money in no other way, he would steal it rather than work for it, with the result that he was sometimes absent from home for several weeks at a time, while he made acquaintance with the rigorous discipline of a prison.

These temporary absences were hailed by Mirabel and his children with delight, and they afforded relief also to his wife, though the rest they brought her was embittered by shame at the cause. No one felt grief, therefore, but only wonder and vague anxiety, when one day Harry Dean disappeared from his home without leaving any clue to his whereabouts. At first Mrs. Dean imagined that her husband had got into "trouble" again; then that he had met with an accident in the street, or fallen into the river in a fit of drunkenness. But inquiries at hospitals or police-stations were without result. Dean was not to be found. He had either purposely forsaken his wife and children, or in some hidden way he had met with his death. His wife, seeing that she had kept him and not he her, believed the latter to be the true explanation. As month after month passed by and brought no news of him, she grew more and more persuaded that he was dead. Was it any wonder that in the peace and comfort which his absence afforded, she came to hope that she would never see him more?

Well-nigh three years had passed since Dean disappeared. The baby had been a puny, wailing creature in long clothes then; now she was able to run about on uncertain rickety limbs, and to talk in lisping fashion; but she was far too tiny for her age, and her little waxen face, shaded by fair locks, was not the face of a healthy child. The pale, fragile, little mortal was Mirabel's pet and darling. She had her in her care all day long, while her mother was earning in the laundry the daily wage



MAY MORNING.

by which the poor home of two small rooms was kept. It was hard work and the pay seemed pitifully small, compared with the wants it had to meet. Some of the neighbours blamed Mrs. Dean because she did not send Mirabel out to work. They said it was not right to keep a strong, well-grown girl of seventeen at home doing nothing. But Mrs. Dean shrank from the thought of her incomparable Mirabel working with the rough, noisy girls of the neighbourhood in laundry or factory. She hated the thought of her going to and fro in those miserable streets at all hours. Her appearance was too striking for her to escape attention. She would be exposed to coarse remarks and insulting admiration. Mrs. Dean yearned to secure for her beautiful daughter somewhat of the sheltered home-life enjoyed by girls of a higher class. Besides someone must take care of the baby, prepare the meals, and look after the home generally, so why should it not be Mirabel? Lizzie had no patience with the younger ones. A place was found for her as soon as she left school. She used to go to her work at eight o'clock in the morning, and not return home till bed-time, when she generally came back very tired and with her temper anything but sweetened by the experiences of her day of household drudgery. It was a sore grievance to Lizzie that Mirabel was allowed to live at home "like a lady," while she had to toil from morning to night at the command of a sharp-tongued mistress.

Happily Mirabel was not of an overbearing disposition. She was a loving, sweet-natured girl, and her gentle ways disarmed Lizzie's envy and jealousy. And it could not be denied that it was owing to Mirabel that the home was a home, and not a mere place to eat and sleep in.

But it was a home with a very precarious foundation. Its stability depended on Mrs. Dean's health, and in the third summer following Dean's disappearance, Mirabel became aware that her mother was far from well.

It was a warm day in June. Mirabel had set everything in order in their little dwelling-room. The hearth was brushed up, and the kettle set on the fire in readiness for the cup of tea which her mother would presently come in to take in the brief half-hour which was all she could snatch from her work. Baby Jenny, tired with her play, was sleeping in the little back room, and crippled Willie was seated on the doorstep amusing himself with a picture-book. Mirabel was making her toilette now that her work was done. She had unfastened her heavy coil of hair, and her abundant tresses fell like a mantle across her shoulders and reached below her waist. Her hair was indeed a glory to her. It was of a pale brown colour; but showed gleams of gold wherever the sunlight touched it, and it had a natural ripple which was far prettier than any effect that art can produce. Such a head of hair, requiring so much care and time to keep it in order, was a doubtful advantage to a poor girl; but Mirabel was proud of her hair and her mother still more so. Mrs. Dean would not hear of Mirabel's cutting it shorter, as the girl sometimes threatened to do, when impatient of the trouble it gave her. The mother loved to brush and caress and arrange that beautiful hair. Its gleams of gold were like flashes of memory, recalling the brightness of bygone days. Such hair was a distinction, and the mother's heart coveted distinction for her loved child, who, as she sometimes reflected with a sigh, ought to have been a lady.

Mirabel might easily be pardoned for taking many glances, as she brushed her hair, into the little square mirror which hung against the wall. It was provoking that, though she leaned as far forward as she could, the tiny glass would not let her see the whole sweep of her rich tresses. Then she tried the effect of different styles of coiffure, now piling her hair high on the crown of her head, and then coiling it low at the nape of the neck, smiling the while to see how pretty was the curve of her oval cheek and the glow of her hazel eyes.

"Well, I never, Mirabel! Of all vain girls! My word! Aren't you just pleased with yourself?"

Mirabel turned, crimson from surprise and confusion, to meet the amused eyes of Fanny Lovell, a girl who lived on the floor above.

"What a shame, Fanny, to steal in upon me like that! But you need not make such an outcry! Do you never try doing your hair in different ways?"

"Not I," said Fanny, a plain, rough girl, whose appearance did not suggest that she paid much attention to the beauty of her person; "I have something else to do. My hair has to go up, anyhow, so long as it is out of the way. Not but what I would make time to do it, if I had such hair as yours. How lovely it is, Mira!"

Mirabel smiled with pleasure as she shook out her long hair and let it fall about her like a veil.

"It's a great trouble," she said, with affected indifference. "You've no idea what a lot of time it takes to keep it in order."

"I should sell it if it were mine," said Fanny. "Why don't you? A hairdresser would give a deal of money for such hair as yours. I should say it was worth five pounds at least. It is such a pretty colour."

"Five pounds! You don't mean it, Fanny? Why, I almost think I would sell it, if I thought I could get that. What a number of things one could buy with five pounds? And yet mother would hate to see me without my hair, and I don't think I should like myself with it shorn off."

"Ah, Miss Vanity; you would not spoil your appearance even for five pounds! Well, it's your own affair. I should not hesitate; but then, you see, I am not a beauty."

"Fanny, how you talk!" and Mirabel took another look into the mirror. The sound of the clock in the next room striking the hour made her start.

"Five! It's never so late as that! Why, mother will be here directly, and I shall have no tea ready for her! Whatever have I been thinking of?"

"Your good looks," laughed Fanny. "But never mind, my dear, your mother is not coming home to get her tea. She asked me to tell you so. That is why I came in."

"Mother not coming home!" repeated Mirabel, in surprise. "Why is that, I wonder?"

"She feels that she cannot manage the walk. Her ankles are swollen worse than ever, and she says that if she once got home, she would never get back again. And they are extra busy at the laundry to-day."

"Oh, dear!"

A look of deep distress had come to Mirabel's face. She gave not another thought to her appearance as she began hastily to roll up her hair.

"Mother must be worse. She'll soon not be able to walk at all, if this goes on."

"There's many gets like that at the laundry," said Fanny, by way of consolation. "It's the constant standing in the damp, I suppose. I shouldn't wonder if your mother has to go into the hospital. She's been looking awful bad for a long time. But I must go. I've only just time to get my tea and run back."

Fanny went away, and Mirabel, with a sad, thoughtful face, began to prepare the meal for the little ones. What would become of them all if their mother went into the hospital? "I should have to work then," thought Mirabel, with a sudden sinking of the heart. She did not like the idea of going to the laundry.

A sense of impending trouble had fallen upon her. She felt weary and depressed. She went about her household tasks without alacrity. They seemed to take her longer than usual. Baby had woke fretful, and gave her sister a good deal of trouble. Mirabel did not lose patience with her; but when at last she had washed the little maiden and put her to bed, she felt too tired even to take up her sewing. She went to the house door and stood there, looking up the street. Her mother was not yet in sight. It was a close, oppressive evening. There was a feeling as of thunder in the air. Mirabel folded her arms and leaned against the door. She yearned for a breath of cooler air than was to be gained in the narrow, stifling street. She gazed along the grim, unlovely row of houses, and the ugliness of her surroundings struck her with new pain. She had not grown used to it, though she had lived there for years. The girl's breast thirsted for beauty and joy. She had some idea of what life might be, lived under other circumstances. From time to time she had caught glimpses of a life far removed from the mean, squalid, miserable existence of the dwellers in the streets. Once or twice she had been in the country, and on one memorable occasion she had visited the sea-side. She closed her eyes for a moment as she leaned against the door, and memory vividly recalled the glorious expanse of blue ocean, sparkling and shimmering in the sun, the bright, pebbly beach, the grey rocks fringed

with dark sea-weed, and the green downs above. She could almost fancy she heard the beautiful sound which the waves made as they fell upon the beach. Then the sound of a firm, steady step on the other side of the street, a step with something unusual about it and strangely unlike the uncertain shuffling tread of those who generally passed that way, roused her from her vision and made her look round.

A gentleman was walking down the street and gazing about him with curious, observant eyes. He was a man between thirty and forty years of age, with dark hair and beard, an earnest, thoughtful face and very kindly though keen eyes. They fell now on the girl, whose head and shoulders were leaning forward from the shadowed doorway, making a picture which relieved the gloomy line of houses and delighted him with its unexpected beauty and grace. His face lit up with pleasure and surprise. Involuntarily he slackened his pace, and all but stood still when he came opposite to Mirabel, while the eyes that met hers expressed such frank admiration, that the girl coloured and shrank back in confusion as she read their glance.

Ashamed of himself, for he was a true gentleman, Bruce Collier walked on; but when he reached the end of the street, the desire to see again the face that had struck him as so beautiful proved irresistible, and he came back, walking now upon the opposite pavement.

Bruce Collier may be forgiven for lingering. He was obeying no mere idle or selfish impulse. He was a painter, and his thoughts were busy with the conception of a picture he wanted to paint. He was hindered in his work for lack of a satisfactory model for the figure in his picture. It was a woman's face and form that he wanted; but he could find none that at all approached the ideal conceived by his imagination. Baffled and baulked by this difficulty, he had been unable to proceed with his work, and he had spent the whole of that day in wandering about London in the hope of coming across a face that should inspire his fancy. His search had been without result. Tired and disappointed he had somehow missed his way as he turned homewards, and wandered into one of those low, squalid districts that lie so near to the fashionable streets and squares. And lo, here, where he could never have expected to find beauty, and where he had ceased to seek for it, he had suddenly come upon the lovely face of which he had dreamed.

But he prepared himself for disappointment as he went back, determined to get another and closer view of the girl, whose appearance had so struck him.

"The features will prove coarse, no doubt," he thought; "and possibly powder and paint will disclose themselves to a keener scrutiny."

Mirabel was still in the doorway as he drew near. It was a sweet, guileless face that was turned towards him, and frank, childlike eyes that met his. He spoke quickly, fearing lest she should turn away ere he had taken a good look at her.

"Excuse me: Is this Providence Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see; how do the numbers run. This is——"

"Forty-eight, sir."

"Ah, yes. Thank you. Is this street far from the Addison Road?"

"Oh, no, sir. You could walk there in ten minutes. You turn to the right at the bottom of this street, and then take the first turning to the left, and keep straight on till you come to the main road; then Addison Road is close by."

"Thank you very much. I cannot miss it now. Good evening."

"Good evening, sir."

"She is more beautiful than I could have imagined," he said to himself, as he went on his way, "and a good and modest girl too. Now how can I find out if she would be willing that I should paint her?"

For there had been a quiet, innate dignity in the girl's bearing that had withheld him from rashly proposing that she should sit as his model.

"He is a gentleman," was Mirabel's reflection, as she watched him walk down the street. And then came the thought, "I wonder if my father was such a man as that?"

(To be continued.)

COOKERY IN MAY.

In some parts of the English Midlands there is a custom of making *Gooseberry Pork Pies* in the season of berries; very good too, are these pies—so-called "pork," because the crust and the shape are identical with the pie of Christmas-time.

Raised pie-crust is moulded into the regulation form, then in place of meat are put gooseberries, picked and washed, and sufficient moist sugar to make the pies fairly sweet is added, a covering crust put on, the edge crimped, the top ornamented, and the pie is set on a baking sheet ready to be consigned to the oven. A baker's oven is the best for these, and they require a full hour's baking.

Gooseberry Charlotte makes another variety. Use small gooseberries rather than large ones, "top and tail" them and wash them well. Butter a plain round mould, sprinkle it with brown sugar. Fit strips of buttered bread, free from crust, so as to line the bottom and sides leaving no spaces between; the bread should not be more than a quarter of an inch thick. Fill up the mould with the gooseberries (leaving them wet), sprinkle sugar freely among them. Cover with more strips of bread, placing little dabs of butter about, then a buttered paper over all and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is crisp, and the berries thoroughly cooked. Let it stand a moment or two, then slip a knife round the sides and turn out on to a dish, pouring cream or custard over it.

Stewed gooseberries if rubbed through a sieve, the pulp sweetened and poured into custard glasses with whipped cream piled lightly on the top, and sweet biscuits served with them make a pretty sweet.

For *Butter-milk Scones* we require a little good bicarbonate of soda to be briskly stirred into the milk before we mix it with the flour. The milk should have stood long enough to have become loppered or a little sour, and the soda added to it then will cause it to make a rich froth. Rub a little salt into the flour, a little sugar if you like, and mix to a rather stiff dough with the milk. Roll out lightly to an inch thick, cut sharply into triangles, prick them with a fork, and lay them either on a greased baking-sheet to bake in the oven or on a hot girdle-plate; if the latter is used, make the scones not quite so thick and turn them frequently. Serve them hot, or re-heat them as required.

A pinch of borax will prevent milk from turning sour, yet sour milk and cream makes such delicious cakes, one is almost glad to have a little "turn" occasionally. It is well to have a stone jar into which all the drops that, having been left in jugs and gone sour, may be put, so that when a sufficient amount is collected, a cake may be made.

A Plain Seed Cake, to cut in slices like bread-and-butter, is always liked. To make it whisk half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into half a pint of soured milk until the latter is light. Into a pound of flour rub two ounces of salt butter, half an ounce of bruised caraway seeds, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and three ounces of moist sugar; if you are afraid to rely upon the soda add half a teaspoonful of baking powder to the flour. Mix the dry ingredients first, then make into a dough with the milk; place this in a buttered cake-tin and bake in an oven that is not too hot. Let the cake be well baked, and when cold wrap it in a cloth and keep until the following day before cutting. This is cheap, wholesome and easy to make.

There are few things more delicious than *Curd Cheesecakes.*—Take a piece of curd, well drained from whey, beat it with a fork and add to it two well-whisked eggs, two large spoonfuls of sugar, half a saltspoonful of salt, as much spice, and a little rind of fresh lemon grated; whisk all together, then add a little milk or cream if the mixture is too stiff. Line a shallow pie-dish with good short pastry, crimp the edges, then three parts fill it with the curd mixture, and bake well (quite three-quarters of an hour). This should be eaten cold. Or small cheesecakes may be made if preferred.

The preparation called *Florador* makes such deliciously light puddings and cheesecakes, that I should like to call my readers' attention to it. It is put up in packets of three qualities, fine, medium and coarse. The medium quality is the best for most ordinary purposes.

For a *Soufflée Pudding* boil two ounces of medium Florador in a pint of milk for three or four minutes; add to it two ounces of castor sugar and one ounce of butter: take off the fire, and when cool stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon and then the whisked whites of the eggs. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake for a quarter of an hour. Serve as soon as done, with jelly or cream.

Lucy H. Yates.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER V.

It was not till the third evening after that on which the young lawyer—previously only a shadowy acquaintance—made a certain advance towards intimacy, that Mr. Haydn returned home. And he came late, having wired in advance that he could not catch the train, but would "get on somehow." This he did by the help of the dirtiest and oldest horse, man, and car that ever stumbled, nodded and bumped over an Irish road. The feeble powers of the bald and venerable horse, whose movements had a grotesque appearance of galloping with a very nearly stationary result, and the willingness, not to say the zeal of the ancient driver, who had volunteered a short cut, combined to land Mr. Haydn at his own door between two and three in the morning. Mary, in a somnambulistic condition, let in the battered fare, and sent the octogenarian boy (being a bachelor that was his official rank) round to the stable, not unrefreshed, and declaring that so far from being jaded, the "harse" was "in his ilimint."

Mary, with a dropping head, sat at the table while her father ate and talked. What he was talking about she could not tell. Things went by as trees to one who gazes from a train. As often as she snatched herself awake she would make some little remark which dropped away into nothing. She had a vague consciousness of trying to show sympathy, because it had been impressed upon her mind that her father would come home harassed and despondent. Then she found her head upon the table between the bread and the cold meat, and Mr. Haydn shaking her. She lifted her head as though it were a portmanteau, and smiled at somebody miles away and stumbled up mountains of stairs, and then, she was being shaken again. She said, "yes, papa"—and behold it was Mrs. Mack.

"Wake up, Miss Meary," said that good woman, as she stored in the basin a lidless can, within whose extremities there lingered a tepid sip of gravelly liquid. "Wake up, jewel, before the hot water runs away on ye."

Mary obeyed—to the extent at least of getting out of bed, and Mrs. Mack, considering her now out of danger of a relapse into slumber, left her to her toilet.

Water was scarce at Weir Bend—except when it was a great deal too plentiful, as on a recent Christmas Day when chairs and other land animals had developed aquatic habits, and the turkey had been recaptured with a hand-net. For every pail of water Mrs. Mack had to make herself a reluctant Jack and Jill. Not unnaturally, perhaps, she regarded the morning bath as a nasty habit. At any rate she ensured its being pursued with strict economy.

When Mary came down—for the first time in her life, perhaps—half an hour late, Hildegarde had already set out for the station, and Mr. Haydn had finished his breakfast and lighted a pipe.

"Well, my dear," he said, offering her a prickly cheek, "you managed to get some beauty-sleep somehow or other. You look as fresh as a daisy."

"How stupid of Hildegarde," Mary said. "I thought she would have known the brawn was for Sunday's supper," and setting a belated example of providence, she wrathfully whisked the offending dish away."

"So that's the way you receive my pretty speeches," Mr. Haydn said. "You might allow me to take precedence of brawn, anyhow."

"I beg your pardon, papa," she answered, setting right the collar of his coat. "How perky you are, dear, and how rakish! smoking in the morning, and—are you not going to the office?"

Mr. Haydn held a clerkship in a semi-public institution, a post of light labour and very moderate emolument which, in their first sympathy with his ruinous fall, his influential friends had begged for him.

"No," he said, "I shan't be wanted to-day. The fact is, Molly, I'm going on a bit of a spree"—he laughed jauntily—"and I'm going to take you with me. Run and put on your best bonnet, dearie, to do justice to a very smart papa."

"Bonnet!" said Mary; "bonnets went out with Irish elks and woolly rhinoceroses. Dear me, father," she added, taking hold of his top-button, "what a vision of beauty you are. New coat, new waistcoat, and a rose in your buttonhole! Why, you don't suppose I can live up to your elevated splendour—oh!" Mary broke off quite suddenly and reached for a serviette, holey and iron-mouldy and of a Saturday purity.

"What's the matter," asked Mr. Haydn.

"Marmalade," said Mary. "You dirty boy, what is the use of letting you have new clothes? There now—don't do it again."

The old man stroked her hair, which was as fine as silk, and of a very charming black-brown, with many undertints of chestnut and fox-red, and little goldy suntraps here and there.

"Keep it as it is, Molly," he said. "Don't let the foolish people cut off your little ears or hide the shape of your head. Don't let anybody go baking buns or building birds'-nests on your little noddle."

"It's coming off, papa," she said, nodding gravely.

"Your head?" he said. "Nonsense! it only wants another screw round." And he laid his hands upon her shoulders and drew her towards him.

"Oh, please," she said, "I don't want to go to London."

"Then you shan't," he answered. Suddenly his eyes grew very bright. "Molly, Molly," he said, in a tone of trembling eagerness, that contrasted strangely with his so recent banter, "how would you really like to go for a month or——?"

He broke off and Mary looked at him in amazement.

"Pappy, what do you mean?" she asked, amid surprise, expectation, and fear.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said; "only my fun, you know. Still, stranger things have been. Hurry, little slow-coach, or we shan't get off to-day."

Mary was not long over her breakfast. She felt it to be rather an unequal contest between herself and stodges of bread-and-butter, and, in partial reparation of Hildegarde's wanton ravages, she spared the egg that had been her due.

Having finished her meal and having carried out the tray and washed up in the pantry—for Mrs. Mack was not ubiquitous—Mary made fresh tea for her mother, and cut some bread and butter, thin to emaciation, and arranged some roses with her utmost skill, and then carried the tray to Mrs. Haydn's room.

She thought that her mother looked ill and anxious, but could draw from the invalid no confession of being worse than usual.

"Papa seems in great spirits," Mary said; "he wanted to take me somewhere, but I don't think I ought to go. You cannot spare me to-day, dearest."

"Oh yes," Mrs. Haydn said; "I can get along perfectly well. If the day seems long, I can sleep a little more than usual."

"You did not sleep much last night, I think," Mary answered. "Did you hear father come?"

"Yes, I heard the car, and when he came—Mary, I hope nothing is wrong."

"Why, mother, he is in quite brilliant condition. He has not been so young for years."

"Yes, darling, yes," said Mrs. Haydn. "It is that, I think, which makes me a little afraid." As she spoke there came into her face that look—hearkening, haunted, that had scared the girls a few nights ago.

At that moment there was a call from below.

"'Oh, Mary, come and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home.'
I must start in a quarter of an hour."

"Go, love," said Mrs. Haydn.

"I will just run and put on my things and tell Mrs. Mack about dinner, and then I'll come back and help you to dress.

"All right, father," she cried at the door—quietly, though, for Mrs. Haydn was hurt by loud voices—and then sped to her room.

While she put on her hat Mary thought out an ingenious little dish for her mother's dinner. There happened to be an awkward gap between the two

ends of the joints, and that appetizing little dish was almost a creation.

Mary contrived to lodge the recipe in Mrs. Mack's brain at the sixth or seventh repetition, and, that achieved, had eight minutes to devote to her mother before Mr. Haydn's impatience overflowed.

"Come along, come along," he said, as Mary at length appeared at the hall door. "Folks with least to do are always last."

Mary did not dispute that rather disputable assertion, for she was gazing in astonishment at the equipage which stood ready to take the road. She had not suspected that last night's car was retained for the present expedition. Mary was not proud or particular, but she did prefer a horse with a tail.

"Don't be onaisy, miss," croaked the patriarchal boy, remarking the young lady's diffidence. "He does be a little giddy at times, but he'd never play no thricks when he was dhroring ladies."

Mary could but reciprocate the bald steed's gallantry. She assured his representative that she reposed the fullest confidence in both beast and man.

"Then we'll take the road, so," replied Phaethon from his exalted seat. On the word he chucked up the horse's head, and the gallant animal responded with a rush that carried them some yards at the rate of five miles an hour.

In a little while, however, Mary observed that the movements of the horse had an obliquity and an appearance of unconnection with the car that she fancied could hardly be normal. She called her father's attention to what seemed to her the singularity of their progress, but received no encouragement to go further behind the scenes.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Haydn, who was very short-sighted, "the horse is right enough. What an imagination you have!"

Mary was temporarily silenced, if not convinced. Very soon, however, the eccentricity of the advance became more marked. A rattling sound was perceptible. Then the car seemed to slant forward more than was at all usual. Mary, to right the balance, sat back, and Mr. Haydn, on his side of the vehicle, did the same thing. These changes were not without effect.

"Why, dear me," cried Mary, as she gazed with a species of fascination on the arched back of the horse—galloping with his forelegs standing still with his hind ones—"he's coming out." She meant not that he was distinguishing himself, but that he was dissolving partnership with the car.

"Rubbish," snapped Mr. Haydn—for he was himself now beset by obstinate questionings as to the orthodoxy of what was going on—"sit still, keep just where you are."

This would have been good advice, perhaps, had there not been in it an element of unpracticality. While the shafts rose higher and higher, and the aged boy, the crown of all, showed symptoms of executing a back somersault, Mary found herself being gently decanted upon the ground. She and her father stepped out—and so did the horse. The result was astonishing. With a rapidity more becoming a shooting star than a veteran of eighty years, the driver descended from his airy perch. Mary shut her eyes, with a sick terror upon her heart. Hearing, however, a rather breathless "wo-a," she was encouraged to hope that parts of the old gentleman were still extant, and she ventured to peep out. The horse was making lukewarm efforts to eat a bough of elder, stretching a little across the way, and the driver was sitting on its back in so comfortable and old-established a fashion, that she was almost tempted to believe that he had always headed the expedition as postilion.

"How did you get there?" asked Mary, between laughter and fear.

"'Tis here I was deposited," said the old man gravely, and without another word, he slipped to the ground, and began backing the horse between the shafts.

"Don't be giving yourself a minute's onasiness," he said, as he tied two fractions of trace together; "I have a whole ball of cord with me."

The remainder of the outward drive, if anxious, was uneventful. At the end of two hours the car, having passed through a handsome gate, entered an avenue of limes and beeches.

"Why, father," asked Mary "where are we going?"

Mr. Haydn called to the driver to stop.

"We will walk up to the house," he said: "you can take the car round to the stables."

Mary got down, and when they had managed to drop a little behind the conveyance, her father turned to her and said—"I had a little business here and I thought you would like to see the place. It is one of the beauty-spots, you know. I suppose," he asked rather suddenly, "you don't remember it at all?"

"No," she said; "have I ever been here before?"

"Yes," he answered, "I think you must have been here. Indeed, I know you have. Not, however, for a very long time; not since you were—how old?—perhaps three."

"Are the family at home?" asked Mary.

"No," he answered, rather sharply; "do you think I would have come near the place if they had been?" Then he stopped, with an eager flush lighting his despondent face. "Look," he said, pointing to a wooded rise, deep in bracken, "that's Ardkeen. We never drew that covert without finding. One year—in '56 it was—there were four litters there. How the old women used to humbug us! The fox got the ould grey hen—the fox had the gander kilt, the crather. I remember saying when Widow Joyce told me the frost had her pittaties turned black, 'Take care it wasn't the fox.'"

They were in sight of the house—a stately mansion, whose towers from time to time, as the avenue wound this way and that, grouped themselves so as to recall Windsor Castle.

"Dear me!" said Mary, "what a fine place it is. To whom does it belong, father?"

"To De Courcy Hennessy, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant now, and Lord-Lieutenant to be. His father had a little public-house in the Old Town. I remember fining him forty shillings for selling porter on Sunday. Think of it, Mary, a man like that, entertaining royalty—German royalty anyhow—here—in——"

The avenue that had coiled hither and thither now straightened itself for the final reach, and the façade of the house came full in view.

Mr. Haydn stopped short and threw forward his two hands. "Here," he said, finishing his sentence under the influence of that imposing revelation, "in the castle of me and of my fathers."

"Papa," said Mary, in great surprise—for of the quality of her old home she had had no very distinct idea, "was this once—ours?"

"Yes, ours," he said with a light of proud ownership upon his face, "ours: the old castle and the new for fifteen generations. Twice we refused a peerage—in my grandfather's and my great-great-grandfather's time. Mary, you come of a fine old race, you have brave blood in your veins; it is something to be a Haydn; mind that, my girl, something to be a Haydn."

"I know it, father," she said. "I shall always be proud to be your daughter."

He turned round and looked her in the face, and, as he looked all the pride fell away from him. In a moment he was a weak and broken old man—older, weaker, smaller than ever he had been before. He put his hands up to his face, and he trembled piteously.

"Oh, God forgive me," he said. "Molly, you might have been living here now. But for me, this would have been your home."

"Never mind, father," she said, with tears running down her cheeks. "Wherever you are, and dear mother and Hildie, it is home enough for me. I don't care about fine things. I only care about being loved."

He moved his hands a little forward from his face and looked out from them as a frightened child will sometimes do.

"It was all through that—through love," he said; "it was not vice. Molly, you may ask your mother to tell you—only you—not Hildegarde. It was not a bad father that ruined you."

She took his hand and kissed it and laid it wet with tears upon her bosom.

"We are not ruined," she said; "we have everything that we want, and you are the best and dearest father in the world."

Never before had the old man been so dear to her. Partly, perhaps, because, kind as he always was, that was the first time he had ever shown her his heart. But chiefly because he had never looked so weak. Mary belonged to the women upon whom God has laid a heavy burden of pity.

"God forgive me," her father said again, and, closing his hands upon his face, he stood, shaken by sobs that brought with them no softening grace of tears.

(*To be continued.*)

Odds and Ends.

THERE is a pretty legend as to the origin of tea-drinking. The story goes that one of the daughters of an Eastern sovereign was greatly enamoured of one of the young noblemen of her father's court. One day her lover, without the knowledge of her attendants presented her with a few green branches, one of which she carefully kept, and on reaching her apartments placed it in a goblet of water. Some time afterwards, whilst fondly thinking of the young nobleman, she was seized with a sentimental attack, and impulsively drank the water in which the green twig had been standing. The water to her surprise had a most agreeable taste, whereupon she ate the leaves and stalk. The flavour pleased the princess so much that every day she had bunches of this tea tree brought to her, which she ate, or put in water and drank the infusion in memory of her lover. The ladies of the court seeing her appreciation of the new drink imitated her example, and with such pleasing results that the practice soon spread and speedily became universal.

THE figure 9, which came into the calendar on January 1st, 1889, will stay with us 111 years from that date, or until December 31st, 1999. No other figure has had such a long consecutive run in the centuries, and the figure 9 itself has only once before been in the date of every year for over a century, and that was on January 1st, 889, to December 31st, 999. The figures 3 and 7 occasionally fall into odd combinations, but neither of them has ever yet served for a longer period than 100 consecutive years in our calendar, since the present manner of calculating time was established. It is also clear that from their relative position amongst the numerals, it is an impossibility for either of them to appear in date-reckonings continuously for a longer period than a century.

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea."

SOME of the furniture belonging to Marie Antoinette has just been bought by the Museum of Decorative Art at Berlin. The furniture, which consists of three arm-chairs, a sofa, and an ordinary chair, has passed through several hands since it was sold, together with the rest of the contents of Versailles at the time of the French Revolution, and is still covered with the superb silk originally made for them at Lyons. The woodwork is beautifully carved, and is the work of Georges Jacob, a famous wood-carver of the period. Under each chair is a metal plate, upon which is inscribed "Boudoir de la Reine."

AN amusing story is told by a passenger in a railway accident. Seeing a fellow-traveller, an old gentleman, anxiously looking amongst the wreckage with a lantern, the passenger thought that he was looking for his wife, and offered to assist him in his search, asking in most sympathetic tones—"What part of the train was she in?" The old man raised his lantern, and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, cried out indignantly: "She, sir! She! I am looking for my teeth."

THERE is no expression in the English language which is applied more incorrectly than the saying, "The exception proves the rule." It is generally used to imply that the validity of some rule or other is strengthened rather than weakened by the existence of an exception. It would be difficult to imagine anything sillier or more contrary to common sense. The phrase is really a literal but somewhat incorrect translation of an old Latin grammarian's dictum, "Exceptio probat regulam." "Probat" may be translated "proves" in the old sense of "tests," but not in the more modern sense in which the expression is used of "demonstrates." The real meaning is, "The exception tests the rule," that is to say, if the exception is found to be too strong, the rule breaks down under it, and ceases to be a rule at all.

THERE seems to be no limit to the powers of art in replacing nature. It is said that a well-known London hair-dresser has discovered a new way of fixing eyelashes and eyebrows in place of the method of painting them on the skin when they are non-existent. The operation is extremely difficult and as painful, so painful in fact that it is a marvel that anyone will submit to the process. The hair-dresser takes a hair of the lady's head—he says most of those who come to him to be supplied with eyelashes and eyebrows are ladies—or if she prefers hair of some other colour he chooses any she pleases. Then he threads a very fine needle with the hair, runs it along inside the skin of the eyelid or eyebrow, sewing in sailmaker's fashion, but leaving the loops sufficiently long to enable him to cut them afterwards so that they will form a range of fringe and look perfectly natural. With the eyebrow it may be a comparatively harmless operation, but the eyelid by its juxtaposition to the eye must be a very different matter.

IT is a remarkable fact that the majority of great navigators, whose exploration of unknown seas has had the greatest effect upon the world, worked for foreign governments. Thus Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, where a fine statue to his memory has recently been erected, discovered America under the protection of Spain; John Cabot, a Venetian, sailed in the service of England; Vitus Behring, who discovered Behring Straits, carried the flag of Russia, although he himself was a Dane; and Verazzani was a Florentine, but his discoveries were for the benefit of France. Considering the supremacy of England in all matters pertaining to the sea, it is curious to note that although the famous Hudson Bay, in America, was discovered by an Englishman of that name, he was in the service of Holland at the time.

THE only gold and silver bound and diamond encrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isonan-Ruza in Persia. The book is a copy of the Koran, and is a gift from the Ameer of Afghanistan. The covers of this book, the sides of which are nine and a half inches long by four inches wide, are made of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and are lined with silver plates of the same thickness. In the centre and at the four corners are symbolic designs in diamonds rubies and pearls. The figure in the centre is a crescent with a star between its points, and the whole design contains one hundred and nine small diamonds, one hundred and sixty-seven pearls, and one hundred and twenty-two rubies. The diamonds in the designs at each corner are almost hidden in their golden setting and the orange-coloured lacquer with which they are fastened, and are said to be each worth £1000. The pages are of parchment, and the whole book is written by hand, and is valued at no less than £25,000.

THE child's meaning in the following story is perfectly clear, but it might have been expressed differently. An inspector of schools was examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A small boy immediately answered—"A man what travels from one place to another!" Not being able to get any clearer definition the inspector, hoping to help the answerer, said, "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a *good* man!" The inspector himself enjoyed the *naïveté* of the reply more than anybody else.

THE copyright of the Holy Scriptures is the property of the Crown, and there are only three authorised printers. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the right of printing the Bible by Royal Charter; but the Queen's printers are only licensed to print the sacred books during Her Majesty's pleasure, and this licence can be withdrawn at any time by an Order in Council. This applies only to England, for in Scotland anybody may print Bibles, but it is not lawful to publish any edition that has not been first read and licensed for publication. These rules, however, apply only to that version of the Bible which is known as "authorised." The two Universities alone have proprietary rights in the "revised version," and the only copies of it came from the Oxford and Cambridge presses. The cost of this revision was very heavy, £20,000 it is said, and although the Queen's printers were asked to contribute to the expenses they did not do so. The "revised" version has now been published for fifteen years, yet the Clarendon Press at Oxford prints five times as many copies of the old version every year, and the Cambridge Press nearly as many.

"THE first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve anyone; it must husband its resources to live. But health, or fulness, answers its own ends, and has to spare—runs over, and inundates the neighbourhoods and creeks of other men's necessities."—*Emerson.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

SUBSCRIBER.—The milk of cows should never be used when it curdles on boiling. When it remains fluid with only a slight scum it is fit for food.

PHYLLIS.—1. We would strongly recommend you not to use arsenic for your skin, as it is not only poisonous, but also increases the eruption from which you suffer. Sulphur soap is unquestionably the most suitable for your use and it will remove the "blackheads" which annoy you.—2. For the singing noises in your ear, try syringing with a warm solution of boracic acid, if there is any discharge, if not pour warm solution of carbonate of soda (gr. xv. to ℥j) into your ear night and morning for a week, and then syringe well with warm water.

A DOORMOUSE.—1. Perhaps you have not got a good quality of soap, for sulphur soap should not burn after use. You should use warm water to wash with before applying the ointment. The ointment should be applied every night and be left on till the morning, when it should be washed off with the sulphur soap. The time taken to effect a cure of the condition varies greatly, but is very much influenced by the thoroughness with which you carry out the treatment.—2. Cocoa-butter can do no harm.

WHITE ROSEBUD.—1. The pimples which you complain of are "acne." Use sulphur soap to wash your face with, and apply sulphur ointment every evening.—2. The name of the opera "Lucrezia Borgia" is pronounced as it is spelt.

"BLUSH ROSE."—1. For blushing, in your case, we would advise some preparation of iron with ammonia, such as the following:—

℞. Ferri et ammoniae citrat gr. v.
Spiriti ammoniae aromat ℥xv.
Infusi calumbae ad ℥j.

three times a day after food.—2. Never write for medical advice from advertisements in papers.

MAGGIE BROWN.—For the eruption you mention try calamine ointment. You are not likely to be permanently benefited by internal treatment.

"A DOWNHEARTED AND ANXIOUS ONE."—You had far better see a specialist on nervous disease either in private or at a hospital. It is impossible for us to give you any advice by correspondence.

NESTA.—Ammonia certainly does cause the hair to grow on the face, and you do well not to use it any longer. The down, which you mention, however, is always present on the face; but its length and coarseness is exaggerated on looking into a mirror in a strong light. The preparation that you mention (glycerine and borax) is perfectly harmless.

VANITY.—Boracic ointment will not increase the growth of the eyebrows, unless they are deficient from affection of the underlying skin. If anything will increase the growth of eyebrows it would be one of the various compositions used for the head.

BLUEBELL.—The flushing of which you complain is probably due to digestive disturbance. Are you regular with your meals, and do you sit down after them? At your age flushing is very common, and usually passes off in a short time. Some preparation of iron would probably give you relief.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

UNE ABONNÉE (Bruges).—1. We think you will find what you need in the *Story of English Literature*, by Anna Buckland, published by Cassell & Co., London.—2. We do not think your hand "miserable," but the only way to improve it is daily to copy some style of handwriting you admire. Nervousness or weariness may affect the handwriting from day to day, and we need not tell you it greatly depends on pen and paper.

H. E. TRAILL CHRISTIE.—We have received no previous letter from you.—1. The verses you now enclose are quite up to the average standard of those sent us for criticism. In "England" we think it would have been better to keep to one idea throughout. If your simile is that of a ship on a voyage, braving storm and tempest, it is a pity to introduce the idea of world-wide dominion. We prefer that poem, however, to the "Autumn Evening." Try to avoid saying what has been often said before, and, as you are evidently a loving observer of Nature, and have a good ear, you may succeed in doing much better work in time.—2. We go to press some time before you receive your magazine, and also have a great many answers to print, therefore you can never look for an immediate reply.

LASSIE.—We think the sketches you send are promising, and see no reason why you should not in time succeed as an artist. You should have thoroughly good instruction, and work hard. When you have attained proficiency you must look about for an opening, and, perhaps, begin by teaching, until you obtain any work for which you may then be fitted—such as book illustration. But there is no "royal road" to professional success, and the only thing for you to do at present is to work with all your might. Your path will clear before you as you advance.

IVY.—1. The girl's name, Aline, is pronounced Alleen.—2. In accordance with your wish we mention a Poetry and Essay Club, conducted by Miss L. Walpole, 12, Wenlock Terrace, York. It has been in existence two years, and the half-yearly subscription is 1s. We accept no responsibility with regard to amateur societies, as we are not in a position to judge of their working.

SNOWDROP.—The poem "To the Snowdrop" is the better of the two you send us. Both of these efforts show graceful and poetic thought, but you have much to learn in the way of expressing yourself. For instance, you should say "thou dost," not "thou doth;" and "dawning" is considered a very bad rhyme to "morning." The metre of "Night and Morning" is irregular. For example these lines—each the first of a verse—are not of the same measure—

"In the green meadows, the grass is waving,"

and

"The day is now for ever past recalling."

Thank you for your very kind little letter.

LORAC.—1. *Esmond*, by Thackeray; *Guy Mannering*, by Scott; *The Autobiography of Flora Macdonald*, all carry you into the time of the Pretender.—2. We have never heard of any biography of the authoress you name, but your bookseller or librarian would find out for you whether one exists.

QUESTER.—1. Any one who is really determined to learn Greek, who has capacity for languages, perseverance, and general intelligence, may by the help of text-books and hints acquire enough to read "after a fashion" as you say. It means very hard work, but the reward is worth it. It is of course much better to have a teacher, if only at first, until the eye becomes accustomed to the characters. If you cannot have instruction, study an elementary Greek grammar, and almost at once begin to read simple Greek with a translation until you come to "see through it a little."—2. The high side of the bridge of a violin should go on the G-string side.

DORA.—1. The passage you quote, beginning, "I expect to pass through this world but once," and ending, "I shall not pass this way again," is given, with slight variation, on p. 25 of *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Drummond, but it is a quotation without reference. We have written to the publishers, but they cannot give the source, and as we have twice seen the extract anonymously quoted elsewhere, we hope this information will be all you need at present. Perhaps some of our readers can help you.—2. The change in reckoning time which accounts for the terms "Old Christmas" and "Old Michaelmas" days, took place in Great Britain in the year 1752, not as you suggest within the last half century. The new and old styles now differ by twelve days. Many thanks for your prescription.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEARTSEASE.—We are indeed glad that "In the Twilight Side by Side" has been such a help to you. It would be better for you to circulate the penny numbers in which they appear rather than to reprint copyright matter into your Quarterly Circular.

E. DILLY.—We gave you the address of an Institution such as you required; we have given it to many, and have never received any complaint of the superintendent before. You say you lost your own temper during the interview, which seems a pity. In any case we cannot be held responsible for what takes place in a private interview; nor would it be just to give any opinion having only heard one side of the question; but we regret your dissatisfaction and disappointment.

PROC.—Wear gloves most of the day, the fingers cut off. And see our advice to Nora. Try to preserve your hands from chilblains for they leave redness. Never put them near the fire when cold, and use a muff when out of doors. Some people have red hands and arms by nature.

L. E. A.—To clean sponges put them into water into which you have sliced a raw potato, or else get a packet of sponge powder from a chemist. The reason sponges become clogged and have a bad odour is that they have been used with soap. Naturalists have decided the question as to their belonging to the animal kingdom. They have a skeleton, interstitial canals, a dermal membrane, with pores for inhalation and for receiving nutriment, besides other organs, and provisions for the requirements of animal life. Their food consists of molecules of animal and vegetable life. Ordinary sponges of commerce come chiefly from the Bahamas and Mediterranean, but the best from Smyrna.

HOUSEWIFE.—Camphor will deter the invasion of ants into a cupboard, and it is repellent to moths also. Only for the very unpleasant odour of creosote, we should recommend you to saturate a sponge with it, and place it in the infested cupboard, as ants object to it as much as we do.

D. A.—The origin of the name Briton seems to be rather obscure. Some suppose it came from the Celtic, *brith* (or "paint"), but this is discredited by Isaak Taylor. He says *bri*, or *brit*, is far more probably Iberic, and derived from that family of languages of which (and with no other example now existing) the Basque and Lapp are the representatives. The Iberic mariners of Spain coasted along to Brittany, it is believed, and thence to this island at some pre-historic time, and may have so named it. He says the name Br-*itan*-ia contains the Euskarian suffix *etan*, signifying a country or district; a suffix in the names of many districts known to, or occupied by the Iberian race, as in Aqu-*itan*-ia, Lus-*itan*-ia (the ancient name of Portugal), etc.

HOME NURSE.—Circumstanced as you are, and with so many little ones in and out of the sick chamber, and sharing your care, and for whom you must work, we think you would do well to apply to the superintendent in charge of "the Hostel of God"—a free home for the dying—The Chase, Clapham Common. Every care may be relied upon.

A. DENNY.—The comparative value of the several points in punctuation may be rated as follows:—The comma indicates the shortest pause in reading, and slightest division of sentences made in a paragraph containing, it may be, several breaks, and it counts one only. The semi-colon counts two; the colon (rarely used) three; and the full-stop, or period, used at the end of a sentence, four.

SUSIE.—Honey-soap is as good for the skin as any you could employ; and if, as you say, you live in a country farmhouse, you had better manufacture it at home. Cut in thin slices two pounds of yellow soap, and stir for a few minutes till melted, having placed the saucepan, or tin, in a large one containing boiling water; add a quarter of a pound of palm oil, as much of honey, and three pennyworth of oil of cinnamon. Let all boil together for about eight minutes extra; pour out, and leave it till the following day, when it will be found an excellent soap. Perhaps it would be well to pour it into square or oblong receptacles, which, when the mixture is hard, will enable you to cut it into squares for use.

MURIEL.—If a novice in the useful art of carving at table, set yourself to learn it carefully. It is ill-bred to help your friends badly, and a serious waste of food. At present you only inquire how to carve and help poultry. First, it is bad economy to purchase a small skinny fowl. A good-sized plump one, with white (not yellow) legs, would dine four people, and perhaps leave something over. Press back the legs from the carcase, and help every one to two slices of the breast. If any one should desire a second help, cut a slice off the upper part of a leg, and give a flier with any remains of the white meat, or a small piece out of the two hollows in the back (which part is considered a delicacy); but never give a "drumstick" to any one until all the rest of the fowl has been used. If no man be of the party, the legs may be reserved for grilling or frying, or to make a small *fricassée*. Geese, ducks, and turkeys may be helped in the same way; and a piece of ham, or sausages, placed round the dish will help out the dinner, and spare some amount of request on the poultry. The breast of a turkey or goose would more than dine four people, were the bird of a fair size. Always inquire which of the guests or family would like some of the liver, or gizzard, and stuffing. The bread-sauce will, of course, be handed round by the servant.

GUIDO should write at once to the Secretary, Technical Education Board (London County Council), St. Martin's Place, London, W.C. She will obtain full information on the points mentioned in her letter.

MOTHER.—If your girls wish to emigrate, and you want them to be well prepared, it would be wise to write to Miss Eyton, Wrockwardine Hall, Wellington, Salop, as your children can be trained for the Colonies, at twelve years of age, in the Home at 6s. a week, for work of any kind, or domestic service.

Y. E. M.—There is no origin to the slang word "spooney," unless the custom of nicknaming the lowest junior optime in the Cambridge Mathematical Examination, the "spoon," a wooden one being presented to him. It means in slang parlance to express inferiority and a soft head. So young men when paying their addresses to a girl are apt to forget that other people's eyes are upon them, and that they think them to be behaving in a silly way. In fact, it is more dignified and in better taste to be a little reserved when in public.

A. B. C.—There are only four round churches that are of circular form, known as churches of "Holy Sepulchre," in England. They are of Norman style, of the early part of the twelfth century, or possibly a little later. The Temple Church, London, St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge, St. Sepulchre's at Northampton, and St. Sepulchre's at Maplestead, Essex. There are some octagon modern churches and chapels, but none of ancient date or signification.

'SPRING-TIME:

THE ONLY PRETTY RING-TIME.

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "A Crown of Flowers," "The Girl's Own Outdoor Book," etc.

THIS NEW AND HANDSOME VOLUME FOR EVERY TRUE LOVER OF NATURE IS NOW READY.



NATURE'S CROZIERS.
From the Drawing by Mrs. BRIGHTWEN.

THIS work treats of the various aspects of the country during the enchanting months of Spring. Every pent-up City worker longs to be out in the open—"away from the dwellings of care-worn men"—and it is hoped that this volume will come to him like a breath of the fields, or like the scent of the pines drawn forth by the warmth of the Spring sunshine.

The following are some of the Contributors:—

JOHN ALLEN, Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," HELEN MARION BURNSIDE, AGNES GIBERNE, the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, D.D., MARY ROWLES JARVIS, FRED. MILLER, G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.SC., J. A. OWEN, Editor of "A Son of the Marshes," the late Sir BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, GORDON STABLES, M.D., CLARA THWAITES, HARRISON WEIR, and many others.

Profusely Illustrated from Drawings and Paintings by

JOHN ALLEN, ALLAN BARRAUD, W. H. J. BOOT, Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, W. J. HENNESSY, DAVIDSON KNOWLES, G. E. LODGE, FRED MILLER, W. R. FAIRFAX MÜCKLEY, HENRY RYLAND, GEORGE L. SEYMOUR, PERCY TARRANT, MARCELLA WALKER, HARRISON WEIR, CHARLES WHYMPER, E. WILSON, and many others.

Handsomely Bound, Price SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

LONDON: "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 904.] APRIL 24, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

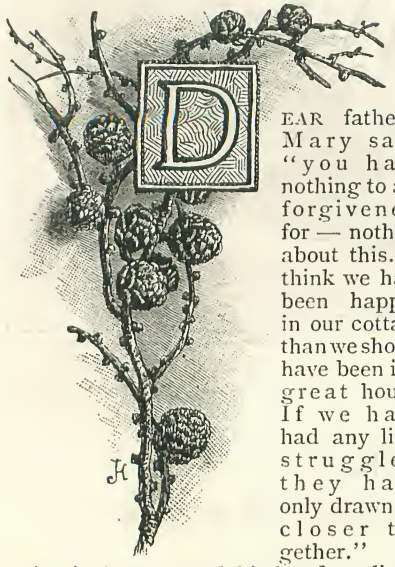
By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



All rights reserved.]

"'POOR PAPA; DEAR, DEAR PAPA.'"

CHAPTER VI.



"DEAR father," Mary said, "you have nothing to ask forgiveness for — nothing about this. I think we have been happier in our cottage than we should have been in a great house. If we have had any little struggles, they have only drawn us closer together."

Again he removed his hands a little, and let his face appear. Mary could almost have believed that years had gone by since she had seen it last. It seemed as though some scaffolding had given way, and the features had fallen suddenly into ruinous old age. There was a piteous feebleness in a little wisp of grey hair that strayed across his forehead, and was moving in the wind; and all the face was grey, except the eyes, which surely were larger than ever they had been before, and more deeply and childishly blue.

A cold fear caught at Mary's heart, and the blood came into her face in a full flood.

That childish look in the eyes, that almost infantine movement of the hands; could they mean that her father—— ?

She turned her head away from the point whither her swift thought had gone before. There are chasms illuminated by the flash of mental torches that for the safety of one's feet one must refuse to see.

She just laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and said very tenderly, "Poor papa; dear, dear papa." Perhaps there was nothing much better to be said or done. But Mr. Haydn only gave a little start and drew his hands closer together.

Then Mary felt something cold touching her wrist. She looked down, startled enough, for these last minutes had shaken her strong nerves, and saw a dog—a big Irish terrier. For a second or two there were gravity and questioning in his steady eyes and stiff tail.

"Well, doggles," said Mary, "no offence, I hope?"

He liked the tone of her voice and the quality of the pat which accompanied her speech. But what went to his soul was the word "doggles." It was the Open Sesame to the canine heart. On the instant he melted into beaming wags and kind, convivial wriggles.

Mr. Haydn looked down upon the blithe new-comer.

"Halloa," he said, "Banjo! How are you, old boy?"

The terrier was everything that good breeding required. Of course, he must be civil to his friend's friend. But he was not cordial. Having given two or three scrambles against Mr. Haydn's knee, he returned to Mary, biting her with the *rapport* of ancient comradeship.

Suddenly Mary turned to her father. "How do you know him, papa?" she asked.

"How do I know him?" he repeated indignantly. "Why, my dear good girl, haven't I known him any time these——" He stopped short, then broke into an uneasy little laugh. "No," he said—"how stupid I am. It must be his grandson or his great-grandson. Banjo; why, it's five-and-twenty years—of course—of course—how time flies?"

Perhaps that was not a very remarkable trick of memory. Many elderly people slip, now and then, into queer chronological lapses. Yet, falling in with so many other hints of weakness in her father, it made Mary very uneasy.

But that arrival of Banjo's representative had quite diverted Mr. Haydn's thoughts.

"We always had half-a-dozen of those terriers," he said; "wonderful little chaps they were—never beaten in the longest run. Our breed was famous. I gave a brother of Banjo's to Lord Spooner—'Foxy Joe,' as we irreverently called him."

He laughed out—a crisp, merry laugh—and for that time his dejection came back to him no more. He insisted on showing Mary all over the old house, peopling every room with jolly memories. Only once did his mood lose its mellow tone—when Mary failed to remember the nursery.

"Why," he said, "I nailed those bars across the window with my own hands. Your mother was always haunted by the dread of your falling out. And there; surely you remember how mother used to sit here, before the fire, and play Marjory Daw, letting you slip down, shrieking, and then pulling you up again. Surely your memory is not so bad as all that?"

"Well, father," Mary said, "you must forgive its shortcomings. When we left here I was not very old—only three."

"Yes—yes," he said quickly; "I was thinking of the little one that died."

For a moment his gaiety was overclouded. Very soon, however, he was jollier than before, chuckling over recollections of the Hive—the pair of rooms in a short passage, where the bachelors were stowed. Out of that window, Johnny Joyce and Frank Eyre had let down Andy Taylor, leaving him like Mahomet's coffin, suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, and only drawing him up when he had sung "I arise from dreams of thee" in a falsetto voice, in at the Dean's window.

Never had Mary seen her father so full of spirits, though the old, worn, shaken look remained beneath the flush of excitement. He gave the housekeeper a sovereign when he said good-bye, and apologised for the sorriness of the car. "Just at present," he said, "I am living in retirement—almost in total retirement. But before very long—well, we shall see."

He nodded knowingly, and received the good woman's effusive curtseys quite *en grand Seigneur*.

When they had made good a mile of the slow way home, Mr. Haydn turned and leaned across the car. "Molly," he said in a half whisper, and the girl turned towards him till their heads almost touched. "Molly," he said impressively, "if I live another year, I shall be master of the old place again."

He looked into her face and nodded, a slow, confident nod.

Mary was taken too much aback to do more than say "Oh, father." He was now to all appearance clear in mind and fully master of himself, yet, remembering what had been his condition a little while ago, the girl was half disposed to regard this saying as a stronger proof of shattered nerves or mental disturbance. She was miserably unhinged, and sat longing for the end of the journey, hardly able to hold back her tears.

Suddenly her father turned round again, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Remember, Mary," he said, with an authority that he sometimes could assume, "not a word of what I have told you to your mother or to any living creature. All that has been done and said this day is to remain in the keeping of us two. I lay this upon you as my command. Do not argue, but obey."

Reluctantly, and half believing that she was doing wrong, Mary gave her promise.

"But what am I to say, father?" she asked at length; "they will want to know where we have been?"

Mr. Haydn called out to the driver. "Paddy," he said, "do you know the short cut to Castle Massy?"

"Why not, thin?" croaked the cheerful boy. "Sure, the place isn't two miles beyant."

"Good," said Mr. Haydn, "drive to the Angler's Arms, and we'll all have a bit of dinner."

"Well, inquired the anxious mistress of the house, when two hours later the tailless steed drew up at the door of Weir Bend, "and where have you explorers been?"

"To Castle Massy, mother," her husband answered, "and we've had salmon and green peas."

If Mrs. Haydn made no effort to get behind that partially true report of her husband's, it was not because it quieted any vague fears that were in her mind.

Mary was perfectly well aware that her mother had divined that something was being kept from her, and with a delicacy and self-control that even very good women do not invariably exhibit in the presence of a secret, had acquiesced in the ignorance that was imposed upon her.

On the whole the girl was glad that

her lips were sealed by a promise. However uncomfortable her mother's imaginings might be, she felt that the story of that day's doings could hardly have failed to aggravate her uneasiness.

While they were sitting together, her mother and she, awaiting Hildegarde's return, she remembered Mr. Haydn's permission to unlock that dark chamber of the past.

"Dearest," she said, while she held her mother's hand, and played with the rings that seemed to her so wonderfully rich and beautiful, "would it hurt you to tell me a little about old times, when you lived——?" she saw the danger that she was nearing, and glided off from it with a hardly perceptible hesitation—"in a great house, and had all manner of fine things? Father referred to those times to-day, and seemed to wish that I should know—only I, he said—how his reverses came about."

"I think," said Mrs. Haydn, "your father need not have been afraid of letting your sister know."

Then, feeling that her almost worshipping love for Hildegarde had betrayed her into something near to a reproach, she added quickly, "Though I am sure he meant no slight to our dear girl. Yes, I think I should like to tell you, Mary."

Returning the pressure of her daughter's hand, Mrs. Haydn gazed before her for a little while in a sort of half dream. It was not hard to see whence Hildegarde had derived and developed her not-at-home peculiarity.

"Perhaps," Mrs. Haydn began at length, "you, my dearest, would hardly call your father a handsome man?"

The question took Mary quite by surprise. I fear that if she had pushed her thought home, she would have found that in her regard Mr. Haydn was rather a funny little man. The feeling was consistent with very real love, and even with such unceremonious respect as the new generation seems to hold sufficient. Still the idea of her father naturally called up a mental smile, partly humorous, partly protecting, if wholly affectionate.

"Well, no, mother," she said, with the faint crinkle of a smile lingering upon her lips, "I don't think I should. Though, of course," she added, "he has a very nice face." And then, candour insisting on having the last word, she inserted a qualifying phrase: "of its kind."

Mrs. Haydn smiled. "Yours is a calm admiration," she said. "And yet, Mary, I think that thirty years ago your father would have taken rank among the half-dozen handsomest men of the county. And I think if you asked at any local gathering who was the county's most distinguished young man, there would have been only one answer—St. Arnaud Haydn."

"What had father done, mother?" Mary asked.

"He was all through the Crimean campaign, and very few subalterns had such influence as his. He set the men a splendid example of suffering hardness gladly. Ragged, bootless, frost-bitten, he was cheerful to the last, dining as kindly on a draw of his pipe as on the best and amplest fare. Do you know, Mary, that your father was very near receiving the Victoria Cross, and would certainly have done so if he had not refused to have his claim put forward?

"It was in the third year, when the ground about Sebastopol was like a rabbit burrow—a maze of mines and trenches—mining in and mining out till the opposing picks might have met. So close were the lines drawn, and such was the complexity of the works that little parties on one side or the other were continually dropping almost into the enemy's jaws. Well, one raw day, that was wrapped in such a grey cloak as was common to Englishman and Russian, sixty or seventy tired men of the ——th Regiment were marching, under the command of the Major, wearily home from the trenches.

"Suddenly there loomed out of the fog a square of sombre-coated men. Russians or English? Nobody knew. But they were roughly two hundred strong. The Major was shy of halting his men, or of taking any step that might precipitate action. He slowed his little flock, and called on all the sharp eyes to stare. It was of no use, nothing distinctive could be seen, though the general idea was that it was a friendly party.

"Then your father stepped up to the Major. 'May I find out, sir?' he said. 'Yes, by all means, if you can.' In a moment your father was away, stepping out between the clumps of grey. Fifty yards ahead of his company he stood, and with great deliberation threw open his overcoat. The scarlet uniform blinked out like a cluster of red berries on a dark bough. For one moment he stood, and then the answer came in a clear snap and then a long crackle and spit. Fifty men must have fired; the shots rolled up little mounds all about him. One carried a piece of his epaulette away. Then he trotted back to his men, who were already retreating at the double. 'Russians, sir, I think,' he said, as he came up to the Major. 'Well,' said the Major, 'I shouldn't be surprised. Haydn, you will hear of this again.'"

"And he never did?"

"No, for just at that time it happened—the sad, sad trouble and wrong—and all his interest in life went out like the snuff of a candle. When in '56 the Cross was instituted and would have been solicited for him, he begged that his claim might not he preferred."

"Did she treat him badly?" Mary asked, with a woman's swift divination.

"Shamefully," said Mrs. Haydn, "meanly, pitiably. She sold herself for a brand-new title and half a million of very dirty money. Mary, I don't want to be hard or bitter, but that is the unvarnished truth. Loving your father still—oh! of that there was no doubt; the letters, dear; I have seen one or two—she married Sir ———, well, there is no need of names."

"So was papa poor then?"

"He had only a moderate competency, being a younger son. If Millicent had waited only a year there would have been no need of that sale by auction of her hand. Within the twelvemonth his father and his elder brother had both died, and St. Arnaud was master of Ballintober."

"And you, mother—how——?"

"Dearest, I had always loved him, and when in his heart-emptiness he asked me to be his wife—oh, Mary, I thanked God on my knees that I was granted so much; the second place in his affections; though at so long an interval. I was content to take a very little, since I was permitted to give my all."

"But, dearest mother, father does love you now, has loved you for many, many years, with all his heart."

"That chamber is still locked," Mrs. Haydn said. "Perhaps there are treasures in it still."

Her eyes were full of a moisture that did not fall in tears, and hardly had the bitterness of tears.

"It was that sorrow, dear, that wasted all his life. His interest was gone, his hold on business was shaken. And yet in a miserable craving for forgetfulness, he was driven to embark in twenty futile schemes. Perhaps he inherited some difficulties. At all events they grew and grew until—yes, dear, the old place was lost."

"Poor, poor papa, I will try to be a better daughter, mother, now I know all."

There was a moment's silence, and then Mary asked, "Mother, was nothing saved from the wreck?"

"Nothing; almost literally, not a penny. Only when the tale of our misfortunes went abroad there was much sympathy. Distant cousins and friends secured for us the pretty things that we have about us now; and someone who wished to remain unknown—your father believed it to be a remote relation in Sydney—settled upon me an annuity."

Mary gave a little start and looked up swiftly into her mother's face.

"What is it, dearest?" Mrs. Haydn asked.

"Nothing, mother, nothing," Mary answered. "I was only thinking."

After a little Mrs. Haydn spoke again.

"Sometimes I have thought that the loss of the old place has lain very heavily on your father's heart. I have even thought at times that he has wild dreams of seeing it in his own hands again; or, perhaps, in the hands of your brother Edgar."

That sudden reference to Mr. Haydn's schemes went very near to taking Mary's secret by storm. She felt the blood flushing nervously in her cheeks, and was devising some plan for directing her mother's attention elsewhere, when deliverance came in the shape of a step in the hall.

"There is Hildegarde," she said, and ran to meet her sister.

(To be continued.)



VARNISHING DAY AT THE ACADEMY.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VII.

OLD AND NEW GARMENTS.

"Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."—Eph. iv. 24.

"He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—Isaiah lxi. 10.

WHEN we began our talks, dear girls, the year was just past its brightest season. Much of the harvest had been gathered, and what had not been stored, was lying soddened by the too abundant rains which eventually made it hardly worth housing. Everything around us was suggestive of approaching decay, of shortening days and long evenings when the fireside would have the strongest attractions, and many of us were thankful that we could gather round it, without fear of being called to face discomforts outside.

True, there was Christmas ahead, and when we had kept it, we all rejoiced that the new year would soon dawn and bring with it promise of brighter days to come.

We have had several talks since then. I trust they have not been fruitless either to you or me. And now, all around us breathes a message of hope. The simulated death which winter brought in his train, is a thing of the past, and we see new life at every turn. Greenery of all kinds is clothing the brown earth with a lovely carpet which through summer days will be ever renewing itself.

As we wend our ways through lanes or by hedgerows, we note the swelling buds of which some are shooting into leaf, whilst everywhere amongst the trees—of late so sere and dead-looking—there is a tender *nuance* of living green.

The suggestion of colour has a story for us. It seems to say, "In a little while the full glory of the earth will be renewed—there will be life from the dead." Surely as you and I note all this, we must be reminded of God's ancient promise, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Since our God has fulfilled that promise through so many ages, may we not count upon His faithfulness in all that concerns our spiritual welfare?

Let us just dwell for a moment on one of the Psalms of David, whose early life, amid the sheepfolds, enabled him to observe Nature so closely. I will only repeat portions of his description, but as the seasons follow each other, we can verify them for ourselves.

"Thou visiteth the earth and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God which is full of water; Thou preparest them corn; when Thou hast so provided for it—Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blesseth the springing thereof—Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. The little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."

What I have repeated is only a portion out of five verses of Psalm sixty-five. Yet it takes us on from the spring showers, which prepared the earth for the seed, and through seed-time. It shows us the springing blade, the gradual clothing of the pastures, the turning out of the sheep with their young ones to enjoy the fresh herbage, the growth of the corn until it waves ripe, golden and ready for the sickle, and the land resounds with songs of rejoicing as the sheaves are once more housed, amid jubilant shouts of "harvest home."

I have gone a little aside to show how wonderfully full the Bible is, and how much it says in few words. Take those I have quoted with you, dear ones, as you enjoy your rambles in the sweet, fresh air of spring, and listen to the God-given music around. Read more of these lovely descriptions of the silent march of Nature, as God has given them through the inspired writers of the Bible.

Now, to begin our special talk.

The changes which have passed before your eyes and mine since we first sat side by side, must surely have supplied us with much food for thought. Only the culpably thoughtless can fail to note the flight of time, or be insensible to the value of it.

I have a calendar hanging in my bed-room. It consists of three hundred and sixty-five slips of paper, forming a pad which is attached to a large floral card at the back. Each slip is the record of a day's flight, and, as it is detached, the heading of the next tells not only the month, day and date, but how old the year is, and how many days are still left, before those of us who remain at its close will speak of it as the Old Year.

The slips are small, but each has a little store of extra information as to time of sun rising and setting, age of moon, and so on. A glance shows me how much more daylight I can count upon than I could when I exposed the first slip on New Year's morning.

There is a certain solemnity in tearing off the slip which has fulfilled its mission. To my own mind the thought always recurs to me, "I have one day less for life and work." The life page of the past day is closed—in one sense. But in another, it will remain open to those who have seen it, whilst memory lasts. No hand can erase the record of it, and it has left behind an influence either for good or evil.

Thought goes further than this, for, if we believe the teaching of God's word, we know there is another ineffaceable record kept of our doings. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

It seems to us a sufficiently solemn thought that every day, we, in a manner, unconsciously add a page to the life story which those around us can read. But still more important is it for us to realise that He, who is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, knows our inner minds, our most secret imaginings. Our neighbours read what we may call the published pages of our lives. To God alone our whole being is an open book; there is no hiding-place from Him.

How wonderfully this solemn truth is brought before us in the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm! Read it for yourselves, dear ones, and may the prayer with which it concludes go up to God from your hearts and mine.

I am going to suggest a few questions which you and I may profitably ask ourselves nightly, before we lie down to rest.

What kind of record has my life written to-day?

Have I made one human being happier?

Have I lightened the burden of one overweighted neighbour?

Have my words and example been such as to turn the thoughts of even one companion to higher and better things?

Have my parents had cause to thank God for their child, as a precious gift from Him?

How much of my time have I, purposely and reverently, dedicated to God's service?

Have I remembered that Time and Life, once gone can never be recalled?

Oh, my dear ones! Are you ready to exclaim against my choosing such a solemn subject for our talk to-night? Are you thinking—though you are too kind to say as much—that such subjects may be fitting enough for people like myself, whose lives are drawing near the close; but that you, who are young, may well put off the consideration of them to a far distant day?

It is just because you are young; because you have at least the prospect of many years of life, that I want you to pause and think of the glorious possibilities that are still before you.

We, who are old, look back over the long vista of past years, and well for us if we can do this with a fair amount of satisfaction. But even those of God's servants who have been most faithful, are fain to own that they have done but little and left much undone. "We are unprofitable servants at best," they would tell you. "We have not even satisfied ourselves."

The soldiers who have enlisted under Christ's banner to battle against the world, the flesh and the evil one may have seemed brave and faithful in the eyes of earthly friends. But, if the best and bravest were to tell you the truth they would say, "We have been but poor cowards, many a time and oft. We have lagged behind in the march, we have allowed our armour to rust, or have sometimes laid it aside altogether, so that the enemy has come upon us unawares and conquered us. If at length we have come off 'more than conquerors,' it is through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us." No true servant of God will boast of his own victories. His cry—an exultant one—will ever be, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Have you not often talked about the past with old people and heard them say, "If I could but have even a portion of my life over again, how much would I do that I have left undone. How much better would I perform the duties and do the work that God entrusted to me, in my time of youth and vigour."

Well! You and I, remembering what others have said, must try to gain something from their testimony. Let us at any rate, take that one thought about time and life, and think how we will use the present, which is all we can call our own.

For you, who are young, the lengthening days and the bright sunshine have special lessons. They bring promise of leaf, blossom and fruit in the near future. Nature is clothing earth and trees with verdure, and in a little while, the green carpet will be diversified with countless flowers and ever-changing colours.

Yet only a short time back, all was bare, dark, unsightly. You and I in the dark days wore our older garments and said to ourselves, "Anything is good enough for muddy roads beneath our feet, and fog and drizzle above and around us. But since the sun has begun to shine upon us, we have seen many imperfections in the garments that passed muster in the dim light of wintry days. We turn them about and see weather-stains here, glazed and threadbare places, and shaking our heads over our garments, we condemn them as altogether too shabby for spring use. Even lighter clothing, that has been packed away during the cold weather, seems to show far

more signs of past use than it did when we laid it aside with the thought, "It will be as good as ever for next year."

Then, with some of us, there are anxious questions about ways and means. Our examination has shown us many wants, and perchance, some amongst us count the contents of slender purses and wonder if these will stretch far enough to buy what real necessity demands. Such problems cannot be settled here, but they suggest other thoughts of greater importance to us all.

There is clothing of another kind which clings to each of us, and which, whether the days be short and dark, or long and all aglow with sunlight, is always in full view. I mean our spiritual clothing which shows itself in the habits of our daily lives.

Like the material clothing of our bodies, so with the habits, tempers, conversation, actions, work—everything in short which goes to make up our being. We need to bring all to the light for careful and prayerful examination.

Do you ask, "What light?" dear girls?

Think for a moment and you will not need to ask the question.

Let me however point you to a question and answer in the second portion of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed according to Thy word."

We shall gain light by comparing our lives with God's commandments? By looking at the Christ-life, as pictured for us in the Gospel. Christ said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work."

I read long ago a short prayer, I forget the name of him who offered it, but I have always thought it was just fitting for all of us to offer, who wish to realise what we are in ourselves and what we may become through Christ.

"Lord, show me myself, then show me Thyself."

If we have this divine light given to us, we shall find that our lives will no more bear such exposure, than did the old worn garments which passed muster in the dark, but were condemned in the sunlight. We shall begin to ask ourselves which of our daily habits must be cast aside altogether and replaced by others formed on the pattern of Christ's? Which amongst them have a foundation of good that may be strengthened and improved, so as to bear the light?

Many questions will need to be asked, and these habits of ours will have to be viewed on all sides, like those other garments. We must try to find out the worst of them, in other words "the sin that doth so easily beset us"—most dangerous because most pleasant, and resolve to conquer it to begin with.

It is well to fight one foe at a time; to cast away, by conquest, one bad habit and replace it by a new and better one. We do not renew all our material wardrobe at a stroke, but piecemeal, as we are able. So with spiritual renewals.

Are we too hasty in speech and temper? Let us think how often we have wished hard words unsaid, and pray, "Keep Thou the door of my lips." If ready to judge hardly, remember Christ's words, "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." If impatient, let us school ourselves to pause and think before acting. "The patient in spirit, is better than the proud in spirit."

I feel that I have not finished what I wanted to say, but I hope this talk will be suggestive and set us all thinking what habits have to be cast aside, improved or replaced by new and better ones, from this time and onward.

There is one sweet thought for us all. The purse and its contents do not come in. All that we want we can have for the asking. The "New heart," "New Spirit," in short the "New Creature," with new longings after holiness, new affections, new life for God, all come in answer to prayer "without money and without price." For the price of all good things, here and hereafter, for you and for me, was paid beforehand, when Christ "bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."

(To be continued.)

THE GROCER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.



She inhaled a deep breath, and an awful fear crept over her. The odour was unmistakably that of burning. Springing out of bed she flung her dressing-gown over her night-dress, and opened the bed-room door. A wave of smoke floated towards her, and she ran shouting along the corridor. To her horror she saw that a lurid light was reflected from the kitchens in the hall beneath. Roused by her shouts and blows at the bed-room doors, a group of sobbing girls and frightened women rushed down-stairs and out into the garden, where they clustered, shivering and gasping, in the frosty morning air.

The flames had quickly gained ground, and were roaring and crackling over the wood-work of the old house in a manner fearful to behold. Poor Miss Wynnard wrung her hands helplessly and moaned. Her presence of mind had utterly deserted her. Only Miss Annie and Beatrice were self-contained.

"You must all go to the Vicarage for shelter, and I will run to Dean's cottage and ask him to gallop to Stourton for help. Now run, girls! You are all here?" asked Miss Annie promptly.

There was a cry of dismay.

"Clarissa Greville is not here!"

"I did not remember that she had been removed from her old bed-room!" cried Beatrice; and, before any one could interpose, she was back in the house.

For a moment the brave girl quailed as she faced the volumes of smoke that rolled upon her from the kitchens. With a sobbing cry she rushed towards the staircase, which, as yet, was untouched by the flames.

Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the stairs as she sped upwards. She knocked loudly at the door of Clarissa's room, and as she received no response she burst into the room. Clarissa was in a deep sleep, and on a chair near the bed lay an empty bottle labelled "sleeping-draught." Half wild with fear and excitement, Beatrice shook the sleeping girl, and, with difficulty, aroused her.

"Who are you?" asked Clarissa stupidly.

"I am Beatrice Merle. Oh, do get up!"

"How dare you come into my room? But what is that smoke?"

"The house is on fire. If you are not quick we shall be burned to death."

With a shriek Clarissa sprang from the bed.

"Oh, save me—save me! I dare not die—I am a very wicked girl!"

"Throw this shawl over you. Now make haste!"—and, dipping the sheet in the ewer, she bound it round Clarissa's head and shoulders. Alas! when the two girls, gasping and choking, reached the staircase, it was in flames.

With an unearthly shriek Clarissa fainted.

Terrified and perplexed Beatrice ventured down the staircase a step or two, but the flames and smoke drove her back. With the burden of Clarissa's unconscious form she would never reach the hall in safety. Already the flames were creeping around the balustrades. Struggling for breath she dragged Clarissa into a bed-room, and, closing the door, she opened the window.

"Help, help! The staircase is burning!" she endeavoured to cry, but no sound proceeded from her parched lips. "Oh, God, help me!" she moaned; and, leaning from the window, she inhaled the clear cold air.

Once more she raised her voice, and this time she was successful. A manly voice answered—

"Don't be afraid, we are bringing a ladder!"

"Oh, make haste!" cried Beatrice. "Clarissa has fainted, and I am almost suffocated! The smoke is coming into this room!"

With a supreme effort, for she was almost exhausted, Beatrice lifted Clarissa to the open window and propped her head upon the window-sill, and drew the wet sheet down over her gown. Then she knew no more.

When she came to herself she was lying in bed, and her mother was bending over her. She endeavoured to move, but sank back with a groan. Her body felt as if it were covered with burns.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned.

"Yes, my darling. Try and be patient."

"Won't God let me die?"

"Beatrice darling, you grieve me."

"I am selfish. Is Clarissa saved?"

"Yes, and strange to say, her burns were trivial compared with yours. After you fainted she revived, and, in mortal terror, climbed upon the window ledge and clung to the casement.

"Poor Clarissa!" said Beatrice softly. "They must have been long in finding a ladder?"

"Yes, the Vicar ran to the Vicarage for it. Now, dear, don't talk any more."

For many days the life of Beatrice was in jeopardy. In the paroxysms of delirium she rambled incoherently of her schooldays and their trials, until her father and mother looked at each other and wept.

"Poor darling, she has suffered!" said Mrs. Merle, wiping her eyes.

"Yes, and if she lives she will be stronger for it."

"Yes, John, if she lives," and again the tears of the mother flowed.

"God is very merciful," said John Merle reverently, and as the words fell from his lips, Beatrice opened her eyes and said—

"Yes, father, God is very merciful," and, with a long sigh, she fell asleep.

After one or two relapses Beatrice slowly crept back to life. For many months she was but a shadow of her former self, but eventually the roundness returned to her limbs and the colour to her cheeks.

As soon as she could bear the excitement of receiving visitors, Clarissa Greville, pale and shaken, was admitted to her room.

"Can you ever forgive me, Beatrice?"

"I have forgiven you long ago?"

"I shall never forget that awful night! Oh, Beatrice, if you had died I should never have forgiven myself! You don't know how selfish I was!"

"Please don't speak about it. Let us both try to forget it."

"Beatrice, may I ask a great favour?"

"Certainly."

"Will you never, never mention the sleeping-draught?"

"Do you still require narcotics?"

"No, I shall never take another as long as I live! You remember I suffered from neuralgia, and, impatient of pain, I obtained a sleeping-draught from the chemist, which gave such relief to me that I obtained another and another, until I was a slave to them. I ought to have consulted a physician, but I would not, and nearly lost my life though my imprudence. I have not been happy for many months, Beatrice."

"Poor Clarissa!"

"Do you really honestly forgive me?"

"I do."

"How can I thank you for all you have done for me?"

"By trying to think that honest trade is not a thing of which to be ashamed. You remember, when Nathaniel asked Philip if any good thing could come out of Nazareth, Philip replied, 'Come and see.' And some day, Clarissa, I hope you may know my father and judge for yourself whether any good thing can come out of trade."

"But, Beatrice, your father is not a common grocer. I understand he is the head of a large and prosperous firm."

A shade came over the face of Beatrice, and she said softly—

"Jesus Christ was a carpenter. Now, dear, lest you should think I wish to preach, we will dismiss the subject."

F. Lockwood Green.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "PESSIMISM."

SOLUTION.

PESSIMISM.

A dear girl-reader just the other day
Wrote asking our kind Editor to say
What is the meaning of our title-word;—
A pessimistic girl is only stirred
By things that disappoint and sadden men;
She will not raise her curtained eyes to ken
That which is over us and round about—
The joy and sunshine threading life through-out—
She will but on the sin and care look down,
When if she only would her spirit crown,
She need but raise the shutters of her eyes
In order to behold the golden skies;
But if she cannot yet glance up I ween
She should just read, mark, learn this magazine!

Prize Winners.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Miss E. H. Brookfield, c/o Rev. A. Thornley, South Leverton Vicarage, by Lincoln.
Ethel C. Burlingham, Rossyvera House, Evesham.
Constance Daphne, Alresford, Hants.
M. E. Hancock, 92, Richards Terrace, Cardiff.
Elizabeth Lang, 17, Rue Bayard, Pau, France.
Mrs. Richard Leach, Wood View, Ingram Road, East Finchley.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington, Surrey.
S. Mason, 30, Cambridge Street, Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.
F. Miller, Wesley Manse, Witney.
Mrs. Prestige, 129, Abbeville Road, Clapham, S.W.
M. Stuart, Fernleigh, Castelnau, Barnes.
Mrs. Catherine E. Warren, The Ferns, Stoke-by-Clare, Suffolk.
Louisa Whitcher, Pickworth, Stamford.
W. Fitzjames White, Albert Drive, Low Fell, Gateshead.

Very Highly Commended.

Division I.

Mrs. Acheson, Hannah E. Powell, Lucy Richardson, Ellen C. Tarrant, Hubert E. C. Tutte, Eleanor Whitcher, M. A. Wilkinson.

Division II.

Margaret Archdale, Lucy I. Armstrong, Edith Ashworth, Emily E. S. Barnes, Sadie Barratt, P. L. Benson, "Blair," Edith M. Blunt, Isabel Borrow, Kate B. Brett, Herbert A. Brown, Geraldine C. Carr, Alice H. Chater, Agnes B. Chettle, Frances Church, O. F. Clifford, A. H. Corley, N. Coxon, Ethel Darbyshire, Edith Davison, M. Cerise Deane, Jessie F. Dulley, A. and F. Fooks, A. J. Foster, Edith E. Gotobed, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Elsie B. Healing, Francis H. Higgs, Ethel Howlden, Mrs. Kemp, Mabel Kidd, Carlina Leggett, M. J. Macdiarmid, Mary A. Matthey, A. Mousley, C. Oliver Munns, M. Newman, J. M. Pugh, Ida Rafford, Ada Rickards, E. W. Rowan, Gertrude Smith, Frederick W. Southey, Ethel E. Spencer, Mary M. Tanner, Eleanor Taylor, Maude M. Walford, L. C. Walker, Kate M. Warren, Katie Whitmore, Diana C. Yeo.

Highly Commended.

Maud L. Ansell, E. S. Barrett, Mrs. M. J. Barrett, Dora N. Bertie, Mrs. A. L. Bird, Mary Birrell, M. Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, G. M. Bundle, Frances L. Cosson, Ellen Cox, Mrs. Crossman, E. Danell, Ethel M. Dickson, Louie Drury, Beatrice Duret, Frank E. Fletcher, "Gipsy," Christine E. Heard, F. Hire, Mrs. C. Holloway, Mrs. Hopewell, Elsie M. Jones, Ethel McGowan, Mrs. Nicholls, E. A. O'Donoghue, Annie Page, G. W. J. Potter, Mrs. C. E. Rimer, H. G. Robson, Florence E. Russell, C. H. H. Senington, R. Carr Smith, Sadie Stelfox, Annie Stevenson, Constance Taylor, Ellen Thurtell, L. D. Wakely, Hilda E. Wiglesworth, Minnie Wilkins, M. Woodcock, Josephine Woodrow, Emily Wright, Elizabeth Yarwood, Sophie Yeo.

Honourable Mention.

Eliza Acworth, Edith Anderson, N. K. Anderson, Mrs. Ashby, Mrs. H. Balleny, M. Barker, A. J. Batchelor, Rev. S. Bell, Lydia Belling, Annie J. Cather, Rev. J. Chambers, F. Chute, Ellen D. Cooke, C. A. Cooper, M. A. C. Crabb, Katie Doyle, Elizabeth A. G. Edwards, Mrs. Garforth, R. Garratt, Martha Goddard, Mrs. Grubbe, Edith E. Grundy, Mary W. Hodson, Emmie Holgate, G. Honeyburne, J. Hunt, Edith Jackson, A. John, Alice E. Johnson, Ellen H. Kemp, Millie Learner, Grace W. Lewis, Miss Lingham, Mrs. Ellen May, Chas. A. Murton, Mrs. M. L. Nott, Edith M. Odom, Miss Oldfield, Annie E. Osborn, Edith F. Sellers, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Mildred M. Skrine, Isabel Snell, Mary E. Spencer, Gertrude A. Spink, Helen C. Stone, J. F. Swann, Caroline E. Thurgar, Ethel Tomlinson, C. F. Walker, R. A. Wells, G. S. Wilkins, Florence M. Williams, Emily C. Woodward.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

The subject for our report is not an inspiriting one, but as we "read, learn, and digest" a good deal of "this magazine," we must be as cheerful as we can. Perfect solutions again carry off the prizes. If seven shillings and sixpence appears at first sight to be an inadequate reward for perfection, the winners may reflect that a crown and a half ought to satisfy the most ambitious of victors. Indeed, they may well be grateful for the blots and even more insignificant blemishes which enabled us to reduce the number of prizes to fourteen.

The adjudication was a matter of considerable difficulty, owing to the trivial nature of many of the "mistakes." Happily we had not forgotten the use of vulgar fractions, and they were freely pressed into the service. The final result of our elaborate calculations may be of interest to some competitors, so here it is:—

Prize-winners 0; V.H.C. I, smudges and the like; V.H.C. II, $\frac{1}{4}$; H.C. $\frac{1}{2}$; H.M. $\frac{3}{4}$; out in the cold 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{4}$, 2, and so on. Of course the figures refer to the number of mistakes.

Evidently we are in a communicative mood, and we may as well go a step further, and indicate some of these fractional errors.

"A dear *young* reader." Now, without resorting to one of those arbitrary rulings which we abjure, how could we fail to regard this as equal with the author's version? Well, a little intelligent study of the picture reveals the secret. Who would dream of calling a girl of that size (to her face) a "young" reader? Such an impertinence would assuredly meet with swift retribution.

"Subscriber" in the same connection would not do. Every reader (of The Girl's Own Paper at any rate) is not a subscriber, which, when we come to think of it, is a pity.

"Novel," instead of "title" in line 3, was adopted by quite 30 per cent. of the solvers. In this case a rather more serious fraction was involved, as it was clearly the title and not the novel which was depicted. In passing on to the next variations of importance, we would just call attention to some interesting ways of spelling disappoint which came under our notice:—

Disapoint, dissapoint, dissappoint, how nice they look!

In line 8, "sunshine" often became "sunlight," "sunbeams," "sunrays," "radiance," and the like—all of them fractionally weaker than the original.

"Spirits" was a very common substitute for "spirit" in line 10, but here also the author's version is the better one. A great many competitors made an "and" out of the "mark" in the last line; the reason is not particularly obvious.

All the rest of the puzzle is, in the light of the solution at any rate, perfectly straightforward. Let us hope its lesson will not be thrown away.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THINGS Victorian are still one of the themes of our discourse on dress, and many of the foreshadowings of the last article on that subject have really come into existence; and the styles of trimming, and even some of the shapes worn in the thirties may be seen every day. One of the new ways of trimming a jacket or bodice is quite early Victorian: namely, in a circular shape which takes in, in its sweep, the arms as well; passing over the sleeves in a round, and adding immense width to the shoulders by so doing. This last is a striking characteristic of the early days of the Queen's reign. The pointed cape, for out-of-door wear, is a most useful revival. It may be made of velvet, or *moiré*, or, as of old, of the same material as the gown. They are cut with deep points on the shoulders, and a deep one that reaches to the waist in front; but at the back the point reaches only half way to the middle of the back. Some of the very prettiest have quillings of *chiffon* round them; but they could be made in any thin material, with frillings of the same all round, a double frill or a high collar being used for the neck.

It is in the very newest styles of hair-dressing, I think, that one sees the Victorian revival the most fully exemplified. I am sure many who are not girls will be able to recall the days when the high comb was fashionable, and those who cannot, will remember a youthful picture of the Queen, when she was eighteen, in which she wears a high comb, and her hair plainly banded back, with side combs, I think; but as I do not possess it, I cannot refer to it. This style is now frequently seen in the evening, and also another in which the hair is raised over a cushion at each side, drawn back into a bun-like knot, and finished with a large comb. The next thing I feel sure will be ringlets, or at least those odd-looking single curls, held in place by side combs, one on each side of the face. The Victorian bonnets, with wide strings, are to be seen in some of the very smart shops; and so are plenty of those old long netted silk mittens, which are to be revived in place of the long gloves of evening.

The sacque jacket, with its small ornamented yoke-piece, and its short straight back, has finally drifted here from Paris;



A NEW BLOUSE AND A BOLERO BODICE.

where it has been a much favoured shape during the winter. Here they are cut very short indeed, and come only to about an inch below the waist. When made in black satin, they are very pretty; the yoke being covered with black jet *passementerie*, finished by a bow, and from the yoke the coat itself falls in loose full pleats. Very high collars, with frills, or very full neck ruffs, are used on all the out-of-door garments; and I think that the ever-present, and ever-young cape has never been so pretty as it is this year. The prettiest are those in which either lace or *chiffon* is mounted over a colour. Those made of shot silk are also very pretty, and all have high collars, and a white lace trimming round the neck and down the front, the lace being always cream-colour, but never white. I hope you will have gathered from this that mantles will be made of the material of the dress, a very useful and sensible fashion. Capes, if for deep mourning, are made long, and very fully pleated at the back. They are edged with bands of crape, generally narrow ones, and the material chosen is a dull corded silk. One of the best amongst the introductions of this season are the extremely stylish and pretty waterproofs. In this the process called *cravenette*, which I mentioned some months ago, has helped us much; for we can have any material, tweed, serge, or smooth-faced cloth, made into dresses and mantles, looking quite like the ordinary thing; yet all the while it is waterproofed and quite a protection against heavy rain.

It is said that skirts are now to be made up without any linings, and indeed, if they are to be trimmed with any amount of flounces, they would be too heavy if lined. In Paris, I hear, taffeta is the silk employed, and *glaces* are no more used. Skirts are made as short as ever they were in the winter for every-day use and for travelling, while for more dressy toilettes both the sides and back of the skirt are longer, probably with an idea that they are more graceful. I only wish that in this matter we had followed Victorian fashions, for in that case we should have had skirts to our ankles—a very sensible length for walking and ordinary day-wear. Four yards seems to be the general width of gowns for all purposes. Sashes are worn again, and will probably increase in favour as the season progresses. They form a pretty feature in the dress. The long ends are often *ruched* with *chiffon*, and the bow at the back is frequently finished with an antique buckle or a brooch. The best way to manage the fastening of these sashes is to have them put on to the skirt, so as to fasten with it. The high folded band is still much worn, and as it seems to be thought becoming to all figures will probably remain in fashion. But it is doubtful whether its shape be really pretty on any other than a very slight waist.

One of the last Paris fashions is to line walking-gowns with plaid or tartan silks; in which case, a petticoat is worn underneath of the same silk, made with several frills or small flounces, each of them edged with black velvet. This style is one that will probably be used for thin grenadines or gauzes, made up over a colour. The petticoat of the same will, in that case, be edged with lace, either black or white. The immense popularity of the cycle, however, has rendered petticoats less worn under tailor-made skirts than they were, and knickerbockers very often replace them. In warmer weather these will be made of the material known as "marshallette," which is partly linen and partly silk, and may be procured either plain or watered. This has superseded black satin, as it wears better and is not so thick. The great object of most women in the present day, when so much exercise of all kinds is taken, is to secure extreme lightness in their skirts, so that there may be no fatigue in carrying them. No one but a woman who walks much can understand the difficulty and drag of heavy or over-full petticoats and the subsequent strain to the back, and indeed, to the whole body.

My dress notes would not be complete if I did not mention here the Victorian Diamond Jubilee jewelry, which is being shown in so many parts of the kingdom, and in which our manufacturers have displayed so much clever invention. The simplest article I have seen was in Regent Street, which consisted of a threepenny piece, gilded, and mounted in gold, as a brooch or pendant. This furnishes a portrait of Her Majesty, and looks in excellent taste. In other shops are many and various designs—crowns, the rose, shamrock and thistle, all crowned; the Tudor rose crowned, the two dates, 1837–1897, the words "Diamond Jubilee," with a crown "V.R., 1837," "Victoria" alone, a large "V" with the date, and many others for which enumeration I have not space. It seems likely that these will be used very largely for the weddings to take place in May and June, as they would be most interesting memorials of a memorable year, and used as gifts for the bridesmaids, and others. Talking of weddings, I am reminded that at one of recent date, the bridesmaids carried long walking sticks, in imitation of those used in the reign of Louis XIV. of France. They were draped with coloured ribbons, and flowers will probably be used later on.

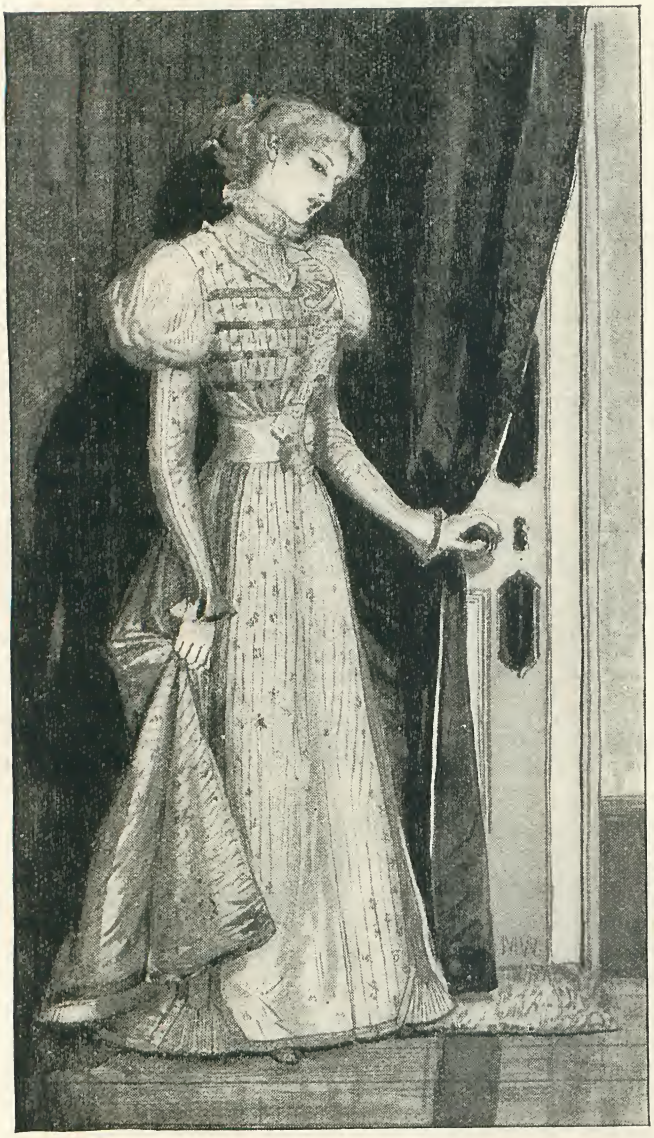
Our illustration gives a pretty girlish gown of *grenadine de soie*, or of one of the new season's silks, made with narrow velvet bands and satin kiltings on each side of the front. The velvet outlines the bottom of the dress, and there is a wide wrinkled band at the waist of the same satin as the pleatings. Nothing can be prettier than the new silks this year, and they are also comparatively inexpensive, in fact the cheapness of silk grows every season more remarkable, and now that it has once more returned to fashion for day-time use, it will be a distinct saving to the pocket of most women and girls, for its wearing qualities are so much better than those of grenadine and muslin, both of which are in fashion also just now.

The charming illustration of the braided zouave, with its wing-like sleeves shows exactly the mantles worn at present; this could be made in any material, the original was of drab cloth with white and drab braiding on it. It could also be made of the same material as the gown, even in a thin one, provided it was lined with silk, as black over coloured silks are very popular, in that case, however, the trimmings must be altered, and ribbons, lace and *chiffon* would take its place.

The new blouse is made of white *chiffon*, with rows of black velvet ribbon. The sleeves are made with a single puff, and below it three rounds of velvet repeat the bodice trimming. The back is a plain one, slightly gathered, while the zouave fronts are separate from the bodice, and are also edged with the three rows of velvet, and one of the new fancy buckles is seen at the front of the waistband. The finish of the sleeves at the wrists is one of the dress novelties of the year, and in all our illustrations they are



BRAIDED ZOUAVE WITH CAPE SLEEVES.



GOWN OF GRENADINE WITH SATIN PLEATINGS AT THE SIDES.

carefully shown. The next figure in this group has very pretty pointed cuffs of black velvet as a finish, which have a lace ruffle inside them. Great softness is given to the sleeves by these falling cuffs, and they are an immense improvement on the straight lines of old days. The small bolero worn by this figure is of jewel-beaded *passementerie* and *chiffon*, and under it is a finely kilted bodice which has wing sleeves. The bonnet is one of the new straw models and has a waved front, under which is a *rouleau* of violet velvet. The flowers are pink roses, supplemented with violet velvet bows: the straw itself, in the original, was red, but this made it rather remarkable; it could be altered, of course, into either pale blue or violet. The vivid colour of the straw hats and bonnets is quite a feature of the present season, and no one seems to find it either vulgar or ugly.

Dresses cut in the princess style are, it is said, going to be in great vogue this season; but they should be worn with great discretion, for they require a very good figure and fit, and are by no means suitable to a very slim girl. For evening and full dress they appear to be very suitable and elegant; but not for day wear. Another novelty is the sunpleated skirts which have been adopted from Parisian models, and are made in gauzes, lace, and all thin materials. This pleating is performed by the same houses as the accordion pleating, and it will probably be most popular. The black pleating, made up over a maize or blue silk underskirt, is very pretty indeed. The newest shirt-blouses, as they are now called, are made of washing silks in light colours, and they are sold at fancy prices; but they can be very easily manufactured at home. They are made exactly after the manner of a man's shirt, with a collar and cuffs attached later on, and not in one with them.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER II.

A REMARKABLE VISITOR.

MIRABEL stood in the doorway and watched till she saw her mother turn the corner of the street. Then, as she noted how feebly her mother walked, each step evidently taken at the cost of pain, the girl ran down the street to meet her, drew her mother's arm within her own, and supported her gently till the house was reached.

"Thank you, my dear, thank you," murmured Mrs. Dean, as Mirabel helped her into the old easy chair which had seen so much service; "oh, dear me! the pain is dreadful. I thought I should never get home. Oh, what will become of us all? I feel to-night, Mirabel, as if I should never get to the laundry again."

"Oh, yes, you will, mother. You will be better in a day or two. You must take some rest. You can't go to-morrow, that's certain."

"No, nor yet on any other to-morrow," groaned Mrs. Dean; "I believe I am about done for."

"Oh, mother, don't say that. It's not like you to talk that way. You must go to the hospital, and see what the doctors there can do for you."

"Ay, I'll go to the hospital to-morrow, if I can get there. But I expect they will want me to go in, and what will become of you all if I am laid up there for weeks?"

"Oh, we'll manage somehow," said Mirabel bravely, though her heart sank at the prospect, "I will take your place at the laundry. I can't work as you do, of course, but I daresay the mistress won't mind letting me try till you are able to go back."

"Oh, she wouldn't mind. She has asked me more than once to let you go. It is I who mind. I cannot bear that you should go to the laundry. Some of the girls are coarse and low, and there's talk goes on which it is not fit you should hear. And the work is very hard."

"It will be no harder for me than it is for you," said Mirabel, "and I am young and strong. It's time I took my turn at it, for you look quite worn out."

"I am sure I feel it," sighed Mrs. Dean. "Well, we needn't settle anything to-night. I'll go to the hospital to-morrow, and hear what the doctors have to say."

Mirabel was stooping to unlace her mother's boots, and remove them from the swollen feet. Then she took away her mother's bonnet and shawl, fetched another chair as a support for her feet, and began to prepare the supper. As she did so she told her mother of the gentleman she had seen walking down the street.

"What did he want here, I wonder?" asked her mother sharply. "He did not have anything to say to you, I hope?"

"He asked me the name of the street," answered Mirabel, "and whether it was far to Addison Road."

"And knew all the while, I make no doubt," said her mother. "He just said it as an excuse, for the sake of speaking to you and staring at you. I know the ways of them. They are a bad lot, those fine gentlemen, Mirabel, and the less they have to say to you the better. Their attentions are insulting to an honest girl."

"I don't think that this one meant any harm, mother," said Mirabel, flushing, however, as she remembered the admiration she had seen in the stranger's eyes. "He spoke as civil as possible, and he looked good. I think he was a real gentleman."

"Real or not they're mostly bad, Mirabel. There is no one a girl like you has more cause to dread than a gentleman."

"Oh, mother! They cannot all be bad surely. You have always told me that my father was a gentleman, and he was not bad."

"He was not bad to me. No, indeed, I'll never say he was bad; but there was them as thought him so, and his people would have nothing to do with him after he married me. My mother let apartments, and he came to lodge with

her, and he saw me, and he loved me. I was different then from what I am now, Mirabel. I was a bit pretty myself once, though you would not think it to see me now."

"Dear mother," said Mirabel affectionately, "there are many worse-looking than you."

Mrs. Dean smiled faintly as she shook her head. She knew that she was prematurely old and worn, and that no one would recognise her now as the bright young woman she had been twenty years before. Her life had indeed been a hard one. Her husband's death had left her in such destitution as compelled her to work for the support of herself and her child. The only work to which she could turn was the laundry-work, in which so many of the poor women of that neighbourhood were engaged. There are few industries in which the worker is worse paid or harder worked. Recent legislation has somewhat improved the condition of things ; but still the hours are too long and the provisions of the law too easily evaded.

Since her second marriage, Mrs. Dean, burdened by the maintenance of her good-for-nothing husband as well as of her children, had seldom refused to work overtime, and on many days had toiled for more than the fourteen hours the law permits. The laundry in which she worked was ill-drained and ill-ventilated. It was little wonder that constant standing on a wet floor and breathing hot damp air should sow the seeds of disease and her health break down.

She sighed as she looked back ; but there was comfort in her daughter's tenderness. What did it matter since Mirabel loved her ?

"Yes, I was pretty myself once," she said dreamily, "but not like you, Mirabel. Sometimes I could wish that you had been plain and stumpy, for beauty is a dangerous gift for a woman of our class. It's like to lead her into peril."

"Now, mother," protested Mirabel, "why do you always look on the dark side of things ? My face may be my fortune yet." And she sang out in her clear, girlish voice--

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said."

"A pretty face is more often a woman's ruin," said Mrs. Dean gloomily. "If I did not believe that you've conduct, Mirabel, as well as beauty, I'd be very unhappy about you."

"You need not be, mother. You're always telling me that 'handsome is as handsome does,' and I mean to do handsome, I do indeed."

"God bless you, child. I believe that you will," said her mother fervently, and then the door flew open with a jerk, and Lizzie burst into the room, putting an end to their talk.

Lizzie was a tall, big girl for her age, and she was not bad-looking, though her face was marred by a cross, sullen expression. But she was as different as possible from Mirabel. No one would have taken them for sisters. There was a bold, hard look in Lizzie's dark eyes, her features were coarse, her voice harsh, her bearing rough and unmannerly.

"Hullo, Mirabel !" she exclaimed as she glanced at the table, "it's past nine, and supper not ready. I do call it too bad of you to be always behind-hand. If you had to work as I do, and knew what it was to get as tired and hungry as I am, you'd know better. But just because you've got next to nothing to do, you can't find time to do it."

"Oh, Lizzie, I'm sorry it's late, but I'll soon have everything ready," replied Mirabel gently, "I've been waiting on mother. Her feet are so bad to-night."

"Yes, indeed, I feel downright ill, and I don't know what I should do without your sister. She's the greatest comfort I have, and you're a bad girl to speak to her so," said Mrs. Dean angrily.

"Oh, of course, I'm always in the wrong," said Lizzie impertinently ; "I couldn't do anything right if I tried ever so ; but Mirabel's always perfection."

"Yes, she is. You've said the truth now. I only wish you were half so good."

"At any rate I'm not half so lazy," said Lizzie with darkening brow and flashing eyes ; "I don't stay at home and do nothing except admire myself in the glass, while my mother and sister work themselves to death."

"It's not true, Lizzie, that I do nothing," exclaimed Mirabel, stung by her sister's words, "I'm sure I've done a lot of work to-day, if I have been at home. But you shan't cast that in my teeth again. I'll go to the laundry to-morrow, while mother rests at home."

"Be quiet, Mirabel," cried her mother, "you'll do nothing of the sort till I give you permission. You shall not go to the laundry if I can help it. And you, Lizzie, sit down and get your supper, and keep a civil tongue in your head, or it will be the worse for you."

Lizzie smiled in a provoking way as she took her place at the table. She saw that she had wounded her sister, and she was delighted. Mirabel could hardly keep back her tears, as she sat down with little appetite to the uninviting-looking meal. Oh, why was life so horrid ! She was thoroughly tired from her day's work, she was anxious on her mother's account, and depressed by the gloomy prospect for the future, yet Lizzie treated her as if she led an easy and lazy life, enjoying herself at the expense of others ! Mirabel's heart ached with a sense of injustice.

Mrs. Dean was worse the next day, and it was all she could do with Mirabel's help to drag herself to the corner where they could take an omnibus to the hospital. Arrived at their destination they had a long and weary time of waiting, ere it was Mrs. Dean's turn to see the doctors. The result was unsatisfactory. She was told that it was impossible for her to be treated as an out-patient. She must come into the hospital, and with as little delay as possible, for her case was serious, and needed immediate attention.

"And what will happen if I do not come in, sir ?" she asked of the physician who examined her.

He looked at her, and slightly shrugged his shoulders ere he spoke.

"That is more than I can say, my good woman ; but, in all probability, you will rapidly grow worse. I see little chance of your getting better with no more attention than you can secure in your own home."

"And you think you can cure me in the hospital ?"

"You will have the best possible chance of being cured," he said evasively.

Mrs. Dean was conscious of the evasion. She promised that she would go home, and make arrangements for her departure to the hospital on the following day. But her heart was heavy with foreboding as they turned homeward.

"Mirabel," she said, when they had alighted from the omnibus and she was slowly hobbling towards Providence Street, "I don't know how this will end. There's a many goes into the hospital to die there, and it's as likely as not that'll happen to me. Did you notice that he never said for certain that he could make me well ?"

"Oh, mother ! I'm sure he as good as said it. He spoke as hopeful as possible."

Mrs. Dean shook her head.

"The doctors always talk in that hopeful, bright manner," she said. "He didn't deceive me. But, look, Mirabel, what's that ? Is it a wedding ?"

A carriage, drawn by a fine pair of grey horses, stood at the end of Providence Street. A little crowd of boys and girls and slatternly women had gathered about it, and were regarding it with the most lively curiosity and admiration, making their remarks with a freedom unrestrained by the presence of the coachman and footman, who sat on the box staring straight in front of them with an air of the most absolute and stony aloofness.

"It can't be a wedding, mother," said Mirabel as they drew nearer, "for there's nobody inside the carriage."

Turning into the street they beheld a novel and unusual sight, which was dividing the public attention with the smart equipage.

Walking along the street, with her back towards them at some distance from the carriage, holding her silken skirt daintily uplifted by one hand, while the other held a much-furbelowed parasol, was an elegant little lady, dressed all in grey. She might have been a bride, so exquisitely fresh and delicate in hue were her garments, and so young and fair was her face. Passing along the dingy, squalid street she looked like the denizen of another world, and the people she encountered gazed at her with the blankest, most open-mouthed wonder.

She, too, seemed to wonder as she glanced from side to side, and somewhat of timidity was contending with her high-bred air of innate dignity. She appeared to be in difficulty over the numbers of the houses. Once or twice she hesitated and went back a few steps, peering up at the ill-painted doors.

"Now whatever can a lady like that want in our street?" said Mrs. Dean; "I've never seen such a one here before all the years I've lived here."

"Why, mother," exclaimed Mirabel with a thrill of astonishment, "she's going to our house."

The lady had paused to ask a question of a woman who stood in one of the doorways, and having received from her some direction had quickly crossed the street and was standing at Mrs. Dean's door when she and her daughter came up to it.

"Here is number forty-eight then," they heard her say to herself, in a low, musical voice; "but how to proceed now is a problem. Oh, Bruce, Bruce, I little thought what I was undertaking when I promised to find your model."

She stepped back with an air of perplexity and beheld Mrs. Dean and Mirabel close behind her. She gave a little start of surprise and pleasure as her quick eyes took in the rare beauty of the girl's face beneath the shabby hat and the mass of gleaming hair coiled low upon her neck. Cora Leslie was little more than a girl herself, and she sprang forward with a childishly impulsive air, and laid her hand on Mirabel's arm as she exclaimed: "Oh, you must be the one I have come to see, I cannot be mistaken. You live at number forty-eight, do you not?"

Mirabel could only falter out an assent as she gazed wonder-struck into the pretty piquant face, set off by the big grey hat with its nodding plumes. She could scarcely have been more astonished if a winged angel had met her at the door of her home.

"And this is your mother, is it not? Oh, dear—I am afraid you are ill!"

The little lady paused, rendered uncomfortable by the sight of Mrs. Dean's pain-stricken, perspiring face and halting steps.

"Yes, I'm in pain, miss; but that's the kind of thing we poor folks have to get used to," said Mrs. Dean, some antagonism stirring within her at the sight of the lady's silken elegance. "And I'm Mirabel's mother if you've anything to say about her, though what the likes of you can have to do with her passes me."

"Of course, you have never seen me before; but I come on behalf of my brother, Bruce Collier, the artist, you know."

She looked at Mrs. Dean as if she expected the name of which she was proud to produce an effect even here. But nothing could be further removed from the world of art than the life of Mrs. Dean. She had never heard of Bruce Collier, and the name was received with a blank stare. She became aware that the lady's talk with her was causing a sensation in her immediate neighbourhood. Children were clustering about them; there were heads at all the doors and windows opposite; the people who lived on the floor above her own were hanging over the bannisters. Every ear was astrain to catch what was being said. Mrs. Dean had no wish to gratify the public curiosity. She believed in a policy of concealment where her own affairs were concerned.

"I'm sure I don't know who you're talking about," she said bluntly; "but if you've anything to say to us perhaps you'll be so good as to step inside."

The lady hesitated but for a second. A glance at Mirabel's face gave her courage, and she stepped into the tiny room. The cleanliness and order which reigned in the limited space was reassuring.

Mrs. Dean brought forward a chair, carefully dusting it as she did so, and the lady sat down. She began to speak slowly, choosing her words with great care.

"My brother is an artist—that is, he is one who paints pictures, you know. He takes a great deal of trouble with his pictures, and, if I may be allowed to say it, some of them are very beautiful. He is always looking about for the kind of faces he wants for his pictures. Just now he is anxious to paint a picture of the 'Fair Geraldine,' and he has been so worried because he could not find the right model for his 'Geraldine.' But last evening he wandered by accident into this street and he saw your daughter, and her face is just the one he wants, and he has sent me to ask if you will be so very kind as to let him paint her."

"He wants to put Mirabel in a picture?"

"Yes, and you can't wonder, can you? She is so lovely. Oh, you won't mind my saying that I think I never saw anyone so lovely before."

Mirabel had seated herself on a stool by the fire-place, and was engaged in taking a quiet but close survey of the young lady's appearance, letting no detail escape her, from the tiny grey kid shoe, with its silver buckle, to the soft feathery ruffle about the dainty throat. She started as she heard the stranger's flattering words, and a deep blush suffused her face, adding to its beauty.

Mrs. Dean's maternal pride was intensely gratified; but she made an effort to hide her pleasure as she replied—

"You're at liberty to say what you please; but handsome is as handsome does, and it's a poor thing for a girl if she has only her good looks to commend her. Mirabel had better have been plain, as I often tell her. It is more becoming for a girl who has to earn her own living."

"Oh, do you think so? But surely beauty is a gift of God and should be valued as such," said Cora Leslie glibly. "But do say that you will let her sit to my brother! He was so charmed when he saw her yesterday."

Mrs. Dean's look hardened, and the young lady felt that she had said the wrong thing.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dean stiffly. "You mean well, I have no doubt; but Mirabel has her work to do. She'll have to go to the laundry now instead of me, for I'm to go into the hospital tomorrow; and I can't see that any good would come of her going amongst gentlefolk."

"You don't mean to say that that girl is to stand at the wash-tub!" exclaimed the lady, with such pity and indignation in her tones, that Mirabel flushed now with a sensation of shame. "Oh, she is not fit for it indeed. You must not think of it for her."

"We cannot starve," said Mrs. Dean drily. "Some one must earn money for us, and there is no other way."

"But this would be a way!" exclaimed the young lady. "Oh, how stupid of me not to explain! I always make a muddle of business matters! Of course, my brother pays his models! Your daughter would be paid at the rate of half-a-crown an hour. Would she get more than that at the laundry?"

Mrs. Dean shook her head with much significance. There could be no doubt that this view of the matter made a difference; and, while she hesitated, Mirabel exclaimed eagerly—

"Oh, mother, do let me try! I should like it so much better than the laundry!"

"I daresay," said Mrs. Dean solemnly; "but I doubt if it will be as good for you. You'll get set up with notions, going among gentle-folks, and be fancying yourself too big for your boots. And how can I tell that your brother means to act honestly by her? Is he a married man, may I ask, miss?"

"Bruce is not married," said the young lady, with an amused light in her eyes; "but he is as steady as old Time and as trustworthy. I am married, however, and I will take care of your daughter when she comes to the studio."

"You married! A young thing like you! I'd never have believed it! And here have I been calling you 'miss' all the time!"

The young lady laughed heartily at Mrs. Dean's surprise.

"Indeed, I am married," she said. "I have been married more than a year; but my husband is away in India, and I am living with my brother till his return. Now you will not be afraid to let your daughter come, if I promise to take care of her, will you?"

Mrs. Dean still made some faint resistance; but it was evident that she was won. Young Mrs. Leslie talked a little longer in her bright, winning fashion, and it was presently decided that on the next day but one, at eleven in the morning, Mirabel should present herself at the studio of Mr. Bruce Collier.

Then the lady, with her silken gown, her nodding plumes, her gracious smile and musical voice, departed, and Mirabel and her mother were left to wonder over the fairy-like visitation.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mirabel, coming back into the room, after she had watched Mrs. Leslie walk down the street and get into her carriage; "isn't she lovely? Didn't she look a picture, just?"

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Dean. "Fine feathers make fine birds. She looked well enough; but she wouldn't be a patch on you, Mirabel, if you was dressed to match. Well, it is funny how things come about. To think of your going to sit for an artist, and your poor, dear father, what died when you were a baby, was an artist himself!"

(To be continued.)

STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

Florence, April 1896.
Via della Scala.

My dear L.,—I arrived here at midnight, dusty, begrimed, sleepy, and stupid. Of course I was assailed with the usual number of importunate cabmen. I got into the vehicle whose driver was the most importunate; he bundled me in somehow, and, after a while, I heard my trunk go up on the rack.

"Dové?" he then asked, looking at me graciously, and thinking me, no doubt, an easy prey for an obstreperous demand later.

I gazed at him as though I had been shot, and suddenly remembered I couldn't speak a word of Italian.

He repeated the question a second time, and as I still stared stupidly I heard him say "accidente," under his breath.

At last the brilliant idea occurred to me to give him my address, which I did, first in English, then in French. Happy thought, the latter being almost exactly similar to the Italian was understood, and in a moment I was rattling down the quiet stone-paved streets.

I drew aside the blinds of the cab. I was in fair Firenze; the city of the Medici, the Land of Flowers. The moon was shining on its zig-zag streets and on its ancient palaces. I was in fairy-land indeed, but alas! I was also in the land of dreams, and presently, just as I passed a lovely demon fashioned by some artist's hand in stone, my heavy eyes closed stupidly, and I fell asleep.

I was rudely awakened by the sudden cessation of my rumbling lullaby. The cab had stopped before a tall white house.

"Qual Piano?" hollaed out my cabman. My sleep had sharpened up my wits, and I answered promptly third; then I tried "troisième," and then, oh happiness, I suddenly remembered "tertia."

How can I describe the train of circumstances before arriving at that third storey. First a bell was rung, and by some influence unseen, the pair of heavy, iron-clamped doors were parted vigorously asunder; a corridor of stone was traversed, and another bell was rung, which opened, with a clang and clash, a pair of tall iron gates; then wrapped in a gloom unutterable, three flights of stone steps had to be mounted with accompanying corridors, and then, oh joy, I saw a light. My padrone was waiting for me, and by her side a comely little maid.

The relief was great. I had then, been expected, and, in spite of inexperience, had reached my goal at last. My peace, however, was not yet established, for walking close behind me was my cabman; his step was rather unsteady, his eyes gleamed ominously from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Pay him! Pay him for me," I whispered nervously to the fair padrone. "I don't understand Italian, and I don't know the worth of these tiny bits of paper."

She smiled and motioned to the maid to show me to my room.

I got there shortly but I could not rest. I heard fierce altercations going on outside. I got my first lesson in the unwholesome art of haggling. A number of wicked sounding words were heard; a dispute was on which reminded me strongly of the meeting of unfriendly cats upon the garden wall, but even tually I understood that mind had triumphed over matter. La signora padrone had got her way, and the echo of the cabman's footsteps grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

The maid had spread upon my table a tempting little meal, the elegant padrone had wished me "buono notte," my door was gently closed, and again I found myself alone,

My late adventure, or my cup of coffee had awakened me considerably, and I looked around me curiously; but, first of all, with true feminine instinct I ran towards my mirror.

I could have almost cried at the reflection given back, and like the little old woman in the nursery rhymes, I murmured to myself disconsolately, "this is surely none of I."

My nose had a long black mark drawn neatly down the bridge, my hair was damp, and laid in streaks upon my forehead; my hands were grimy as a coalheaver's, and my clothes were bedded in a thick grey dust.

I left the looking-glass precipitately, and seated myself in an armchair by my bedside. Then I looked around. My room was very lofty and handsome; the ceilings frescoed and the walls distempered, the few pictures were in good taste, the furniture antique. I sighed heavily. This was not what I wanted. It was all too grand, and I should have to pay for it. I wanted something much more humble, because (as you know) I never have been blessed with means. However, there I was, and there in the corner was my little bed, its coverlet and curtains white and fresh, its downy softness calling to repose.

I undressed hastily and wooed the "Sweet Restorer," but it was very long indeed in coming. Forty-five hours of continual travel with its accompanying worries and fatigue had almost overtired me, and I found my mind running continuously over the grand and glorious scenes through which I had so lately passed. The noble Alps bathed in the rose of dawn, the chalets, and the green, sweet streams, the rugged and mysterious silence of the Borget Lake, the smiling scenery of Turin, Genoa, and Pisa; then, in my mind, I heard the cabman's oaths, and then I fell asleep.

I slept until the sun awakened me by shining through my shutters and warning me the time of day was late. I jumped up quickly, and running towards the window opened it. What a sight I saw; a sight to warm the heart and fill the eyes; my first entrancing view of fair Firenze. The gables, and the ancient towers, the slanting red tiled roofs, the great round domes were all submerged in sunlight, and beyond, the gentle slopes of vine-clad hills showed gracefully against the vivid sky; the Arno like a silver snake was glistening through the landscape until it lost itself from view amidst the green Cascine, and all around, like hoary sentinels, the snow-clad mountains kept their silent guard.

I was in fairyland, and gazed on happily until Zerlinda, the little dark-eyed maid, aroused my mind to things material by bringing in my breakfast. It consisted of a cup of coffee warm and creamy and two hot rolls and butter. This meal I greedily devoured, for I was hungry; and presently I left my room, and wandered forth to view the streets of Florence, and investigate in detail the wondrous line of architectural treasures, whose domes and towers I had already distantly admired.

The Duomo is colossal; a veritable mountain hewn out of marble, perfect in proportion and noble in its structure and detail. Giotto's Campanile, fair and white, looks like an arum lily rising from its stem, and Signoria, rugged in its grace, has age and history marked on every stone. The palaces are tragical and sombre, the streets are winding, dusky and irregular; but colour lurks within their curves, and crumbling frescoes gracefully adorn their walls. The vast interiors of the cold, dark, churches are replete with beauty, and the loggias, and arcades, the Roman arches, basreliefs and lintels are picturesque in the extreme.

But enough of architectural Florence. You never cared for what you termed "dry-as-dust, guide-booky details," so I quickly refrain before I burn my fingers.

I returned home rather late for luncheon, or "colazione" as they call it here. It was a wondrous meal of many courses; and between whiles I had an opportunity to scan my fellow-guests, or rather guest, for there was but one, and he a Yankee. His opening speech betrayed him.

"Say," said he, "guess you're English and a stranger to these parts."

"I am," I answered promptly, "and any information concerning them will be most gladly welcome."

"Well, for pity's sake," he quickly retorted, "don't come to me. Guess I know about as much of Florence as a hog does about preaching."

"And yet you have been here some time?"

"Since last fall. Oh, it was dandy when I first arrived! I was just tickled to death with dodging the guides in the picture-galleries. But I haven't been feeling very good lately, and everything's just hateful!"

"Not the cathedral?" I said aghast at this general and sharp disapprobation.

"Guess yes! The interior is just as plain and ugly as a brown mud fence."

My enthusiasm rose in arms.

"The cathedral is the most beautiful thing in the world!" I exclaimed hotly.

His thin lips wreathed in smiles; his lanky yellow hair appeared to rise an inch or two upon his ugly head.

"That's right," he said. "Just go for me like Hail Columbia! They all do! But, say" (in a confidential undertone), "if you want to see something real good, go to the Cascine, and watch the Prince of Naples and his driving rig; it's as cute as a bug's ear, and just goes like a streak of lightning."

With this bit of valuable information he left me, and I spent the afternoon in "doing" the galleries of Pitti and Uffizi.

What a sin it is to talk about "doing" such palaces of art, and beauty, where all that is greatest of the great, great dead are spread delightfully before you. Such flesh tints in the pictures; such colouring, such marvellous attention to detail I never yet have seen, nor even dreamt of. The statues, too, are wondrous. They feel, they breathe, they live. Oh, what an art is that which can from lifeless stone produce such noble images of ornament and beauty.

Just about twilight I wandered out into the Pitti Gardens or "Boboli" as they are called. The sky was starred and full of mystic splendour; the nightingales were singing in the ilex trees their amorous complaints. The olives, and the obeliskine cypresses were watching all around, whilst perfumes from the roses, from budding fruit trees, and the myriad wild flowers reached me.

Such moments I have rarely spent before. I felt in such a touch with nature, so full of hope and trustfulness, so full of opening life; the spirit of the Infinite and sublime seemed all around me, and I gave myself up willingly to its peaceful contemplation.

This is all I have to relate about my first day in Florence. My ideas and feelings; my hopes, and my ambitions, are as yet hazy and uncertain. As I go to bed to-night, three questions present themselves to me, and worry me completely.

Who is my beautiful, high-spirited padrone, and what is her history?

How am I to get out of her clutches, and away from this house where I am paying six francs a day, and living in a style far too luxurious for my simple tastes; and whom shall I choose to cultivate my voice, for as you know I came out here to sing.

"Good-bye," for a month, by which time I shall expect to give you further details of the Lily City, and a far less crude account of all my doughty deeds. Your affectionate

Ellen.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.



LADY LLEWELLEN was sitting in anxious excitement, expecting the arrival of her children. The public road to Craigyvellyn was a long one, and it was two o'clock when, having left the carriage and servants in the village, Gwenllean and Clare reached the cottage. A more affecting picture could scarcely be imagined than the meeting of the mother and daughter, so long separated and unknown to each other. They remained long locked in one another's arms, whilst tears of warm, eloquent affection poured from their eyes. Clare sobbed aloud as she leant her head upon her mother's shoulder, and felt, almost for the first time, a gush of filial tenderness, so overpoweringly delightful, that she could have wished never to know another feeling.

"Mother—my mother!" she murmured, as again and again she kissed the pale cheek of her parent, and with inexpressible love looked into her eyes, beaming with maternal fondness. "Oh! my heart will break with happiness."

"God bless you, my child," said the mother. "Most humbly do I thank Him for sparing me to see this day."

Then Lady Llewellen stood a moment apart from Clare, and looked, with all a mother's pride, upon the tall and elegant creature before her. She saw her husband in every feature, for Clare was the image of her father. Then she drew her again towards her, and blessed her fervently. Lizzie stood with a hectic flush on her pale cheek, and tears in her eyes, longing, yet half fearing, to be noticed by her fashionable-looking and beautiful sister. She watched her timidly, partly shielded by Gwenllean, and thought how very different her sisters were. But when the first gush of ecstasy subsided, Clare recollected that she had a younger sister, and kissed her affectionately. Then Lizzie thought her more lovely than anyone she had ever seen before, except Gwenllean, whilst Clare looked with painful interest upon the delicate face of the little girl.

"May I not stay with you for ever?" said Clare, at last, when her feelings allowed her the power of utterance. "I should be so intensely happy—and I could help you—work, labour for you, if you would teach me the way. I cannot return again to my aunt—it would be impossible, after all she has said to deceive me."

"My dearest child," said Lady Llewellen, "I would gladly, thankfully have you here; but we must do nothing hastily. Your aunt has erred through kindness; and imagining it for your benefit to forget your poor relations has acted accordingly. You must, I think, return to her, and endeavour to soften a discovery that will be at best disagreeable, by the considerate manner of its disclosure."

"But," pursued Clare with a sigh, "if you knew me, if you could look into my heart and understand how often I have longed for such a mother and sisters, and for their love, you would let me stay with you at all risks, and write to my aunt. If you could imagine how I have sighed for someone on whom to lavish the affections that were either drying up or running to waste—someone who could love me as you would love me, and would teach me the way to regulate my conduct and my feelings as you could teach me; how, in short, I have longed for a mother or a sister's love—that holy sentiment which God has implanted from our birth, and which no other can supply—you would not send me away from you."

Here Gwenllean interposed, and begged Clare to remember her resolution, made during their drive, to endeavour to soften her aunt's heart, and to do nothing hastily.

"I do remember it, Gwenllean; but I had not then seen my mother and my home; but you are right. I must not rashly inflict a burden upon you all, when you can ill support yourselves; and I fear I should be as useless here as I have ever been elsewhere. I might send you money and visit you, if I were to continue with my aunt, and write to you constantly. But if my aunt——" here Clare paused; a thought had entered her mind that she scarcely liked to name.

"Supposing, you mean to say, my love," supplied Lady Llewellen, "that your aunt should insist upon your renouncing us. Then you must follow the dictates of your own feelings, and, having done your duty by making such concession as conscience will permit, leave the issue in the hands of a higher Power."

"But I hate concession when I am conscious of rectitude, and certain that the person to whom I would concede has acted unjustly. Still I fear I must make the effort, though I was not born—I mean I have never been accustomed to yield to anyone, much less to play the hypocrite."

"You need not play the hypocrite, I think, my love," said Lady Llewellen, "but endeavour to avoid irritating or offending your aunt, who has acted the part of a mother by you."

"A mother!" exclaimed Clare, looking tenderly at her own parent, as she might have looked at an angel, could she have seen one; "no, not a mother! not such a mother as I have now found," and again she clasped her arms about Lady Llewellen's neck.

But time flew on, and the few short hours that the newly united family had to spend together, waned apace. They could settle nothing, since all must depend upon the Countess Sforza. Clare was, however, over and over again assured, that if she found it impossible to live on in happiness with her aunt, she should be received with open arms by her mother and sisters, though, under such circumstances, she would be compelled to experience privations and to share in a fortune she had never before dreamed of. This, however, was treated by Clare as a cause of delight, for her visions of happiness had always centered in retirement with some one she loved, since she had found so little real content in gaiety and luxury. But these were only dreams, for she knew not the pangs of necessity.

Why did she hold her purse in her hand so irresolutely before she left, for at least an hour; and why did she hesitate to share its contents with her friends? She would have paid Gwenllean lavishly for her week's instruction had she been merely, as she imagined her at first, a teacher of the Welsh harp; and now she hesitated; yet she knew they were poor. She felt that it would be almost an insult to offer her mother money that was really her aunt's; and she disliked to lay her under an obligation, even second hand, to one who had proffered no assistance when she must have known how much she was in need of it. Still the money had been given to her for her own use, and her mother required it, therefore, she thought, it was but false delicacy to retain it; but the Countess Sforza would not have given it, voluntarily, to a sister-in-law she hated, therefore she thought again—at least her pride thought for her—why should she insult her mother by tendering it to her?

At last she ventured to ask, blushing as if she were committing a crime, if she could be of any assistance. Lady Llewellen said, addressing Gwenllean as well as Clare, that an extraordinary and merciful event had happened, which rendered pecuniary aid, for the present, at least, unnecessary. She then went to her desk, and taking out a letter, gave it to Gwenllean, who read aloud as follows:—

"HONOURED AND RESPECTED MADAM,—The enclosed is part of a sum of money that the writer owed your late lamented husband, Sir Howel Llewellen, and that he begs now to repay to your ladyship. Any inquiries concerning the person who sends it will be unavailing, as he will be out of their reach—he only wishes to assure you that it is honestly come by, and still more honestly yours, and your children's."

This letter was properly directed, bore the London post-mark, and contained a note for one hundred pounds.

The letter dropped from Gwenllean's hand, and she uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise. Lady Llewellen said that she had some slight suspicion of the source from whence the remittance came, and that she had no hesitation in making use of it, as she considered that it was rightfully their due, or it would not have been forwarded to them in so singular a manner. Clare joyfully returned her purse to her pocket, determining that until her aunt had acknowledged her mother, and permitted proper assistance to be forwarded to her, her money should not place one so much superior to her under an obligation.

It was thought advisable not to disclose, for the present, the identity of Clare either to the faithful David or Miriam, therefore she avoided coming in contact with them—or rather tried to avoid so doing; for Miriam was of too curious a nature to be so put off, and was, moreover, desirous of proving to the young lady that her mistress had a most respectable lady's-maid. She managed, therefore, to come into the room once or twice, and prepared as smart a luncheon as the house and garden could afford, to enable her to have a full view of one, who, report had already informed her, had driven Miss Llewellen home in a carriage and pair.

Mrs. Miriam's, "luncheon is ready, please, ma'am," elicited a smile from Lady Llewellen, when, with prim and sedate air, that excellent abigail opened the door, and, with a meaning look at her mistress, intimated that the said collation was spread in the dining-room, and that she wished it to be considered as a matter of course that it should be so.

Lady Llewellen could have dispensed with this piece of hospitality, but unwilling to displease Miriam, she led Clare to the little dining-room. Clare, to Miriam's infinite gratification, declared that the bread and preserves, of which there was an ample store, were nicer than any she had ever tasted in her life; and so, indeed, she thought.

Clare lingered and lingered, until she felt assured that she never could get back in time for dinner—yet she lingered on—and her mother could not urge her departure.

At last, the coachman, rather more eager, sent to know when Miss Llewellen would like the carriage prepared, and she was obliged to say, at once. They all got ready to walk together to the inn, where the impatient servants were supposed to have been waiting during the whole of Clare's visit; but no such thing, as we shall see. Miriam stood at the door, all smiles, together with Mr. Lloyd's "familiars," Watty and Morgan, whom she had placed there, as butler and footman, to make a show. Clare had no compunctions in distributing her aunt's money amongst these worthies, so she slipped a sovereign into Miriam's hand, and half-a-sovereign into that of each of the ancients, who all thought her the finest young lady they had ever seen, except Miss Gwenllean: and Watty had a Latin quotation on his tongue, when Clare escaped him.

She was charmed with everything. The cottage, the garden, the wild rocks and the sea. The romance of the perfect seclusion of the whole struck her warm imagination, and she longed to live there for ever. The peasants she had seen she declared more picturesque than the Italians, and the scenery more lovely than that of Switzerland—in short, the whole was fairy-land, and her mother and sisters, nay, even Miriam and the old men, its enchanted inhabitants. She should be back again soon, she said, to see everything, and visit everybody.

As they approached the mill, out came the miller.

"Make so bold, ladies," he began, as usual, "I hope no offence—but the servants at the inn didn't know what to do with themselves, so I just asked them to try my tap. Jones, the Craig Arms, don't keep the best ale, and I thought you would like them to be properly treated."

"Thank you, Mr. Jenkins," said Lady Llewellen. "You are very considerate."

"Oh! to be sure; madam knows that anything in my poor house is at the service of you and yours," and he cast a tender glance, first at the mother, and then at the daughter, and asked if they would please to walk in.

They were in too great a hurry, and so proceeded to the Craig Arms, a small hostel, with a large sign, where they found the coachman and footman making all speed to get the carriage ready; whilst the whole village of Craigyvellyn, men, women, children, and dogs, were looking on.

They went, for a few moments, into the little parlour of the Craig Arms, and there bade one another an affectionate farewell, the tears striving hard with propriety in their eyes.

Clare paid the landlady for the bread and cheese, ale, meat, etc., she ought to have sold, and thus calmed her ruffled spirit, and checked the beginning of a feud between her and the miller, against whom she had been vowing vengeance for taking her customers away, to drink ale that was not one third part as good as her own.

It was a beautiful evening. Could they not drive a little way and walk back? They did so. The tide was out, and they drove two or three miles along the smooth sands.

"Drive slower," said Clare, "slower still! and the coachman got the horses into a walk.

But fast or slow, they must part, and the sad farewell was said. Clare drove off alone, giving vent to her tears, and the rest stood together beneath the rock, and watched her till she was out of sight.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

B. A. P. A. (Wakefield) asks us to make known to our readers the British Amateur Press Association, founded in 1891. It has for its object "the development of literary talent in the youth of both sexes, and the provision of means of social intercourse for the mutual benefit and enjoyment of its members." Magazines, both printed and manuscript, are issued, several gratis. Specimens of these may be sent on application to West House, Drury Lane, Wakefield, together with full particulars. The annual subscription is 2s. 6d.

We are asked to inform our readers that there is no correspondence club of Mrs. Ewing's at 17, St. Giles, Oxford; and we must earnestly urge upon the secretaries of all societies mentioned in our columns the duty of at once informing us when any change of address occurs, or when the club comes to an end. Much inconvenience may be caused by neglect of this simple matter.

Little Me.—The lines you refer to are "grouping" lines. They show the value of the notes, whether quavers, semiquavers, etc., and also group them together properly. How could the triplet for instance be shown without the connecting line? We are glad you think our paper "interesting and delightful."

Morgiana.—The maiden name of Madame Patey was Janet Monach Whytock. Her father was a native of Glasgow. We do not know of any public singer whose parents' name was Teasdale.

Leo.—We have read your letter with much interest. If you are entirely self-taught, the "Kyrie" and "Ride on in Majesty," though full of elementary errors, are promising. It would be impossible for us to confidently augur future success from your melodies alone; we can only say that, if you love music passionately, if your brain is full of haunting melodies, it is a thousand pities not to have instruction which will allow your ideas scope to develop, and very quickly show you whether you can hope to succeed. From what you send us we should consider that you have musical talent.

Violet.—1. Chamber music is music fitted for performance in a room, as distinguished from concert music, or any music depending on many performers and plenty of space. As chamber music offers great scope for the display of the finest powers, it is often performed at concerts that large audiences may hear it; but this does not make the term less suitable in the first instance.—2. There are open exhibitions and scholarships, also local examinations in instrumental and vocal music, and theory of music, in connection with Trinity College. For full particulars of these address the Secretary of Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, London.

E. Booker Hill.—1. We are sorry that we cannot make any use of your father's poem, though we wish we could help you to purchase your bicycle. —2. We are inquiring for another correspondent about "Saturday Night," and hope soon to be able to say where it can be found.

Jeanne Müller and Nanette appear to have requirements that might to some extent dovetail with each other. Miss Müller wishes to learn English by corresponding in that language with an English girl, who would write to her in French in return. Nanette wishes to learn French, Latin and German by correspondence, offering in return to teach the theory of music, geometry and freehand in the same way. Perhaps the two can come to some arrangement, at any rate for the French part of Nanette's requirements. Miss Müller's address is Mdlle. Jeanne Müller, chez M. Müller, Professeur au Lycée, Faubourg du Breuil, 30, Le Puy, Haute Loire, France. Nanette does not give hers, but invites offers of correspondence in this column.

White Violet.—1. The quotation is not given quite correctly. It is

> "Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
> Bears all its sons away:
> They fly forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day."

It is from the hymn beginning—

> "O God, our help in ages past,"

by Dr. Watts.—2. Undine was a water-nymph who gained a soul by her union with a mortal knight (Hildebrand). Her story is so touching and lovely that it is to our thinking the most exquisite legend of romance. It is to be found in "Undine," by De la Motte Fouqué. You should read it at once in English if you cannot understand the original German.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—A hen may be cured of eating her eggs. It is by burning the extreme end of her bill with a red-hot poker. It does not cause the least degree of pain, as the horn has no sense of feeling; and this incapacitates her from making a hole in the shell. This is said to be an unfailing method. The vice is thought to be induced by a lack of lime in the yard, and old mortar and such-like rubbish should be within her reach. The village blacksmith could perform the operation for you.

PANSY.—At your present age you have enough to do with your ordinary education. When you are old enough to be trained as a missionary you will do better to enter a missionary college, where you will have the proper teaching for whatever part of the world you wish to be sent.

WEARSIDE.—"If she will she will, you may depend on't," was written by Aaron Hill, 1685–1750, "Epilogue to Zara." There was a very similar verse, however, inscribed on the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The name of the host should be inscribed above that of his (or her) own house, underneath that of the guest; both as a mark of due courtesy and as a matter of greater security for the letter. Write "Miss Smith, Care of" (not "c/o" which is distinctively commercial) "Colonel Thompson, The Dunes, Ayrshire"; or, "At Colonel Thompson's," but "Care of" is better. The host's name has been omitted of late by young and otherwise well-bred people. But an act of politeness and justice cannot be otherwise than one of good breeding, and will be appreciated by the host. It is due to him by right.

SARA.—On no account use any dye for your hair, but go to a hair doctor, have it examined, and procure a tonic that will strengthen it, and some ointment that will nourish it, and this may tend to restore the colour in the next new growth. The reasons why the hair loses its colour are various. Amongst them a failure of nervous power, lack of nutrition, persistent and severe headaches, sudden shocks, hereditary predisposition, and obscure diseases of the roots, with which ordinary hairdressers are not acquainted, and for which their lotions are useless.

ACCUMULATIVE INVESTMENTS.—THRIFT: *Can I personally take money to the Bank of England, and will they invest it for me in accumulative investments?*

In answer to the above question, I am sorry to find that in my article on "Accumulative Investments," written in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, July 4, 1896, I omitted to mention one or two facts which would have made the matter clear and saved trouble to our readers. I am glad therefore of the opportunity which this question affords me of clearing up any misunderstanding which may have arisen from my omission.

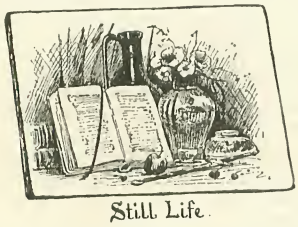
In the first place, the Bank of England does not invest the original sum of money, which must be done through a banker or broker, and it is only when this is done that the person, now a stock-holder, can fill up the form of application for the dividend to be used in the purchase of stock of the same description as the original investment and added to it. To use the Bank's own words: "This form can only be used where stock is already standing in the applicant's name. *The Bank do not undertake the original investment.*"

In the second place £100 will not always purchase £100 worth of stock; it may buy more or it may buy less. Suppose the stock to be below par, say at 96 or 97, then you could buy £100 worth for £96 or £97; but if, as now, stocks are very high you would probably have to give £112 and in some cases over £200 for £100 worth of stock, as I myself did last week. This, of course, reduces the interest. All these points must be considered in the purchase of stock.

Perhaps at the present high market prices of the stocks to which the accumulative investment scheme applies, it might be as well for girls to deposit their money in the Post Office Savings Bank, where they would be sure of 2½ per cent. interest and of getting their money back, whereas should consols fall in price they might not be able to get back all they had invested supposing they wanted it for some other purpose, beside which the actual rate of interest yielded is less than 2½ per cent. at present and will probably be considerably less after 1903.

EMMA BREWER,
Writer of the articles on the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in 1886, 1888 and 1896.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



Still Life.

Thenienathewhatnotrpiknikggether
Achelcshepherdvitesacesegod
2e@thefrutesogo5o5ooonfromoffapeaceofle@her
Thatcamefromfarejapanorfromal&asod



Bh hedres riouslyrma
In ing thatis ÷mortal
Andethemerry whoselimbsrne5



Ththe neaver g



Sumtycupstherer2thosome×themrdusty
Whichkumfroinsevresvenaworcesterdelftandleeds
Wel×3eavethemthese2dkfro@asetheleathersmusty
Andtrustheylsufernotfrom enyrashmis $\frac{500+500}{e \times 2}$ s

*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be June 17, 1897; from Abroad, August 17, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

"QUEEN OF QUEENS."

THE SPECIAL

Diamond Jubilee Number

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

Will be Published on MAY 25th.

As only a limited number of copies will be printed of this Special Part, orders should be placed with your Bookseller or Newsagent without delay.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 905.] MAY 1, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"HER SANDAL-SHOON."

BY ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was yet early, for the grandfather clock in the big farm-kitchen had but just struck ten. Molly Matherson's duties in the dairy of Merrow Farm were almost finished, for the great yellow lumps of butter only stood waiting to be made up. Her milk-pans were scalded and with the well-scoured churn were airing in the bright sunshine without. Molly herself, tall and comely, stood leaning against the kitchen table, reading a letter which the postman had brought her that morning. Apparently it did not satisfy her, for there was a thoughtful frown between her eyebrows and she tapped the brick floor impatiently with her foot.

The farmer's wife entered at that moment and in a pleasant voice asked if the girl's letter was from home, and whether her folks were all well up dale, for Mrs. Moffat originally came from the same north country and was well acquainted with its people.

"'Tis not from mother, nor yet father," replied Molly with a rising blush. "'Tis from Will Collis, and it's no good news he sends me."

"Does he say they are ill, then?"

"Not ill, so to say, but very low; and things aren't going well on the farm, nor haven't been these two years past; but I've heard no word about it till now."

"How long is it since they wrote, Molly?"

"I haven't had a line these three months. They're no scholards, you know, missis, and 'tis generally Will that writes."

"Tell me what he says," said Mrs. Moffat kindly.

Molly turned her letter over and looked it through again.

"Will says," she began, "that times have been bad all along the dale; what with droughts, bad winters and then wet summers the crops have been scanty and poor. Lots of the small farmers have had to sell their cattle because there was no fodder, and they couldn't

All rights reserved.]



MOLLY.

afford to buy any, and so there's been a deal of distress. No one wouldn't believe that didn't live among the people, what they've had to suffer and how hard it has been to live. Rents all behindhand and savings swallowed up in working farms that don't pay, and a many of them sold up and gone away."

Molly hung her head dejectedly.

"Things have been pretty bad everywhere," said Mrs. Moffat, "but I know the dale farming is bad; 'tis a poor district in most ways, but your father's farm is his own, Molly, so he can't be in such a bad way as most, and come a good season, he'll hold up his head again and make up for bad years."

Molly shook her head. "Will speaks of what he knows," said she. "He is on the spot and understands how bad it is for the small farmers all along the dale whether the land is their own or not, and one good year won't make up for the losses of several bad ones. Father's bad too with the rheumatics and can scarce get about, while mother's been ailing all winter. Will helps all he can, but he's not his own master and can't do the work of two men, strong as he is. He says," she added hesitating, "he thinks it would do them a power of good, if I could go home for a bit to cheer them up. Oh, missis dear!" and here Molly burst into tears, "I haven't had a holiday this long while. I haven't seen father and mother for three years, and I'd take it kindly, if you'd make out to spare me for a week."

"It's a long journey and would cost money, child," objected Mrs. Moffat.

"I know; but I've saved up a deal. I've never been extravagant in spending on myself, and I'd like to help them. They're welcome to what I've got," said Molly wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"Haven't you been saving up with the idea of a wedding and a nice little home of your own, Molly?"

"That's so," answered the girl with a warm flush, "but Will and me are both young and can wait. I'd love to go, for it seems to me Will hasn't told me half the truth and that there's more behind."

"Well, Molly, it's very awkward, of course, and we so busy. It's difficult to spare anyone, but I suppose I should be doing the right thing to let you go. You won't be much good here, I expect, till you've set your mind easy, so I'll write and see if my niece Hannah will come and help me while you're away."

Molly thanked her mistress and, wiping away her tears, returned to the dairy to finish her work, not singing the while as was her custom, however, for her heart was weighed down with anticipation of she knew not what evil. Will's words kept running through her head.

"Try and come home, my dear, the old folks are wearying for you."

"They're wearying for me! It do seem as if I'd forsaken them all these years," she said to herself. "They're weak, ill and poor, while I'm young and strong. It is a good thing I'm able to help them; Will must wait. Poor Will, but I know he'll hear reason. We were to have been married next spring if so be as he could get a cottage, and I've all the money as was wanted to furnish it, and what a pleasure 'twould have been for him and me to go buying the bits of things. Ah! That's how we propose the future for ourselves, and then the Disposer steps in and says, 'Wait a bit, I've something else for you to do.'"

Already was Molly speaking to herself of the long-looked for event of her life as among the things that might have been. She was not a girl to shirk a duty that was plain to her; filial affection was strong. Young love might call her to follow its leadings, but Nature's earliest instincts still held her fast.

That night, Molly counted over her treasured hoard. She had often done so; there was a satisfaction in spreading out the gold and silver coins before her; the contemplation of her hard-earned savings was sweet. She had added to her store month by month and knew exactly how she would lay it out. Her household goods had been bought very often in anticipation, and she had arranged their disposition according to her mind, but this evening all her ideas about the cottage and its furniture were altered; she only calculated how far it could be made to go in supplying her parents' needs.

She had been ten years at Merrow Farm, and had managed during that time, by husbanding her wages carefully, to put by twenty-seven pounds in all. She spread it out before her. What a number of years of steady toil that money represented, and what had it not meant to her in the future! She dared not think of it. She saw herself once more, a slip of a girl of twelve, starting away from her much-loved home among the hills, bidding a reluctant good-bye to all that she held dear, the world and its unknown possibilities all before her. She had been happy, and her cares were few. She saw also the picture of a tall, strong lad of sixteen, a neighbour's son, both their fathers being farmers who wrung a poor living out of the reluctant soil. Will had been her childhood's playmate; they had been sweethearts then, they were sweethearts now. Only three years ago, yet what an age it seemed, during her last holiday at home they had plighted troth with one another. She meant to keep that troth, whatever might betide, and what did the delay of a year or so more matter when both were young and hopeful?

So said Molly bravely, though hot tears fell and bedimmed the lustre of the gold; but of what use were tears, of what use vain regrets? She rose quickly and in business-like fashion. Taking sufficient from her store for the expenses of the journey, she secured the rest of her money in a well-worn leather purse, once a gift from Will, and sought her couch.

Hannah Moffat readily agreeing to spend a week or two at Merrow Farm, Molly was soon able to make her arrangements for the journey to her northern home. A fortnight's leave had been granted; Will was written to; he was to meet her at the small wayside station, whence she intended walking, a long hilly stretch of five miles to her home. The visit was to be a surprise, for she wished so much there should be no preparation on her account.

"Mr. Rogers says he'll be pleased to drive you to town, Molly. He's obliged to go early, on business, so that will suit your train nicely. Of course, Joe should have taken you and welcome, but seeing as Mr. Rogers is bound to go and willing to be neighbourly, we can't refuse."

Thus said Mrs. Moffat the night before Molly's departure. The girl murmured her thanks, but would rather have been driven by Joe the farm lad, for in a dim way Molly was aware that Mr. Rogers had a liking and admiration for her, and she was not willing he should have the chance of expressing it.

Mark Rogers was their nearest neighbour, in fact, his farm joined theirs. He was a man approaching middle age, much respected, and of some consideration in the country around. He was in well-to-do circumstances, being a successful agriculturist; a far-seeing man, possessed of sound common sense and judgment. He was besides, handsome in appearance, and a widower without family. He had never availed himself of an opportunity to enter the lists a second time, but during the last year or so he was often at Merrow Farm. Moffat and he were great friends, but his visits were not always timed so as to find the farmer at home, and he seemed quite content if the society of Mrs. Moffat and Molly only were attainable. If the latter were not present he would become abstracted, while, if she were in the room his eye would follow her about with a look of satisfaction and content.

These signs were not lost on the girl herself, though as yet the mistress of Merrow was unsuspicious. A word or two, a look that betrayed his thoughts, the chance encounters which happened so naturally, all warned Molly of danger. Slight as his attentions were, they could not but be flattering to a girl in her position, coming from such a man as Mark Rogers. She liked and respected him, but—her heart was given to Will Collis.

Mr. Rogers arrived punctually at the door of Merrow Farm, where Molly stood waiting with the family to see her off. Cheery good-mornings and hand-shakes were exchanged.

"There ain't too much time," called the farmer, making room for Molly to sit beside him.

"You'll do it quite comfortable, I think," replied Moffat putting Molly's hand-bag into the back of the cart and helping her to mount.

"You've been a good lass to the missis and me," said he pressing half-a-sovereign into her hand, "and you'll find this useful on the journey maybe."

Colouring with pleasure, Molly stammered her thanks, called another good-bye to Mrs. Moffat and Hannah, and was driven rapidly away.

Once well on the road, Mr. Rogers slackened his pace, and trotted quietly past his own pretty homestead that he might point out all its beauties and advantages, for it was in truth worth looking at, standing as it did in a bowery of orchards, its front well covered with climbing roses that threw such sweetness into the air, Molly could smell them as they drove by.

She had seen it all many a time before, but somehow, as the different points were presented to her this morning, the cosy homestead, the well-stocked yards, the bonny ricks, the fair green meadows dotted over with cows and sheep, the willow-fringed stream meandering through them and giving such richness to the pasture, the upland fields waving with promise of a plentiful harvest, were each and all viewed under a different aspect.

Mark Rogers would have had all things smile at her; they were his, and he would like them to be hers also. The very thought sent the blood coursing through his veins more quickly; he touched up Sally who seldom felt the whip, and she sped along the road with hoofs that scarcely deigned to touch the ground. Fields, hedgerows, trees, glided swiftly by.

Molly answered little to his remarks, she was contrasting all this prosperity with the poverty at home, and it made her sad and mute.

Mark Rogers fell silent too, not understanding what might be going on in the heart of the girl who sat so quietly beside him. The sidelong glance he stole at her convinced him she was in trouble, and his kind heart longed to offer comfort. Several times he opened his lips to speak, but closed them again, some diffidence within kept him foolishly dumb. Thinking at length it might be safe to touch upon the subject of her journey home and the pleasure of seeing her parents again, he launched forth, and found the opening ready-made.

Molly looked at him, looked straight in his eyes, and deciding she could trust him, for

his face bore such a kind, fatherly look, she opened her heart and told him all the story. He listened with attentive sympathy.

"And you are going to devote all your little savings to prop up your father's failing business, to tinker up what's broken to pieces, your poor little savings!" he exclaimed, whipping up Sally into a smarter trot.

"They are not so little," cried Molly proudly. "Of course I don't know how much money father wants, but I'm sure this will help.

"Aye, child, of course it will, and God's blessing will go with it. Who told you all this if 'twasn't your father?"

"A neighbour who has known them all his life," answered Molly, who in the relation of her story had not mentioned that she and Will were to be married one day. "He thought I ought to know," she added.

"Quite right, quite right," agreed Mark stealing another look at her. Molly's pale cheeks were suffused with a delicate pink. Silence fell between them once more. Mark Rogers was cogitating; the man of experience saw so little hope ahead; his eyes inwardly fixed themselves upon the ruin that was threatening the little farm. How could Molly's savings reach the wreck? Such a frail bark was no life-boat, and would be swamped in a moment. He could see no way out of the difficulty but one, and that he would not speak of now; too great a precipitation would alarm her. But he thought: "What a good, brave girl she is, and how simple-minded."

All he said was, "I'd like to see my way clear to advise, but as you don't know all the ins and outs of the business, nor what the upshot of it all is likely to be, I'm too much in the dark to offer either advice or opinion, so when you come back, Molly, my lass, we'll have another talk together about these home matters, and I hope you'll take the certainty along with you, that if there's aught I can do, I'm the man to come to. Give us *your hand on it*."

Molly did so and thanked him heartily, feeling that she had gained a friend in need. Her long journey northward was cheered by this conviction, and she began to take shame to herself for having ever entertained the idea that Mr. Rogers might have been going to say something she would be sorry to hear. "For after all," she said to herself, "I'm sure he is old enough to be my father."

(To be continued.)

GRACIOUSNESS AND UNGRACIOUSNESS.

IN Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature* she tells a pretty story of two kittens, the one being much more valued by its little owners simply because it had a pleasant habit of "purring when pleased," while its brother took caresses and dainties in ungracious silence.

Who does not know among ourselves the human prototypes of those kittens? The one girl hearty, sincere, and outspoken in her gratitude; the other taking favours with a sullen face, and with hardly a word of thanks or appreciation.

Of course there are some few natures so intensely conceited that all kindnesses are received as the homage due to innate superiority, but much more of the far too common ungraciousness comes from thoughtlessness, and in some cases from an awkward shyness.

There was once a good mistress who explained to her cook the great advantage of having a little money laid by for a rainy day, and told her that she should henceforth have a substantial addition to her wages on condition that she opened a savings bank account. "Just as you please, ma'am," said the cook, with a sullen face, and yet at the bottom she was a good and grateful woman, and when we saw her genuine sorrow, when standing by the open grave of the mistress whom she had served for nearly twenty years, we could not doubt that she had a real appreciation of the kindness of her to whom she had often been so ungracious. Had she no regret that day that she had never schooled herself to a better manner? We think that probably some degree of self-reproach was mingled with her sorrow, and made it the more bitter.

It is no insincerity or "gush" that is needed but a frank acknowledgment of favours received. The gushing girl or woman very soon has her protestations taken for what they are worth. She does not mean to be insincere, but the habit of using superlatives has grown upon her until they have become meaningless. "Never use a sixpenny word when a threepenny one will do," is an old and useful saying.

"Man!" says the cynic of *The Bonnie Briar Bush*, when his English antagonist used a stronger term than he approved to describe a Drumtochty sunset, "ye'll surely keep ae word for the twenty-first o' Revelations!"

It is quite possible that the gushing style drives some honest folk into the opposite extreme. It is supposed to be an attribute of John Bull to be gruff and ungracious, but it is our private opinion that John Bull loses far more than he is aware of by his want of manners. The country postmistress, who sells stamps as if she grudged them; the watchmaker, who receives the clock that needs repairing with a grunt; the seamstress whose daily bread depends on her work, yet who has a habit of taking each task as if it were a special favour to the giver—how foolishly they allow a bad manner to work against their interests!

The sturdy northerner is perhaps a greater offender in this respect than the south country people. We remember entering a toy-shop in a large manufacturing town, to purchase some trifle which was displayed in the window. The old shopkeeper had no more like it in reserve, and said in a surly tone (although there were no other customers in his shop), "I wouldn't get it out of that window for a sovereign—not on a market day!" Now the law was upon our side, for every tradesman is bound to sell the goods exposed to the public in his window, but it was not worth while to make a fuss about a sixpenny toy, so the only consequence was that the shopkeeper lost a customer, not only then, but permanently, for who would venture again into the den of such a human bear?

So much for manner only, but the remedy must come from a deeper source. Do we not need to ask ourselves if we are sufficiently grateful at heart for favours received from our good-natured friends? They come as a matter of course, until we forget how much of real self-denial they cost the giver.

Does the invalid who takes her neighbour's unpaid services for years, and often grumbles if she is late, ever remember what a tie it is for her? Do those who expect any number of hospital letters and nursing tickets from the parson, or the district lady, ever realise that the said tickets are paid for with the hard cash of annual subscriptions to the various charitable institutions?

Mere children may be forgiven for thoughtlessness, but do the giggling girls in the upper class at the Sunday School ever reflect that their teacher, for the sake of training them in the best of knowledge, sacrifices her rest and comfort, and faces all weathers to come to the class which they value so lightly?

There are some persons who, because a favour comes from a relative, never even take the trouble to give a word of thanks for services rendered. "Oh, yes, Uncle Peter arranged it all for me; he likes such pieces of business, you know." "So nice for Aunt Matilda to have the dear children while we are abroad, they will quite liven her up," and so it is nice, and Aunt Matilda loves the little ones dearly, but at the same time hers is a voluntary service, quite a different matter to the duty of those who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of parenthood, and should be acknowledged accordingly.

It is said that the greater liberty of the rising generation tends to make them more brusque in their manners, and less inclined to order themselves lowly and reverently than their parents were.

Let us have the independence of character by all means, but let it be tempered with gratitude and graciousness, that it may be said of us not only "she openeth her mouth with wisdom," but also "in her tongue is the law of kindness."

MAUD MORRISON.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF PLANTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART I.



THIS chapter I will endeavour to present to my readers a concise view of the nature and method of the various processes that go on continually in the growing plant.

These processes were incidentally referred to in our examination of the character of the various organs of the plant. Thus in dealing with the root, we spoke of its physiology so far as concerned the absorption of water by its root-hairs. In the leaf we touched upon the correlation between the shape and arrangement of the leaf tissues, and the part the leaf plays in the economy of the plant. The physiology of the reproductive organs, again, we briefly explained in connection with their natural history.

In order to arrange our studies systematically, we may divide the physiology or function of plants into groups, and taking each group separately, study their effect on the plant.

We may then divide the functions of plants into Nutrition, Assimilation, and Reproduction.

The first teaches us how a plant feeds and what it feeds upon; the second, how the food is prepared by the plant so as to enable it to use this food for growth, and to store some of it away for future use. The third group deals with the various means adopted by plants for multiplying and increasing the species.

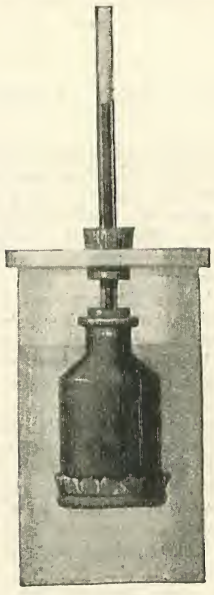
Plants, like animals, must feed and breathe in order to live; the food of plants, however, differs from that of animals in being more simple and elementary.

Plant-food is of two kinds—water and gas. Water is an actual necessity to the plant, both as a direct food and as a medium to convey inorganic food. If we burn some wood to a white ash and then analyse it, six inorganic elements will always be found—potassium, magnesium, calcium, iron, phosphorus, and sulphur. These substances have been proved, by experimental water-culture,* to be indispensable to plant life; others are found in larger or smaller quantities, but they are not, judging by experimental tests, essential to plant life. These inorganic elements do not enter the plant as such, but in the form of salts dissolved in water, the phosphorus and sulphur as phosphates and sulphates. Exactly how these salts and other elements are absorbed will be best learnt from a simple experiment (see diagram).

We must first provide a large glass jar full of clear water; then a lamp chimney, to the bottom of which a piece of membrane, which any butcher will supply, has been affixed, should be partly filled with water, coloured by sulphate of copper, and then suspended in the glass jar. Through a cork fitted to the top of the lamp chimney a long tube should be inserted. The fluid in the lamp-glass will be seen to rise in the tube shortly after the experiment is made, and the clean water in the large jar will become slightly coloured.

This experiment teaches us that liquids have the power of passing through a membrane; this power is known as diffusion or osmosis. Further, we notice that the clear fluid passes into the coloured more rapidly than the heavy coloured water passes out.

Now the fine root-hairs of a growing plant are membranes, having the same property as the membrane we placed on the lamp-shade; inside the root-hairs there exists heavy dense cell-sap, outside are the films of hygroscopic water containing (dissolved) inorganic salts, and this water passes in through the membrane of the root, whilst a very little of the



JAR ILLUSTRATING DIFFUSION OR OSMOSIS.

cell-sap passes out into the soil, the quantity passing in being greatly in excess of that which escapes.

When once the crude water of the soil is inside it is soon passed along to the stem and leaves by the pressure of more water coming in, and by what is called capillary power; this power we may easily see if we dip a fine tube into water, when at once the water will rise up some distance into the tube. I have pointed out that plant-food is gaseous as well as aqueous.

Oxygen is absorbed by the root very freely from the soil, and therefore farmers and gardeners frequently plough and stir the soil of fields and gardens, so that the roots may obtain a supply of this needful gas.

Let us now endeavour to see how the gaseous food is taken into the plant. In order to do so we must remember that the gases necessary for plant-food form part of the air we breathe; this air is made up of two-thirds nitrogen, one-third oxygen, with a small and varying, but always present, quantity of carbon dioxide, and of these the latter is the most essential to the life of plants.

We have learnt in our study of the leaf how it, by the aid of green chlorophyl granules, and under the influence of sunlight, absorbs this carbon dioxide and effects certain changes in it. One of the most essential elements in the growth of plants is nitrogen; this, we have just seen, constitutes two-thirds of the air we breathe; but the plant is unable to make use of it in this free form, that is to say, although the leaf can freely absorb carbon dioxide, it cannot absorb nitrogen; it has to be taken in by the roots of ordinary plants in the form of nitrates, that is in conjunction with some other element. There is, however, an important exception to this rule, for what are called the insectivorous plants have the power to absorb nitrogen under certain conditions. These will be explained in the succeeding chapter.

We can now summarise the processes of nutrition. The roots absorb water containing earthy salts as well as oxygen gas. The leaves absorb gaseous food in the form of carbon dioxide, and, I may add sometimes, water vapour. There are two simple experiments that my readers can make which will prove these statements, and will give them a greater interest in the somewhat dry details of vegetable physiology. Our first experiment to show the absorptive power of roots is taken from Sir Joseph Hooker's primer on botany.

"Take up three plants of the buttercup carefully by the roots; leave one (No. 1) on the table; place another (No. 2) with its roots in water; hang the third (No. 3) upside down over a tumbler of water, with a few of the leaves in the water, but the root exposed. In due time No. 1 will have faded, No. 2 will be quite fresh, No. 3 will have the parts not in the water faded. No. 1 shows that water contained in the plant has evaporated from its surfaces; No. 2 that the water has been absorbed by the root and conveyed to the leaves; No. 3 that the immersed leaves have not supplied the other portions of the plant with water."

The second function, assimilation, depends upon several processes that together go to make up the work of digesting and preparing plant-food. These processes are transpiration, respiration, and evolution of oxygen; the latter process is associated with the feeding of the leaf, that is, the absorption of carbon dioxide. This compound gas is under the influence of sunlight, and, by the agency of the green colouring granules, decomposed into carbon monoxide and oxygen; the latter is eliminated, whilst the carbon and a part of the oxygen is retained, and, with the absorbed water, is converted into material that the plant can use for the purpose of increasing its structure. By a very simple experiment we can prove the escape of oxygen from the foliage of plants. A few sprays of such leaves as laurustinus, bay, arbor vitæ, and maiden-hair fern should be tied firmly to a piece of stone. We should have ready a soup-plate, a glass shade, and a tub full of fresh spring water—one large enough to allow the shade to be held upright under the water. When all is ready, place the bunch of leaves and stone in the glass shade held horizontally, and gradually sink it under water till the shade is quite full; place the soup-plate at the open end where the stone is, and slowly raise the glass until it is upright, and then it can be lifted out and placed on a table in the window where the sun or bright light can reach it. The bubbles of oxygen will soon begin to form along all the edges of

* Testing the effect of plant-food by water-culture is carried out in the following manner:—Six large jars are filled with distilled water. In No. 1 all the six elements above mentioned are placed in small quantities so as to form a weak solution. In No. 2 only five of them are added to the water, and in each succeeding jar one element is left out. A seedling plant which has been germinated on damp sand is suspended in each jar in such a manner that the leaves are in the air and the roots in the water without the seed touching the liquid. The growth of the young plants is carefully observed and the result is found to be that No. 1 will grow and flourish, finding all its needful food in the water, whilst the rest of the seedlings will show plainly by their feeble and starved condition that, the food elements being absent, they cannot build up their stems and leaves, and must eventually perish.

the leaves, and the jewelled effect of the bouquet will be very curious and beautiful. It is hardly needful to say the stone is simply required to keep the group in an upright position. By the following day there will be a large bubble of pure oxygen collected in the upper part of the shade, eliminated from the leaves by the aid of chlorophyl and sunlight.

These changes resulting in assimilation, are always in correlation with the process known as transpiration. The root is continually taking in fluids charged with inorganic salts; these are by the water conveyed to the leaves where the salts are used up in the constructive work of the plant. The water is not all wanted; part of it passes off in the form of vapour; transpiration, then, is the passing off of this water.

We can easily see this process going on if we place a few tropaeolum leaves in a cool tumbler and then expose the tumbler to sunlight. In a short time the sides of the glass will show a film of moisture due to the transpiration of the leaves. This process takes place more freely in a warm temperature than in cool conditions, consequently in hot weather there is rapid transpiration, and as the water is parted with, more cell-sap passes into the leaves and stem, and so the plant is kept cool. We can now see the great use of the little pores known as stomates; these are found mainly on the under surface, and it is principally through these pores that the leaf transpires.

We must now carefully note the fact that all growing parts of the plant take up oxygen and give off carbon dioxide. This power, which is common to all life, is known as respiration. It is a process that cannot be observed in daylight in green plants, because this respiration is feeble, and also because the opposite power of assimilation is so strong that the action of breathing is obscured. In the absence of sunlight, however, it can be observed, as also it may be traced in connection with parts of the plant other than the green leaves. Seeds, for example, during their earlier growth (germination) give off carbon dioxide freely by respiration. This we can prove for ourselves by taking a large glass jar holding about two or three quarts, fill this about half full of peas that have been well soaked in water so as to swell them and induce them to commence germination. Close the jar with a tight-fitting cork, after six or seven hours the presence of carbon dioxide may be easily seen. Have ready a small phial of clear lime water, with a piece of twine let this down into the jar without spilling its contents, allow it to remain there some minutes, keeping at the same time the top closed with a handkerchief. We shall see that the clear lime water will after a short time become cloudy or milky. This is due to the carbon dioxide liberated by the seeds, forming chalk with the calcium of the lime water, the chalk being insoluble and easily seen. Now take out the phial and let it stand, well covered, when the chalk, in the form of a fine precipitate, will be seen at the bottom of the phial. If desired, a second experiment can be made with the same jar by lowering into it a lighted taper. We shall find it will go out, owing to the presence of the carbon dioxide; as this gas does not support combustion our lighted taper is quickly extinguished.

We can see from these experiments that respiration goes on in the growing plant, and that this process is independent of chlorophyl. It is an essential part of the life of all plants, and my readers who may perhaps wonder why it is that two such opposite processes as I have described are both carried on in the plant must remember that in the main the feeding process, which depends on sunlight and the presence of chlorophyl is carried on in the daytime, whilst respiration is practically counteracted in the daytime by the vigorous intake of carbon dioxide. At night, when the rays of light cease, and no longer enable the plant to feed, the respiration is evident. Briefly, we learn that in light the plant gains in weight whilst in darkness (by respiration) it loses. The green plant can only construct growing material out of simple substances in light, having no power to do so in the dark.

Heat is just as needful to plant-life. It must be above freezing-point, and a somewhat high temperature is necessary to set in motion all those chemical processes that I have briefly described. At a low temperature the work of assimilation and other processes are arrested, on the other hand a rise in temperature increases the activity of these processes.

We now come to the third function, called reproduction. We have seen in connection with the food of plants how they convert inorganic material into organic. This one fact is significant of the great office of plant life in nature; animal life could not exist without its help. Plant life may be said to prepare the food of animal life, and retain that balance of gases in the atmosphere necessary to healthy respiration. How important then it is that all kinds of herbs, trees, and plants should multiply and be fruitful. Life of any sort is of limited duration, and subject to all the vicissitudes of accident, constitution, and climate, and so we find that plants have been endowed with wonderful powers of reproduction in order that the earth may be constantly clothed with vegetation, necessary for the life of man and all animal nature.

By reproduction I want my readers to clearly understand that it is the power possessed by the individual plant to multiply its kind or species, and that this power is carried into effect in a variety of ways in different species. These various methods of reproduction, then, will form the concluding part of this chapter. The (life principle or) protoplasm of any individual plant is endowed with the power of giving rise to an entirely new individual. This is accomplished in one of two ways. In the first by cells forming a part of the plant, but yet not specially modified for the purpose of reproduction. This mode of increase is known as vegetative reproduction. We will illustrate it by two examples widely apart. Many lowly plants like protococcus (the bright green substance which so beautifully colours tree trunks in moist situations) and yeast, are formed of one cell only, and when such cells attain their full size they simply divide into two or more cells which grow, and finally attain maturity when the process is repeated.

The other example is that known as the strawberry "runner." This, as we know, is only an elongated stem bearing at the end a bunch of leaves, and from the base of the leaves a few roots, the whole being a new plant which may be removed from the parent and grown in some other place.

These, then, are examples of vegetative reproduction, and my readers can discover for themselves many other instances in the garden. The plan of propagation by "cuttings" is simply the gardener's practical application of vegetative reproduction.

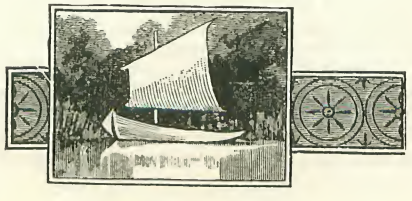
The second mode of increase is by special reproductive cells, which are set free by the parent plants, and become new individuals. The second mode is common to all plant life, and in it two distinct processes can be observed. We often see on a decayed pear or apple a little brown mould (*mucor*). If we examine it with a lens we see a little forest of tiny erect stalks, and upon the apex of each is a round ball containing reproductive cells; each of these, which are called spores (the sporecase being called the *sporangium*), contains protoplasm which is endowed with the power of giving rise to a new individual mould.

This process is typical of what is common to ferns and many other cryptogamic plants, and is called a sexual reproduction.

The second form is that in which two such spore-like organs as we have noticed in the mould, fuse together and form a spore capable of giving rise to a new plant.

This is known as sexual reproduction, and is dependent upon the fact that the protoplasm of either of the two organs is incapable of giving rise to a new individual plant, and that they must come in contact and fuse organically before a new plant can be formed. This process of fusion I have in an earlier chapter described as fertilisation. The pollen grain, the fertilising agent, is one of the reproductive cells, and the other the ovule is the cell that has to be fertilised. After this there is the subsequent development of the ovule into the seed, and in this seed we may recognise a plant in embryo endowed with powers not possessed by its parent, that enables it to resist extremes of heat and cold which would result in many cases fatally to the life of the parent plant. By way of experiment some seeds have been subjected to 40 degrees of cold and yet have not lost their germinating power, whilst on the other hand it is known that seeds of some plants growing in sandy deserts lie baking in the sun for many months in a temperature of over 70 degrees, and yet they begin to grow as soon as moisture reaches them.*

Things to be observed or collected:—Experiments to be made in order to show diffusion, transpiration and respiration, collection of oxygen from water bouquet. Carbon dioxide from germinating beans. Observe blue mould on fruit, strawberry runner, rooted cuttings, stamens and pistil of any flowering plant.



* "It has been proved experimentally that seeds which have been deprived by calcium chloride of as much water as possible are not killed even at the boiling point of water."—(From *Natural History of Plants*, p. 554.)

Careful experiment has shown that there are three stages of activity in the life and work of a plant:—1st a minimum or zero at which the processes are just possible; 2nd a medium stage or optimum point where the activity is the greatest, and 3rd, a maximum stage of heat where growth is arrested. So that we learn that plant-life can suffer from too high a temperature as well as that which is too low.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER VII.



QUIET fortnight slipped away. Hildegarde was beginning to feel quite at home with her pupils and their belongings. A great deal was made of the handsome girl. Probably her employers, as of the new rich, were not beyond feeling a very considerable satisfaction, and even a certain social security, in having Miss Haydn as their children's governess. At any rate they made much of her; placed her at luncheon beside some one of their distinguished guests, and rather more frequently than not, beguiled her from the schoolroom to the drawing-room when afternoon tea was in progress. Whenever Mrs. McQuaide forgot the stern exactions of the fashionable world, she became a most comfortable little body, as winning and lovable as anyone could desire to be. At such times she was full of little ministrations, running in to set a cushion behind Hildegarde's back, or to insist on her taking a glass of sherry and a rusk; or sitting on a low stool, she would pass round a box of chocolate creams, while she worked at a piece of embroidery, and inoculated herself with Miss Haydn's Parisian accent. She never made any conscious effort to pick it up—being in truth, far away, floating on the wings of very innocent dreams, but hoped to take it into her system, as less serviceable things are taken. Then suddenly she would recall Lady Gildie's banging graces, and would atone for her unfashionable simplicity by bursting into a strident laugh, or by putting up her eyeglass and very nearly abusing the footman.

That functionary, who had held office in fine ould families, would at times feel called upon to explain his position to Miss Haydn.

"Ah the poor mistress," he would say; "'deed, then, she makes me very anxious. I needn't tell you, Miss Haydn, this is not the society I was accustomed to. But I have a great wish for herself entirely; and if it wasn't for her ladyship I'd have had her nicely initiated by this. But, faith, just when I have her conforming, in comes Lady Gildie, and makes ducks and drakes of her."

Hildegarde discouraged these confidences, but without result. To her, as one of his own set, Halpin naturally looked for sympathetic intelligence.

When he showed her, on her arrival, into the schoolroom, closing the door for a moment, he would sigh forth the trouble of the evening before.

"We had a great collapse at dinner, Miss Haydn. I thought I had her cured, but, troth, she broke out on me again as bad as ever, making balls of her bread."

Or: "I give her up after this for good and all. She was just a lost child among her knives and forks, and disremembering altogether to ax the bishop to say grace. Saving your presence, Miss Haydn, she had me like a running brook wid prusperation."

During those days, while Hildegarde, in spite of much pretended and a little real contempt for the people among whom she found her lines cast, was on the whole enjoying herself very well, poor Mary was going through very bitter experiences.

Nobody else, as far as she could discover, noticed anything peculiar in the head of the family, and certainly both Hildegarde and Mrs. Haydn were very observant women; the elder lady being endowed with that quick susceptibility which is the gift of delicate people, and the younger attaining by fits and starts to a quite remarkable prescience. Perhaps, Mary thought, there really was no change in her father's manner. The weight of that secret was pressing heavily upon her. She was growing nervous and even suspicious. And yet, all allowances made for abnormal sensitiveness of her own, she could not but think that Mr. Haydn was not only jerky and capricious, but was becoming subject to singular lapses of memory. One day he had fallen with great fury on Mrs. Mack, because, coming down at half-past eight, he found her in an eccentric dishabille, going leisurely about the preparations for breakfast.

"Ah! thin," said Mrs. Mack to Mary, as she shook an amazed and tearful face; "the master is just after making a hare of me. The two legs is that wake 'tis just miracles they don't shut up on me like parlour toasting forks; and me frying the bacon as harmless as a dove! If this was the last word out of me, Miss Meary, I wouldn't know what misdemeanour I perpetuated."

Mary did her best to console Mrs. Mack with some remarks upon the irritating effect of the hot weather. For her own part, however, she could not shake off the conviction that her father had feared lest he should be made too late for the morning train.

Even if that belief were well founded, the incident by itself might not have counted for very much. Continuing as it seemed to Mary with many other indications of mental failure, it disturbed her very seriously.

So for many heavy days she held her peace, and went about her household duties.

July had come in, with his wonted broken weather, before anything further was seen of the young lawyer.

One afternoon, however, when Mrs. Haydn was lying down, and Mary sat in the drawing-room by herself, Mrs. Mack looked round the door in the manner of one playing "I spy," and having got somewhat the better of her smiles, reported Mr. Knocker. That was the result of Mary's careful lecture on the rights and wrongs of the young man's name.

Mary hastily thrust under cover some useful sewing in which she was engaged, and gave orders for the admission of the visitor.

From sounds as of opening and shutting that reached her, Mary was forced to the conclusion that Mrs. Mack's hospitality on this occasion had not extended beyond the outside of the front-door.

"I came," the young fellow said, as Mary offered her hand, "to report myself and my client."

"Oh yes," said Mary; "my thoughts have often been with you both. Do tell me, how has Mrs. Hannafin fared?"

"Excellently, I should think," he answered. "Her goose is cooked."

"That does not sound very victorious," Mary remarked.

"Well, no; but I was speaking without metaphor. The facts, stripped of any romantic glamour—can you strip off glamour, by the way?—are these. The errant—I must not say erring—goose has been ceded to my client, and every reflection upon said goose's character has been withdrawn, as well as all claims for damage. In view of which fact, Mrs. Hannafin, not to be outdone in magnanimity, gives an entertainment this evening in honour of her late antagonist. And, on this occasion only, the goose has promised to appear."

"Dear me!" said Mary laughing, "I fear she will be rather a tough nut to crack. I cannot remember the time when that goose was not a public character."

"Well," Docker answered, "Mrs. Hannafin did admit to me, in extenuation of the seeming extravagance, that the goose was getting up in years, and that she had some fears of its dying on her."

He was evidently proud of his Irish, and frowned in the manner of one who does not want to smile at his own good thing. Mary, however, felt at liberty to laugh, and did so delightfully.

Her laugh was one of this girl's chief attractions. It was an exquisite little chime of silver bells, a thing good to hear in days when young ladies for the most follow in their mirth either the peacock or the hyena. Nothing, I fancy, reveals the human *timbre* so clearly as does laughter. It is nature's surprise-party.

Really that menagerie merriment makes one incline to a rather pessimistic view of the young ladyhood of the day. Are all the banded powers of Girton, Newnham, and Somerset Hall to be routed by the giggle?

That laugh of Mary's so fascinated Docker that he set himself to think of something that would set the chimes ringing again. The most earnest purpose, however, is not always successful in the production of light and airy badinage. The young lawyer became rather dull; and Mary rang for tea. A foolish and a foolhardy thing to do, as the girl felt a moment after.

Mrs. Mack was not a person upon whose resourceful spirit one could safely make so sudden and so exigent a call.

Mary did not repeat the ring, and when a resultless quarter of an hour had gone by, she was beginning to hope that her imprudence might pass, forgotten by the caller, and charitably forgiven by Mrs. Mack.

This, however, was not to be. A hearkening, expectant look seemed to settle on Mr. Docker's face. Mary grew quite angry at his serious addiction to tea.

At length, when there came a knock, the young man ingenuously remarked, "That's it, I expect!" and forthwith opened the door.

But there followed no corporeal entrance; only a voice—a voice gloomy and aggrieved. "Miss Meary, could I say a couple of words to yees?"

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Mack," Mary said, with a smiling cheerfulness that belied her inward frame; "excuse me for one moment."

Before the door was closed, the young man was sharing whispered confidences, which rose, in spite of Mary's hushes, into a tragic recitative.

"Oh, musha, Miss Meary, to think of you's springing tea on me that a-way, an' myself just after letting the fire out and aising (easing) my feet wid drawing off the boots and stockings. Sure, you should mind the door while I runs to Mr. Dwyer's Maggie over, to see will I get the loan of as much butter as will do me the onest."

Then followed soothing words from Mary, and gradually the noise of battle rolled along the passage, being finally shut off by the spring door.

It was a remarkable fact that though she must have been familiar with the institution for thirty years or so, Mrs. Mack had never become habituated to afternoon tea. Her attitudes towards it were variable in a high degree. Sometimes when callers came she would receive the request for tea with large-eyed resignation, merely assuring herself that she was not the victim of aural delusion by asking "Is it tay, thin?"

Sometimes she would anticipate the demand, bringing in a prompt and tempting little tray. Never before, however, had the call found her "in the bare feet." That was a sudden harking back to the habits of her youth. Mary was thankful that the domestic had not set the tea tray upon that footing.

"It seems," the girl said as she returned to her visitor, "that there is likely to be some procrastination. Shall we have a little turn in the garden?"

"By all means," said Docker, with a look of creditable ignorance upon his face; for Mary was certain that his ears must have carried him pretty far behind the domestic scenes. Then she remembered the tell-tale brilliancy of those appendages on a former occasion, and thought the young man was developing great powers.

"Were you very eloquent?" she asked as they stepped down into the garden.

"Oh yes, I expect so," he answered; "but when?"

"At the trial," she explained.

"Trial?" he echoed. "Oh, I see; the goose did not come into court at all."

"What a pity," said Mary; "I should have liked to see her in the box."

Mr. Docker answered, "They would surely have given her a seat upon the bench." Then he corrected her law. "Box," he said. "Why I know more about Irish institutions than you. The witness is not put in the box here; he is said to come upon the table. And he does; he stands upon a little platform."

"Oh, that's a detail," Mary said. "The pity of it is that you had no opportunity of distinguishing yourself."

"Dear me!" he answered. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men. Why, I woke this morning and found myself famous."

"Is there not," Mary asked, "a slight difficulty in reconciling those two statements?"

"No," he answered. "It all depends upon what we mean by the world. You were ignorant of my doughty deeds and——"

"Oh what a slow compliment!" Mary broke in. "Don't trouble it to come any further."

He laughed, but looked a little annoyed all the same. Then pointing to one of the flower-beds he inquired, "What do you call those things—zinnias?"

"Oh," said Mary, following out her own reflection, "I am afraid that was rather a rude remark of mine."

"Not at all," he said, still drily.

"I am sure it was a pet compliment," continued Mary. "Do say it, if——"

"Nonsense," he said with a snap. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I don't quite——" His words trailed off and, yes—there was no doubt about it, he was beginning to grow red.

Then Mary broke into so frank and charming a laugh that the young fellow's discomfiture passed away on its bright ripples.

"There," he said, "I've made you laugh again at last. I'd give a good——"

What he did give was a good jump. For there fell, right into his ear it seemed, a solemn voice which yet quavered in its solemnity. "I have the tay wet, Miss Meary."

"At last," said the young lady. "Will we go in, Mr. Docker? Shall, I mean. I'll never get that right."

"Don't despair," said the young man. "Where there's a will there's a way."

When, having entered the drawing-room, Mary sat down before her tea equipage, she could not repress a cry of amazed despair.

"What is it?" asked Docker.

"Look," she said, waving a tragic arm over the wicker table.

He did look down; and then up—into her face. And then they laughed together, one of those laughs that turn acquaintances into friends.

"Besieged Paris," Mary said, when she could speak at all, "would have held out another week on the strength of this. Come, take a piece in both hands and try what you can do."

It was the toast of Mrs. Mack's bounteous provision. Two large plates piled high with thick and crusty rounds.

"Yes indeed," he said, "there is gallant browsing here. A lawyer without clients does not see anything like this."

"Oh, but you will have clients now. Seriously, may it not be a beginning?"

"Yes, seriously," he said, "the luck is turning. I got two wills this morning; Mrs. Hannafin's and another; and there are nibbles beside."

"I'm so glad," said Mary. "Come, there must be more nibbles if these toasty towers are to be demolished."

So there was a crunchy silence. At length Mary turned her head and looked out. "Here is Hildegarde," she said.

Then, a few seconds later, when her sister's step was heard in the hall, "Hilde," she called, "come in and help us here."

Therewith Hildegarde turned the handle of the door, and looked serenely in.

"Mr. Docker," said Mary, as the young man made haste to set down his cup and to rise to his feet.

"Yes," said Hildegarde, with an abbreviated nod, "I see;" and she turned, with her lazy celerity, and walked away.

Mr. Docker frowned and drew in his lips.

"Oh, pray," said Mary, misrepresenting her own feeling, "don't think anything of that. It is only my sister's manner."

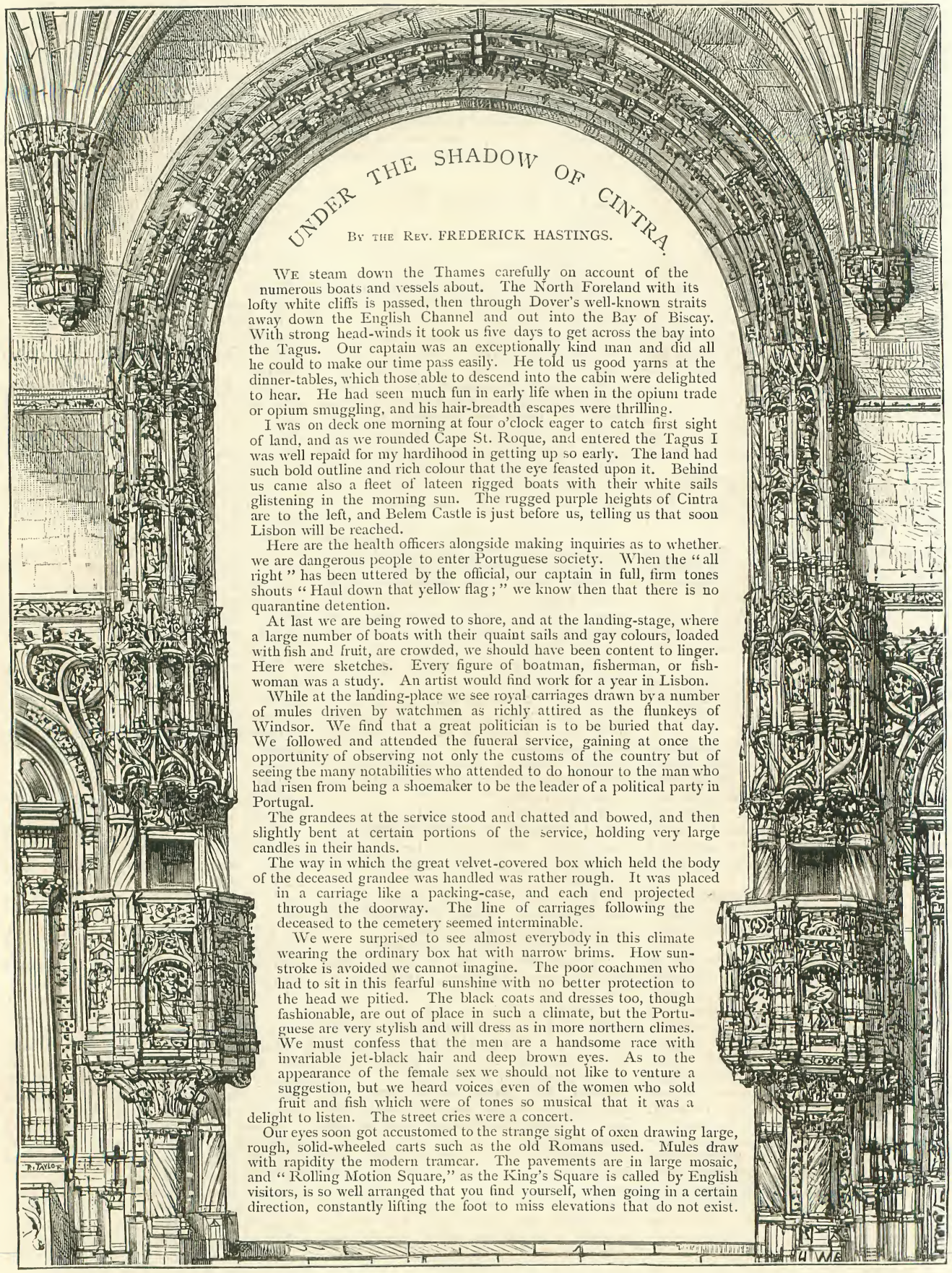
"Then," said the young man, "if you will not mind my saying so, I think it's a very unfortunate manner."

Mary did her best to appease him, but evidently without good result. As quickly as he decently could—in the midst, Mary remarked, of a round of toast—he rose and took his leave.

"Good afternoon," he said with that emphasis of distant dignity upon the first syllable, as he extended a limp and frigid minimum of hand. Then, when he had gained the hall, he added, in a slightly elevated voice, "Please make my apologies to Miss Haydn."

It was not an effective shot, he felt, but he could not deny himself the relief even of a blank cartridge discharge.

(To be continued.)



UNDER THE SHADOW OF CINTRA.

By the Rev. FREDERICK HASTINGS.

We steam down the Thames carefully on account of the numerous boats and vessels about. The North Foreland with its lofty white cliffs is passed, then through Dover's well-known straits away down the English Channel and out into the Bay of Biscay. With strong head-winds it took us five days to get across the bay into the Tagus. Our captain was an exceptionally kind man and did all he could to make our time pass easily. He told us good yarns at the dinner-tables, which those able to descend into the cabin were delighted to hear. He had seen much fun in early life when in the opium trade or opium smuggling, and his hair-breadth escapes were thrilling.

I was on deck one morning at four o'clock eager to catch first sight of land, and as we rounded Cape St. Roque, and entered the Tagus I was well repaid for my hardihood in getting up so early. The land had such bold outline and rich colour that the eye feasted upon it. Behind us came also a fleet of lateen rigged boats with their white sails glistening in the morning sun. The rugged purple heights of Cintra are to the left, and Belem Castle is just before us, telling us that soon Lisbon will be reached.

Here are the health officers alongside making inquiries as to whether we are dangerous people to enter Portuguese society. When the "all right" has been uttered by the official, our captain in full, firm tones shouts "Haul down that yellow flag;" we know then that there is no quarantine detention.

At last we are being rowed to shore, and at the landing-stage, where a large number of boats with their quaint sails and gay colours, loaded with fish and fruit, are crowded, we should have been content to linger. Here were sketches. Every figure of boatman, fisherman, or fish-woman was a study. An artist would find work for a year in Lisbon.

While at the landing-place we see royal carriages drawn by a number of mules driven by watchmen as richly attired as the flunkeys of Windsor. We find that a great politician is to be buried that day. We followed and attended the funeral service, gaining at once the opportunity of observing not only the customs of the country but of seeing the many notabilities who attended to do honour to the man who had risen from being a shoemaker to be the leader of a political party in Portugal.

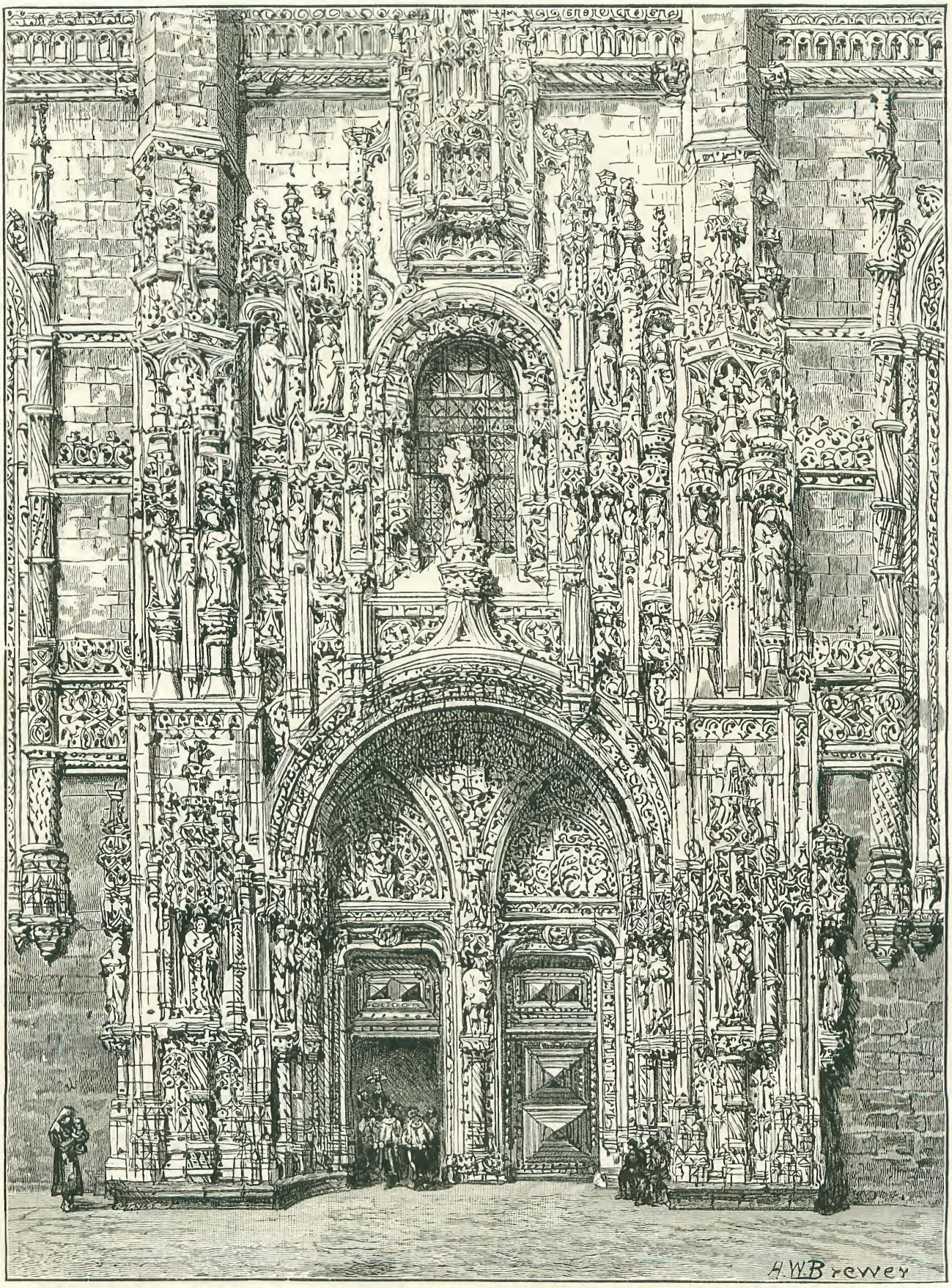
The grandees at the service stood and chatted and bowed, and then slightly bent at certain portions of the service, holding very large candles in their hands.

The way in which the great velvet-covered box which held the body of the deceased grandee was handled was rather rough. It was placed in a carriage like a packing-case, and each end projected through the doorway. The line of carriages following the deceased to the cemetery seemed interminable.

We were surprised to see almost everybody in this climate wearing the ordinary box hat with narrow brims. How sun-stroke is avoided we cannot imagine. The poor coachmen who had to sit in this fearful sunshine with no better protection to the head we pitied. The black coats and dresses too, though fashionable, are out of place in such a climate, but the Portuguese are very stylish and will dress as in more northern climes. We must confess that the men are a handsome race with invariable jet-black hair and deep brown eyes. As to the appearance of the female sex we should not like to venture a suggestion, but we heard voices even of the women who sold fruit and fish which were of tones so musical that it was a delight to listen. The street cries were a concert.

Our eyes soon got accustomed to the strange sight of oxen drawing large, rough, solid-wheeled carts such as the old Romans used. Mules draw with rapidity the modern tramcar. The pavements are in large mosaic, and "Rolling Motion Square," as the King's Square is called by English visitors, is so well arranged that you find yourself, when going in a certain direction, constantly lifting the foot to miss elevations that do not exist.

THE TWO PULPITS, CENTRAL ARCH, BELEM.



THE DOORWAY, BELEM.

'Tis said that sailors cannot possibly walk steadily over it even when they are not under alcoholic influence.

We take the tramway to Belem that we may see the quaint old Moorish castle which had appeared to us to be the most picturesque object with which any town was ever graced. It is not used for any purpose now, but is in a good state of preservation.

We visited the church which has connected with it so much that celebrates the doings of the great navigator Vasco de Gama. From near this spot he started on his great expedition round Cape Horn. The doorway itself, mellowed with soft tints of yellow and rouge, is a study.

The two pulpits are so worked into the central arch that they seem rather for ornamentation than for use. Two preachers could hold here easily a theological disputation after the fashion in the Middle Ages. Any preacher however would almost be lost amid so much that is decorative. Then the cloisters are exceedingly ornate, and unlike many others have a second storey. The interior of the church is not so imposing as the exterior, and the style is very mixed. The massive stone roof is supported on four slender pillars, not monoliths, but being in pieces are bending with age or weight. We did not feel safe under that roof, especially as we had learned that when it was first erected the roof fell in. When another architect than the one who designed it undertook to finish the building, he grew frightened, and ran away to France while the scaffolding was taken down. So dangerous a proceeding was it, that no men could be obtained for love or money to do the work. Had it not been that a number of condemned convicts were promised pardon on condition that they took down the scaffolding, it would probably have stood until it rotted. Come, let us get out of this. But stop, that doorway is worth a long gaze. Most elaborate and yet perhaps it lacks depths of shadow.

The cathedral proper in the city of Lisbon is a very unsatisfactory building; so is the church of St. Estella, for it is but a facsimile on a very small scale of St. Peter's at Rome, minus the colonnades. The church of St. Roque however has in it something which will repay a visit, namely the chapel of St. John the Baptist. The silver candelabra and altar decorations are said to have cost a million sterling. The columns and lining of the chapel are of very costly stones held by silver bands. The Mosaics are exceedingly fine. The whole chapel was prepared and set up in Rome, used first by the Pope, and then shipped to Lisbon. It is most carefully closed and guarded. No wonder; some greedy eye might be tempted or cunning hand seize the silver.

At the church of St. Vincente de Fors there is a chapel where the deceased kings and queens of Portugal are to be seen lying in the large velvet covered chests which serve as coffins. Nearly thirty chests are here lying on marble slabs, covered with palls, and surrounded by crowns.

As we came from the chapel our attention was drawn to the city prison by the entreaties of the poor inmates who stretched out their hands through the bars, climbed up them like monkeys, and called to us to give them money or tobacco. It seems that when a man is put in prison if his friends take no care of his comforts, or his brother unfortunates give him nothing of their share, he may starve. We could scarcely credit the existence of such a system, and yet seeing the numbers who kept passing in, we could not but conclude that our informant was correct. We went in, saw much of the prison, and then were glad to escape from the depressing place into the open air once more.

While at Lisbon we seized the opportunity of visiting Cintra, the paradise of Portugal, the mansion Mountserrat, and the Cork Convent. The latter was a very strange place, formed among caves, and each cave is lined with cork. Here about twenty monks could escape from the corruptions of society to the seductions of solitude. In the castle crowning the heights of Cintra the King of Portugal spends part of his time. Monarch and monks alike generally select for habitation the choicest and most romantic spots in nature. In one great hall is the largest table we have ever seen; it is a sort of knight's round table. The view from the gallery of one of the turrets is so extensive that while within the monarch could prepare to defend his kingdom, he could easily go and get a peep of almost all Portugal and see which way the enemy approached. This place is to Portugal what Windsor is to England.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER III.

A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER WORLD.

THE stranger's visit had so excited Mirabel that she could think and talk of nothing else till nightfall and, when she slept, the grey lady haunted her dreams. But on the morrow the painful realities of life thrust themselves anew upon her attention, and she had no time to indulge in idle imaginations. That morning Mrs. Dean was obliged to allow herself the unwonted extravagance of a cab, and Mirabel drove with her mother to the hospital. She felt sad and heavy-hearted as she walked home alone. She fancied that her mother seemed worse that morning. What if the doctors should not be able to do her good? What if——. But that thought was too dreadful to pursue. It was impossible to think what would become of them all if they were left without a mother.

There was a dreary, empty feeling about the room to-day that Mirabel had never noticed when her mother was away at work.

She was more gentle than usual with the little ones. She wished she had not promised to go to the artist's studio on the morrow. As the hours passed on, she found herself looking forward with shy reluctance and dread to the new experience.

The next morning she rose an hour earlier than usual, did her household tasks betimes, asked Mrs. Lovell to give an eye to little Jenny, started the boys off to school, and then made herself ready to go out. She sighed as she looked at her shabby clothes, and thought of the beautiful garments worn by their visitor of yesterday. But Mirabel's gown though shabby was perfectly neat, and her face had the fresh, healthy look which tells of a liberal use of cold water, while she had taken special care with the brushing and coiling of her beautiful hair.

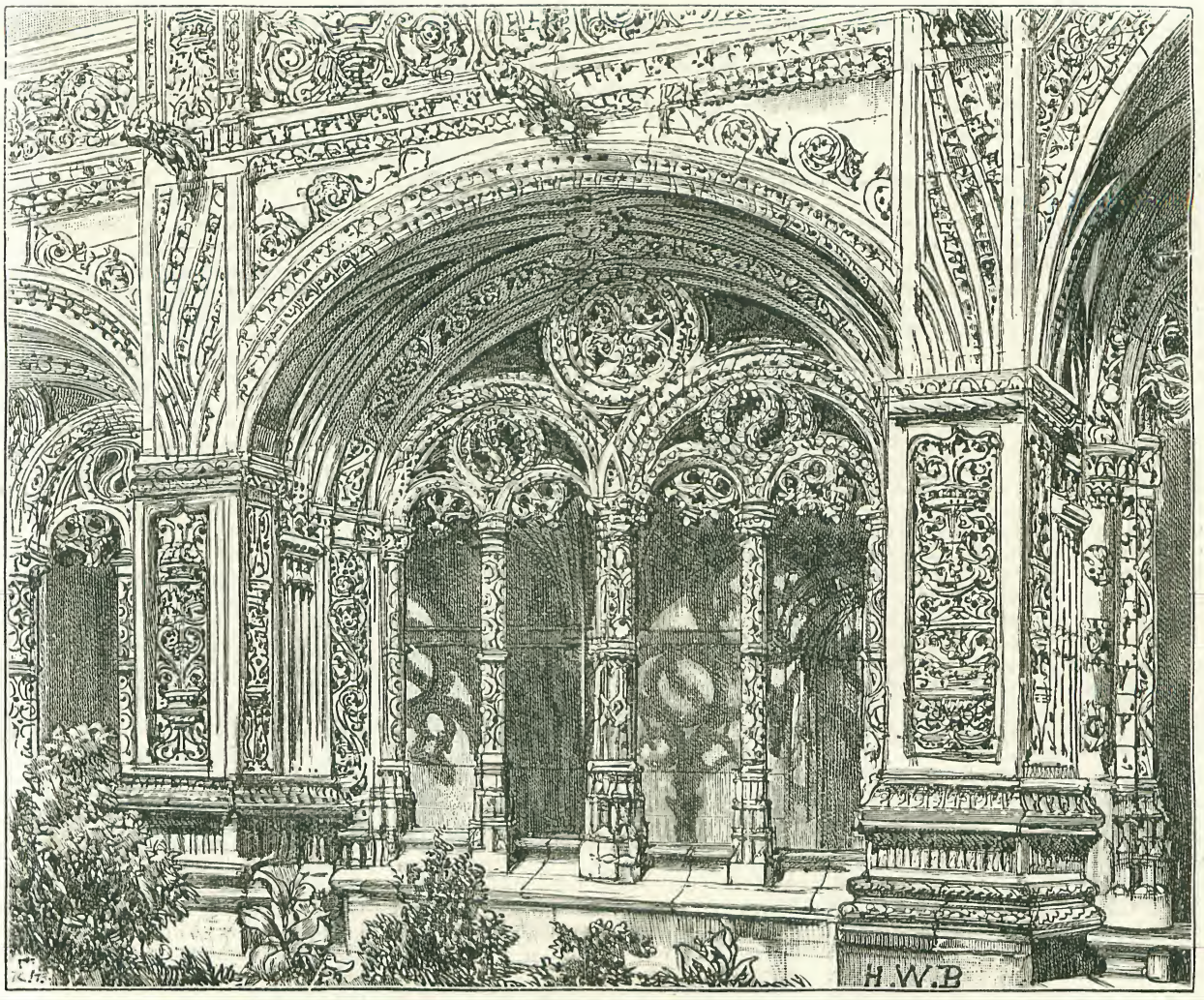
She allowed herself plenty of time for her walk to Kensington, and arrived there before the hour, though she waited till she heard a church clock strike ere she rang the bell of Mr. Bruce Collier's door. She followed the servant down a long covered passage to the door of the studio, which was separate from the house. The man left her on the threshold, while he said a few words to someone within, then he came back and bade her enter.

Shy and nervous, and wishing enough that she had not come, Mirabel stepped into the room. Then, as she gazed about her with bewildered eyes, every other sensation was forgotten in the wonder and admiration evoked by her surroundings.

She stood within a long, lofty apartment lighted from above. Never had she seen, never had she dreamed of such a room before. On every side were beautiful and wonderful objects. Oriental rugs were on the floor, rich draperies screened recesses or threw delicate and colourless works of art into fine relief; pictures were everywhere, standing on easels, leaning against the wall, hung where they caught the best light; statuettes, vases, goblets of Venetian glass, wrought in iridescent hues, old brasses, daggers, shields were massed together in a confusion which was exquisitely picturesque, while tall palms, and other hot-house plants, with a profusion of roses, enhanced the beauty of the scene.

Mirabel, who had seen little all her days save what was ugly, squalid, and ordinary, stood amazed and bewildered, feeling as if she had suddenly stepped into fairy-land. Then she was conscious of someone advancing to meet her. A kind face with earnest brown eyes looked down on her as Mr. Bruce Collier said, "Good morning. So you have come to sit for me. That is very good of you. I hardly believed in my good fortune when my sister told me she had persuaded you to come."

Mirabel lifted her beautiful hazel eyes to his, but could find nothing to say. She scarcely recognised him as the same gentleman who had walked past her door and inquired of her the way to the Addison Road. He looked different without his hat and in the soft, loose holland coat he wore when he was



THE CLOISTERS, BELEM.

painting. Yet she felt that his face was good and kind. She had no fear of him, though an unwonted shyness held her tongue-tied.

"You have never sat for anyone before, I suppose? No artist has ever painted you, I mean."

"Oh, no, sir."

"I am afraid you will find it rather tiresome work; but I will try not to weary you. Will you take off your hat? But perhaps you would like to take a look at the pictures before we begin?"

"Oh, I should like to so much," exclaimed Mirabel with nervous eagerness. "What lovely pictures they are! I never saw such big ones. And what beautiful frames they've got!"

It was impossible to help smiling at this crude admiration. But there was no contempt in Bruce Collier's smile. To him there was something pathetic in the girl's ignorance.

"Oh, isn't this beautiful!" she exclaimed presently, halting before a large picture which stood on an easel apart; "what a sweet face that woman has! She's like one of the 'Sisters of the Poor,' who come into our street. But what is it all about? Who is that big, fierce-looking man? I don't understand it at all."

It was not a very easy picture to explain. It had been in the last year's Academy and had there attracted considerable attention. It was sold; but Mr. Collier was keeping it till it suited the purchaser's convenience to take it away.

It represented an incident belonging to the plunder of Rome by Alaric and his followers. One of the Goths, breaking into a religious house, found there an aged nun of whom he demanded that she should yield up to him all the silver and gold in her possession. She complied, and set before him such an array of gold and silver vessels as the barbarian had never seen before. Amazed, he inquired the nature and use of these vessels. She replied—

"They are consecrated to the service of the Lord. I am not strong enough to defend them from you. Take them, if you are not afraid to do so; but you will have to answer for the deed."

Her words struck awe to the spirit of the warrior. Fearful of incurring the guilt of sacrilege, he sent to ask orders from Alaric, who commanded that the sacred vessels, the woman who had so faithfully guarded them, and any Christians, who might wish to accompany them, should be escorted by soldiers to the Basilica of St. Peter.

The picture represented the triumphal procession which was then formed and passed through the blood-stained, plundered streets to the great Basilica. The soldier and the "virgin of Christ" walked at its head; in the centre huge Gothic warriors bore on high the sacred vessels, then followed a band of the Roman Christians singing hymns; then their barbarian brethren chanting to the accompaniment of their rude instruments, while many pagans full of wonder mingled with the crowd.

It was a fine picture. Every detail had been carefully studied, every face and figure of the many which crowded the canvas was finely conceived and executed.

Mirabel gazed at it in wonder; but, unused to seeing pictures, her untrained eyes saw in it only a confusion of faces and forms and gleaming colours, till Bruce Collier, choosing his words with much care, began to explain to her its meaning. He found her a more intelligent listener than he expected. Mirabel had a nimble mind. She was naturally fond of learning and had been a favourite scholar with her teachers at the Board School she had attended. She sometimes went to evening classes, and her love of reading was a cause of uneasiness

to her mother, whose notions concerning the education of girls were decidedly behind the times. Mrs. Dean held that, as long as a girl knew how to read and write, she needed nothing more in the way of "book-learning," and literature could only prove a snare to her.

"The chief figure in the picture, you see, is that of the nun," said the artist, when he had explained the subject, "for she is the heroine of the story."

"What do you mean by the heroine?" asked Mirabel.

"The chief actor. About her and this great, brawny warrior the interest of the picture gathers."

"But a heroine means more than that, does it not?" asked Mirabel wonderingly.

"Why, yes, of course," said Bruce with some surprise; "a heroine is a woman who acts a brave and noble part."

"Like Grace Darling," said Mirabel.

"Just so," said Bruce Collier with a smile, "and my nun is a heroine in that sense too, for she seems to have had no fear for her own safety when the rude warrior invaded her sanctuary. Her one anxiety was to save, if possible, the sacred vessels, and she spoke boldly to him without a thought of the consequences. She was faithful to her trust in the hour of danger."

"Yes," said Mirabel, "and now she looks glad that the vessels are saved. And yet there is sadness in her face too, it seems to me."

"That is the natural expression of a nun," said the artist. "It is the sadness which is born of sacrifice. A woman cannot give up all the natural joys of life without a sense of loss, even though she renounces them willingly, thence the sadness. At least that was my idea."

Mirabel said nothing, and he wondered if she had caught the meaning of his words. But he was struck with the grave sweetness of her look and her beauty appealed to his artistic sense more powerfully than before. He was eager to begin a study of her face, and he passed on hurriedly to the next picture, impatient for the inspection to be over. Presently he was engaged in placing Mirabel in the pose that would best suit the character of her beauty. At first the girl was painfully shy and self-conscious; but the quiet, matter-of-fact manner of the artist soon set her at ease. He asked her to remove her hat and then a few minutes later made the request that she would let down her hair. With a blush Mirabel complied, and her beautiful hair fell like a mantle over her shoulders, delighting the artist with its profusion and the exquisite golden gleams that played upon the long wavy tresses.

He searched amid his store of draperies till he found some material of a soft green shade which with deft hands he lightly disposed about Mirabel. Then he walked to a distance to mark the effect.

The girl sat with downcast eyes, a delicate pink flush tinting her cheek. She had forgotten all about the lady who had promised to take care of her when she came to the studio. She was feeling shy, but not unhappy. It was pleasant to think that she was so fair, pleasant to know that she was delighting the eyes of the artist and that he saw in her a picture which he was eager to transfer to his canvas. The admiration his glances expressed was too impersonal to cause her embarrassment. Mirabel was longing to see him begin to paint when suddenly the door of the studio flew open and a fairy-like apparition appeared, a girlish form daintily attired in white with soft lace ruffles at neck and wrists. Young Mrs. Leslie looked prettier and younger than before, seen without her hat and with her fair, silky hair fresh from the hands of a skilful maid. Yet she had no actual beauty, as Mrs. Dean had been quick to see. The secret of her attractiveness lay in a certain vividness of expression and vivacity of manner, the charm of which was more easily felt than described.

"Oh, Bruce," she exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment, "has the sitting begun? I had no idea that it was so late. I have only just learned that Miss——" She paused and looked at Mirabel with a pretty expression of bewilderment on her child-like face. "There, I have quite forgotten your name! Do, please, be so kind as to tell it to me."

"Mirabel Dean," replied the girl, as her eyes rested admiringly on the fairy-like figure before her.

"Mirabel! Of course," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. "Such a pretty name. And it just suits her, does it not, Bruce? It must mean 'the admired one,' or something of that kind, I am sure. You won't mind if I call you Mirabel?'

"Oh, no; why should I?" asked the girl simply. "Everyone calls me Mirabel."

"Then, Mirabel, I am so glad that you have come, and I am very sorry that I was not here when you arrived. How long has she been here, Bruce?"

"Mirabel arrived at the hour appointed, which was eleven o'clock," said her brother. "It now wants twenty minutes to twelve. Happily for me her notions of time are not so vague as yours appear to be, my dear sister. I suppose you were in bed at eleven o'clock."

"No, I am sure I was up before then," said Mrs. Leslie. "Though when you remember that I was dancing till four, you might forgive me if I did sleep rather late."

"Oh, I forgive you; you are one of the butterfly order, and you enjoy yourself after your nature; but Mirabel is a busy bee, and has learned to improve each shining hour, as the little hymn has it."

"And I am busy too sometimes, but you are always so hard on me," pouted his sister. Then she ran to his side and stood for a moment to look at Mirabel from the same point of view.

"Oh, Bruce," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "how lovely she is! She will make a perfect Geraldine. It will be the best picture you have ever painted. Oh, you beautiful creature, I do love you." And with childish impetuosity she flew to Mirabel and pressed a kiss on her forehead.

Mirabel flushed crimson with surprise and pleasure. Involuntarily she moved from the position in which the artist had so carefully placed her, and he exclaimed in sudden vexation—

"Oh, Cora, Cora, I shall never get on if you disturb my sitter in this way. I had just succeeded in getting the right pose, and now——"

"Oh, I am so sorry," exclaimed Mirabel, as she realised what she had done. "I quite forgot that I didn't ought to move."

She looked so distressed that he hastened to make light of the matter.

"Oh, it is nothing. I can soon place you as you were. And please tell me when you grow tired of keeping in the same position, for I am apt to forget how time is passing when I am at work."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed his sister, "you are most unmerciful to your models. I remember when I sat for you once you kept me so long in the same posture that I thought I should have fainted. I was quite worn out."

"Nay, my dear sister, now you are romancing. Nothing was worn out except my patience, for you moved whenever you thought you would, which was every minute. I don't know how I managed to paint you at all."

"Of course," said his sister complacently, "everyone says that your portrait does not do me justice, but it is too bad to blame me for that."

"I shall blame you for spoiling my Geraldine soon," he exclaimed, as she hovered about Mirabel, much to the girl's discomfiture. "Do sit down and keep quiet for a little while, Cora, if you can."

With a pout Mrs. Leslie subsided into an easy chair, and the artist proceeded with his work. Little was done at that first sitting, however. He was content with trying the effect of different poses, and making a few hasty sketches of the same.

"That will do for to-day," he said at last. "I am sure you must be very weary."

"Oh, no, I am not," said Mirabel. "I have not been sitting very long, have I?"

"More than an hour," he replied, with a smile. "It is almost one o'clock. I see you have more patience than I gave you credit for."

"One o'clock!" exclaimed Mirabel, rising in haste. She remembered that the children would be wanting their dinner, and she hurriedly shook off the drapery that enveloped her and put on her hat.

"Wait a bit," said the artist, as she was about to hurry away. "You must not go without the money you have earned." And he put five shillings into her hand.

Mirabel looked at the money wonderingly as it lay in her palm, and her colour rose.

"It is too much," she said, in a low voice. "I am ashamed to take so much when I have done nothing."

"That is nonsense," said Bruce Collier in a kindly manner. "You have been of great service to me, and I pay you for your time. I have only given you what is right."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed his sister. "And it was so good of you to come, when I know you cannot well be spared from home. How is your mother? Has she gone into the hospital?"

"Yes, ma'am; she went yesterday," said Mirabel, and the tears rose suddenly in her eyes.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Mrs. Leslie; "but you must not cry. The doctors are so clever, they are sure to make her well. Come this way for a moment. I want to show you something."

As she spoke she opened a door at the side of the studio. It opened on to a stretch of greenest lawn, shaded by some fine old trees and flanked by borders gay with bright flowers. She led the girl across this and opened the door of a conservatory which adjoined the house.

"I thought you would like to take a look at the flowers," said Mrs. Leslie. "Aren't they lovely?"

Lovely indeed! Mirabel had never seen such a display. She stood speechless with wonder and admiration as she saw the rare and exquisite blooms which adorned the conservatory. Such roses, petunias, begonias, gloxinas, orchids. Mirabel's satisfaction found expression in a long-drawn sigh.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed at last. "And what a lot there are. Are they all yours?"

"They are my brother's," said the lady, smiling. "But, of course, I enjoy them too."

Then she took up a pair of scissors and began to snip off a flower here and there. She knew that the feelings of the gardener would be outraged by her daring act, but she did not care. She meant to give herself the pleasure of seeing Mirabel's eyes sparkle and her cheek glow with delight. And she was not disappointed of this effect when she put the cluster of lovely flowers into Mirabel's hands. The girl knew not how to express her thanks, but her radiant glances spoke more eloquently than words.

A few minutes later she was speeding on her homeward way with feet that scarcely felt the ground beneath them, and a face as bright and attractive as the flowers she carried.

But the brightness slowly faded from her countenance when she found herself again in the dismal neighbourhood in which her home lay. Never had Providence Street looked so deplorable in her eyes. Its aspect was enough to make anyone doubt the existence of Providence. The dingy, ill-kept houses, the dirty, ragged, dissipated-looking women who stood at the doors or sat on the steps, engaged in their never-ending gossip, the neglected, miserable children, the flaring public-houses, which alone seemed to flourish at the expense of everything else, Mirabel's heart sickened as she looked on them all. The beautiful place in which she had found herself that morning, the lovely lady, the kind, good man who had looked at her with such grave, earnest eyes, the flowers, the pictures, the fair colours—all seemed now no more than a dream.

But when she glanced at the lovely flowers she carried, Mirabel knew that it was no dream. No; this place and that place alike existed, and within but a short distance of each other. Ah, and there was no greater contrast between the two places than there was between her lot and that of the fine lady who had talked to her so freely that morning, and even condescended to kiss her. A feeling of bitterness awoke within Mirabel at the thought.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Four Recipes for Fritters.

Beignets.—Put some lemon-peel, or a little essence of lemon, with two ounces of white sugar into a pint of water to boil. Then stir into the water by very slow degrees as much flour as will make it into a stiff paste. Keep stirring on the fire until the flour loses its raw taste and is quite done. It will not burn if well stirred. Then take it off the fire and add eight eggs, one by one, keeping it well stirred. Then have some boiling lard ready in a deep saucepan. Take about the size of a cherry of the mixture on the handle of a wooden spoon and shake it off into the boiling grease by knocking it on the side of the frying-pan. When fried a light brown, lay each on a sheet of paper before the fire to drain on a sieve.

Serve on a serviette with a little powdered sugar.

Curd Fritters.—Rub down in a mortar a quart of dried curd with the yolks of eight and the whites of four eggs well beaten.

Add two ounces of sifted sugar, half a nutmeg, and half a spoonful of flour. Drop the batter into a frying-pan with a little butter and soft, powdered sugar over them.

Potato Fritters.—Take some potatoes, boil and peel them, pass them through a sieve or colander with a spoon. Then take some good cream and mix it with the potatoes till they are a little thicker than batter.

Take three eggs, well beaten, and a little salt, and mix the ingredients all well up together. Then fry them in a pan of hot lard and send them up as you would apple fritters. Sprinkle a little salt over them before sending up.

Orange Fritters.—Take the rind of two oranges, removing all the white skin. Then cut the oranges in slices across, and take out all the pips. Dip the slices in batter and fry them. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them when served.

Potatoes boiled in their skins should not be left in them to get cold or they become sodden. If they are to be kept they should have the skins removed after they are boiled.

Milk that is to be kept sweet in hot weather should be boiled and left to get cold and then boiled again.

Advice to a Cook.

Mix your soups and your hashes and gravies with brains,
You'll be amply repaid for your trouble and pains.
Neglecting this rule you will find to your grief
Your fame and renown as a cook will be brief.

The walls of sitting-rooms and staircases should be wiped down at least once a month with a clean duster tied on to the head of a broom with a long handle. Dust settles on walls whether we see it or not—and it should not be allowed to remain there.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put in the water in which meat is boiled, will often prevent it from being tough.

Water-cans should not have water left to stand in them, as it helps to rust them.

In case of scarlatina or other infectious disease—anointing the skin with eucalyptus oil (oleusaban) allays irritation and helps to prevent the spread of infection. It also greatly helps the recovery of the patient. Great care should be taken to get the eucalyptus oil pure, as the inferior kinds are mixed with other oils.

The dust-bin of a house should be the object of great solicitude on the part of the housekeeper, and no animal or vegetable refuse should ever be allowed inside it. Vegetable refuse should all be consumed on the fire at convenient times, and animal refuse (such as fat and bones) should be given away to some deserving person who can sell it.

Meat that is not *quite fresh, and* of which there is doubt as to its keeping, should be roasted or fried but not boiled.

To clarify dripping or fat, break it up into a good-sized china basin and pour over it a pint or more of boiling water.

When cold the fat will have formed a cake on the top. Turn this out on to a plate and scrape off the impurities on the under side. It will then be fit for all cooking purposes, but if wanted for pastry repeat the process two or three times, when it will be extra good and fit for pastry or cakes.

Frozen meat should be thawed in tepid water before cooking, or hung in a warm kitchen for a few hours. It cannot be properly cooked unless this is done.

Bedrooms should never be scrubbed after midday or on a wet day, unless there is a fire to dry the room thoroughly before bedtime. But, after sweeping with damp tea-leaves, the floor and woodwork can be wiped with a damp but not wet flannel. In fine weather the bedding should be removed from the bedstead and all the brass or ironwork washed and wiped.

When clothes are taken off the body at night they should be turned inside out and hung up in the air—not thrown in a heap on the chair or floor. This should especially be done with what is worn next to the skin, and children should be taught this habit quite early.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.



WHEN the carriage, in which Clare Llewellen travelled from Wales to Bath, drew up at the door of her aunt's handsome house in the Royal Crescent, her feelings were not of the most enviable nature. She had been endeavouring, during her journey, to form plans for her proceedings with the Countess Sforza; but they all vanished from her mind as she set foot on the stone steps of the entrance, and finally found herself in the drawing-room. Never had she returned her aunt's usually cold embrace with such frigidity before; never had she met her after an absence with such a chilling salutation. But she could not help it. Not all her resolution to conceal her feelings until a fitting opportunity of disclosing them, could conquer the disgust she felt at the sight of one, who had, for so many years, acted so deceitful a part, and kept her in ignorance of the dearest and nearest tie that can bind heart to heart—nay, more, had endeavoured to instil into her young mind unkind thoughts of the gentlest, fondest, dearest of parents. Clare had self-command enough in the mere fashionable, common-place world she lived in—but she had none when the best feelings of her soul were interested and concerned.

"I am glad you are come, my dear," said the Countess, evidently without noticing the change in Clare's manner. "Lord Hastings told me you would certainly be here to-day, and it really is essential that we should pay every attention to this Colonel Llewellen when he arrives. He has been an age in India, where he has made himself as rich as Crœsus, and has not a nearer relative in the world than ourselves. He has been travelling through Europe on his way home, and found out my address somehow or other in Italy. He does not say when he will be here, but it may be this week or next. It will be a great bore to have to entertain a fussy, old Indian, and quite out of my way; so you must do the agreeable, for the sake of his ten thousand a year."

"I never would play the agreeable for the mere sake of gain, to any living creature," said Clare, "therefore, cannot undertake Colonel Llewellen."

"Nonsense, my dear," said the Countess, "that is all romance. You had better go and take off your travelling dress, and I will order dinner at once."

Clare was glad to make her escape. Her heart was bursting to tell her aunt all she knew, and even then her resolution was giving way. She went to her room, and instead of changing her dress, sat in deep thought, until Louise came, uncalled, and roused her. She was making unpleasant comparisons. She seemed to feel upon her cheek the warm, fond kiss of her mother, and the maternal tears of joy and love that accompanied it; she was, in imagination, pressed in her arms, in a long, heartfelt embrace—she saw her mild, beautiful eyes beaming upon her—she heard her gentle tones of affection—she was conscious of being tenderly loved by a mother and sisters—and such a mother and sisters! and she knew that they were at that moment thinking and speaking of her. She had left them in retirement—not now, she thanked God, in poverty—though their means of support were uncertain—she had come back to affluence and the world; but what were they? There was the cold, formal salute of her cold, fashionable aunt—there would be soon the mockery of warm-heartedness, in the visits of her acquaintances. Oh, that she were again in her mother's arms!—oh, that she were by her sweet sister's side!

Louise dressed her without her saying a word. She went down to dinner; it passed without much conversation, for the servants were in attendance. Her aunt asked her if she were tired, or in love, or both, that she was so silent; and her reply was short and absent. Her aunt was curious to know about the Wynnes, their place, etc.; but she was unsatisfactory. When they were left to themselves, the Countess began upon the visit to Hastings Abbey.

"I almost promised Lord Hastings to go as soon as Colonel Llewellen would permit me. The only drawback is my poor frame. I never have recovered that Italian affair. By-the-bye, Lord Hastings said he had seen the poor tutor's grandfather."

"Yes," said Clare, "and so have I."

"You! and what was he like?"

"Very old, very venerable, and deeply afflicted."

"My dear, you give me the horrors by your solemn tones. One would think you had seen a ghost! Who and what is he?"

"He is a clergyman by the name of Lloyd, Rector of the parishes of Glanheathyn and Craigyvellyn in Wales."

Clare fixed her eyes on her aunt as she pronounced these names. When they were in Italy, Glanheathyn had been familiar to them as the residence of the unfortunate Herbert, and to which place Lord Hastings had directed his letters; but Craigyvellyn had never been mentioned. Clare knew that her aunt must have addressed her few and short letters to her mother at Craigyvellyn, therefore she wished to see whether the name would strike her. It did, apparently, since she repeated the word, though evidently, at first, without knowing where she had heard it.

"Craigyvellyn," she said. "I have heard that name, surely," then suddenly recollecting herself, her face flushed crimson, and she asked, anxiously, how Clare had managed to get there.

"I went with my sister to see my mother," said Clare, whilst her heart beat quick, and her lips quivered.

Had a thunder-bolt suddenly fallen between the aunt and niece, the former could scarcely have been more terrified and astonished. For the first time in her life, Clare saw her display natural feelings. She trembled between passion and shame—shame at being found out by the girl she had so cruelly deceived. But this unwonted combat did not last long. She soon relapsed into her customary indifference, and asked, as coolly as she could what Clare meant.

Steadily, but respectfully, Clare went through the history of her meeting with Gwenllean, and the consequent discovery of her relatives. She endeavoured to avoid aggravating her aunt's feelings by any personal allusions—did not even seem to suppose that she knew anything about her mother, but simply told an unvarnished tale, leaving her aunt to draw her own conclusions from it. And she certainly did appear to draw her own conclusions, if her countenance was the index of her mind; for it underwent perpetual variations. She listened, however, coolly, and without once interrupting her niece, until she ceased to speak, and then drawing herself up proudly, and as if she were deeply injured, said—

"Well! you have made quite a novel out of your meeting with that distinguished songstress at that vile Welsh music affair; and, doubtless, think yourself a heroine. I always imagined that child would disgrace her family; she was the image of her mother."

Clare felt her blood boil in her veins; for is there anything so exasperating as to feel that those you love are trampled on?

"My sister is no disgrace to her family," she said, indignantly, "but its highest honour—I wish I could boast of so certain a title to excellence as she does."

"Perhaps you had better make your *debût* at the next Gloucester festival,"

said the Countess, ironically. "I doubt not you would be rapturously received."

"I have no ambition of the kind," replied Clare, "neither had my sister—but she is one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld, and such was the universal opinion of every one that she met at the Wynnes'."

"And pray do our friends know of this mighty discovery you have made?"

"No! the secret rests with ourselves."

"So much the better. It would never do for the world to know you had such beggarly relations."

"What! not even though they are my own mother and sisters? Besides, they are all more perfectly lady-like than any of our acquaintances."

"Oh, yes! I dare say," said the Countess, with a sneer; "I remember your—ah! hem—Lady Llewellen always set up for being a quiet, genteel sort of person; but she generally failed with people who were at all *distingués*."

"Really!" said Clare, "I should never have imagined that possible, since it is always allowed that quiet, lady-like manners, even when accompanied by comparative imbecility, pass in society for good breeding; and many a person goes down as somebody, simply because she has the talent of hiding her inanity under a lady-like exterior, and saying nothing. But my mother is not only well-bred, but sensible and elegant."

"You seem to have discovered wonders in a short time," said the Countess, angrily; "but all this is folly. I suppose you mean to perform something magnanimous, for you have been evidently in the heroics ever since you have been back; so for pity's sake, my dear, finish at once; for I never could stand scenes in my life, and shall die of it."

"I really do not know what you mean, aunt," said Clare, in an annoyed voice. "I see nothing magnanimous or heroic in being so happy as to find you have a mother and sisters, when you imagined you had none."

"Happy, indeed! It is the most unfortunate discovery you could possibly have made, and unless you are extremely careful, and insist upon their keeping the secret, it may ruin your prospects for ever."

"I see no necessity of keeping the secret; nor do I see how my having such near and dear relatives can injure my prospects."

The Countess Sforza opened her eyes even wider than she sometimes opened them for a fashionable stare. Clare stood her gaze without shrinking. At last she said—

"Why, Clare, you perfectly astonish me. Is it possible that all the pains which have been taken with your education should be thrown away, and that you should be, at least, so little versed in knowledge of the world as not to know that there is not a greater curse than poor relations."

"So Charles Lamb says, I believe," responded Clare, drily.

"What has Charles Lamb to do with us? Do you not know that you are now looked upon as a person of consideration, but that with an almost destitute mother and sisters, you will be thought very differently of?"

"The opinion of anybody who would judge me by the circumstances of my friends, is not worth a thought. I would relinquish any one whom I had considered my friend, did he show so contemptible a spirit, even had I discovered my mother to be a farmer's wife, instead of a baronet's."

"Then I suppose you mean to take up your mother and this heroic sister of yours, and talk of them as your friends."

"I certainly mean to treat them, talk of them, and consider them as my mother and sisters, as long as they have no objection, under whatever circumstances I may be placed; and surely, my dear aunt, you could not expect me to do otherwise."

Clare added the concluding clause in a pacifying tone, fearing that it would not please, but it had no effect on her aunt, whose torpid nature was roused, and who was violently irritated.

"I certainly do expect you to do otherwise, Miss Llewellen," she said, as soon as she could gain utterance; "or you must renounce me. Do you suppose that I have brought you up in ignorance of those who have been a disgrace to your family, and the means of its ruin, until your present age, with the intention of your becoming re-united to them, when your expectations are as good as they now are? Your mother was a person of low birth and low cunning, and by scheming got into the good graces of your father and grandfather; and finally, by her extravagance ruined her husband. I vowed then never to notice her again, and I never will—nay, more, if any person connected with me holds any correspondence with her, I will renounce her also, and never see her more."

Clare's face turned from red to pale, as her aunt spoke, and when she ceased, she felt oppressed and bewildered. Here was a crisis, when she had hoped to have laid the foundation for a reconciliation. But she understood her powers ill; she was too determined and independent herself to conciliate, and would not yield, indeed did not know how to yield, when her feelings were concerned. She looked at her aunt's flushed face, and remembered that her anger was not only unjust, but that she had been, herself, the cause of it. She did not love her aunt though she was grateful to her; and she believed that her aunt's feelings for her were more those of gratified pride than affection. She knew that it would wound her in her tenderest part—that of her family pride—were she to do anything derogatory to her station, and therefore did not imagine that she would keep her word so as to send her away. But she did not know that selfishness and vanity will do anything to gain their own ends; and the Countess would rather have seen her favourite niece in poverty than have acknowledged her rival, Lady Llewellen, or re-admitted her into her family.

Clare sat a few moments silent, as if to regain composure herself, or to allow her aunt to do so, then she said—

"I scarcely understand you, aunt. You certainly cannot mean to asperse a mother's character in the presence of her daughter, much less to threaten to renounce that daughter for acknowledging her own mother."

"I mean exactly what I say," was the reply, "and since you come more closely to the point, I beg to add, that you may choose between an aunt who has educated and brought you up like a princess, and a mother who first ruined you, and now, I dare say, wishes to prejudice you against me: for there is nothing too bad for her art or deceit."

Clare could not bear this. She rose from her chair with dignity, and, standing a few minutes before her aunt, spoke with agitation but firmness.

"You are mistaken," she said. "My mother spoke of you very differently from what you imagine, recommending me to be dutiful and grateful to you. I would be both, but you forbid me. Nothing—no arguments, no persuasions, no interest, could ever make me renounce my mother. I would gladly keep my two mothers, but you say you will not allow me—that you will never see me more. If there is no alternative"—here she paused, but the Countess said nothing—"if there is no alternative, I must share the fate, even though it be worse than it is, of my mother and sisters. I must dwell with them, work with them, starve with them if it must be so—anything rather than give them up. I am told to 'honour my father and mother,' and surely you would not have me break God's commandments? I thank you, from my heart I thank you, for all you have done for me. I grieve to repay you thus; but you no longer leave it in my power to prove my gratitude. If I have spoken rudely, I beg your pardon: but I cannot hear my mother insulted with impunity. I do not love her the less because I have only just discovered her. She will receive me, and love me—therefore I have a home, and a happy one in prospect; still, I should be thankful if I could go thither with, at least, your good wishes."

Clare stood a moment silent; but her aunt's anger was at its height. She restrained it, however, and motioning Clare to the door, merely said, with cold politeness—

"You have made your choice: I have no more to say. My carriage and servants shall convey you home, if you desire it—but I have no wish to see you again."

She bent stiffly, and Clare returned her salute as stiffly, for her aunt's want of feeling steeled her heart, and she even wished that she had not conceded as much as she had done. Indeed, had she not promised her mother to act with consideration—and that mother and her words were before her during the past scene—she would scarcely have spoken as calmly as she did, but would at once have deeply resented her aunt's conduct. She now walked slowly out of the room, without speaking again, and retired to meditate upon what course she had better pursue.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

JOURNALISM.—*I am told that the profession of journalism is a good one for women nowadays, that it is not yet overcrowded, and that the pay is fairly good. Would you kindly inform me whether this is so, and what steps should be taken to get work? The girl in whom I am specially interested is well-educated and has won prizes and magazines for essays, poems, etc. She also reads French and German and would, I think, be good at translating. I suppose a knowledge of shorthand is advisable?*—"QUILL-DRIVING."

Opinions differ concerning the "overcrowdedness" of journalism. It is true that a great many women are doing work in the profession of one kind and another, and that some of them have a hard struggle for existence. Nevertheless we do not yet consider the profession to be overcrowded. We cannot ignore the fact that there is a great and growing demand among all classes of the population for writing of a journalistic kind: and consequently the supply might be increased without anyone being unfairly elbowed out. Then you ask whether the pay is "fairly good." The qualification must be used relatively to other work performed by women of similar class and education. Making this comparison we should say unhesitatingly that it is good. Compared with the High School teacher who, after a long and rather expensive education, receives a salary beginning at £80 to £100, or the hospital nurse who, not necessarily endowed with much education, receives her keep together with the wage of an upper-class servant and works laboriously for such remuneration, the position of the journalist is undoubtedly superior. We are inclined to think that the average journalist needs to be a cleverer woman than the teacher or the nurse; that is to say, she must have more natural quick-wittedness and play of ideas. But her labour, though fatiguing to the mind and nervous system, is seldom tedious, and can be made as varied and interesting as her disposition enables her to make it. Her education need not imperatively be good, though her prospects of success and her literary "staying power" will be immensely improved if it is. But when we remember that young women of the most moderate scholarship and acquirements earn their £100 a year quite easily, we are obliged to declare that journalism is a well-paid profession.

Making the beginning is of course the troublesome chapter. If the girl lives in the provinces, even though her home be in a large town, she is at a disadvantage compared with the Londoner. For of journalism as of other businesses the principle seems to hold good, that if you want to succeed you must plant yourself in the midst of your competitors. Why the editors of the great provincial papers do not encourage women writers we cannot say, but the fact remains that they do not. Supposing then that your young friend can live in London, we advise her to begin by offering paragraphs of news in suitable quarters. She should attend meetings and interesting ceremonies and be always in the midst when anything picturesque or effective is toward. In this manner she will be certain to remark some merit that escapes the eye of her neighbour, and she will be able to give the account of a spectator, which is almost always of value. Naturally she must take the chance of others doing the same, but if she is prompt in sending in her news, the chances are that after no long interval she will begin to find her contributions accepted. If at the same time she can join some society or club where literary people meet she will find it advantageous; for it is something, though not everything, to have friends in the world of writers. To shorthand we do not attach great importance, though many persons do. It is a useful acquirement for a secretary, but it is seldom wanted by a writer. On the other hand, if a girl aims at verbatim reporting, which is highly paid work, shorthand is essential; but we regard verbatim reporting as rather a hindrance than a help to any person who wishes to develop literary ability. For descriptive reporting, which is in much greater demand, shorthand is unnecessary. Your friend's knowledge of French and German will certainly be a help, but from translation we would dissuade her. It is in small demand and miserably paid.

Many of our correspondents, in enclosing lines for criticism, add the question: "Would you advise me to go on writing verse?"

We endeavour, in each individual instance, to give sound advice; but it has occurred to us that an extract from a letter written by the poet Southey to Charlotte Brontë, might be generally helpful to our girl-readers. Charlotte, at the age of twenty, wrote to ask Southey, then Poet Laureate, his opinion of her poems. He says in reply:

"You evidently possess, and in no inconsiderable degree, what Wordsworth calls the 'faculty of verse.' I am not depreciating it when I say that in these times it is not rare. Many volumes of poems are now published every year without attracting public attention, any one of which, if it had appeared half a century ago, would have obtained a high reputation for its author. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of distinction in this way ought to be prepared for disappointment."

After stating what we can hardly now accept, that "literature cannot be the business of a woman's life," the poet gives some sage counsel, which we commend to our would-be poets: "Do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess, nor that I would discourage you from exercising it. I only exhort you so to think of it, and so to use it, as to render it conducive to your own permanent good. Write poetry for its own sake; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity; the less you aim at that the more likely you will be to deserve and finally to obtain it. So written, it is wholesome both for the heart and soul; it may be made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind and elevating it. You may embody in it your best thoughts and your wisest feelings, and, in so doing, discipline and strengthen them."

An anonymous correspondent asks us the source of the following rhyme:—

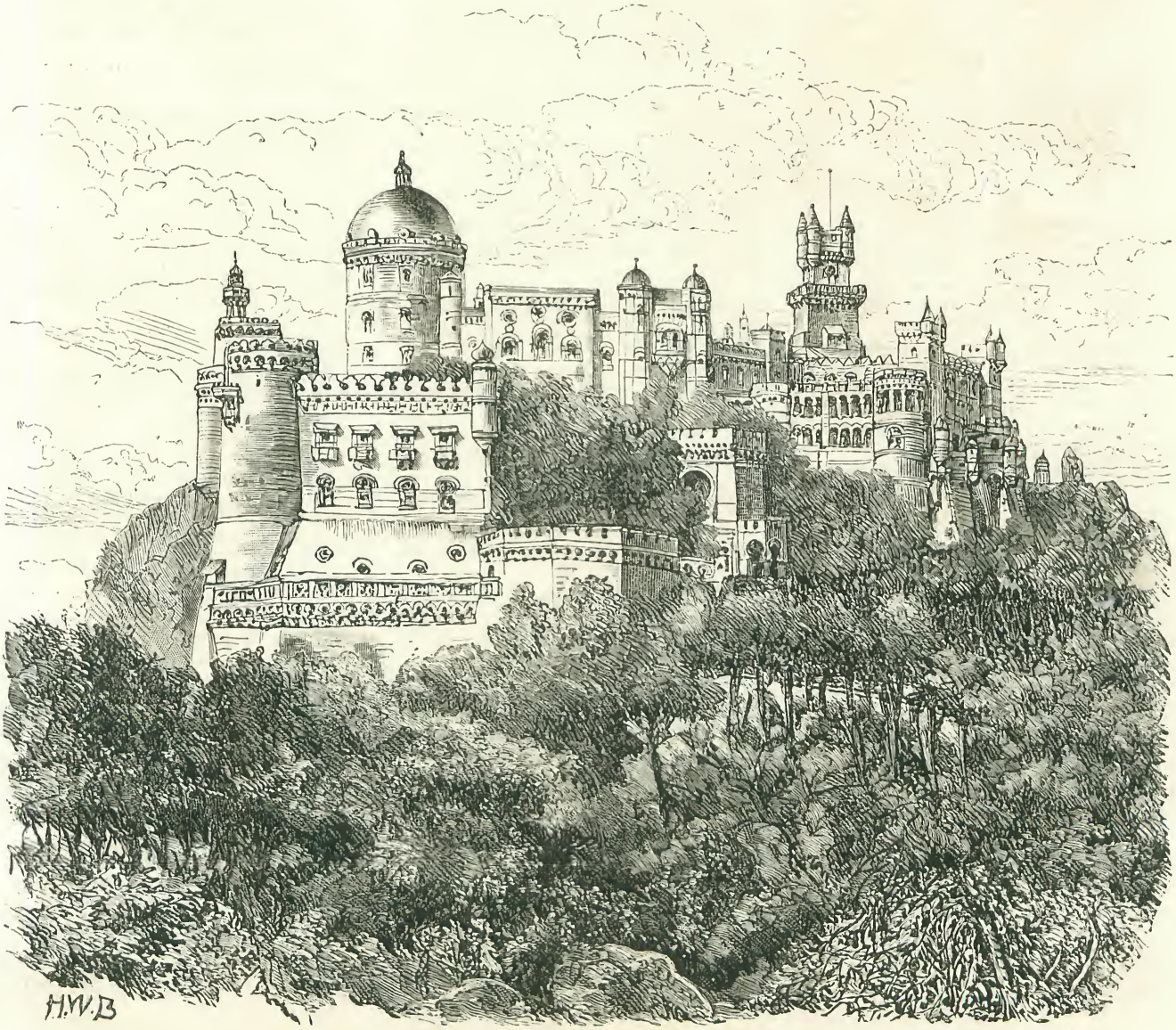
"The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again."

This is the accurate form of the quotation. It is called "Old Tarlton's Song," and was printed in a quarto tract, named "Pigges Corantoe, or News from the North," in London, in 1642.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 906.] MAY 8, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CASTLE OF CINTRA.



"THIS PLACE IS TO PORTUGAL WHAT WINDSOR IS TO ENGLAND" (p. 490).

All rights reserved.]

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER IV.

JEM LOVELL.

MIRABEL gave the children their dinner, and set about her deferred household tasks with a sense of depression and disgust, such as she had never felt before. A distaste for her life, with its monotony and drudgery and lack of beauty, had come to her. Even Baby Jenny's pretty prattle and her delight over the flowers failed to cheer Mirabel, dearly as she loved the child. The hot-house blossoms made a rare glow of colour and beauty in the dingy little room, gladdening the eyes of Jenny and her crippled brother, and even making rough Harry exclaim with pleasure when he saw them. But it seemed to Mirabel, though she felt their beauty, that they rendered more striking the meanness and ugliness of her surroundings. She contrasted these with the place from which the flowers had come, and the canker of discontent began to prey upon her mind. Why should one woman live surrounded by everything that was beautiful and could minister joy, and another, just as capable of appreciating these, lead a life so barren of beauty and pleasure? Mirabel's was not the first young heart that had bitterly pondered this problem. She did not know how old a thorn it was, nor how many impatient spirits had fretted beneath its pricks. It was a new and painful experience to her, and came as the result of her glimpse that morning of another world. Yet she could not regret her fuller knowledge. There was fascination in the thought of all she had seen and learned that morning, and already she was looking forward with eagerness to the hour when she should visit the studio again.

Mirabel was very dreamy and absent of mind during the remainder of the day. She heard little that the children said to her, unless they shouted it a second time. She was sitting in absolute idleness that evening, a very unusual thing for her, when there was a tap at the door of the room, and Jem Lovell, Fanny's brother, entered. Mirabel started slightly as she saw him, and her colour rose as she responded to his "Good-evening."

Fanny's brother was several years older than she was. He was a tall, slight young man, with a pale, unhealthy-looking face, and somewhat fierce, dark eyes. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and a skilful workman. He did not share the home of his mother and sister, but lodged somewhere near the Tottenham Court Road, where his work lay. He was not a particularly affectionate son, but he had found it agreeable to visit his mother very often of an evening since about a year ago, when she came to live in this house he had first caught sight of Mirabel's pretty, winsome face.

Mirabel had divined that Fanny's brother admired her, and the thought yielded her some gratification. She knew that he was a clever workman, and she believed that he possessed much knowledge beyond that pertaining to his craft, for she had heard him talk upon many subjects of which she understood nothing. He belonged to a working men's club of the most advanced Radical type, and held Socialistic and even revolutionary opinions, which he occasionally expressed with great vehemence. His acquaintance with Mirabel had already advanced to some degree of intimacy, and he had good hope of ultimately attaining what had become his heart's most cherished desire.

This evening, however, he was less sanguine than usual with respect to his future happiness. He had learned that concerning Mirabel which made him uneasy, and led him to cut short his visit to his mother, that he might have time for a long talk with Mirabel ere he went away.

There was suspicion in Jem's manner as he gazed round the little room. His eyes fell on the flowers, and the girl seeing it, exclaimed proudly—

"There! What do you think of them? Would you ever expect to see the like here?"

"No, indeed," he said. "Such flowers don't grow in Providence Street. But they are beauties," he added, moving nearer to them, for he was somewhat of an amateur gardener, and he could not withhold his admiration of these splendid specimens. "What lovely roses! And this is a bit of 'eliotrope, and, look here, Mirabel, this is what they calls a 'horkid.'"

"It's very beautiful," said Mirabel, "but I like the roses best."

"And where may these have come from?" asked Jem with some sharpness of tone.

"Oh, the lady, the artist's sister gave them to me this morning, when I was at the studio, you know. Has not Fanny told you about it?"

"Yes, she has, and I wish she had not, or rather I wish that she had not been able to tell me of such a thing. I hate the thought of your going there to sit for that man. It is not nice for you, Mirabel. I can't think how your mother could allow it."

"Why not?" asked Mirabel in wonder; "what harm is there in it? I like sitting to be painted."

"More's the pity," he said gloomily. "It's making a trade of your good looks, and that's degrading to any woman. Why, do you know to what class of women artists' models generally belong?"

Mirabel shook her head. "I never knew there were such people," she said simply. Her innocence abashed him. He did not explain his words.

"I wish to goodness you had never engaged yourself to sit for that man," he said, "no good can come of it."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, "I must do something to earn money, now that mother is laid aside, and this is very easy work, if work it can be called."

"That's it," he exclaimed, "it's not work. You're being paid for your good looks, that's what it is. Of course I have no right to say anything; but, as your friend, I would rather you worked at the hardest, commonest toil than did such a thing as this."

Mirabel reflected that in that case it would be her back and limbs that would ache, and not his."

"If I do not work exactly," she said, "I am of real use. Mr. Collier said that I was of the greatest service to him. He thanked me for it, and was very kind."

"Kind!" he retorted, "such kindness is degrading. Those people think that if they give us a few smiles and smooth words, they can do anything with us. I'll be bound he did not treat you as he would a lady of his own class."

"I don't know about that," said Mirabel, "but I am sure he behaved as nicely as possible to me, and his sister could not have been kinder to me if I had been a lady. Why, she kissed me!"

"Did she? Then it was because she wanted to get something out of you," he said, scornfully. "I know the ways of those people. Oh, yes, they are ready enough to shake hands with the working man and kiss his children and his wife too, if he'll let them, when they want his vote. They'll speak him fair then and make big promises; but at other times they don't care how they grind him down or what he suffers as long as he does their work and puts money into their pockets."

"I don't believe Mr. Collier is like that," said Mirabel. "I am sure he doesn't grind people down. He gave me five shillings just for sitting still and doing nothing."

Her words drove Jem beyond all patience.

"Then more shame for you to take it," he cried. "It's disgraceful for an honest girl to take money from a gentleman for doing nothing."

"It's no such thing," exclaimed Mirabel, starting up, her hazel eyes aflame. "How dare you say so? My mother was present when the arrangement was made, and she would not have agreed to anything that was disgraceful for me. I wish you would go away, if you've only come to say disagreeable things. It's no business of yours what I do."

"No, it is not, and I am sorry I have interfered," he retorted. "You need not fear that I shall do so again. The road you've chosen will lie far apart

from mine. Well, I'll take myself off since my company is so unwelcome. Good-evening."

Mirabel did not attempt to detain him. She stood erect, face and form expressive of the utmost indignation, till she heard the sound of his quick steps die away as he passed down the street. Then she dropped into a chair and hiding her face in her hands, burst into a passion of tears. But they were the tears of mortified pride alone. It was not in Jem's power to inflict upon her a deeper wound.

He, poor fellow, was more to be pitied, for he had gone away with the poison of jealousy working in his mind. The words he had spoken in his rage were soon recalled by him with bitterest regret. How could he have spoken to Mirabel so? what madness had driven him to quit her presence as if he cared nothing more for her friendship! She was everything to him. He could not live without her, he told himself in the anguish of self-reproach which overwhelmed him as his anger melted away.

Meanwhile Mirabel was reflecting that she would not care if she never saw Jem Lovell any more. It should not be her fault if they met again. She would certainly never have encouraged his advances if she had had the least idea that he possessed such a horrid temper.

On the following day Mirabel went to the hospital to see her mother. She found her very ill and depressed. The doctors had discovered that she was suffering from both dropsy and heart-disease, and though they had not told her all the truth concerning her condition, Mrs. Dean had gathered from their words and ways that there was little hope of her recovery. Mirabel's heart sank within her as her mother, with pathetic pride in the gravity and complication of her maladies, expressed her conviction that she would "never be no better," but that they would soon "carry her off."

"Don't say that, mother," pleaded the girl with tears. "Why, whatever would become of us all without you?"

"It's just that as troubles me," said her mother with a heavy sigh. "You don't suppose I'd mind for any other reason? I've had a hard life—God only knows how I've worked, and what I've had to suffer—and I'd be glad to think it was time to rest. Why, the doctors would hardly believe that I wasn't more than forty. They said I looked more like sixty, and that's what I feel like."

"Dear mother, you shall rest now. When you come home, you must rest, and I will go to the laundry and earn money there, if I can't earn it in any other way. You shall do nothing."

Mrs. Dean shook her head and smiled sadly.

"There'll never be but one kind of rest for me, child," she said; "but you're a good girl and you mean well. How did you get on yesterday at the artist's?"

Mirabel began to describe her visit; but her words were not ready, and they failed to give her mother the least idea of the glories of Bruce Collier's studio. Mirabel would have spoken more easily but for a painful recollection of the things Jem Lovell had said. She had tried to forget them; but they still lingered in her memory and shadowed her remembrance of the kindness of the artist and his sister. She had come with the intention of telling her mother all that Jem Lovell had said; but when she found her mother so weak and sorrowful, Mirabel could not bear to utter a word which might add to the burdens on her heart.

"And they behaved nicely to you, Mirabel?" her mother asked.

"Oh, yes, mother. I did not mind it half as much as I thought I should. The lady was very kind to me."

To Mirabel's relief, her mother did not suggest that the kindness was probably interested: but said fervently—"God bless her."

Presently she asked—"And did he give you five shillings just for sitting still, while he painted you?"

"Yes," said Mirabel blushing. "That was all I had to do."

But her mother did not seem to think that there was any disgrace in earning money so easily. She merely remarked with a smile—"That was light work indeed. If I'd been able to earn money like that, I shouldn't be the wreck I am now."

"It is not quite so easy as it sounds," said Mirabel. "I have to sit perfectly still, and you can't think how you long to move, when you know you must not. But Mr. Collier was very kind and did not keep me in one position longer than he could help."

"He seems a kind gentleman," said her mother.

"Yes," said Mirabel eagerly. "It's not true, is it, mother, that all rich people despise the poor, and only care for what they can get out of them?"

"No, it's not true of all," replied her mother; "but it's the way with most of them. Money and hard hearts seem to go together as a rule."

"I've heard you say that my father was a gentleman," said Mirabel. "He was not one of that sort, I suppose?"

"Not he. There was nothing hard-hearted about him," said Mrs. Dean with a sigh. "Indeed, he was a bit too soft-hearted for his own good. He'd have fared better if he'd had a harder heart. But his father more than made up for what he lacked in that way. The old man's heart was like a piece of rock. He would not see his son even when he knew that he, his eldest son, had not many days to live. And he never cared to know if he had left a child. You owe nothing to your grandfather, Mirabel. Your father made me promise that I would never ask him to do anything for you, and I've kept that promise faithful, though if I'd known a few years later where the old man was to be found, I might have been tempted to break it."

"What was his name, mother?"

"Ar—mi—tage," said Mrs. Dean, pronouncing each syllable in separate and deliberate fashion; "it's your own name, by rights; but I've never kept it up."

"Mirabel Armitage," said the girl slowly, "that does not sound like me, does it, mother?"

"No, though it's your true name; but what does it matter how you are called? You'll never get anything from the Armitages."

"The Armitages!" repeated Mirabel. "Is my grandfather *still living?*"

"That's more than I can say, I'm sure. I never knew anything about him after your father's death. I saw your father write to him once or twice. He used to address the letter to 'Francis Armitage, Esq.,' and the house was called Something Court, for I thought how funny it was for a rich man like that to live in a court, till your father explained to me that it was the name of the house."

"Had he any other children beside my father?" asked Mirabel.

"There was one other son, a year younger than your father; but who had always been the favourite, and when your father was disowned on account of his marriage, and a good many other things he had done to offend his father, this son became heir to everything."

"Then he is my uncle!" said Mirabel. "Fancy my having a rich uncle of whom I know nothing."

"And are never likely to know anything," said her mother. "More's the pity, for he might do something for you, if he knew you were his niece."

After a little more talk Mirabel had to take leave of her mother. She left her with a heavy heart. Her mother's hopeless words had burdened the girl's heart with sorrowful forebodings. But she was naturally of a sanguine disposition, and ere she reached home Mirabel had succeeded in persuading herself that her mother had taken such a gloomy view of her state of health because she was weak and depressed, and that there was surely no need yet to despair of the doctors curing her.

In the evening, on her return from work, Fanny Lovell ran in to speak to Mirabel.

"I say, Mira," she exclaimed, "what made Jem go off in such a hurry last night? We thought he would come upstairs again. I could not believe it when I found he had gone."

"He went because he wanted to go, I suppose," said Mirabel loftily.

"Oh, of course. But what made him want to go? Did you have words?"

"I had too many disagreeable ones from him," said Mirabel. "I don't know what business he has to interfere with me; but it seems that he objects to my going to Mr. Collier's studio."

"Oh, that is because he hates all swells and thinks them everything that is bad. And of course he is a bit jealous of you. Jem has a temper of his own; but he is a good fellow for all that. I hope you will soon make it up with him."

"I don't know, I'm sure, about that," said Mirabel indifferently. "What's that you have there, Fanny? A new story?"

For Fanny, who was a voracious reader of stories, carried a fresh, bright-coloured penny publication under her arm.

"Oh, yes, and it's such a delightful one!" exclaimed Fanny eagerly. "It's about a girl, who was as poor as I am; she worked in a mill and she never knew who her father and mother were. She was very beautiful, and there was a rich young lord who wanted to marry her; but he was afraid to demean himself so, because he knew his father would disinherit him if he did. But one day he saw a mark on her arm, just above the elbow, and by that he knew that she was his cousin who had been stolen away by a wicked servant. And so it turns out that her mother was a countess and her father an earl, and they'll be married, of course, and live happy ever after. I've nearly finished it, and then I'll lend it to you, if you like, Mirabel."

"Oh, I should like," said Mirabel, and Fanny departed, promising to bring down the book as soon as she had done with it.

Mirabel fell to musing over the story Fanny had briefly told. Then it struck her what a wonderful thing it would be if such a transformation were to take place in her own fortunes! Surely it was not impossible. For she too was not just what she appeared. Her father had been a gentleman, and somewhere probably at this hour she had relatives who were living in riches and luxury. Would it not be delightful if her rich old grandfather, or her uncle were to find and carry her away from the dreary life in Providence Street and make a lady of her? For a moment Mirabel's heart beat rapturously at the thought; but then she heard the sound of little Jenny's voice crying in the next room, and her heart went out towards the feeble little one. Her home was here, where her mother and Jenny and Willie all needed her, and as she ran to comfort her wee sister, Mirabel felt that she would not leave them for anything the world could offer her.

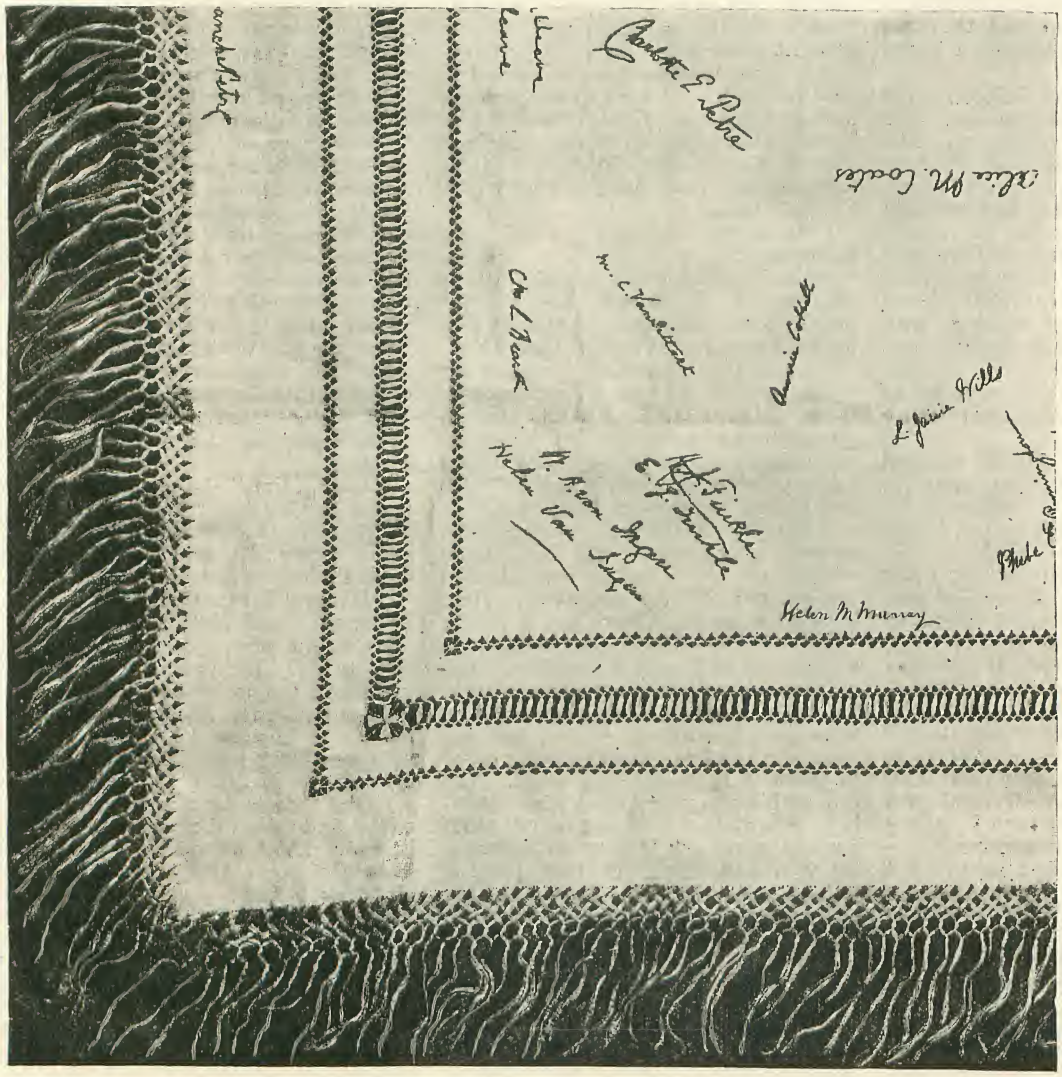
(To be continued.)

AUTOGRAPHS, AND THEIR USE.

AUTOGRAPH-FURNITURE, QUILTS, TABLECLOTHS, ETC.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

AMONGST our fads or crazes of to-day must be put down the modern use of the autograph as a decoration for furniture, as well as all kinds of materials which are used for bed-spreads, tablecloths and other things. The old idea of the autograph was to collect it, treasure it up in cases or books, which were proudly displayed to admiring friends, and were in very truth trophies of the perseverance, and perhaps the audacity or "cheek" of the possessor, the method of collection often being to write to the various living celebrities, requesting them to send their autograph to the writer, the demand being accompanied by as much flattery and expressions of admiration of the genius of the recipient as were likely to evoke a favourable answer. I was shown a year or two ago quite a large collection of the autographs of modern celebrities, which had all been obtained by the simple process, the happy owner said, "of laying it on thick enough" in her letter of request.



AN AUTOGRAPH TABLECLOTH.

I thought it also bore testimony to a great deal of kindness and good nature on the part of the senders, who must have known that they were giving what in many cases was worth money, or would be valuable at a future date, to one who had not the slightest right to ask the favour.

The first part of the autograph fad I shall deal with is where they are applied to furniture, the principal and most popular article being tables, which naturally enough give sufficient space to display them on. From the columns of a weekly paper I take a notice of the best collection of autograph furniture, which is said to belong to Mrs. Hennessy, whose name is very well known, I fancy, to everyone, and who dwells in a magnificent abode not far from Marseilles. One of the

chief features of this lady's collection is a very fine, white wood mantelpiece, which is described as one mass of autographs, the mirror above it being also covered with them, and scratched all over with diamond-cut signatures. This lady also applies autographs to all kinds of articles covered with beautiful silks and brocades, such as blotting-books, music stands, letter racks, covers for books, and cushions of every shape and size. On these the autographs are written with special pencils, and then they are worked over in various coloured silks, the general stitch used being the ordinary outline stitch of embroidery, though, of course, for some names, satin stitch might also be used. Of course, a collection of French autographs would mean a great amount of flourishes, which in the handwriting of that country form a distinguishing feature; these I consider very difficult to embroider, as they need very delicate handling in nicely graduated shades.

Here in London the autographs seem chiefly applied to tables, but these are not always genuine, but may be facsimile autographs of celebrities of all countries, that is, if the table be a purchase. Of course, the proper way is to obtain the table, and then get the autographs direct from your visitors for yourself. These tables are made of several woods; the best, however, being a peculiar kind of white wood, which hails from Brazil, and a good marking ink is the best to use for the actual writing, though I find opinions differ on this point, and the best and most satisfactory plan is to experiment for yourself. In other tables the surface is *papier-maché*, or an extremely good cardboard; both of these substances can be varnished over, so that the autographs are well protected; and the surface of the table becomes hard enough for other uses. The original idea of these tables, it is said, is French, not English, but from an English paper I take two notes of two rather interesting tables in London. One of them, belonging to Mrs. H. M. Stanley, is covered with small sketches by different artists, and the other is the property of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and consists of quotations written in various handwritings. Thus far our chronicle of fashionable society fads; and I hear from other sources of other ladies having adopted the idea with very interesting results.

The autograph quilt must be described as an American product, and with them it has been cleverly adapted to money-making purposes for some favourite object. One which I saw out in Canada had been the happy medium of raising $116 75 cents (about £25) for the funds of the church in the village which was about to be repaired and enlarged. This money was obtained by charging 10 cents for each signature written on it. The quilt was divided up into patches of Turkey red cotton and white calico. The white patches were used for the signatures, the alternating squares being of red and white after the fashion of the illustration. The white patches were widely distributed, the further off the better, and the lady who took charge of them obtained the signatures, as many as each patch would hold without undue crowding, from four to six, or even eight, of course, greatly depending on the character of the writing, whether sprawling and uneven or neat and concise in style. The autographs were obtained in pencil, and were afterwards written over carefully in marking ink. I can't say the effect was very beautiful, but it was certainly a curious memorial, and a very clever way of raising the wind, as few people could say no when asked for so small a sum as this. The names were also rather interesting to look at, and so were the handwritings, which showed much originality and many variations, which were evidently characteristic. The hand of the business man firm and square, the round hand of schoolgirl and boy, and the faltering lines of age were all to be discerned on it. When the pieces are finally sewn together, and make their appearance at the bazaar or church sale, they are usually raffled for, or perhaps a price is put on them, and they generally sell fairly well as a kind of curiosity.

The autograph table-cloth has been with us for three or four years, and is, I think, rather a clever idea, and a valuable one, too, to the mistress of a house, as the cloth forms an endless subject of conversation for her visitors at afternoon tea. Of course, if you are fortunate enough to reckon a number of celebrities amongst your personal friends, you will have a table-cloth for their signatures alone; but otherwise you devote yourself to acquiring those of your usual circle of friends, and very curious and interesting these sometimes turn out to be. I know a lady who has several white linen tea-cloths which are devoted to different orders of friends—travelling friends—both in Europe and America—intimate friends, and finally relations. These cloths are plain squares of white linen with a wide hemstitched border, such, in fact, as can be purchased in any shop for a few shillings to-day. The signatures are first written in pencil, and then gone over in fine outline-stitch with good, red, ingrain cotton. The other coloured cottons, even indigo blues, do not seem to stand the washing and wear, and so red is generally the hue adopted. But there is no need to embroider them unless you prefer it, for you can follow the example of the church quilt and write over the autographs with a good marking-ink. But, of course, the cloth is much more valuable and handsomer if the names are worked in nicely. Washing-silks are often used, and some kinds answer well and bear a high name.

The other autograph table-cloth is more costly as to material, a handsome brocade being often used with a light grey or perhaps blue background, and not too large a pattern, or with a surface too much covered by it. This leaves room for the addition of the autographs to the ground, and on it they are embroidered in outline-stitch or satin-stitch; if large enough the latter has a good effect. Silks are used for the work to match the shades of the brocade or to contrast with it. The autographs are written on in the first instance with either a soft pencil or ink.

The latter, however, is a very dangerous thing to my ideas, unless the autograph giver is a person who knows their own mind, and will carry out their autograph to the end. I once had a very pretty cloth nearly ruined by a very tiresome person who commenced her signature and wrote it half through, was not satisfied with the effect, and coolly began and finished another one before I got back to see what she had done. An autograph table-cloth was quite a new idea then, and I dare say, being rather a stupid woman, she never took in the idea, or that the damage done was irreparable to my poor cloth. Even afterward her chief idea was that her signature, of which she was very proud, should have exactly the right appearance. So do not use ink, for a misfortune like this happening with a pencil could be erased with india-rubber. It would still be annoying, because the white linen or the brocade would be soiled and tumbled, but you could manage to rub it nearly all out. With a linen cloth, of course, the first washing would take out the mark, but as you work the cloth generally before it is washed, you retain the memory of your mischance a long time.

The gay ribbons with which both guitars and mandolines are decked by their dainty owners have also become the adjuncts to the autograph craze. The names selected for these, however, are not those of celebrities, but only of the various friends who have formed the audience when the instrument has been played. As each ribbon gets filled up another one is added, and about half a dozen are needful to accommodate the names of a large circle of friends. Relations' names are often assigned to one ribbon only, which is devoted to them, and sometimes girls' names are kept apart from those of married women, or gentlemen's names apart from ladies'. Very bright tones of colour are always selected, and a pretty effect is obtained by using two shades of the same colour—a light and a dark crimson, rose-colour or pink, a dark and light orange or yellow, and a dark and light green being one of the selections; but great care should be taken that the colours should be consonant and harmonious. Very firm closely-woven ribbons are chosen, a fine pen, and a good marking-ink, though some people use ordinary black ink for the purpose. The ribbon should be held firmly also for the writer.

A rather interesting and amusing method of carrying out the autograph idea has been adopted by two or three people lately, and this, I think, is a rather clever way of making it instructive as well. The autographs are, however, copies not originals; the idea being to select periods of history or literature, art or music, and reproduce the signatures of the celebrities of that time. Some of these periods would contain very interesting autographs, but far too difficult, probably, to be obtained by any ordinary person, as even the originals to copy from might be hard of access. Still, literature of all kinds is so wide-spread and so cheap that much is possible to-day that would have been out of the question at an earlier time. The autograph collections of the British Museum are available for the dweller in town, but they cannot, I believe, be traced, but only drawn from in pencil.

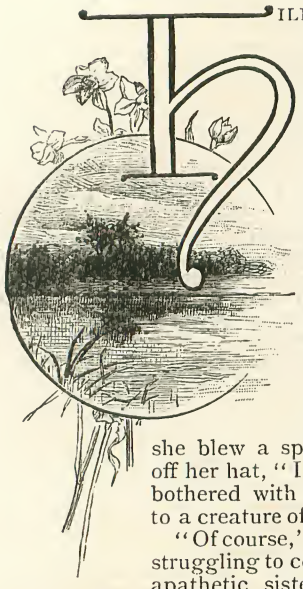
A table of a certain period in literature, for instance, might be made by selecting the celebrities of the reign of Victoria, or the reign of Queen Anne or George III. The last mentioned would not be very difficult, as the facsimiles of the autographs of this period are by no means rare. The poets would include most of our greatest modern ones in the last-mentioned reign, and the collection of them would be very interesting indeed. The number would include Scott, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Moore, Shelley, Hemans, and Macaulay, and many others both major and minor.

A table-cloth with facsimile autographs of the great women-writers would be very interesting. Those of the reign of George III. would contain most of the best-known ones of early date, and a collection of women-writers of the first twenty years of the present century would be well worth doing. Not to speak of anything else the amount of knowledge gained would repay the trouble of collecting the signatures. There was an excellent series of articles some time ago in the *Leisure Hour* on the autographs of our English Sovereigns, which might be utilised for this object, and the signatures were very clear and easy to trace. They have already been used for the purpose by several people, and form a delightful collection which every one is anxious to examine and remark upon; and this last is perhaps one of the best reasons for this autograph craze, that it gives subjects for conversation, and even the most dull and stupid of our visitors can feel a certain amount of interest over the handwriting of the celebrities of the present or even of those of a long past day. When the conversation grows either unprofitable or dull, or when the faults of our neighbours press too keenly on our minds, it is an immense help to have an outside interest to fall back upon, and will, I am sure, tend to lessen some self-reproach over unkind speeches, and evil surmises over our neighbours, if not our relations and their doings.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



"HILDEGARDE," said Mary, as she broke into her sister's room, red and even slightly tremulous with indignation, "I wonder that even you can behave like that."

"Oh," said Hildegarde, as she blew a speck of dust off her hat, "I couldn't be bothered with being civil to a creature of that sort."

"Of course," said Mary, struggling to convey to her apathetic sister an adequate idea of what she had done, "of course he will never come again."

"Do you really think so?" Hildegarde answered with unmistakable feeling.

"Yes," Mary answered, "I really do."

Hildegarde straightened her hair. "Dear me!" she said. "What a mercy!"

Young Docker was not so vindictive or not so firm as Mary reported him. He did come again. He came, indeed, so often that a week without him began to wear an unfinished look. Mrs. Mack, after assisting her memory with thoughts of her old cradle, had announced him as Mr. Rocker, and again, with or without literary suggestion, as Mr. Shocker—a variation which had given much satisfaction to Hildegarde. At length, however, taught by many failures, Mrs. Mack declined to grapple further with the dangerous complexities of the young man's name. If Mary were one of a company, the announcement would be, "Him that comes to see Miss Meary." If private report had to be conveyed to Mary, the formula would run, "That elegant young gentleman." If, on the other hand, it was Hildegarde that had to be informed, Mrs. Mack would say, with the face that she appropriated to the purchase of fowls—always, according to her view, skinny and very dear—"That queer-looking fellow again, Miss Hildegarde. I have him waiting outside the front door."

During these weeks the young lawyer, who had a natural aptitude for every kind of sport, had pretty well mastered the mysteries of pole and paddle. Whenever he called it was almost an implied arrangement that the girls should take him on the river. Moreover, he had by this time made what he called "a very modest investment in house property," and possessed a "cot" of his own. Most nights he was out in it; sometimes with a rod and a man to punt him about; oftener by himself, punted by himself. His cot was even to be seen among the rapids, where, however, it could not be said to make very rapid progress. Occasionally the two boats, his and that of Weir End, would meet in those tumbled waters, and then the girls would give him a lead, and he would feel quite at home in his little cot.

On those occasions the behaviour of Hildegarde was a constant trouble to Mary. Sometimes she was reasonably civil, sometimes quite pleasant and friendly, not seldom only just short of rude. Into actual rudeness she did not lapse, save on one or two occasions. But those two were pretty bad, and the last threatened serious results.

Stung by something that Hildegarde had said, the young fellow, whose temper was short and sweet, called out to her, "That looks as if you did not want me here, Miss Haydn. Am I wanted or not? Please say."

"Well," said Hildegarde, meeting his angry eyes with a pensive far-away look that scarcely took cognisance of his, "not urgently; at least, in my immediate neighbourhood."

At the moment the two boats were abreast, among rocks in broken and difficult water.

Without a word the young man caught his cot's painter in his hand, and jumped to his feet.

"Easy, Mary," said Hildegarde calmly; "we shall have to pick him up."

"Not unless I'm dead," he answered, and the two girls noticed that genuine anger made him white. Then, as the boat, rushing on, neared a pillar of rock, smooth and slippery with weed, he measured his distance and sprang.

Made under such conditions, the jump was next door to an impossibility. He missed it, only just touching the rounded edge of the rock, and slipping down with a swift grating sound.

But, as he fell, letting the painter go, he flung out his arms and caught the one jut of rock that gave any sure hold. In a moment the boat, capsized, was whirled far away.

Hildegarde brought her cot close up. "Hold hard with the pole, Mary," she said. And Mary obeyed, white and dumb.

"Now, Mr. Docker," Hildegarde called, "let yourself down as far as you can, and then push off and jump."

"Not to save my life," he answered, breathing hard. And slowly, with great difficulty, he pulled himself up till he stood on the small wet flat of the almost conical rock.

Thence he leaped on to a ledge of limestone that offered reasonable hospitality to the feet, and thence, stretching, jumping, wading, he made his way to the shore.

"I hope you are satisfied now," said Mary, as soon as she could speak.

"Quite," said Hildegarde. "I did not want him to drown. Let go. Now, into the current."

Mary was so angry with her sister that for two whole days she never opened her lips to her. And Hildegarde seemed not to notice or not to care. There was something enigmatical in her quiet brooding face.

Mr. Docker was less vindictive.

On the following evening he came again—to inquire how the ladies were.

It was, perhaps, a week after that exciting little episode that Hildegarde, looking up quite suddenly out of some cloudland, laid her hand on her sister's arm.

"Molly," she asked, "do you care for him?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," Mary said. "What extraordinary things you do say."

"Think then, and tell me," Hildegarde persisted, as she kissed Mary—a thing that she was not much in the habit of doing.

"Of course not," Mary at length answered. "Why, he has not said anything to me."

"No," said Hildegarde, "but he will."

And, on that word, Mr. Docker came to ask the young ladies if they would go for a paddle.

Mary, in the face of her sister's sudden question and sudden assertion, would not at first meet the young man. She was really vexed and frightened, and was in no wise calling upon those imaginary terrors of modesty which are often in request on such occasions.

After a little while, however, Hildegarde persuaded her to show herself.

The girls did not favour the idea of the water. The garden, they said, was too pleasant to leave, for the tiny hay crop had been cut upon the little bordering of grass, and the sun was burning among the beech boles, and all the world was as clear and sweet as new honey.

Hildegarde went away for a little while to sit with her mother, who that night did not feel well enough to leave her room.

"Look at Peter," said Mary. "Isn't he charming, curled up on the top of that haycock?" Peter was a dog neighbour, who sometimes looked in without ceremony.

"Yes," said Docker in a perfunctory tone. His eyes went over Peter, and rested on something very far away. Then he turned shortly to Mary and said, "Who was the very dear friend who gave you that brooch?"

"Milly Linton," said Mary; "such a delightful girl!"

"Oh, I daresay," answered Docker, lighting a cigarette. His interest in the subject was exhausted.

"Do let us take a little walk," he said after a while; "the river will be exquisite to-night."

"Well, if you like," said Mary, "though surely this is beautiful enough for anything. How Edgar would have admired those firs. Do you see how they lie, like pressed flowers, against the blue?"

"Yes," he assented shortly. "But where is your brother Edgar?"

"In South Africa," she said; "Johannesburg. He has been rather migratory—Australia—Canada—he has tried a good many corners of the earth. Now he has settled down to making money."

"Are you fond of him?" the young man asked.

"What do you mean?" she answered. "Are not girls generally fond of their brothers?"

"Of course—at least. I daresay they are; but I never heard you speak of him before."

"Well, no, but, after all, you and I have not known one another so very long."

"I don't think that was a kind remark," he said. "You cannot measure friendship by days. It seems to me ever so long a time."

"Dear me; I fear that friendship in this case has not helped time to pass."

"You are disagreeable to-day," he said. "Why will you delight——"

"To bark and bite?" she inquired.

"Don't, Mary," he answered—"please don't. Let us make the most of this one night."

The girl was on the point of rebuking the freedom of her Christian name used without permission.

Something, however, in the words that followed that offending word made her pass over the offence. They rang in her ear with a note of omen.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "Is there any covert meaning in the words?"

"No," he said; "how should there be? Dear me, I hope you are not growing superstitious."

He turned and looked at her with a smile on his lips. But it seemed to her that his eyes did not smile. Almost she could have fancied that the young man was trying to laugh away a chill that had fallen on his own heart.

By this time they had reached a high bank edged with pendent gorse. By mutual consent they climbed up and sat down.

Below them the river spread like a lake. The willows in that light seemed laden with apple-blossom. In the still water their reflections lay green and yellow. Little bopeep gleams came and went mysteriously.

In the deep green pastures cottages and villas showed here and there as white as marguerites. A few lights seemed to hang in the trees as lamps. And far away, the crown of all the view, one slender spire was gleaming like pale amethyst.

For a little while they sat quite silent. Suddenly the young man looked up.

"What were you thinking about?" he asked.

"I will tell you my thoughts," she answered, "if you will tell me yours."

"Well, if you like," he agreed.

"Then mine are soon told," Mary said. "I was thinking of my sister."

"Strange," he answered. "So was I."

A short cut across fields glistening with dew, where the mushrooms lurked in shadowy whiteness, brought the two young folk out upon a little hamlet suburb—a clump of stuccoed gables among rook-haunted elms.

In front of one small house—the smallest in the place—loomed a huge figure from which, even in that faint light, a large benevolence dimly shone. It was Constable Keogh (too solid a kernel for so slight a shell), and against his uniformed bosom lay a little fair head.

The constable was conversing with someone in a light suit of tweed, whose figure, under the wide-spreading shade of his compassion, was little more than inference.

"Oh, yes," the policeman was saying; "she's the greatest company at all. But her mother does be spoiling her."

"Is it me spoil her?" said a voice from within. "Hear that, then, and himself cramming her like a turkey for Christmas. Mr. Edgar——"

Mary stopped short. "Edgar!" she cried—"you here!"

The figure lounged out into the pathway.

"Yes, Molly," said a tranquil voice; "it's poor old Eddy, back again like a bad penny."

And then as Mary came slowly forward and, still hardly believing her senses, held out her hand in amazement, the voice spoke again. "Why, that's the old blue serge," it said; "but isn't it rather skimpy in the skirt?"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Breaking it Gently.

Some years ago a troopship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers there was an old lady who had a favourite parrot, which she placed under the special charge of one of the sailors.

On going to attend to Polly one morning he was surprised to find the bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favourite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature.

Going up to the old lady with a very sad face and touching his cap, he said, "I don't think that 'ere parrot of yourn will live long, marm."

"Oh, dear," said the old lady. "Why not?"

"Cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.

Waiting for an Opportunity.—The girl who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to knock at her door will need a thick cushion on her chair.

Sensible Advice.—For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please everybody, mind your own business.

She had Started on a Literary Career.

"I have been thinking for a long time," she said with a serious expression, which contrasted strongly with her usual airiness, "that I ought to have some serious purpose in life; so I have determined to go into literature."

"You intend to pursue it seriously, do you?"

"Yes, indeed. I've bought a lovely Louis XVI. desk, and I've got some of the most exquisite stationery you ever saw. Mother gave me a gold pen and a mother-of-pearl penholder, and I have just the prettiest silver ink-stand—all covered with filigree work, you know."

"You are certainly well equipped."

"Yes," she replied serenely; "I've got a splendid start. All I have to do now is to sit down some time and think up a piece to write."

To Reach a Conclusion.

Student: "Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?"

Professor: "Take a train of thought, my boy."

Not for Show.—The wise carry their knowledge, as they do their watches, not for the purpose of display but for use.

Great Britain for Ever.

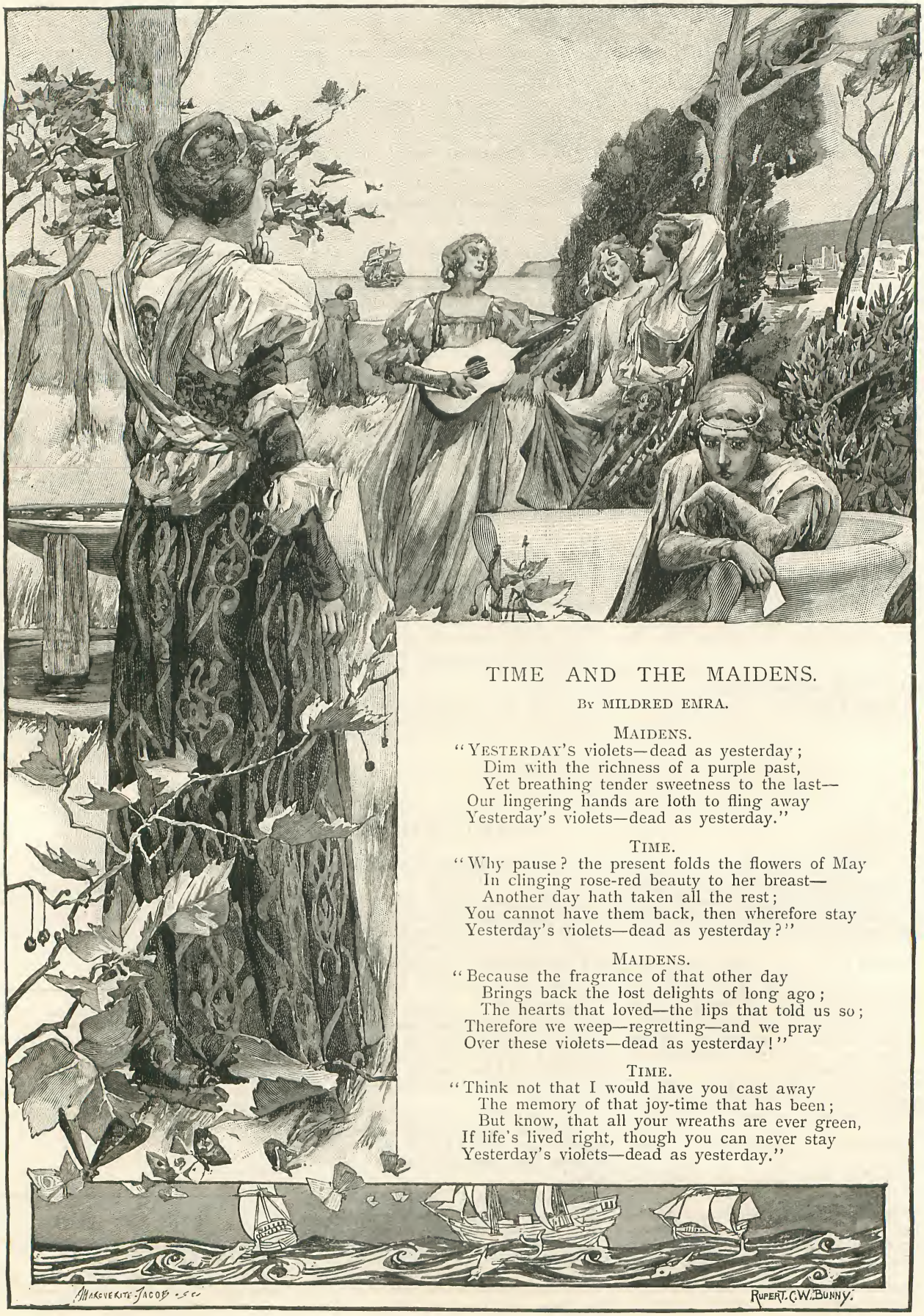
From the following table, compiled by Mr. G. Mullhall, F.S.S., we learn that if the income earned by this country is divided by the number of the population, the result shows a great advantage of Great Britain over other countries:—

	Income earned per inhabitant.			Ditto free of taxes.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Great Britain . .	33	10	4	29	10	7
United States . .	27	18	4	25	5	9
France	23	1	0	18	12	5
Germany . . .	18	14	6	16	9	6
Austria	11	15	8	9	15	1
Spain	11	5	6	8	19	2
Italy	8	17	8	6	1	4
Russia	7	18	0	6	12	6

Mary was Puzzled.

Mistress: "Well, Mary, what did you think of the picture exhibition?"

Mary: "Oh, mum, there was a picture there called 'Two Dogs after Landseer,' and I looked at it for nearly half-an-hour but couldn't see no Landseer."



TIME AND THE MAIDENS.

By MILDRED EMRA.

MAIDENS.

"YESTERDAY'S violets—dead as yesterday;
Dim with the richness of a purple past,
Yet breathing tender sweetness to the last—
Our lingering hands are loth to fling away
Yesterday's violets—dead as yesterday."

TIME.

"Why pause? the present folds the flowers of May
In clinging rose-red beauty to her breast—
Another day hath taken all the rest;
You cannot have them back, then wherefore stay
Yesterday's violets—dead as yesterday?"

MAIDENS.

"Because the fragrance of that other day
Brings back the lost delights of long ago;
The hearts that loved—the lips that told us so;
Therefore we weep—regretting—and we pray
Over these violets—dead as yesterday!"

TIME.

"Think not that I would have you cast away
The memory of that joy-time that has been;
But know, that all your wreaths are ever green,
If life's lived right, though you can never stay
Yesterday's violets—dead as yesterday."

MY BOUDOIR.

By LADY BLOOMFIELD.

I WAS struck the other day by the thought how seldom in these restless days of activity and locomotion we ever give ourselves time to examine and ponder over the numerous objects of interest and works of art contained in even one moderately-sized room. When year after year we visit the wonderful loan collections which are exhibited in London and gathered from all parts of the country, they give us an idea of the wealth of this favoured little island; but are we ever mindful of and sufficiently thankful to that merciful Providence which has protected us from the terrible wars and disasters which have ravaged foreign countries, sacked the towns, and destroyed so much that was valuable and interesting.

As my eye wanders round my own boudoir I think it may not be otherwise than interesting to note some of the objects of art it contains. I will therefore begin with the chimney-piece, which is surmounted by an excellent portrait by Lilley of Benjamin Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and G.C.H. He was born on the 17th April, 1768, entered the Royal Artillery when he was only thirteen. George III. went to Woolwich to see the cadets, and was struck by Benjamin Bloomfield being such a little boy. His Majesty asked whether the authorities intended making that little fellow an officer. Benjamin, making a low bow, said, "None more ready to serve your Majesty," and his after-life proved the truth of this assertion, for surely there never lived a more faithful, loyal subject. He was one of the first officers appointed to the Royal Artillery when it was first formed. He commanded a battery at the battle of Vinegar Hill in 1798, and was favourably noticed by Lord Lake. Soon after he was appointed Equerry and Clerk Marshal to the Prince-Regent, afterwards George IV., and then private secretary and Privy Purse, which offices he held till 1823, when he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bernadotte King of Sweden, which post he occupied for nine years, and after his return home he subsequently was appointed commandant at Woolwich. He died beloved and respected on the 17th of August, 1846. (See life of Benjamin Lord Bloomfield).

Lord Bloomfield's portrait is surrounded by some good specimens of Majolica. This ware, though the production of the 15th century, was supposed to owe its origin to the Moorish pottery introduced into Italy about the 12th century. Plates or bacini of apparently Moorish patterns are found encrusted in the walls of the most ancient churches of Pisa and other towns in Italy. It derived its name of Majolica from Majorca, where the pottery was most excellent.

To date from 1300, the art assumed a more decorative character under the Malatesta in the Duchy of Urbino. It required a free and fresh hand to paint on the moist glaze, as there was no possibility of retouching; this, with the accidents incidental to the fusing of the glaze with the colours, accounts for any inaccuracies in the drawing.

The art attained its greatest perfection in 1540, and this may be considered as the first period of Majolica. The prismatic glaze of the Gubbio ware has never been surpassed, and this manufacture owes its celebrity to Georgio Andrioli, better known as Maestro Georgio. He used the golden, yellow, and ruby red, and his pieces have a marvellous iridescence.

Xanto of Robigo flourished at Urbino from 1518 to 1537, and he is the last artist upon whose works we find the yellow iridescent and ruby red, the madre perla rubiata, which latter colour was lost towards 1550. From 1560 the decline of the art was rapid. (See Marriott's *History of Pottery*).

The next object of interest is a fine bust of Alexander von Humboldt by Professor Rauch of Berlin, the celebrated sculptor, and his last work, as he finished it shortly before his death. I knew Humboldt intimately. Among the savants of his period he took the lead, and geologists, geographers, statisticians, ethnologists, metaphysicians and philologists all looked to him as their teacher. He was born in Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769, and died there on the 6th of May, 1859.

With a view to the study of geology Humboldt first determined to travel. In 1797 he went to Naples, and in 1799 he visited America. In June 1802 he climbed Chimborazo to a height greater than any that had till then been reached, a feat he was fond of alluding to. I have also frequently heard him speak of having assisted at the trial of Warren Hastings, and hearing a debate in the House of Commons in which Burke, Pitt, and Fox took part. His memory was wonderful. He was very short in stature. A small-made man, with an exceedingly sharp, intelligent and satirical countenance, but I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone, and he was always willing to use his influence in forwarding the interests of those he considered worthy of his protection.

Two medallions in marble, the gift of the Empress Frederick, of herself and her excellent husband, when Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, are interesting and excellent likenesses. We were at Berlin at the time of their marriage, and assisted at all the *fêtes* which took place on that occasion. A marble bust of John Arthur Douglas Lord Bloomfield by Marochetti was a good likeness, but inferior to the bust of Humboldt as a work of art.

In 1846 I bought a pretty collection of old Vienna china at Cologne representing a ballet. The costumes are remarkable, and many years later my nephew found a book in the British Museum which represents the Gallery of Versailles, in which there is a print of this identical ballet, which was danced by Marie Antoinette at the marriage of her brother Joseph II. The names of the other archdukes and archduchesses who took part in it are also mentioned, giving the china a great historical interest. Another fine group of old Dresden China was left to me by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and a large bottle of very fine blue enamel was taken at the loot of the king's palace at Pekin.

QUEEN BABY AND HER WANTS.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART IV.

IN SICKNESS.

IT is a significant fact, that in beginning this article on the sicknesses of little children, I have opened a fresh packet of manuscript papers! It is so easy to keep a baby in health. It takes only an intelligent working out of a few rules. But, once let delicacy or disease invade the nursery, and many, many things are needed.

We all know that "mother's room" is the one to which all sick children are carried. It should be like the chamber called "Peace" in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It should stand close beside the highway road of daily duties; but its windows should look towards the sunrising. To that room will be brought Queen Baby in sickness. In that room will be fought the battle between the angels of life and death. Maybe, from that room our little ones may go to the better homeland prepared for them.

That none of my readers may be like Rachel, "weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted," because some ignorance has allowed the angel of death to cross the threshold, or some carelessness has bidden him "Come," I write this chapter.

If a baby in health is a beautiful sight, what can I say for a baby in sickness? Beautiful still, but like a fair landscape over which a shadow is drawn. Eyes may be too bright, cheeks too crimson, intelligence too keen, brain too active. Life hangs out many a danger signal; but we are sometimes blind. We cannot see.

I should say that croup, dysentery, convulsions and thrush are essentially the ailments of infancy; whooping cough, colds, measles and diphtheria of childhood.

We will begin with that terrible scourge croup. It often begins at twelve months old —sometimes before. I told you in a former paper not to let Queen Baby out in an east wind, and to always let her sleep beside your own bed. This was because croup is more frequent when an east wind prevails, and that it requires more prompt measures than any other disease. Going to bed, the child may seem to be labouring only under a slight cold; but, in the middle of the night, a peculiar ringing, barking cough comes on. Then, unless the mother has remedies at hand or delays to send for assistance, the little sufferer will soon go from her.

Never try to treat a case of croup unaided by medical advice; but always have an ounce bottle of ipecacuanha wine in the house or a bottle of spongia pilules. I am a clergyman's wife, and have saved two children's lives by a prompt administration of the above. The one thing is to produce vomiting.

An equable, moist temperature and atmosphere should be kept up in the room, and flannels always worn next the skin by a croupy subject.

A bronchitis kettle should be kept steaming near baby's crib. Lacking that, one can be improvised out of an ordinary watering pot with a long nozzle. Put it to boil on a stove drawn near to the tent, perhaps, ordered by the doctor, and keep the steam streaming near the wee one's mouth. Wring towels out of boiling water and spread them on the back

of chairs. Moisture is urgently needed to soften the hard mucous that threatens to suffocate our tiny queen. Have hot sponges ready to apply to the throbbing throat, and you have done all you can to fight this terribly strong foe.

Convulsions is another deadly childish disease. They may come from several causes. The most prolific are overfeeding and teething.

There is nothing more terrible to see than a case of convulsions. The purple look of the tiny face, the incessant workings of its limbs, the turning in of thumbs and toes, the low sob with which each fit terminates.

In order to be prepared for this possible illness, Queen Baby's caretaker should always have a bottle of castor oil in the house. There is, at present, a prevalent fashion of decrying the usefulness of this oil. A modern mother will dose an infant with almost anything but this. Yet in olden days numbers of families were "fed" on it—as I heard a famous child-doctor say—and they grew fat and throve amazingly. Personally—though somewhat of a homœopath—I have found it the most useful medicine in my home dispensary. It never does harm. It is wonderfully soothing, and Queen Baby never objects to it. Other aperients may check the appearance of eruptions. This never does. It is tasteless and odourless. Nausea comes from its being given when in too thick a condition. To obviate this always melt and warm the oil over a stove or before the fire. When thin enough to drink adminster a teaspoonful of it plain. Don't float it on milk, or coffee, or lemon-juice, or hot water. It only makes the dose larger. Everyone can manage to retain a small quantity when a large one might be rejected. But to return to the treatment of convulsions from overfeeding.

Prepare a hot bath—98° to 100°. Put the back of your hand or your elbow into it, unless you wish to scald the baby. When *they* are able to bear the heat, the wee thing should be immersed and a wet cold sponge applied to the top of the round head. For ten minutes she should be kept in this bath in front of a warm fire; then taken out, castor oil administered, and rolled in hot dry blankets. Generally the tiny patient will fall asleep and awake much better. If not, the treatment must be repeated. I have seen a baby boy fall out of one convulsion into another for nearly thirty-six hours. I have heard the attendants say, "It would be a mercy if he were taken," and I have had the happiness of receiving back the baby from even those gates of death. So never despair. Whilst there's life there's hope. Patience and perseverance may win the day.

To avoid convulsions, put the girlie on a plain milk-and-water diet. See that her bottles and feeding-vessels and drinking-cups are clean. And be careful that costiveness does not become habitual.

Convulsions from teething may be known from the flushed cheeks and burning mouth. Pursue much the same treatment, but get the gums lanced. A prompt use of the knife has often arrested a bad case of convulsive fits.

In a former paper I have told you how to avoid thrush. But sometimes improper feeding may cover the tiny Queen's mouth with the round white specks even when strict cleanliness has been observed. This is not a fatal disorder. It is generally cured by putting a powder of borax and honey on the tongue and smearing it on the parts affected.

Dysentery is a frequent and deadly disease amongst infants. Like nearly all these childish complaints it comes from improper feeding. How carefully then should the preparation of Queen Baby's food be looked after. Dysentery is simply a neglected diarrhœa. It is heartrending to attend a bad case of this. The writhing, screaming, and vomiting, the pitiful agonised look, the rapid wasting and exhaustion. Surely any trouble is not too much to be taken if it will avert such suffering from one of these little ones.

Milk.—Boiled milk is the only permissible food when once dysenteric symptoms have shown themselves. Give it in small quantities. If a tablespoonful of the milk is rejected give a dessertspoonful. If that cannot be retained give a teaspoonful at a time. Let it be repeated every quarter of an hour. Remember your part in the treatment is limited to thus keeping up the little patient's strength. The doctor will give opium to soothe pain, mercury and chalk to stop the motions, and any other medicine that may be required. This disease demands prompt and the most skilful of medical aid. We mothers must put our hands on our mouths and step into the background.

Eczema is one of the ailments of infancy in which Queen Baby's prime minister may do much. It generally comes from want of care in washing her. It may be left in her by Mrs. Gamp.

Taken in time, this is a curable disease. Neglected, it may continue for years. Homœopathy seems to treat it more successfully than any other method. An oatmeal or bran-bath is very soothing to the sufferer. Soak either of these in water until the bath is thoroughly impregnated, then pour the satiny slimy liquid into the nursery basin and immerse baby. Remember water—pure water—terribly aggravates eczema. Keep porous woollies next the delicate skin, and be careful of diet. Little medicine is wanted. No soap should be used, and great care should be taken not to spread the disease in washing. Cod liver oil is a sovereign remedy when eczema comes from poverty of blood.

I am only writing here about the diseases of Queen Baby; so I do not enter into the treatment of childhood's complaints. There is nothing more pitiful than sickness in an infant. She can only express her wants and necessities by a cry. It is not an easily-understood one; it requires a listening ear. To a mother the cry of her baby is as expressive as the notes of the gamut. Remember that in extreme cases of dangerous illness tears are rarely if ever seen. When "a tempest of tears" comes in a severe illness we may take heart. As Bonar says, "These tears that heal and bless" are always a sign of amendment. Perhaps the saddest thing to see in a dying child is the mute pathetic patience with which pain and weariness is borne. I have stood beside the sick-bed of one of my children, and have seen that look on the tiny face. I have hushed her to sleep on my bosom whilst the little brow has grown calmer and calmer. Then through the "beautiful gate" of death, dark only to our inexperienced eyes, she has gone without a cry. Again, I have held another to my breast, expecting nothing but the same ending, when a sudden cry has told us that through the beautiful gate of life, with its lilywork of hope and gold of love, the baby has been given back for a while.

"It is well" with both children. For the one who from mother's room, in the rosy flush of a summer's morning, went to be with the Saviour, and with the other who is still set in our midst to be tended and trained for life here.

I have been very careful in this article not to trench on the physician's preserves. It is madness for a woman to be always quacking children. But there are many small ailments, too trivial to be brought under a busy doctor's notice, that we can treat ourselves. Pain and suffering may be much mitigated by a little knowledge. For instance, Queen Baby is slightly feverish. We do not like to remain inactive. Give her, then, one pilule of aconite, crushed, and put dry on her tongue. It will lower the temperature at once. She has a slight pain. It is caused by flatulence. Either half a teaspoonful of dillwater, or one drop of peppermint in a spoonful of water will cure her. She is restless and uneasy. One drop of the tincture of chamomilla in a little water will act like a charm. Her mouth is hot and dry. A teaspoonful or sip of pure cold water will refresh her. She is slightly costive. A tablespoonful of fluid magnesia in her bottle will be tasteless yet efficient, or a slice of bread spread thickly with honey is often sufficient, or a pinch of brown Barbados sugar (dissolved) is safe.

Some babies suffer much from habitual constipation, and we do not like to feed them on castor oil. But rubbing back and stomach with warm olive oil involves only a little trouble, and often gives relief. If everything else fails, as a course, Hunyadi Janos Water may unhesitatingly be given twice or three times a week. It has a slightly saline taste, and baby gets to love it, and it never loses its effect. "Snuffles" indicates that a little vaseline should be rubbed on the bridge of the nose. For a cold on the chest, St. John's liniment (made of equal parts of turpentine and lime-water) is a creamy, nice cure.

Well for Queen Baby that she lives in this civilised nineteenth century. I have in my possession an old recipe-book belonging to an ancient ancestor. Just to show how "advanced" we are in simple *materia medica*, I copy a few prescriptions meant to meet the wants of Queen Baby in sickness in those far-off days.

I. "A mixture for a verie younge child for a griping.

"Take cinnamon water one spoonfull; pure water six spoonfull; pearl powder two scuple; tincture of castor fifteen drops; sugar one drachme; powder of rhubarb five graines. Mix together and give the child every third hour."

Poor child!

II. "An infaillaible plaister to backen a swelling on a child's bodie.

"Two oz. frankinsence; two oz. bees wax; two oz. white rozin; four oz. red lead; one pint best oile. To be simmered in a earthen pipkin and stirred with an oak stick."

III. "To cure a violent purging.

"Take a large slice of bread and toast it. Chop an handfull of spare mint and strew thickly over it; then wet it with vinegar; graite a nuttmeg over that and sew it between two cloaths and put it hot to the stomach with the nutmeg next to it.

IV. "A wonderful cure for a baby's flux is, forty graines of Hippo, and steep in half a pint of cold brandy for forty-eight hours. Give a tablespoonfull going to bed, and be sure to shake the bottle!"

Fancy an infant swallowing the above amount of even shaken cold brandy!

I wish I could copy the various recipes in which blue vitriol, peach stones (crushed), rhubarb, snails, red worms (crushed and fried) are recommended as ingredients. But I must be content with giving "an infalliable cure for the bite of a mad dog for man or childe."

"A large handfull of the leaves of rue, nine cloves of garlic well pounded. These boiled in a quart of porter very slow until reduced to a pint. Squeeze the liquer off and add a nagin of tar. Let three tablespoonfull be given, fasting for three successive mornings, with as much of the *filings of* pewter as will lie on a tenpeny. The latter may be given in a little jam to a Christian child; if to a animall, in a little butter. Give it as soon after the bite as possible; at least, before nine days."

Do not my great-grandmother's prescriptions make you thankful for the simple remedies I recommend for Queen Baby? Truly "the gifts of healing" are daily becoming more spread abroad.

To all I have written in these papers I would add one solemn word. We must remember we are training for eternity. Just as the soul is God's, so our children's bodies are His, too. They are made in His image. They have been redeemed at a big price. So we must take every care of them. Developing, tutoring, training, schooling and clothing. "In sickness and in health" rearing them for Him.

Our times are in God's hands; but, if our little ones finish their life-work whilst still little ones, it will not be their cleverness, or beauty, or health, we shall think of. Our one comfort in that dark hour will be that they are not afraid to go to Him who still calls the little children to Himself. Let us see to it that this corner of our home-vineyard is not neglected.

And we have a glorious reward promised us. Remember that in the person of every little child we see Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Clare reached her own room and had bolted herself in, her over-wrought feelings gave way, and a flood of tears proved that she was grieved for having offended her aunt. She soon dried them, feeling angry with herself for shedding them, when she considered the heartless selfishness of her for whom they fell. The more she thought over the unnatural harshness of the Countess's conduct, the more disgusted she became, and the more reconciled she felt to her own share in the proceedings. As far as self was concerned, she knew she should be happier with her mother and sister than with her aunt, but still she regretted leaving one who had been kind to her, in the perfect solitude of her own luxury, which, though affording every merely personal comfort, could give no real happiness. Not that she imagined her aunt to be a person who would deeply regret any loss that merely concerned her feelings, if she could reconcile it to her pride. This she would, doubtless, manage to do in the present instance, by throwing the blame upon her niece, and charging her with ingratitude. She asked herself whether she could make any further effort to reinstate herself in her aunt's favour, but every feeling of her soul revolted from the attempt. She could not, would not, stoop to one who had acted as she had done.

Whilst Clare sat and thought, and thought over her past conduct and its consequences, the principal sensation she experienced was that of joy—joy at the prospect of living for ever with those she could love and esteem, and who would, in return love, if they could not esteem, her. She indulged for some time in this pleasant dream, but, as is the case in all visions, there was a sudden change, or rather a shadow passed over the brightness of the sunshine she was picturing. It was a shade, and a gloomy one, from the changing and uncertain orb of love. Even as the shadow of the wandering moon will sometimes come between us and the constant sun, to obscure his brightness, so did this shadow eclipse for a moment the happiness of Clare. She must bid farewell for ever to Lord Hastings; and in this period of uncertainty he presented himself to her mind dearer, far dearer, than he had ever been before. Yet she had declared to her aunt that those friends were worthless who would value her merely for her position in society and supposed fortune; and she had thought so then, but how fluctuating is the tide of human sentiment. Now she deeply regretted that he, the only person whose opinion or regard she had cared for, for some time past, would be estranged from her, by the very circumstances in which she gloried. He might think unkindly of her, too, which was worse than all—he might hear of her as an ungrateful, unfeeling girl, and without knowing the true reasons for her conduct, might add her to those worthless characters of whom she had often heard him speak with disgust. And she had no means of undeceiving him. Besides, were he to see her conduct in its real light, she would be as far removed from him as ever, since the poor, fatherless child of the Mrs. Llewellen of Craigyvellyn and sister of the Welsh harpist, would be soon forgotten by the noble Earl of Hastings. It was cruel, she thought, that it must be so, and her heart felt a bitter pang, when she figured to herself the distance that now lay between the proud nobleman and the humble Clare Llewellen.

She would have died rather than that anyone should know why those slow, creeping, languid, but melancholy tears overflowed her brilliant eyes. She would have suffered ten thousand deaths rather than that the Earl of Hastings should ever know their source; yet they flowed for him. They were to be the first and last. She dashed them from her eyes, and drew herself up in maiden dignity and pride, as Clare Llewellen was wont to do.

"Have I not found a mother and sisters, and shall I care to lose one who is, perhaps, scarcely my friend?" she said.

Oh, what resolutions does the breast of woman undergo! and who knows, who can see, what that poor solitary hiding-place of the feelings and affections so often encloses?

Again Clare was aroused by a tap at the door, and the voice of Louise. She said she could not admit her.

"A note from Miladi, Mademoiselle," said Louise.

Clare half unclosed the door, took the note, and said she would ring for Louise when she required her services. The note was short and explicit. It said—

"The Countess Sforza's carriage and servants will be at Miss Llewellen's service whenever she wishes to leave Bath. The Countess is too much indisposed to see Miss Llewellen before her departure."

Clare tore the note in small pieces with a smile of contempt, and scattered them over the room; then she rang the bell. Louise appeared.

"Louise," she said, "I shall be obliged if you would assist me to pack up some of my clothes—I intend leaving this house to-night."

Louise looked astonishment; but Clare was decided. Under her directions, Louise packed up her boxes, all of which Clare, in the fulness of her excitement, would fain have left behind her; for she hated the idea of carrying away things that had been given her by her aunt; but she must have necessary apparel. Her ball dresses, and such-like attire, however, she left in their wardrobes. Her jewels, with the exception of such trinkets as had been presented by her friends, she gave into Louise's care, with directions to remit them to her aunt when she was gone. Her money she knew she would want, and she, therefore, collected every farthing she possessed.

The packing was performed in a few hours. She then told Louise to order the carriage to be ready at daybreak, to convey her as far as Bristol, from whence she was resolved to proceed alone. She did not wish to asperse her aunt's character by leaving her house in a manner unsuitable to her niece, but further than this, she would accept no benefit at her hands. She then wrote a few brief lines of cold leave-taking, respectfully worded, but nothing more, which she gave to Louise.

The poor girl was in tears. She did not know what to make of these proceedings. Clare had been ever very kind to her, but had never made her a confidante; therefore, she dared not, even on the present occasion, be inquisitive. She could only entreat to be made of service, but received a gentle but firm assurance that she could be of none further than to assist her young lady in packing.

Clare did not sleep or even lie down that night. At eight o'clock the next morning, she found herself in an hotel at Bristol. No persuasions that the faithful coachman could urge would induce her to retain the carriage. He took and paid her passage, saw her on board a steamer, committed her with a handsome fee to the care of the captain, and left her for the first time in her life, alone, and wholly abandoned to her own resources.

(*To be continued.*)

Odds and Ends.

A FAMOUS physiognomist declares that the modern woman is rapidly developing a nose which is distinctive. He says that the nose of the modern woman shows "enterprise, earnestness, curiosity, indefatigable perseverance, and an ability to decide a question promptly and finally." Further he says that women may now be divided into two classes —the business woman and the society woman —and that the close observer can make the division by the nose alone. Callings peculiar to women result in characteristic noses, the typewriter, for instance, generally possessing a nose that is slightly pointed at the end, with a tendency to turn upwards. This, the physiognomist hastens to add, must not be confounded with the *retroussé* nose, as the two are entirely different.

"OWE not thy humility unto humiliation from adversity, but look humbly down in that state when others look upwards upon thee. Think not thy own shadow larger than that of others, nor delight to take the altitude of thyself. Be patient in the age of pride, when men live by short intervals of reason under the domination of humour and passion, when it's in the power of everyone to transform thee out of thyself, and run thee into the short madness. If you cannot imitate Job, yet come not short of Socrates, and those patient pagans who tired the tongues of their enemies, while they perceived they split into malice at brazen walls and statues."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE decay of good manners, especially in the bearing of men towards women, of which we hear so much, has caused a man of Chicago to issue the following circular: "The co-operation of the men of Chicago is earnestly solicited in a crusade of courtesy. The tendency of men and boys to retain seats in public conveyances, while women and girls are compelled to stand, is growing to such an extent that even the presence of elderly and feeble women is gradually being ignored. It is believed that the attention of the average man need only be called to this state of affairs to impel his aid in eradicating this growing and humiliating evil." A similar crusade is not so urgently necessary in England, although women very often have just cause for complaint. On the other hand, however, women have only themselves to blame for any neglect they receive in this particular direction, since so many of them seem to consider that a place should be vacated for them at any trouble and inconvenience, as a matter of course, and calling for nothing in the way of thanks. This quiet acceptance of a seat in an omnibus or railway-carriage, already full, frequently arises from shyness, but women should remember that an introduction is not necessary in order to thank a stranger for an act of courtesy.

THE fashion of giving towns the names of places in books of fiction, as is exemplified by the town of Trilby, in California, is by no means a new one. California itself is the name of a fairy kingdom in a Spanish romance of the sixteenth century, whilst Montreal, in Canada, is taken from a fabulous French castle, and the Antilles from Antiglia, an imaginary island, which frequently figured in early Italian legends.

THE highest observatory in the world is in Peru. It is built on the side of the Chachani Mountain, on a plateau covered with snow all the year round, at a height of 16,500 feet above the level of the sea, nearly 1200 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

AN organisation with really splendid aims has just been started in New York under the name of the Greater New York German Orphan Society. The desire of this society is to protect poor German girls who are orphans from the temptations of a great city, and to give to those who prove themselves worthy a sum of money upon their marriage. Such a society would find plenty of scope for its labours amongst English girls in London. Despite the efforts of the excellent societies that now exist, there are many poor girls in London and other large cities in England to whom the protection and help of a similar society would be of the greatest service.

AN example of the value of photography by the Röntgen rays, which have already done so much to aid medical science, was given recently in the case of a mummy, which a gentleman had bought in Egypt. When the mummy arrived in England some of its purchaser's friends declared that it was not genuine, one of them going so far as to say that the hand of the mummy alone proved that it was only a very clever imitation. The owner of the mummy, to settle all doubts, had the hand photographed by means of the Röntgen rays, and to his great relief and the discomfiture of his sceptical friends, the photograph showed the perfect outlines of the bones of the human hand, thus proving the genuineness of the embalmed body.

WOMEN are now admitted by law to medical lectures at Budapest, but only on the condition that the professor giving the lecture accords his consent. A professor of surgery, however, caused much consternation not long ago amongst the lady-students by refusing to allow a woman to enter upon his course unless she cut her hair short. His reason was that long hair carried infection. The Viennese newspaper which publishes this remarkable statement, does not say whether the lady in question preferred her hair to medical knowledge or not.

A GREAT centre for the manufacture of dolls is Thuringia, in Germany. In one district of this province almost every house is a doll-factory, a doll having to pass through a great many hands before it is finished. First the body is made, this being composed of *papier maché*, linen stuffed with hay, or simply a piece of wood, turned upon a lathe. The best dolls have bodies of leather, stuffed with hair. Arms and legs are made in iron moulds, and when quite dry are joined together; these, with the bodies all roughly finished, are sent from the houses where they are made to the central factory, where the limbs are fixed to the proper bodies in various ways, according to their price. The cheaper kind have arms and legs joined to the trunk by means of glued pieces of muslin, but the more expensive are so made that a broken limb can be replaced, whilst the best dolls always have porcelain heads, these, too, being made in the district. The eyes for the dolls are also made in the Sonneberg district, at a glass-blowing establishment in the mountains, whence they are brought to the factory in paper bags, each containing a gross of the same size. These bags do not always contain eyes of the same colour, although of the same size. Some of the dolls have movable eyelids, and these are very difficult to make, as are also the speaking dolls which are provided with little bellows, into which the air enters when a string is pulled. Directly the string is let go, the air from the bellows escapes through a narrow aperture in which a minute ball, made of some very light material, jumps up and down under the pressure of the air, thus making the sound of "mamma" or "papa." This doll-making industry is the mainstay of the inhabitants of this particular district in Thuringia.

THE first man-dressmaker was named Rhonberg. He was the son of a Bavarian peasant, and starting a dressmaking establishment in Paris in 1730 soon became famous amongst the fashionable dames of the day for his skill in concealing and remedying the defects of the figure. He used to drive a fine carriage, on the door-panels of which were painted a pair of corsets and a pair of open scissors as his coat-of-arms. When Rhonberg died, like his great successor, Worth, he left a large fortune to his heirs.

"THYSELF and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not, spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest sample of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use."

THE remains of Pompeii show on every side the degree of civilisation attained by the Romans. The bronze braziers and kitcheners found in some of the houses had boilers at the side, and taps for running off the hot water, whilst ewers and urns have also been discovered with interior tubes and furnaces, exactly like the arrangement of our modern steam boilers. As in modern cities the water-supply was distributed by means of leaden pipes laid under the streets, and these are now exposed here and there, in order that the visitor may see how perfect the system was. The streets were very narrow, with pavements a little higher than those of later cities, and at the corners of intersecting streets there were large flat stones, used for crossing from one pavement to another.

"IF you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise councillor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius."—*Addison.*

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON INSANITY.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

ALTHOUGH we all look forward to gather the fruits of religion in the next world, still those who practise the principles of Christianity gain much which is of great importance to their earthly happiness.

Religion, by conferring peace upon us, strengthens our minds against misfortune, soothes our present sorrows and tempers excessive excitements. It restrains our tendencies, and renders us more steady in our thoughts and actions.

If religion improves the healthy mind much greater is its influence in the prevention of mental disease. It is this power of preventing insanity which I wish to make manifest in this paper.

When the study of medicine was in its infancy, it was the rage to try to account for everything. As it was truly said, every disease must have a cause; and the early physicians did their utmost to discover these causes of disease. For this we owe them the deepest gratitude, for their work is of vast importance to us. But, unfortunately, they did not stop at the results of their research; and when they could not discover the cause of a disease, instead of confessing their ignorance and waiting for the future to fill up the gaps in their knowledge, they jumped to conclusions founded upon theories and not upon observation. So far did they carry their notions of the causation of disease that, at present, we really know less of this subject than was presumed to be known in past times.

One of these hypothetical factors was the idea, which unfortunately still exists, that insanity is frequently caused by religious enthusiasm. We will try to disprove this theory which, as I have said, is still held at the present day, chiefly by physicians who have not had sufficient training in mental science, and also by a few men who have taken up insanity as the study of their lives.

Let us consider the question in the form of an argument. We wish to prove that religion prevents insanity; our opponents want to show that it causes mental disease.

As our opponents' work, being positive, is more difficult than ours, we will allow them to speak first.

The theory that religion acts as a cause of mental perversion is based on the following considerations:—

1. Religion causes undue depression and excitement. Thus those who have committed great sins think they are hopelessly lost and become depressed or melancholy.

2. Religion, by subduing the desires and tendencies, raises the mental tension, thereby predisposing the mind to rapid decay, under conditions which would not be sufficient to cause that decay of themselves.

3. In various insane conditions, especially in acute mania, religious delusions are common. For instance, these persons see visions, imagine they are saints or God, believe they are hopelessly lost, or that they have no soul.

These are the proofs that religion causes mental disease. Let us examine them.

The first is partly true. Religion, or rather violent fanaticism, such as is common in the East, does produce excitement. But does excitement produce insanity? Unless excitement be very violent it never produces any lasting mental effect. If it be very violent and long-continued it might, in a mind rendered liable by other causes to insanity, help to overthrow the mental balance. Depression does produce mental disease, but that caused by fanaticism is not lasting, and for that reason it is not of sufficient power to overthrow the mind. This argument, if not useless, is of very little significance.

The second argument used is the great fighting element in our opponents' hands, and they will use it whenever this subject is broached. But it is founded neither on logical nor practical grounds, but on a false notion of religion. It is untrue, for religion does not suppress the desires, it directs them. Even if it did suppress the desires, it would not predispose to insanity, for instead of raising the tension of the nervous system, it would increase its resistance. So this argument is worth nothing.

The third point is important, because it depends upon the misunderstanding of a common symptom. These religious delusions are common, but do they occur in people who are more religious than the majority? No, they do not. In fact the reverse is more often the case.

While writing this I have seen a case which illustrates this point. I was called to see a patient, a girl seventeen years of age, who was suffering from a first attack of acute mania, and amongst other delusions she believed, and persisted in her belief, that she was St. Peter. Those physicians who hold that these religious delusions are due to "narrow views of Christianity," would at once say that this case illustrates their point. But on inquiry into her past life, I discovered that she had had a very imperfect and insufficient training in the principles of Christianity.

What, therefore, have our opponents with which to prove that religion causes insanity? "That religion occasionally causes depression, which, in certain people, in circumstances advantageous to the development of insanity, might help to produce that disease." In other words, practically nothing.

We have disproved the theory that religion acts as a cause of mental disease. We can now state the first part of our proposition. "Religion does not cause insanity."

But we have not yet finished. We have got to prove that religion prevents insanity.

Here are our proofs:—

1. Religion suppresses all extreme excitement and depression. It moderates our joys and sorrows, by leading us to think in the same way, in all places and at all times of the same eternal truths. It is the great agent that steadies and soothes the mind and directs our desires and tendencies into right channels.

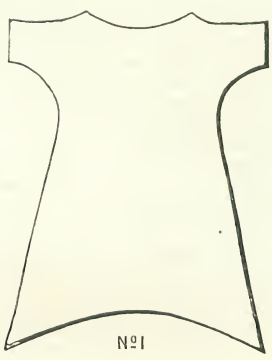
2. Intemperance, which is an important factor in the causation of nervous disease, is absolutely opposed by religion.

3. Insanity is less common amongst Christians who practise their religion than amongst others.

We have given three points to prove our statement, "religion prevents insanity." Other proofs might have been given, but these are surely sufficient to convince all, except the most biased, of the truth which we have set ourselves to prove, that religion which causes peace of the soul, likewise pacifies the mind, and renders it less liable to run into extremes, whereof the offspring is mental perversion.

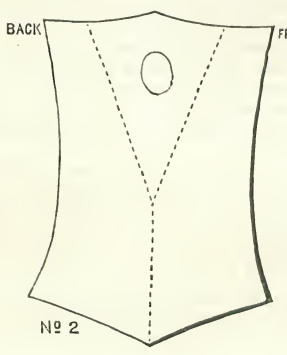
WARM SLEEVES THAT COST NOTHING.

WHAT a vexatious thing it is to us, we who have not very much to spend on clothes, when our woollen vests begin to wear out underneath the arms. Of course we darn the thin place; we may even, some of us, put on a patch (all honour to those who patch, if the motive is honest economy and not penuriousness), but do what we may the time comes when we have to decide whether we shall give away the vest, or let the ragman have it? Should it be too much worn for the former alternative, we can, by giving ourselves a little trouble and thought, make a pair of warm undersleeves out of the discarded garment.



Take the vest, No. 1 (not the make that buttons down the front), fold it as No. 2, and cut by dotted line, sew together the seam down the back of the arm, and you will have a most comfortable, well-fitting pair of sleeves, either for your own wear, or to increase the comfort of some poorer neighbour. You will observe that in cutting the sleeves as directed, only the best part of the material is used, and all the worn part is cut away. Smaller sleeves can be made in the same way from children's vests.

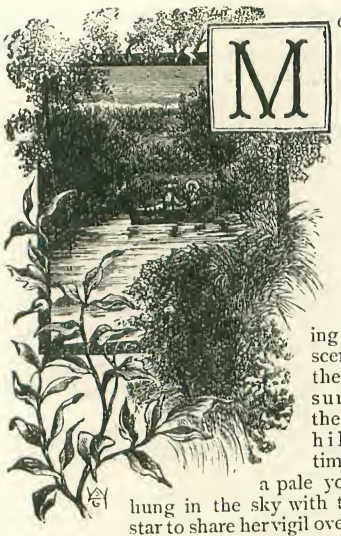
J. E. SHEPHERD.



"HER SANDAL-SHOON."

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER II.



MOLLY arrived at her destination at the close of a weary day and found her faithful Will awaiting her. The dusk of a sweet June evening was descending, for the sun had sunk behind the western hills some time ago, and a pale young moon hung in the sky with the evening star to share her vigil over the earth.

"Dear Will, I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Molly, as they emerged upon the high road which, winding for miles round the foot of the hills, led into the heart of the dale.

"Dear heart," replied Will, taking the kiss that was his due; "I've been wearyin' for you. Is't three year or thirteen since I saw you, I wonder? And my word, Molly, what a beauty you've grown!" he added, looking at her with affectionate and simple admiration.

Molly received the compliment with equanimity; her mood was not coquettish, for her mind was full of more serious things.

"You look a lot older, Will. I shouldn't have thought three years would have made such a difference," was her remark.

"Life isn't too easy, my lass; and, taking the hard as that which comes oftener than the smooth, it's bound to leave its mark; but I'm not complainin', and I wouldn't say a word if the struggle didn't keep us apart—you and me. It's weary waitin', Molly, but I've heard of a nice cottage that will be empty at Michaelmas, so say the word, and I'll lose no time a-seein' about it."

Molly shook her head sadly, and looked away over the tops of the dark hills.

"There's other things to think of now, and that's what I've come home for, not to think of marrying," said she presently.

"Well, I thought you'd cheer up the old folks above a bit; but it's natural for me to feel and speak as I did, Molly, seein' how I've been waitin' for you most like Jacob did for Rachel."

"Seven years?" asked the girl smiling. "Couldn't you wait another seven, Will, if so be we were obliged?"

"No," answered the young man stoutly, "I couldn't, and what's more, I wouldn't, so I hope you ain't a-goin' to propose it."

"You remember what was agreed, when we first talked about getting married, don't you, Will?"

"Aye—we were to work hard and keep patient, till we'd both put by enough to keep house comfortable. Well—I haven't saved much—times have been too hard—but I've worked like a slave and been patient. I've little patience left though, and what do you say, Molly, my dear?"

"I think I know all about it, Will," said Molly, with a catch in her throat that sounded very like a sob. "You've been helping father and mother as if they were yours, and working for them as well as for yourself and me. It don't seem justice to ask you to wait any longer than Michaelmas, but one's parents must come first, and I feel, after what you wrote, as 'twould be nothing but selfishness to think of pleasing ourselves, when, maybe, the money we should spend would help keep them. I've brought home all my savings, a tidy little sum, Will, and if 'tis wanted, it shall go. Just think of it! Could we two go buying tables and chairs, and all that's wanted to make home comfortable, without feeling that every shilling we spent was robbing them in their necessity? Your good heart would not have it so, Will."

"I suppose you're right, Molly," responded the young man, in a dejected tone. "But see now, isn't it hard on a fellow that's been waitin' so long and has worked all for nothing as one might say. Look here, Molly, you haven't changed your mind, have you? There ain't been nobody come atween you and me, is there?" he asked suddenly.

The girl gave him a look of astonished reproach.

"Oh, Will, how can you?" she cried, with eyes full of tears.

"I'm a brute ever to think of such a thing!" he returned. "But, dear heart, I'm well-nigh crazed with disappointment. I can't help feeling as if all was going against me."

"There's me too, Will," was Molly's gentle reminder. "Isn't it hard for me too? Why, I feel as though I had been going a long journey, and just when home was in sight, found I'd got to tramp it all over again."

"It's wearyful waiting, isn't it," said Will, with pathetic pity for them both; "but I won't be the one to make things harder for you, my dear, in special, when there may be trouble ahead. I'll be seeing you most days now for a fortnight, for I comes round every night to see after the old folks, and of course I'll be doing of it still."

"You've been very good, Will. I haven't known half your goodness, and I'd like to make it up to you," said Molly gratefully.

"You've leave to do that as soon as convenient," answered he slyly, and kissed her under the soft moonlight. The shadows of the great brown fells grew darker as they walked on; but dusk as it was, the waymarks were easily recognisable, and the old familiar, indescribable scent that blew across the dale from her beloved fells greeted Molly's senses pleasantly, and sent the blood coursing with a thrill through her veins.

"There it is at last!" she exclaimed, as turning a bend in the road, a light was seen twinkling from the window of a low-roofed house standing close under the hill-side. Molly hurried on, forgetful in a moment of the fatigue which had been weighing down her footsteps. Will followed. Soon she stood before the window through which the light gleamed, and peeped between the curtains which were not quite drawn.

By the peat fire that smouldered on the hearth sat her old father, half asleep, his pipe dropping from between his fingers. He looked old and bent. At his feet lay a rough sheep dog, also old and nearly blind. Her mother was moving slowly about the kitchen making preparations for supper.

Molly made a sign of silence and softly knocked ere lifting the latch of the door.

"Is't thou, Will lad?" asked Mrs. Matherson, turning her head; "we'd most given thee up."

Molly pushed him forward and kept in the shadow of the porch.

"Aye, mother, and some one else along of me," answered Will.

"Who may it be?" asked the old woman, peering into the dusk. "Come in, will ye?"

"It's someone you'll be wonderful glad to see, and here she is. Come in, Molly!"

"Molly!" exclaimed her mother, in a quavering voice, "Molly!"

"Aye, who else?" laughed Will, making way for the young girl to enter. She flung her arms about the old woman who tottered into them, while both laughed and cried together for very joy. The old man woke up in a dazed way, and the kissing, crying and laughing had to be gone through again, while Will stood complacently rubbing his hands as though he had done something very clever indeed, and finally, throwing wood on to the smouldering peat, blew the fire into a blaze which illuminated the room, and set the kettle that hung over it singing merrily.

When they had settled down a little, Molly began to realise how faint and hungry she was, and would fain have assisted in getting ready the meal which, in honour of her advent, was to have fried bacon added to redeem its scantiness. This was not allowed, however; she was placed upon the settle by her father's side to look on, while Will set about cutting up rashers and cooking them as if it were his ordinary occupation.

Old Matherson sat and patted her hands, the dog rested his nose upon her feet, blinking lovingly at her with his dim eyes, and her mother came every now and then to look at and rejoice over her. Truly, it was pleasant to be at home and made much of. Poverty was easy to bear where love reigned supreme; it was a consideration not worthy of attention just then. She was happy enough at Merrow where all was ease and plenty, with modern comforts surrounding; but there was not an object in that smoke-browned old kitchen that was not dearer far than all that was to be found in that other scene of her labours. How far away it seemed now, and as for Mr. Rogers—she had forgotten his existence.

They sat long around the hearth that night, for the chill of a northern atmosphere made a fire pleasant even at this rosy time of year, and there was much to talk about. Molly learned all of the situation that remained untold, and the tale filled her with dismay. A nearly empty rickyard, bare cow-byres, a scanty sheep-fold, and the lack of any help other than Will's kind heart had supplied to work the little farm. Worse than all, there was what appeared to her inexperience a heavy debt, a debt amounting to fifty pounds, which had been gradually borrowed in his extremity by her father from the landlord of the Stag and Hounds at Coliton, a biggish town three miles farther up the dale. This debt, which he was utterly unable to pay, was now being pressed for. All his resources were at an end; health and energy were both gone, and what remained? If all other means failed, the farm would have to go, and the thought was harrowing; it bowed poor Matherson down even more than his crippling rheumatism. Had he not been born on the place and his father before him? Were not five of his children buried in Coliton churchyard, leaving only Molly their one ewe-lamb, from whom they had borne a parting all these years that she might earn a living and do better for herself than they could ever hope to do for her? He loved his acres, sterile as they had become, as if they were a

part of himself; to say nothing of those wild heathery tracts from which he had so often gathered his sheep at night-fall, going before and calling them, while collie watched the stragglers. He had known every inch of those brown fells from boyhood, and must he now tear himself from them, just when he was reminded daily that his span of life was growing short, and little left to be done except lay his old bones down and seek that rest which remains for the weary.

"Never shall you sell the farm, father," exclaimed Molly excitedly, "while I have hands to use and strength to work! I've got that with me which will keep Mr. Emerson quiet for the present, I hope, and give you time to turn round. I can pay him half his fifty, and I'll walk into Coliton to-morrow and do it!"

Her father gasped. "Half his fifty, Moll, my girl! Twenty-five pun did you say?"

"Yes—I've saved that much and brought it home. 'Tain't mine, father, it's yours; yours to say what shall be done with it. Shall I take it to Master Emerson, or will you use it on the farm?"

Molly spoke calmly, but there was a look of determination in her face that meant she would take no denial.

"O Lord, O Lord!" groaned the old man, the tears trickling hotly through his fingers, "that it should come to this—that I should be so mean as to take your money to pay my debts. The money you've husbanded for another purpose. I can't do it, my girl, I can't do it!"

"Oh, yes you can, father! I tell you, it's not mine, it's yours! Ask Will."

Will Collis answered bravely though it cost him a struggle:

"I'm of the same mind as Molly, and you'd best do as she says, Master Matherson. I'm sorry as can be the money should have to go to pay Emerson, it seems a sinking of it like to no profit; but, as that need is most pressin', and it's moral certain you've got to stick to the old place, I say with Molly, use it so, settle with him half way. He's not a hard man, and will wait for the rest."

"Is there nought can go with it to pay off the other half?" asked Molly.

Matherson shook his head.

"I sold my two best horses last winter," said he. "Three cows went along of 'em, and if I give up the beastes that's left, the farm may as well go too."

So it was decided that Molly should take the money on the morrow to Mr. Emerson of the Stag and Hounds, though her father made much ado before he would consent to the application of her money after the manner suggested.

Then, as it was late, Will rose to go, and Molly went with him to the gate, where they stood talking some time, she hopefully and cheerfully, for he was down-hearted and he must not see how readily she could drop a tear of pity both for him and for herself.

The landlord of the Stag and Hounds proved no hard creditor. He had no wish to make matters unduly difficult to one who had found fate and nature go against him, and Matherson of Bolhope Burn was well-known and respected throughout the dale.

Emerson grumbled a little for form's sake as he pocketed Molly's twenty-five pounds; but he promised to allow the remainder of the debt to stand over and be paid by instalments every quarter.

"I don't mind obliging your father as far as I can," said he, "for farming has been pretty bad everywhere; 'tis a business that don't pay nowadays. You can tell him I wouldn't have pressed when I did, only I was forced to. Money is none so plentiful even in my line, though maybe you wouldn't think so."

Half the burden was lightened from off her father's shoulders, and Molly's heart was full of satisfaction; but there was care in the future for her. She had engaged the money should be punctually paid each time it should fall due; but how it was to be done, whence the money was to come, she knew not yet. The old man's spirits rose with a bound, for he felt that now he could go to work with hope renewed; he even anticipated being able eventually to clear himself of the remainder of the debt and repay Molly for her sacrifice. This idea, however, she indignantly repudiated. There was to be no question of a debt between them, she said, the money was his and his it must be accounted for ever; she only wished it had been double, for his sake.

Molly's fortnight sped all too rapidly. The little family would have given worlds to be able to lengthen out each day into a fortnight, but Time is an inexorable master and must be kept pace with however much fond hearts might linger. Molly scarcely allowed herself leisure for anxious thoughts. She worked while the mother rested, striving to keep them cheerful with bright chatter, songs and laughter. Much was done during that fortnight, Will's aid being invaluable. The hay was gathered in, the sun shone on the harvesting of a tolerable crop, the young wheat looked well, and all seemed to promise an improvement in the immediate future. She was able therefore to leave home with the assurance that matters were in a better condition than when she came, and to enjoy the comfortable conviction that she herself was responsible for much of the change.

Nevertheless, the parting was sorer than it had been of old, especially the parting from Will, to whom Molly owed so deep a debt of gratitude on more counts than one. They had no need to renew their protestations of love and fidelity; but each felt that, in saying farewell, their hope of re-union was farther off than it had been.

The task of taking up the threads of every-day life at Merrow Farm was not easy. She fell into her work there as a matter of course, and did it conscientiously as of old, but without the same interest as heretofore. Her thoughts and her heart were elsewhere.

"I don't know what's come to Molly," remarked Mrs. Moffat. "She's not like the same girl; seems as if she had grown years older."

Which was true, for Molly had been learning how serious a lesson life could teach. She had begun to feel its burdens, and the lightsome carelessness of girlhood was put away. She had begun to wonder vaguely whether the mission of her life was to be one of sacrifice. The mystery of what life has intended us for is often revealed only near the end; but whoso takes Providence as Guide, nor shrinks from what it brings, will be able to go forward cheerfully and find afflictions mostly turned to blessings. To work for others and yield up her own desires seemed, for the present, to be the highway along which duty directed her, and energy must be the "sandal-shoon" for wear if the aim she meant to work for was to be attained.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ISABEL E. KENT asks us to mention her "Rover" musical practising society, "Queen" reading club, and "Self-Improving" geography and arithmetic club, in which prizes are given quarterly. Apply to her at Lay Rectory, Little Abington, Cambridge, for details. She will be glad to hear of a knitting society where prizes are given.

BEN LAWERS.—1. Your quotation, beginning

> "Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within nor calm around,"

is from verse 3 of "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples," by Shelley.—2. Of the quotations from Byron, the first—

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence,"

is from canto i., stanza 194, of *Don Juan*.

"The power of thought—the magic of the mind!"

is from canto i., stanza 8, of *The Corsair*.

MAUD MARIANNE.—The lines you quote are from an amusing parody of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," entitled "Hiawatha's Photographing." We read this poem in a small volume, entitled *Poets at Play*, which you could doubtless procure through your bookseller.

VALLISNERIA.—We are glad to tell you that you can obtain instruction by correspondence for the examination you name. Address, for full particulars, Secretary, Association for Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford.

L. C.—We have great pleasure in saying that the poems sent us for criticism are far above the average of the amateur productions we receive, and that we consider you possess true poetic feeling. There is also a charm of expression, which in all probability will repay cultivation. In short, we should advise you to practise the talent for writing verse, which you undoubtedly possess. The thought embodied in each of the three poems is fresh, and not merely conventional. We give the first verse of "Our Life is hid with Christ in God"—

> "It is not all of life—the weary strife,
> The heart-ache for the things which cannot be,
> The patient straining of the hand to reach
> The good which we in blindness dimly see,
> The minor chords upon the soul's deep lyre,
> The hidden music, the consuming fire!"

Again, there is much to praise in your poem, "In Trouble," as to the lack of sympathy to be found in Nature—

> "I sobbed my sorrow to the wandering waves,
> They gathered up their strength and mounted high;
> Then, breaking into flying fleecy foam
> They idly lapped my feet and rippled by."

You have of course much to learn as to the form of your work—not to mix metaphors, to introduce a due amount of musical rhyme, and so on. For this purpose, you should read and study the best poetry. We should gather that you have "learnt in sorrow," but if you can "teach in song," you may be comforted.

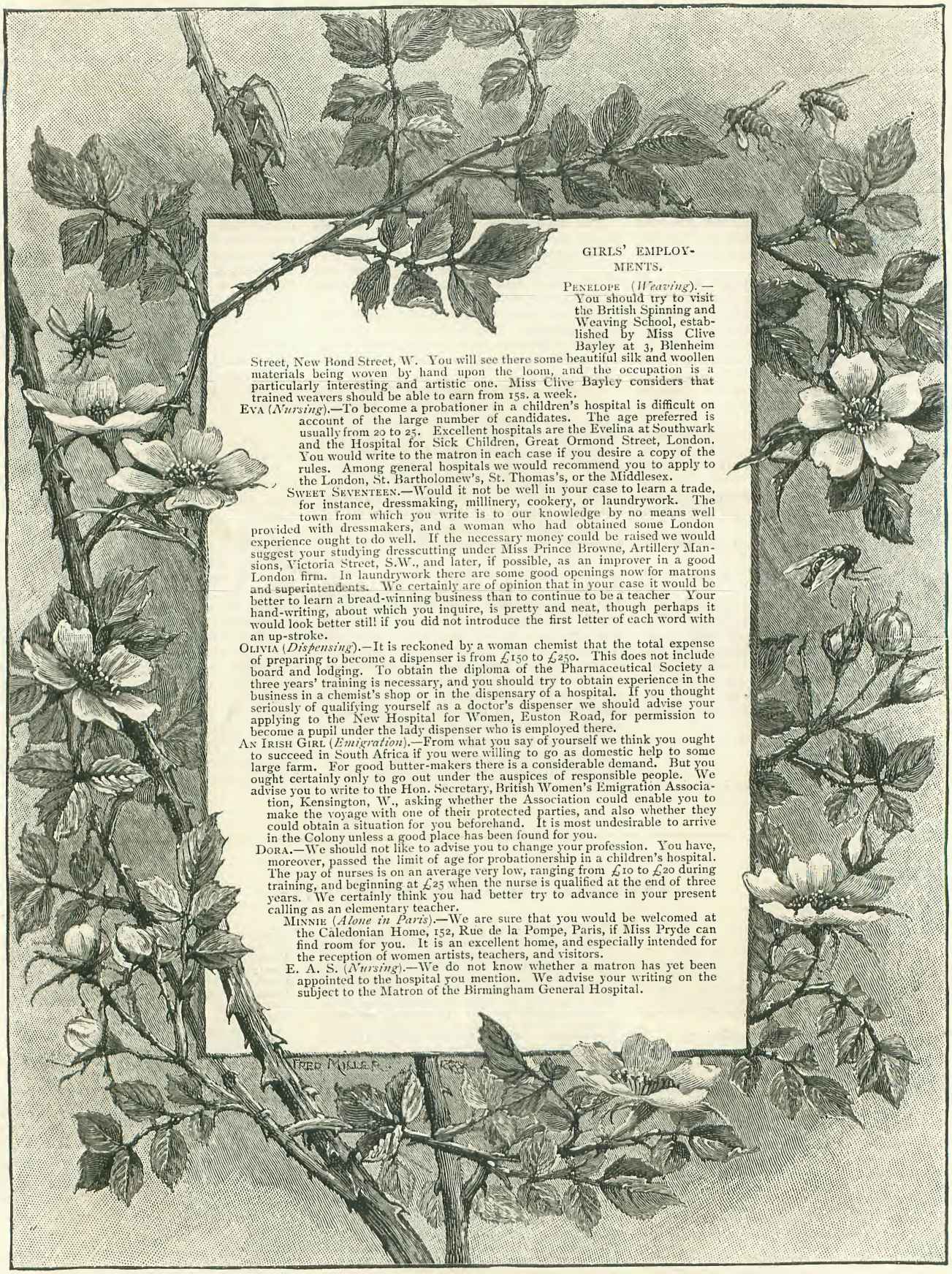
ESPÉRANCE.—The ideas embodied in your two poems are good, but the setting is faulty. In "A Street Photo," the metre changes altogether in the last verse; and "a many" is not a grammatical expression. In "Coming to Life" the rhymes are incorrect, *e.g.*, "am" and "man," while the metre also changes. You will observe that these three first lines of verses are not of the same length—

> "Hourly travelling onward—where?"
> "Oh! what awful mystery is this?"
> "Unsatisfied, uncomforted—shall it be always so?"

Your writing is a little too pointed, and is foreign in aspect. Thank you for your very pleasant letter.

BOOTS.—Your verses are interesting, but we must again cavil at the form. In "Only Roses" the metre halts. The better poem of the two begins, "'Twas a deed all pure and noble." The subject of each poem is, however, very good, and we think you might succeed in doing much better work, with study. *The Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus (Religious Tract Society), would teach you the rules of prosody.

DARK-EYED MAIDEN (Budapesth).—We are obliged to alter your pseudonym a little, but we can in other respects praise the English of your letter, and gladly insert your request, which is, that some English girl should enter into correspondence with you. If any of our readers feel inclined to begin an interchange of letters with a young Hungarian girl of good family, let them send us their address for insertion in this column.



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

PENELOPE (*Weaving*).—You should try to visit the British Spinning and Weaving School, established by Miss Clive Bayley at 3, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, W. You will see there some beautiful silk and woollen materials being woven by hand upon the loom, and the occupation is a particularly interesting and artistic one. Miss Clive Bayley considers that trained weavers should be able to earn from 15s. a week.

EVA (*Nursing*).—To become a probationer in a children's hospital is difficult on account of the large number of candidates. The age preferred is usually from 20 to 25. Excellent hospitals are the Evelina at Southwark and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. You would write to the matron in each case if you desire a copy of the rules. Among general hospitals we would recommend you to apply to the London, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, or the Middlesex.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Would it not be well in your case to learn a trade, for instance, dressmaking, millinery, cookery, or laundrywork. The town from which you write is to our knowledge by no means well provided with dressmakers, and a woman who had obtained some London experience ought to do well. If the necessary money could be raised we would suggest your studying dresscutting under Miss Prince Browne, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., and later, if possible, as an improver in a good London firm. In laundrywork there are some good openings now for matrons and superintendents. We certainly are of opinion that in your case it would be better to learn a bread-winning business than to continue to be a teacher. Your hand-writing, about which you inquire, is pretty and neat, though perhaps it would look better still if you did not introduce the first letter of each word with an up-stroke.

OLIVIA (*Dispensing*).—It is reckoned by a woman chemist that the total expense of preparing to become a dispenser is from £150 to £250. This does not include board and lodging. To obtain the diploma of the Pharmaceutical Society a three years' training is necessary, and you should try to obtain experience in the business in a chemist's shop or in the dispensary of a hospital. If you thought seriously of qualifying yourself as a doctor's dispenser we should advise your applying to the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, for permission to become a pupil under the lady dispenser who is employed there.

AN IRISH GIRL (*Emigration*).—From what you say of yourself we think you ought to succeed in South Africa if you were willing to go as domestic help to some large farm. For good butter-makers there is a considerable demand. But you ought certainly only to go out under the auspices of responsible people. We advise you to write to the Hon. Secretary, British Women's Emigration Association, Kensington, W., asking whether the Association could enable you to make the voyage with one of their protected parties, and also whether they could obtain a situation for you beforehand. It is most undesirable to arrive in the Colony unless a good place has been found for you.

DORA.—We should not like to advise you to change your profession. You have, moreover, passed the limit of age for probationership in a children's hospital. The pay of nurses is on an average very low, ranging from £10 to £20 during training, and beginning at £25 when the nurse is qualified at the end of three years. We certainly think you had better try to advance in your present calling as an elementary teacher.

MINNIE (*Alone in Paris*).—We are sure that you would be welcomed at the Caledonian Home, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris, if Miss Pryde can find room for you. It is an excellent home, and especially intended for the reception of women artists, teachers, and visitors.

E. A. S. (*Nursing*).—We do not know whether a matron has yet been appointed to the hospital you mention. We advise your writing on the subject to the Matron of the Birmingham General Hospital.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 907.] MAY 15, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE ROSES OF

JUNE



HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSE.
"Crown Prince."



NOISETTE ROSE.
Madame P. Cochet.

All rights reserved.]

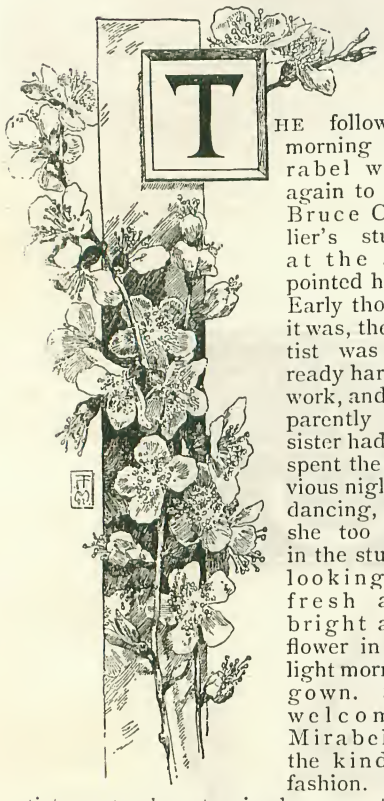
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE STUDIO AGAIN.



THE following morning Mirabel went again to Mr. Bruce Collier's studio at the appointed hour. Early though it was, the artist was already hard at work, and apparently his sister had not spent the previous night in dancing, for she too was in the studio, looking as fresh and bright as a flower in her light morning gown. She welcomed Mirabel in the kindest fashion. The artist was too busy to give her more than a friendly nod and "Good morning."

"My brother is not quite ready for you," said Mrs. Leslie, "he must finish what he is about before he can turn to anything else. You will not mind waiting a few minutes?"

"Oh, no," said Mirabel. "What a big picture it is," she added, gazing admiringly at the huge canvas on which the artist was working.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Leslie, her eyes sparkling with amusement; "if size were the chief thing in a picture that would do; but it is only a design for a wall decoration. Your picture, though small in comparison, will be far more beautiful."

"Will it?" asked Mirabel, with brightening glance.

"It will, I am sure; thanks to the lovely model my brother has secured," said the lady in her clear, musical tones; "but now I want to dress you for your part. I have a loose, lace-trimmed robe here that I think will be just the thing for the Fair Geraldine. Will you come with me into the recess and let me see how it will suit you?"

She led her behind the screen to a corner where they were perfectly secure from observation, and proceeded to arrange the girl's dress, according to her fancy, pausing occasionally to consult a book which lay at hand, open.

"Who was the 'Fair Geraldine'?" asked Mirabel timidly, as she donned the robe the lady had prepared for her.

"Why, don't you know?" said Mrs. Leslie wonderingly; "she was a lovely girl, beloved by the Earl of Surrey, who lived ever so long ago, in the reign of Henry VIII., was it not?"

Mirabel shook her head. It was vain to appeal to her on such a point, as Mrs. Leslie might have known.

"Well, it does not matter when he lived. He was a devoted lover and a poet, and he wrote exquisite sonnets and poems about her.

"Once, when he was travelling in a foreign land, he visited a famous magician, who showed him in a magic mirror a vision of his Geraldine, lying on a couch and reading some of his verses. Stay, I will read you the description of it, given by Sir Walter Scott, in these lines which my brother has chosen for the subject of his picture."

So saying, Mrs. Leslie took up the open book and read the following passage from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

"'Fair all the pageant, but how passing fair,
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find;
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.'"

"The Lady Geraldine!" echoed Mirabel, with a faint sigh of disappointment, "then she was not a poor girl."

"No, why should she have been a poor girl?" asked Mrs. Leslie. "Her father, I believe, was an Earl—the Earl of Kildare. So they were both of noble blood."

"And did they marry, and were they happy ever after?" asked Mirabel, with an air of deep interest.

"Alas, no!" said Mrs. Leslie with a smile. "Their romance had not such a commonplace, if happy, termination. The Earl of Surrey was beheaded on Tower Hill, for some political offence, and what became of the Fair Geraldine I do not know. Probably she married some one else."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so!" exclaimed Mirabel involuntarily, "I hope not."

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked Mrs. Leslie laughing; "are you romantic too?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mirabel blushing! "but I should not like to think she could do that."

Then her eyes turned eagerly to the book which the lady had thrown down, and she asked—"Is there all about the Lady Geraldine in that book?"

"No, there is very little about her, scarcely more than I read," replied Mrs. Leslie; "but the story, the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' is a pretty one, if you would like to read it. It is written in verse. I don't know whether you care about poetry."

"Oh, yes, I like poetry," replied Mirabel, "and I can recite some pieces too. I know, 'The boy stood on the burning deck,' and 'We are Seven'."

"Then I am sure you will like this," said Mrs. Leslie, with an amused air. "You can take the book home with you, if you like."

"Oh, thank you—may I really?" exclaimed Mirabel with such delight in eyes and voice that the lady looked at her in amazement.

"Are you so very fond of reading?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, and I so seldom can get nice books to read. I could read all day, if mother would let me, though, of course, it would not do to leave the work undone."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Leslie smiling; "but tell me what kind of books you like. What have you read?"

"*Her Father's Curse* is a nice one," said Mirabel, trying hurriedly to remember the titles of her favourites; "then there is *The Belle of the Village*, I like that, and *The Earl's Bride*, that is splendid. Have you read it?"

"I know none of those you have named," said Mrs. Leslie with a smile; "they sound very exciting. But now, please, will you loosen your hair, for Fair Geraldine must have her tresses straying over her shoulders. Ah, that is right. Now you will do. Yes, you are beautiful enough even for the Fair Geraldine, which is saying a good deal."

"Please, don't talk like that, ma'am," said Mirabel, blushing deeply, "you make me feel quite ashamed like."

"Why should you feel ashamed?" asked Cora Leslie lightly; "you should rather be proud. Do you know that many a rich lady would give half her fortune to have such a face as yours? I don't think I envy you; but I declare that if I were like you, I should have the world under my feet."

"You have no cause to envy me, indeed, ma'am," said Mirabel, with a touch of bitterness in her tone.

"I don't know about that," said the young lady carelessly, "come and look into this mirror with me. Ah, you hardly know yourself, do you? The change of dress makes such a difference. With your pretty neck uncovered and those soft lace folds falling away from it, you look lovely. Now look at me, I am quite insignificant beside you."

For a moment Mirabel gazed at her reflection with glowing eyes; but then her reddened hands caught her glance

and her feelings changed. She lifted her right hand and held it close to the lady's slender, lily white hand, sparkling with precious gems.

"Look at my hand and yours," she said, "did you ever see such a difference?"

The contrast was indeed striking, and it was not without gratification that Cora Leslie marked the effect. In spite of her flattering words she was secretly convinced of her own boundless superiority to this girl of the people. But she only answered lightly; "ah, that is because your poor hands have to do such hard work, Mirabel."

"And I am glad that they have," exclaimed the girl, with sudden fierce energy, for something in the lady's words and manner stung her; "I am glad that my hands are red and rough. I am not ashamed of doing honest work. I would not be one of your 'do-nothings' for the world."

"Why should you be ashamed of it?" asked Mrs. Leslie gently. But her face flushed as she spoke, for she was conscious of something antagonistic in the girl's manner, and it did not please her. It was well that just then her brother's voice was heard from the other side of the screen inquiring if Mirabel were ready for him.

The artist looked at Mirabel with a critical eye; but his expression quickly changed to one of entire satisfaction. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Leslie had attired the girl most successfully, and she made a perfect Lady Geraldine. With some pains Bruce Collier placed his model in the right pose and the work began in earnest.

Presently Mrs. Leslie slipped away and left them alone. There were pleasanter ways of passing the morning than sitting silent in the studio, while her brother was absorbed in his work. She wanted to see how her maid was getting on with the ball-dress she was re-furbishing. Mrs. Leslie had no idea that she was bound to treat Mirabel with the courtesy she would have accorded to one belonging to her own circle of society. She would have deemed it absurd to suppose that a girl of the working class needed a chaperone. She had forgotten the promise she had given Mrs. Dean. It had been uttered merely to gain her end, and she had attached no importance to it.

Mirabel was not sorry when the lady went away. Jem Lovell's words, though she had resented them at the time, had yet infused into Mirabel's mind some suspicion of Mrs. Leslie's kindness. Did the young lady, pleasant as were her words, and gentle as was her bearing, secretly despise the daughter of toil as one of a lower order of being with feelings utterly remote from her own? Mirabel had not quite liked the smile that she had once or twice surprised on Cora Leslie's bright, piquant face.

Bruce Collier had no clue to the thoughts that were working in the girl's mind; but her expression was graver than he liked, and he made an effort to win a brighter look. He began to talk to her in bright, pleasant fashion till he was rewarded by seeing her smile. The cloud had vanished and did not return. He painted with growing satisfaction, and soon, absorbed in his work, forgot to talk. Stroke after stroke was added to the fair face in which he was becoming more and more interested as it grew upon his canvas; till suddenly the tablets she held and from which she was supposed to be reading, fell from Mirabel's hand. She had lost herself for a moment, and in forgetfulness let them drop.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed in confusion, "I forgot that I didn't ought to move."

"Never mind. You are tired. I have kept you too long on the stretch," said the artist, kindly. "Now will you please remember that you must not say, 'didn't ought.'"

"Why not? Is it wrong?" she asked anxiously, while the colour rose in her face.

"It is not wicked exactly," he said with a smile; "but it is a sin against the Queen's English, and you should try to speak your own language correctly."

"What ought I to have said?" she asked.

"'I forgot that I should not move,'" he replied, "that is much easier than using such a roundabout expression as 'didn't ought.'"

"I'll try to remember," said Mirabel with a sigh; "but I shall never learn to speak properly. It's not possible for a girl like me to talk like a lady, is it?"

"I don't see why it should be impossible," replied Bruce Collier; "of course we pick up manners of speech unconsciously, and the easiest way to learn to speak well, is by being always with those who use choice language. Still, by watchfulness and care you might conquer bad habits, and reading good books would help you to acquire a correct use of words. Are you fond of reading?"

"Very," said Mirabel; then she added shyly, "the lady—your sister—has lent me a book."

"Ah! what has she lent you?" he asked.

"The book which tells about the Fair Geraldine," said Mirabel.

He looked puzzled for a moment, then exclaimed, "Oh, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I suppose. Well, read that. I daresay you will like it, and if the poem pleases you, we will see what else we can find for you."

Mirabel's face beamed with delight, but ere she could express her gratitude, the entrance of a visitor into the studio put an end to their talk.

The gentleman who advanced to greet the artist was a tall, handsome, well-set-up young man, with dark hair and eyes. He was faultlessly dressed, and had the air of one belonging to fashionable society. His voice was pleasant, but he spoke with a languid and affected drawl as he addressed the artist.

"Awfully glad to find you here, Collier. I feared that you might have left town by now; but you're one of those that can stick to work, whether it blow hot or cold."

"How are you, Captain Armitage?" asked Mr. Collier as he shook hands with his visitor, "and how long have you been in town?"

"Oh, I only came up at the end of last week. I got leave of absence, that I might assist at a wedding. Musgrave, you know, of the 17th. I was his 'best man.' I half thought I might come across you at some of the festivities."

"I was one of those who made excuse," said Mr. Collier. "I have been very busy for the last few weeks."

The young man's eyes had fallen upon Mirabel almost as soon as he entered the studio. Apparently he was struck with the beauty of the artist's model, for his eyes rested on her with a bold, admiring glance, which brought the colour to the girl's face. Handsome though he was, there was that in his expression which Mirabel instinctively disliked. Her discomfort increased, as his eyes returned again and again to her, while he talked with the artist.

"You have been busy to good purpose, I imagine," remarked Captain Armitage as he glanced round the studio, "and, by George," he added, scarce taking the trouble to lower his voice, "you have found a beautiful model."

"Excuse me, she is not deaf," said Bruce Collier with some annoyance, as he saw Mirabel's flushed and downcast countenance.

"I don't suppose she is, nor yet unaware of the value of her good looks," said Captain Armitage with a laugh, though he took the hint and lowered his tones.

The cloud did not fade from Bruce Collier's brow. He abruptly told Mirabel that he should not need her any longer that morning, and with a sense of relief she rose and slipped away, while Captain Armitage uttered a vain remonstrance.

She was half-way home ere it struck her that the name by which she had heard Mr. Collier address his visitor resembled that which her mother had told her was her own.

"Ar-mi-tage!" Surely she was not mistaken. Her memory could not be playing her a trick. It was the same name. Armitage. "Captain Armitage," the artist had said.

Could it possibly be that this gentleman was a relative of her own? Mirabel repudiated the suggestion as it rose. She had no wish to claim kinship with this man. A gentleman he might be, rich and grand he doubtless was, but there had been that in his look which had filled her with aversion and fear. It had come to her with the force of a revelation, throwing light on the meaning of her mother's words, when she had said that it was better for a poor girl to be plain. Jem Lovell's bitter words concerning rich people no longer seemed to Mirabel unjust, nor her mother's animadversions against them exaggerated. Here, at least, was one who was bad and untrustworthy. She would not have liked to sit for Captain Armitage to paint her portrait. But Mr. Collier, she was persuaded, was altogether different.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME NOVEL METHODS OF USING STRAWBERRIES.

FEW people know how very deliciously the flavours of chocolate and strawberries combine; here are a few inexpensive recipes, which are generally highly appreciated.

Strawberry Baskets.—Make a light cake batter with a quarter of a pound of flour, three ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder; half fill little dasiole moulds with it, and bake in a brisk oven. When cold scoop out the centre of each little cake, and put aside the crumb that is scooped out; now ice the outside of the cake lightly with chocolate icing, and fill the centre with hulled strawberries. Pile whipped and sweetened cream on them, and make a handle for the basket of a strip of angelica dipped in the chocolate icing. The pieces of crumb that were scooped out of the little cakes may be lightly browned in a cool oven, and they are then delicious to serve with strawberries and cream.

Milk Puddings.—Any remains of cold milk puddings may be used thus: Lay some mashed and sweetened strawberries in a glass dish, over this put a deep layer of the milk pudding with which a few halved strawberries have been mixed. Pour a good custard over the top, or whipped cream may be used instead.

Strawberry Custard Tartlet.—Line a tartlet-tin with paste, fill it with a nice sweet custard, and here and there drop in a strawberry which has been hulled and dipped in sugar; bake the custard in the ordinary way.

Strawberry Blancmange.—Make a blancmange in the usual way, and when it is just on the point of setting pour into a mould, and drop into the mixture about half a pint of hulled strawberries, making them settle on different parts of the blancmange. When quite set turn it out, and garnish with strawberries and their leaves.

Chocolate Mousse, with Strawberries.—Prepare some chocolate mousse by dissolving a quarter of a pound of chocolate (Menier's is best) in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, stirring it over a gentle fire until a smooth paste is obtained; it should be of the consistency of thick cream; now lightly mix in a quarter of a pint of whipped and sweetened cream. Take some little custard glasses, and in each of these place crushed strawberries, sweetened and mixed with a little cream, to half fill the glasses; fill them up with the chocolate mousse, piling it up as high as possible.

Strawberry Icing.—This is very dainty for covering cakes; take six ounces of sifted icing-sugar and mix it with three tablespoonfuls of strawberry juice; stir this over the fire in a pan until just warm, and then pour over the cake. A cake iced with this icing is delicious if sliced evenly, and each slice spread with strawberries, crushed, sweetened, and mixed with a little cream; the cake is then built up again to its original form—of course this latter must be done before the icing is put on.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

"HER SANDAL-SHOON."

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER III.



WHEN Molly returned to Merrow, Mr. Rogers was from home, and she did not see him therefore till the Sunday following, as they came out from church in the evening, and then there was no opportunity of exchanging more than a greeting. He gave her a kindly smile, inquiring, "How goes all down yonder, Molly?"

To which she briefly replied, "Better, thank you, Mr. Rogers."

He was not disposed to be content with this meagre information, however, considering he had a right to more than a generality, and he resolved upon seeking an opportunity for a confidential chat with her. But this was slow to offer itself; circumstances conspired against him, for whenever he went to Merrow Molly was not to be seen, she was busy or she was out, and he could not ask to see her. Molly was indeed exceedingly busy, for all her spare moments were taken up with work which she had provided for herself. She knitted, knitted, with unflagging energy, and a kind of feverish haste that betokened set purpose. She felt as if she had a leviathan task to accomplish, and but little time to do it in. She knitted with the sunrise, she knitted into the late hours of night, while during the day she was busy about her usual avocations in house and dairy. The unceasing work told upon her, her eyes grew heavy and her face looked wan. Mark Rogers noticed this at those rare times when chance brought her in his way. He grew fidgety and vexed, for Hannah Moffat, who had stayed on at Merrow, seemed to be always in his way; he never saw Molly alone.

The extension of their niece's visit had its object. Mrs. Moffat had begun to scent mischief; her eyes being at last opened to notice that Molly was the attraction which drew their neighbour so constantly to Merrow. She therefore kept Molly in the background and threw Hannah in his way, resolved that, if he contemplated entering the bonds of wedlock a second time, her niece was the wife for him, and not her dairymaid.

The two girls were good friends, but had not much in common; there was little sympathy between them, for Hannah's ruling idea was to do as little as was consistent with appearances, and to get as much enjoyment out of life as opportunity permitted. She was lacking in the earnestness which characterised Molly, who did whatever fell to her hand with all her might.

"It tires me to see you, Molly," Hannah said one day. "You are so dreadfully energetic, and I'm not made like that."

"I suppose I am," answered Molly smiling, "but then I've got to be different, you see."

"Aunt Moffat says you've got a sweetheart up at your home, I'd like to hear about him. She says you saved a lot of money against you got married, but that you had to give it all to your father, because he was in trouble. I wouldn't like to have done that," said Hannah, curiosity sparkling in her eyes.

"Did missis tell you that?" asked Molly colouring with vexation. "I don't talk of my affairs, but it's true that I had to help my father, and I was glad to be able to do so."

"And are you slaving like this to put by again for a home of your own, do tell me?"

"I'm thinking of nothing but helping father and mother."

"Have you broken off your engagement then? What a pity!"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Molly, looking up from what she was doing with an expression that made her companion shrink, "as I told you, I don't make confidences. I've nothing to tell that would amuse you, so please don't ask me no more questions of that sort."

Hannah turned on her heel with a shrug of her shoulders, leaving Molly much disturbed in mind, and feeling she would sooner confide in the big yard-dog, which had such trusty eyes, than in flighty Hannah Moffat, who pryed into her neighbour's affairs out of sheer idle curiosity.

Not long after that she told Mark Rogers that Molly had a secret, and was making a mystery about some one she was fond of away in her own dale. Would Mr. Rogers have thought a poor girl of that sort would make a mystery of such matters?

"A poor girl of what sort," asked the farmer rather shortly, "and of what matters?"

"Oh, you know what I mean! I don't see why you should force me to explain, Mr. Rogers."

"If you mean a poor girl of the sort Molly Matherson's made of, I'd be glad to see a few more like her. And, as to being poor, why, we're all poor in a way, some of us very poor creatures indeed, Miss Moffat; but I think as she is tolerable rich in a many good qualities some of us is wanting in. As to her own affairs, why, she has a very good right to keep 'em all to herself as far as I can see."

"Well, you do take me up short, Mr. Rogers!" replied Hannah bridling, piqued that he should address her so ceremoniously, and also defend a girl she affected to despise. "You're a good friend to her, anyhow, Mr. Rogers," she added with a toss of her head.

"I hope so," he replied gravely, and turned away with a tightening of his heart as he revolved the words Hannah had used. "A secret about some one she was fond of away in her own dale."

Was there in truth a lover there to whom

Molly might be plighted? Such a probability had not hitherto suggested itself to him, but there were ten chances to one in favour of its likelihood. She was just the girl to have won the heart of some stalwart young dalesman who was fitter far to be her mate than himself. Mark sighed as his thoughts revolved about this new and unpleasant idea. He made up his mind to test his fate ere he was a day older.

That very evening he met Molly as she was returning from the town, whither she had been to purchase wool. She was carrying a large bundle of it and walked slowly as though tired. Molly was pleased at the encounter, for she had been longing for his sympathy and wanted to tell him all she had done and still hoped to do. He was her friend, and a woman knows how to value the friendship of a good and true man, when she can lean upon it, as on a staff that will not pierce her hand.

"You look tired, my lass; give me the bundle," said Mark, taking it from her without more ado and turning to walk by her side.

"I've been wanting to tell you about my holiday, Mr. Rogers, for I don't forget your kindness," said Molly. "So I'm glad we met, for there isn't never a chance to speak to you."

"No more there is," he assented; "but 'tain't my fault, you may be sure. You seem busier always than you used to be, and you look as though you were working too hard. You're always so quiet like when I do catch a sight of you."

"Hard work agrees with me. I'm strong, so it's only natural for me to be keeping at it. The thinking keeps me quiet, I suppose."

"What are you always thinking about? Won't you tell me, Molly?"

"Most about father and mother. I'm wondering how they get on at home and how I'm going to keep on helping them."

"Tell me all about it, lassie," urged the farmer kindly, and he slackened his pace that they might not arrive too soon at Merrow. Then Molly poured out her tale, and, incited by a question or two, explained how she had planned to make enough to pay off the first instalment of her father's debt, which would be due at Michaelmas, by means of the work she got through during her leisure moments, and the money she would be able to save out of her wages, without saying how nearly that amounted to the whole.

"So it's the stocking-knitting trade you've taken up and that you've been slaving at early and late, as if you weren't content with a good day's work——"

"How do you know it's early and late, Mr. Rogers?" asked Molly, startled.

"I'm not going to say how—that's neither here nor there—but what I want to know is, does it pay?"

"I'm well content," she replied. "I'm a quick knitter and a good one, thanks to mother who learned me. I've always made my own, and now I'm making for other people. I've sold half-a-dozen pairs and have got orders for more. I can't hardly work quick enough, there's so little time what with one thing and another."

"Would you knit me half-a-dozen pairs, Molly?" asked Mr. Rogers eagerly.

"Do you mean it?" she inquired.

"Why, of course I do. I believe I'm wanting them badly; I wear my stockings pretty hard."

"It's only your goodness, I believe, because you want to help me," said the girl in a low voice. "But I'll make them and be thankful; I'll make you some right down nice ones, Mr. Rogers."

"That's a bargain, then," said he cheerfully; "and, look here, Molly, I'm not in such a mighty hurry for them, so don't you go and burn the candle at both ends as you're a-doing. It won't pay."

"I'm all right, thank you kindly," laughed Molly softly. "And I thought as you said just now you wanted the stockings terrible badly."

"Ah, so I did, so I do! Only it hurts me to think of you working yourself to death a'most in this way; and, look here, Molly, I'm wanting something else worse than the stockings, only I'm afeard to ask for it."

"What's that?" asked she innocently and unsuspecting. "I'll do it if I can, and if so be as you're not in a great hurry."

"Well, that's what I am. I've been waiting a considerable long time for it, and I've a mind to know now I've got the chance which way it's to be."

Molly's heart began to thump. A sudden conjecture of what might be coming dawned upon her, and, dreading what was to follow, she remained silent and would help him on no farther.

"I'm not a man of many words," began Mark after a pause, "and what I want to say I generally say straight out. It may be put clumsy; but it's meant honest and true. This is what is on my mind: I want a wife. I never felt inclined to marry again till I knew you, and I love you more than words can tell. I've watched you grow up to what you are, which is a girl in a thousand, and I've settled it that you're the only girl for me. My dear, won't you?" For Molly had drawn away from his side and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she cried bursting into tears.

"I know I'm not much to look at, and a sight too old for a bonny lass like you," said the farmer modestly, "but I'd do my duty by you, I'd make you happy, and you should not want for nothing."

"It's not that, indeed!" cried Molly. "I believe you'd make any girl happy, and I'm grateful to you, Mr. Rogers, but——"

"I don't want gratitude," he returned in a voice that sounded gruff from his emotion. "I want your love. Won't you at least give me the chance of trying after it?"

"It's impossible," murmured the girl, trying hard to subdue her tears. "You must not love me, you must forget all about what you've said. Oh!" she wailed, "I'll have to go home after this, and my work not done!"

"You'll have to do no such a thing, Molly. Do you think I'm the man to drive you away, just because I find it hard to hold my tongue? If you can't, you can't, and the loss is mine—but oh, my lass! If you'd think of it, I'd look after the old folks for you as if they was my own. They shouldn't want, I promise you."

Again Molly wept bitter tears. "If I was free to marry, there isn't anybody I'd honour more than you, Mr. Rogers," she managed to say, "but I'm not, there's some one——"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "is that so? There's some one else. Hannah said as much, but I would not believe her."

"I never told Hannah anything," she replied vehemently; "she had no right to say a word."

"No more she had, and I stopped her tongue," said Mark Rogers. "There, there, my pretty, don't take on so. I wish my tongue had been cut out before it cost you so many tears."

"'Tain't in my way neither, I'm not given to crying," said Molly, "but it came on me all so sudden, and you so good to me."

The farmer heaved a great sigh. He understood everything now, and felt that for himself at least all hope was gone.

They were in sight of the farm now, its twisted chimneys showed between the tall elms, above which the rooks were circling and cawing ere settling to rest.

"You won't let this make any difference, Molly; you'll trust me, and let me know how all goes on just the same, won't you? I'll not take it kindly of you if you don't tell me."

In a low and hesitating voice Molly gave the required promise, and moved by a sudden impulse she took the farmer's *big, rough hand* and humbly kissed it. Her eyes were swimming in tears as she raised them momentarily to his; she took her bundle of wool and hurried away, while he turned slowly in the opposite direction, hardly seeing his way for the dimness that had come across his vision.

Some days passed before Rogers went again to Merrow Farm. He had no wish to see the Moffats or Hannah, and he was nervous about meeting Molly; but she acted like a magnet to draw his feet thither, so persuading himself that he wanted to consult the farmer about a horse he wished to buy, he repaired thither one evening, and crossing the yard saw Molly seated in the kitchen doorway knitting.

"Busy, as usual? Thou'rt a pattern to all wenches," said he, stopping in front of her. "Any news from the dale, Molly?"

She shook her head. "I haven't had a letter these three weeks, but no news is good news, they say, so I'm hoping all's well. The fellow to this is lying by finished," she added holding up her work. "I know you want them pretty bad, Mr. Rogers, so I've put by my other orders for the present."

Molly glanced across the yard at the figure of a girl, who emerged from a gate in the garden wall; she carried a basket of flowers on her arm. Mark glanced in the same direction, and saw Hannah advancing to meet him; he was not pleased at the interruption that threatened, and gave utterance to an impatient word.

"You've been quite a stranger lately, Mr. Rogers," said Hannah, looking sharply from one to the other. "Aunt Moffat saw you from the garden, and expected you were coming to see her or uncle; she wants to speak to you."

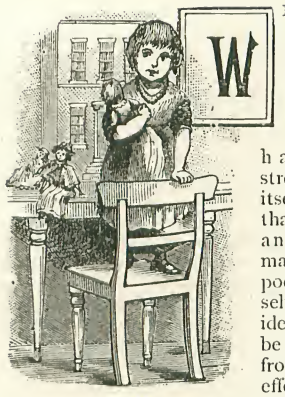
"All right, I was coming," answered he, still lingering, but Molly did not look up; click, click, went her needles, and she gave no sign of wishing to delay *him*, so he reluctantly followed Hannah.

The farmer was not at home, however, the discussion about the horse had to be put off, and Mrs. Moffat kept him dawdling about the garden on various pretexts, her main idea being to prevent his going back to Molly, and her fixed intention that of confirming her niece's statement of some days ago; she therefore turned the conversation casually to the Mathersons' affairs, and introduced Will Collis's name as that of the young fellow to whom Molly was engaged to be married. Mrs. Moffat watched Mark narrowly, but his expression did not change; he nodded slightly, said he knew, and hoped the young folks might soon get married. His immobility encouraged her to fresh hopes on her niece's account, and she told herself she had been mistaken in her suspicions. After all, it was ridiculous to imagine he should entertain the idea of marrying a girl in Molly's station—though there was no accounting for a man's vagaries—she had only good looks and industry to recommend her, not that she was a woman to despise either. Hannah had the good looks minus the industry, and she would not have cared to effect an exchange between the two girls for any lengthened period. The question of capability and suitability did not enter into the consideration, but mainly the advantage as concerned her family, for there was no doubt an alliance with a man like Mark Rogers would be one to further their own interest.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW WE MANAGED OUR CRÊCHE.

By ONE WHO HELPED.



WHAT are we to do with the babies, is a question that is always cropping up. Never, perhaps, more strongly forcing itself into notice, than in all and any attempts made to help the poor to help themselves. And that idea should always be kept well to the front, in all the efforts our girls make on behalf of the struggling working-classes. They do not so much require assistance from outside, as to be kindly shown how much power after all lies with themselves to be brought into use by forethought, patience, self-denial, and thrift.

We had a very good ragged-school meeting three nights every week. (It will be as well not to localise our district for many reasons.) By much patience our unruly scholars (as they had been at first) were drilled into quietness and order, which we teachers prided ourselves would not be easily equalled in a school of higher pretensions. But the rags, they did sometimes present a picture rivalling Dorothy Tennant's sketches. When they were clean, we felt thankful; and, except with newcomers, who knew not "the ways of the place," we had at last very little reason to complain of dirt.

Some of our helpers volunteered to teach needlework to any of the girls who were not otherwise employed, and who would be willing to spare one or two afternoons each week. Then the situation became complicated, for several mothers came, and begged not to be shut out, merely because they were mothers, and not strictly girls. It was really a reasonable request; even though to young hands only making their experience, it was embarrassing enough. No mothers' meeting had been tried in that district, and for so far, we knew no married ladies within easy reach who could be counted on absolutely for assistance, if such an experiment should be made.

However, we agreed among ourselves to turn no woman away—matron or maid. To tempt our elder scholars to the sewing-class—which, after the novelty had worn off, promised not to be a great success—we resolved upon a little bribe. We made a rule, which, on explaining to them, they passed themselves unanimously, that for our first "season" only such articles of clothing as could be washed should be brought, and that everything must be clean, though we did not insist upon all being ironed. Half the price per yard that we paid for the calico or print each sewer must give us, and we gave one half-yard at our own cost as a small *bonne bouche*. Some of the dilapidations were certainly very extensive, and we were fairly astounded, when, after a few weeks, one of our most regular girls and best workers (if such a term really applied to any!) triumphantly displayed an article of inner attire entirely made out of our half-yards and not at all badly joined either. She must have taken the trouble of unpicking at home the work of each Tuesday and Friday afternoon, and so getting without payment an unmended, new, though pieced, garment. The ingenuity and ingenuousness fairly astonished and amused us. We found no fault, but we said: "This must not occur again."

Then arose our great crying trouble—those babies. Many of our big girls could not attend except in charge of "the baby" (who must be left with some one) while mother went out for her day's work. If the mother herself came to us, it simply meant that the infant was too young to be left, and when four or five were brought and one was fractious—— Oh, dear; but it was a very great trial to us all!

Our first plan, which had worked well, had been, after giving out material, threading needles and fixing seams, for two of us to take turns in reading a suitable entertaining book, while others watched the workers and saw that all their wants were supplied silently and at once. We allowed no conversation during the reading. Very often we held a sleeping baby to set the mother's hands free for work. But, if it was a screaming struggling atom of humanity, we felt very helpless and our meeting became disturbed, instead of the pleasant restful hour we hoped and tried to make it. Then one kind lady, to whom we usually confided our troubles, offered to send down to our room an old, large mattress and some disused clean plaid shawls. She thought we might coax the mothers into letting their babies lie there and kick about. From her own home experiences, she said that most of them would fall asleep as the double result of comfort and exercise.

Oh, the curious differences of even tiny babes! When we got the mothers to put half a dozen down "all of a row," as they said, "and looking just like a pictur'," one would kick and another doubled up its mite of a fist and struck out bravely, while a third rolled to the very edge and was only just stopped in time before it turned over on to the floor. The restlessness of babies was very perplexing. We pitied the mothers more than ever.

So we hied back to our trusty counsellor, and out of the gift of the mattress evolved the idea of a *crêche*. That it was of immense use and grew in popularity after a few trials, was certain. The poor souls came early so that "baby" might have "pick and choice" of the corner least worn and handiest to the mother's seat. Could we get, not one large mattress, but several small ones, not laid on the floor, but spread on discarded cots from out-grown nurseries? would our friends believe in us and rally round us to the extent of trusting us with funds? For our ragged school itself was only a patched up builder's shed partitioned off to suit our requirements, and without any possible room which by any alteration or accommodation could take in this new growth. So, if our plan could be made to work, it meant that we must pay a trifle of rent for a room big enough for our women, our cots and ourselves. And if such could be compassed, why not strike out boldly at once and take the poor little infants every day? Already many sighs had been drawn and very plain hints given. Our infant monitress (for our ragged school had increased, and we had a paid, most efficient, kindly mistress every week-day but Saturday) already was hampered with babies in the charge of babies! As we visited we found dreadful-looking old hags with four, five, six infants to "tend" while their mothers earned daily bread, and we had good reason for believing that more gin than milk was used by such caretakers. The Gentlemen's Committee, who had generously guaranteed the salary of our mistress, were not anxious to undertake additional responsibilities. Wise heads were shaken, and we were told that all these horrible worn-out creatures, who made a few pence by "taking care" (Heaven forgive them!) of these little ones "who could tell no tales," would rise in open rebellion and circulate dreadful stories about our *crêche*. We were sanguine and resolved to try.

Two ladies who heard about our intended experiment, but who were personally unknown to any of us, each sent us £5. "We are committed to the venture now," we said, one and all. Forthwith we engaged two little rooms opening with folding doors, in a house at the most frequented part of our district, and near to the factory where many of our women and girls worked. One of our number had had her eye on it from the moment our scheme was broached. The house—four rooms, mite of a kitchen and about a dozen feet square of ground at the back—was owned by a most respectable woman who earned a scanty living as a designer. Her sister lived with her when not out on engagements as a monthly nurse. Both were growing old, and being gradually left out in the cold by younger and more capable hands in both lines of life. More than that—the nurse was suffering from severe varicose veins, and night watching began to tell upon her. If only she would not be too grand for our first matron! She knew all about children, and could be trusted so entirely.

The two sisters were not as hopeful as we were, but the desirability of a *crêche* they said they had often discussed. They told us sad stories of little ones, maimed, injured for life; days actually cut short by the ignorance, carelessness or wilfulness of many of these so-called care-takers. It was something, we felt, to have as our earliest helpers those who recognised the advantage of such an attempt.

Seven cots in divers stages of dilapidation were sent to our "day nursery for infants," as we called our two rooms. All but one were long enough, so "Nurse" declared for two babies—if laid as she termed it "heels to heels." The mattresses we made—cutting up our first gift and buying flock for the rest. Good clean flock, which needed only a little pulling out, we bought for 2s. the fourteen pounds. The same tradesman gave us strong unbleached linen, not of course so good as tick, or as neat in appearance. But as each must be covered with some sort of blanket, we agreed with "Nurse" it would do nicely for our start. We paid 5s. for all we required, and as a contribution to our experiment, which he warmly commended, he sent us a large square of carpet, much faded by being in his window, but otherwise perfect, which exactly covered our front room floor. We made small pillows of flock too, but our cot blankets cost us £2. We purchased for 5s. a little square steady table with deep drawer, "Nurse" put in her own rocking-chair, and again by begging, we had four tiny chairs with rods to keep in the babies sent to us. A coat of varnish made them respectable, as green enamel had done the beds. About 3s. was laid out on these items.

Nurse's salary troubled us most. It was sure to be our heaviest claim, and our cherished £10 had its limit. After much consideration, we decided to offer her 15s. a week for three months. It was impossible as yet to count with anything like certainty as to what sum

the pence paid by the women per day would amount to. That must depend upon the popularity of the nursery and its matron.

As will be evident, we girls were saved from a number of small items which would have made a considerable total if we had had to provide them ourselves.

Small saucepans for food, basins, spoons, in fact, kitchen and table utensils, however scanty, would involve some outlay. All these necessaries (of a much better kind, too, than we should have thought it prudent to buy at our first start) Nurse and her sister had, and pressed upon us as their own contribution. It has not been mentioned that we appealed to all our friends for old table, bed and chamber linen. And between turning, patching, and darning, we started with what Nurse herself admitted to be a very fair supply. We had been so afraid that she would despise our small economies, but a wiser adviser and more capable willing heart and hands never venture had. She insisted upon a double inventory being taken of all the "public property," and further suggested that two of us should carefully examine the linen press once a month, and arrange some afternoon for the neat repairing of all worn and weak articles. Her sister undertook our washing.

By careful inquiries we found that the mothers who left their little ones to the care of old cronies paid different sums; the least was 2d. when the baby was so young that the mother had to attend to it during each day herself; up to 3d. if she left with it in the morning whatever food or milk she thought sufficient, or 4d. if she provided nothing whatever.

We took no baby under 3d., as the trouble with such tiny infants is very great, and as Nurse explained there were such very bad habits that must be cured, if the nursery was to be kept nice. We agreed, on her advice, aided by the few matrons of our circle who from being amused had grown interested in our plans, not to encourage any mothers to bring food they had prepared. We found from a little tour of inspection that it was always most unappetising and frequently quite sour from want of care. So we agreed to charge a uniform rate of 4d. per day.

Then we framed a few rules which we had printed (8s. per 1,000) and distributed through the district. First naturally came the rate of pay, and the fact (which was sternly enforced despite every plea) that the money must be laid down when the child was left. Then the hours, from 7 in the morning to 7 at night. 1d. for every extra hour, and no deduction for half days. The nursery was to be closed on Saturday and Sundays. Next, our Nurse was to be at liberty to bath any infant whose state in her judgment required it—a rule against which endless protests were made, and excuses offered, but to which Nurse stood firm, and we, of course when appealed to, as we often were, supported her. Then, that no habitual drunkard should be permitted to bring her child there, and that only children born in wedlock should be received. The last rule was sorrowfully pressed upon us by repeated painful circumstances.

So the two neat spotlessly clean rooms were opened one Monday morning. All the cots were in the back parlour, whose window was shaded by washed-out Madras muslin curtains. A blind and rollers had been given for the front room with two really pretty old-fashioned chintz curtains. The Tay square was spread—a rough towel by the side of a large nursery basin (with a chip out of the brim), one of the most useful gifts, a tiny fire—even though it was April; but the idea of all the possible employment for our women by the universal house-cleanings had suggested an early opening. Some broken toys lay about in tempting variety, and a large milk bowl, already creaming over, was inviting. Nurse begged to be left all to herself for the first few hours; so when the two girls who had agreed to visit that week (and we had all settled to take an active oversight in turn week by week) went down in the early forenoon—we found, after all our elaborate preparations—just five babies—"Two three-pennies and three fourpennies," Nurse said, smiling at our blank disappointment; adding, "and very well too for a beginning." And we had looked for quite a crowd!

One was asleep in a cot, "tired out by the good and necessary wash it had received."

We were told afterwards, that when the mother came for it at night and soundly rated Nurse for "her imperence in daring to interfere with her child," she cooled down as she looked at its pretty face, and admitted that dirt didn't improve it! A second was scrambling after a ball and screaming with delight. A third, wan and half-starved, wouldn't rest except in Nurse's arms, and already patted her face with skinny hand. The others, stolid, amazed, but comfortable.

Next day sixteen were brought in, and before the week ended, success seemed certain. Taking the average of weeks, except in the height of summer when families are away from home and women's work is slack, the pence covered all outlay for food, and left a small margin towards wages, replacing of goods worn or broken, and the like. Only in a few cases did any drunken or disorderly woman create trouble, and the fear of malicious stories, after two attempts which were sternly and promptly disposed of, died away. An assistant became necessary and the elder children of our ragged school were only too eager to be allowed to come, a week at a time, to help mind the babies, and gain a little experience themselves.

We should hardly like to give instances of little lives brightened by our Nurse, or say how many delicate stunted children developed into fairly strong healthy boys and girls. A young doctor volunteered to be our honorary "consultant," and did us immense service by authorising the prompt expulsion of any child who seemed either to be sickening with some common ailment, or who was brought too soon after recovery for the safety of the rest.

One testimony may be given, the most emphatic perhaps. The landlord of a public-house (their name was legion), applied to our Nurse after several months, to be allowed to put up a notice "purveyor of spirits to the day nursery." He declared we had seriously interfered with his trade, and driven many of his old steady customers clean away. So he demanded this by way of compensation, and retired in a sad state of wrathful disgust when he was assured that no spirits in any form were ever tasted by any person about our *crêche*. We found that voluntary contributions of about £30 a year sufficed amply to meet all necessary expenses. That is, of course, in addition to the pence paid for the children day by day.

M. B. M.

VARIETIES.

A Faithful Door-Keeper.

The famous Scotch divine, Dr. Norman Macleod, has left the following account of one with whom he was for several years associated—a plain, honest, God-fearing and God-serving man, who doubtless many times uttered the words of the Psalmist, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

"Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working-man's church," says Dr. Macleod, "was as noble a fellow as ever lived, God-fearing, true, unselfish.

"I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working-man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working-clothes.

"'If,' said I, 'you do not like to do it, Tom, if you are ashamed——'

"'Ashamed!' he exclaimed, as he turned round upon me. 'I'm mair ashamed o' yoursel', sir. Do ye think that I believe, as ye know I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' His raiment on the cross, and I—— Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door.'

"Dear old fellow! There he stood for seven winters, without a sixpence of pay, all for love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch.

"When he was dying from small-pox, the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied—

"'There's no man living I like as I do him. I know he would come. But he shouldna come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye must not tell him.'

"I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till too late."

Hammer or Anvil?

Longfellow said "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.

Music.

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

Shakespeare.

A Clever Woman.

A clever woman is one who looks well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverer.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

On our own Resources.—"To be thrown on our own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible."

Franklin.

SINGLE ROSES.

By JOHN ALLEN.

"Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree),
The rose the queen of flowers should be."
Sappho, B.C. 600 (trans.).

HAPPILY for the writer, there is no need to describe a rose. Whether the single wilding of the hedgerow, the fragile, fugacious, but lovely herald of the summer, or the consummation of the rosarian's art, a double rose, perfect in form and colour, a "maiden" bloom the earliest and most finished expression of his hopes and fears, a feat of cultivation on which he rests his prospects of triumph over his fellows of the gentle "grafting" and "budding" craft. The rose bears the generic stamp; it is a rose and can be mistaken for no other flower.

Nature, by sun-glow and nipping frost, by the down rush of mountain air or breezes sweeping over the realms of the sea, produces gems of burning intensity of colour and matchless purity of form, the faintest blush of rose upon the lovely swelling lines of the petals of June's loveliest offspring. They come as certainly as the harvest in autumn or the snows of winter.

Man, with infinite care and art, produces a loveliness of another order. He takes these untamed children of the plain or hillside, and puts them in a garden hedged around and protected from too boisterous gales, and so that rampant weeds shall not rob their roots of food, or deprive them of the palpitating sunshine and heat, he brings together a bright sisterhood from the wood verge or the meandering stream, from the boundless sun-scorched steppes or the boggy plain, from Alpine heights where the cool glacier stream keep cool its roots, or the more modest declivities where the herds pasture, and it is garnished with stout thorns and prickles to keep itself from their exterminating maw.

Petals of rose-amber, ruby, garnet, and chrysobel, creamy white or iridescent opal, there they are, a choice assemblage of Nature's jewels dug from her boundless airmine. As the roots run deep and far in the fertile soil, and balmy spring whispers among the burgeoning buds, in that cell laboratory,



ROSA CANINA GALLICA.
A garden variety of the English dog-rose and French rose. Suitable for shrubberies.



ROSA SPINASISSIMA V. GRANDIFLORA. *The Burnet or Scotch rose. Sandy soil.*



PAUL'S "CARMINE ROSE."
A good pillar rose. Grows freely.

wrapped about by prickly stipules and shining emerald leaves, protected by scimitar-like thorns, the petals assume a thicker substance and brighter tint, the stamens widen and array themselves in petalloid tints.

Anon the ripening forces compel the flower to open its bosom to the sunshine, and fairy elves with translucent wings, on pinions decked with rainbow colours rivalling the rose's showiest tones; bees and butterflies alight upon them, bringing upon breast or limbs the dainty golden dust from some sister bloom, and with the hint of some fresh perfection, a richer ruby or sweeter smell, a touch of azure where the sun catches a dainty curve, a wider emerald expanse of foliage or a more than nodding acquaintance of the floral charms of August and September, with June or July. And the garden-master watches as the petals shrivel in the heat, and the gold of the stamens changes into amber and russet, and the emerald seed-bearing chalice takes to itself rich tints of vermillion or rubies, proclaiming that the seed within is ripe for sowing. Then takes that master the seed and sows it.

Again the frost and snow, the sunshine and rain, the fruitful soil, combine their forces, and a new and beautiful combination of charms discloses itself as spring passes into summer. Again the seed from the choicest flowers is sown, and again under the same potent forces, tint blends with tint, the imbricated array of petals rank themselves row within row, the ruby burns with a deeper glow, the pearly-whites and salmon tones mingle, deepen and fade, or a delicate rosy blush suffuses itself where the up-tilted petal bends away from cuppy hollows. And the bees and the butterflies having married June to July, and August to September, June roses fling forth fragrance the summer through, and coal-fires and a vitreous veil even prolongs the beautiful procession into the chills of December and short days of the New Year, and we have a hybrid perpetual rose.

Thus does the garden master, bringing together choice wildings, from Chinese province or Siberian steppes, European Alps or the wide plains of America, from Abyssinia and Caucasia, borrow a tint from one, a rich form from another, an unequalled fragrance from a third, a mossy chalice from a fourth, an eager perpetual blooming from another, and gives us a wreath of lovely roses, all worthy to



ROSA MOSCHATA V. BRUNONII.

A form of musk-rose. Vigorous, for large buildings, trunks of trees, etc., requires space; blooms freely.



ROSA POMIFERA.

This is a garden rose grown for the large bright fruit.

ROSA RUGOSA.

The Japanese Ramanas rose for beds and shrubberies, equally beautiful in autumn for its large scarlet fruit and tinted leaves.





THE COPPER AUSTRIAN BRIAR.

The true "Eglantine" of Linnæus and Redouté. A very choice kind of single rose, which will grow in light warm soil.

deck earth's fairest daughters when the bridal veil part hides, part discloses the beautiful vision.

Let not the reader think that this "making of the rose" the queen of flowers has been anything but a patient and long drawn waiting upon the working out of the forces of nature, selecting a sport here, an accentuated feature there, bringing together in the pollen and stigmas of diversely endowed flowers some qualities which it was desirable to blend, and giving protection and abundant food to get the best results. It is an unquestioned fact that all the double roses known to us have been more or less remotely produced from wild single roses.

Nearly all of the one hundred kinds or species of wild roses show a tendency when under cultivation to change the stamens into petals. As this change is more or less complete, the flower is more or less double. When all the stamens become petals, the flower is completely double and it is, by itself, incapable of producing seed. As, however, the changes of the flower do not extend themselves into the interior of the chalice or seed vessel, where are seated the numerous carpels, it is always possible to get fruit from a rose, only the stamen dust must be secured from another flower-plant. This is hybridising, and will explain to the reader those mystical signs H. P. and H. T. appended to rose catalogues. The former stands for hybrid perennials and the other for hybrid teas, a strain of rose in which more or less of the *Rosa indica*, a China rose, is in the parentage.

The complexity in which the subject is involved is very well illustrated in this rose, *R. indica*. It is not an Indian rose, but is the result of cultivation in China by that nation of gardeners from time immemorial. About twenty wild or single roses are found in China at the present time. How many of these have been used by the Chinese to produce the cultivated *R. indica* there is no possibility of tracing, but it may safely be assumed that the China rose is the result of crossing and intercrossing of a good many species of single rose. It was introduced into Europe in 1789, the Tea Rose (*R. indica odorata*) in 1810, and another variety of tea in 1824. These were grown by rosarians, amateurs and professionals, with the roses then under cultivation by the English and other nations. Some idea of the number of roses even then under cultivation may be gleaned by the reader if she has the privilege of seeing the exquisite coloured illustrations of Redouté's "Roses," in three folios, published about the first date mentioned above. These Chinese (or Indian) roses growing side by side with European varieties, natural hybridisation took place freely by the aid of bees, etc., and the seed produced on both sides were sown and propagated for blooming. It may be of interest to the reader to learn that rosarians flower any new variety by grafting or budding it upon the root, stem, or branch of some single rose, either the manetti or briar (dog-rose). The first flower produced by the graft or bud is the maiden flower. It is always the best, excepting of course accidental injuries, and is taken to give the test of the value of the new variety, and is the one if possible submitted to the National Rose Society or the Royal Horticultural Society to receive the verdict of those august bodies upon the merits of the new claimant for honours. Indeed the rosarian devoted to his craft may be said to spend his life in the production of maiden roses in many varieties, for annually he buds or grafts afresh his roses upon the briar or manetti, so that when the annual shows again come with the inevitableness of the calendar he may have his choicest flowers to enter the competition with for the awards or prizes it is every rosarian's ambition to gain.

Most wild or single roses when under high cultivation show a tendency to double, *i.e.*, to change the stamens into petals. Roses are cultivated at the present time for their beauty and fragrance, and for the purpose of extracting from them the "attar" of roses. These are, each of them, very comprehensible reasons.

It is no part of the intention of this article to set the beauties and charms of the single against the double rose. Each has a loveliness and interest of its own. There is little question that bushes and climbing plants of single roses are better adapted to picturesque effects about the home than are the florists' roses, which require to get them in their prime, that a bed should be devoted to them; and even in their prime in July's hottest days the general effect cannot be claimed as beautiful. Far otherwise is it with the single rose, either those of garden origin and the wilder and wider choice from the northern hemisphere now available to the collector. Some of them form compact bushes which in their season are covered with a profusion of white, pink, rose, and purple flowers, and later on with the brightest fruits which gladden the eyes in autumn and winter. Others again are vigorous climbers; *Rosa gigantea* will run for hundreds of feet among the tree-tops in Burmah. Some again are charming and choice enough in the dainty painting and pencillings of the petals to repay the utmost care of the connoisseur. Then the single roses are not the victims of seasons (no June without roses), pests and enemies like the more tender double rose, nor are they so choice of soil and locality. As hedges, for verandahs, balustrades, odd corners and walls, bare tree-trunks and ugly and otherwise irredeemable spots in the garden, some free flowering, deliciously scented species or variety may be found. Having the roses of every land to cull from, we may be sure of getting some to suit the spot we wish to cultivate.

There is a wild grace and purity of form and colour in many single roses which appeal to lovers of the beautiful as no florist's flower however perfect can do. The stately creations of man are fitted to stand in queenly isolation, peerless in their charms, no adjuncts are needed, the flower itself suffices. The clusters



ROSA KAMTSCHATICA.

A good hedge rose. Blows freely.



ROSEA LUTEA.

The Eglanteria of Linnæus, an indispensable rose for hybridising. Is the original wild rose of the Austrian briars. Hot sandy soil.

of wild (or single) roses fall into so such set and formal lines, and blend and harmonise with ferns, grasses, and other blooms much more readily and effectively. It is distinctly a drawback to the single roses that they so easily shed their petals; their fugacity is proverbial. But they lend themselves much more readily to decorative effects as cut flowers, if the precaution is taken to cut them in full bud or just opening. The heat of the room quickly brings them out, and as they are not exposed to the accidents of outside life, it is possible to secure more perfect and beautiful clusters. Again, it is a point against the single roses that while they give in their season a beautiful display, their glories are quickly over, to be succeeded, it is true, later on in such species as *R. rugosa*, the Japanese rose, and *R. pomifera*, the English great "apple rose" by the glowing fruit and autumn tints of the foliage, which make them fit for interior decoration in the autumn. But this difficulty is to be overcome by including in the collection of single roses the species and varieties which bloom later in the year. May I venture to appeal to the reader to discourage as far as it is in her power that ruthless plucking of the floral wildings of the hedge which is stripping our roadsides and lanes of their fairest inhabitants. The recuperative powers of nature affords to all her votaries a modest and sufficient offering; but there is not enough near our largest towns to satisfy the greed of momentary caprice and gratification. If these gay tender blossoms must be wrested from the parent stem, let it be for some fitting end and useful purpose. To pluck them and cast them uncared-for away is to rob others who may follow of one of the purest pleasures life affords.

Happily the single roses are not nearly so susceptible to the attacks of insect foes and other garden enemies as florists' roses. "The worm-i'-the-bud" is not such a pest nor so obtrusive when there are hundreds of sprays, as when the harvest of beauty on a plant is confined to two or three buds.

There is another interest in the cultivation of single roses. They give the materials for an infinite number of new combinations with themselves and all forms of the double roses. Hints have been given which will enable the amateur to set about rearing new roses by the judicious hybridising with the many wild forms from all parts of this hemisphere which may now be obtained in England. This country is supreme in her rose culture. They, in all their varieties, have been produced, however remote the period, from some combination of wild roses. The combinations are not yet exhausted; there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. The culture of the rose is sufficiently widespread to reward the efforts of those who have time and conveniences to make the production of new roses a hobby.

Of the varieties and species of single roses beside those with which the Editor has permitted me to illustrate this article, it may be well to mention Paul's single white, which is of garden origin, a hybrid single, a large cluster, vigorous-growing and sweetly-scented rose. It is a perpetual bloomer, a good feature in single roses. Rosa polyantha (*R. multiflora*) which is one of the class of roses very oddly named; as all roses are many anthered, it really stands for a cluster rose. The one in question, a single, is a mass of small flowers for about three weeks of June. It is a good climber; a very effective rambling rose. Another Siberian rose (*R. acicularis*) is a sweet-scented red rose, perfectly hardy. In autumn the long, pear-shaped fruit is quite a feature. It blooms for a long time. Not far removed from this rose in its ferocious armature of spines is *R. ferox*, the "Hedgehog" rose, a Caucasian species with beautiful rosy purple flowers, the branches covered with a dense mass of sharp bristles. Surely a good hedge plant. *R. Carolina* is a useful American species of tall upright habit, growing to six feet in height. The flowers are in clusters of about a dozen, rosy red and sweet-scented. The buds are crimson. It blossoms in August and September. The leaves also are fragrant. *R. macrantha*, on the other hand, is an early bloomer, flowering in June, either white or flesh-tinted round the edge of the petals. *R. alpina* is a very beautiful flower of a deep rose-tint. It grows to a great size, having long, thick, unarmed shoots, a pleasant feature; it blooms towards the end of May. It is the parent of the Boursault roses. *R. berberifolia* is remarkable among roses in having simple leaves like the Barberry. It has yellow flowers. *Rosa nutkana*, *R. woodsi*, *R. pisocarpa*, and *R. lucida* are all good single roses. *R. rubrifolia* has red stems and foliage, and *R. setigera* would make a good shrubbery rose, being covered in June with pinky-white flowers. Several roses are wild in England, the dog-rose, field-rose, sweetbriar, are all well known.



ROSA BRACTEABER, *from which the Macartney rose was derived. Useful for covering walls with a south and west aspect. The flowers occur singly, but are very large.*

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



MARY and the two young men walked on slowly towards the cottage. None of the party talked very much except the newcomer. He, however, kept up babble for three. His first proceeding was to borrow a cigarette from Docker; and, remembering as he helped himself that he was out of the article altogether, he would treat the lawyer "like an old friend," he said, "and keep the lot."

"Mr. Docker may want to smoke going home," Mary suggested.

"A very laudable desire," Edgar remarked; "and he will find Garrick's open—Garrick's is always open till ten." Then, observing that the path was rather narrow for three—"Here," he said, "you lovers walk in front, and I'll bring up the rear."

He stepped behind at once; and as the angry blood rose to Mary's cheeks he added serenely, "Modesty, modesty—nothing like modesty. You and I would have to ring a long time, Docker, before the waiter brought up hot blushes for us."

Neither of the two angry and embarrassed young people answered his airy raillery, and he lapsed for a few seconds into gentle whistling.

"That's a decent coat of yours," he said, after a very brief abstinence from speech, "but it pulls a bit at the first button. But, Molly, you must choose his cloth for him another time; why, I can see the cotton under this lamp."

It had flashed through Mary's mind on the first apparition of her brother that (though she did not know where on earth they were to put him) he might not have arrived at a bad time. The girl's housekeeping money had been docked ten shillings that week, and though her father had remarked that very soon she should have as much money as ever she wanted, Edgar's bulging pocket might help the family through some temporary straits. Already she was in debt for butter and a pair of chickens. In the face of her brother's badinage—which gave her an unpleasant idea of the influence of Johannesburg—she began to think that housekeeping ease might be purchased at some personal discomfort. Her brother's manners certainly were not improved.

"Why did you not write, Edgar?" she now asked, anxious to check his allusive vein. "I suppose there are post offices at Johannesburg?"

"Plenty," he said; "but they declined to give me credit for a postcard." Then, as two quiet girls passed them, hurrying to get home—"Look at that," he whispered. "Fancy wearing common beige at two and six a yard, when you can get charming alpaca for two and three."

"You observe the ladies pretty closely," Docker remarked.

"No," said Edgar—"only their frocks. Irish women can dress; I will say that for them—most of them, anyhow."

The three young people were now entering a little lane which led from the main village of Gregane to the waterside, and the cluster of villas fronting its right bank, of which Weir Bend formed the last and most isolated member.

"How do you think I came back?" asked Edgar, as the lights twinkled through the trees. Then, without giving his friends' ingenuity a chance, he answered his own conundrum.

"Jemmy Ducks," he said, and laughed.

"What on earth is that?" asked Mary.

"Jemmy Ducks, my dear Molly," Edgar explained, "is the name given, on account of his light and airy attire, to the steward's young man. I did them, though; for I was really sick half the way, and seemingly so the other half. Therefore it may be candidly admitted that I was not a good investment. Indeed there was talk about an action, but it sometimes happens, *pace* the proverb, that words speak louder than actions."

Mary and Docker were now nearing the little curve at the furthest point of which stood Weir Bend.

"Molly," said Edgar, giving his sister a little pat and a little push, "run on, like a dear girl, and tell the old folks that the heir is coming. Excess of joy sometimes kills, don't you know. Tell them not to bother about a brass band."

Very sad at heart in the revelations of Edgar's fortunes and character, Mary obeyed.

The moment she was out of hearing Edgar thrust his arm through Docker's. "I say, old man," he said, "if you had a couple of quid about you it would be as welcome as flowers in May."

Then, as Docker's hand went down without demur into his pocket, Edgar bettered his suggestion. "Or suppose," he observed, with engaging frankness, "we say three."

"Or suppose again," said Docker, "we keep to the original proposition." And he handed his new acquaintance two one-pound notes.

"All right," said Edgar—"just as you like. Won't come in? Then, so-long."

And, with a wave of the hand that showed how incapable he was of petty resentment, the gracious youth followed his sister.

When he entered the house, however, his manner had quite changed. There were tears in his voice, and even tears on his cheek, as he held out his arms to his mother. "Here's your poor prodigal, mother," he said. "Eddy has been a dead failure."

That night, when she had just blown out her candle, there came a knock at Mary's door, and Hildegarde entered.

"I don't feel inclined for sleep," she remarked, and sat down on the edge of her sister's bed. The moon was now high in heaven, and the room lay in a soft dream-light. Mary, whose own heart was full of the matter, imagined that Hildegarde wanted to unbosom herself of thoughts about the strange return of their most strange brother. She herself found it so difficult to say anything without saying more than seemed to her either kind or sisterly, that she lay quite still, waiting for Hildegarde to speak the difficult first word.

For quite a long time the elder girl kept her place, nursing one knee, and looking out with cloudy eyes. Then, not having spoken a word, she rose and leaned out of the window. Mary was thinking that after all the burden of that beginning must be borne by her, when, glancing over her shoulder, Hildegarde spoke.

"Tell me truly, Molly," she said; "do you care for him?"

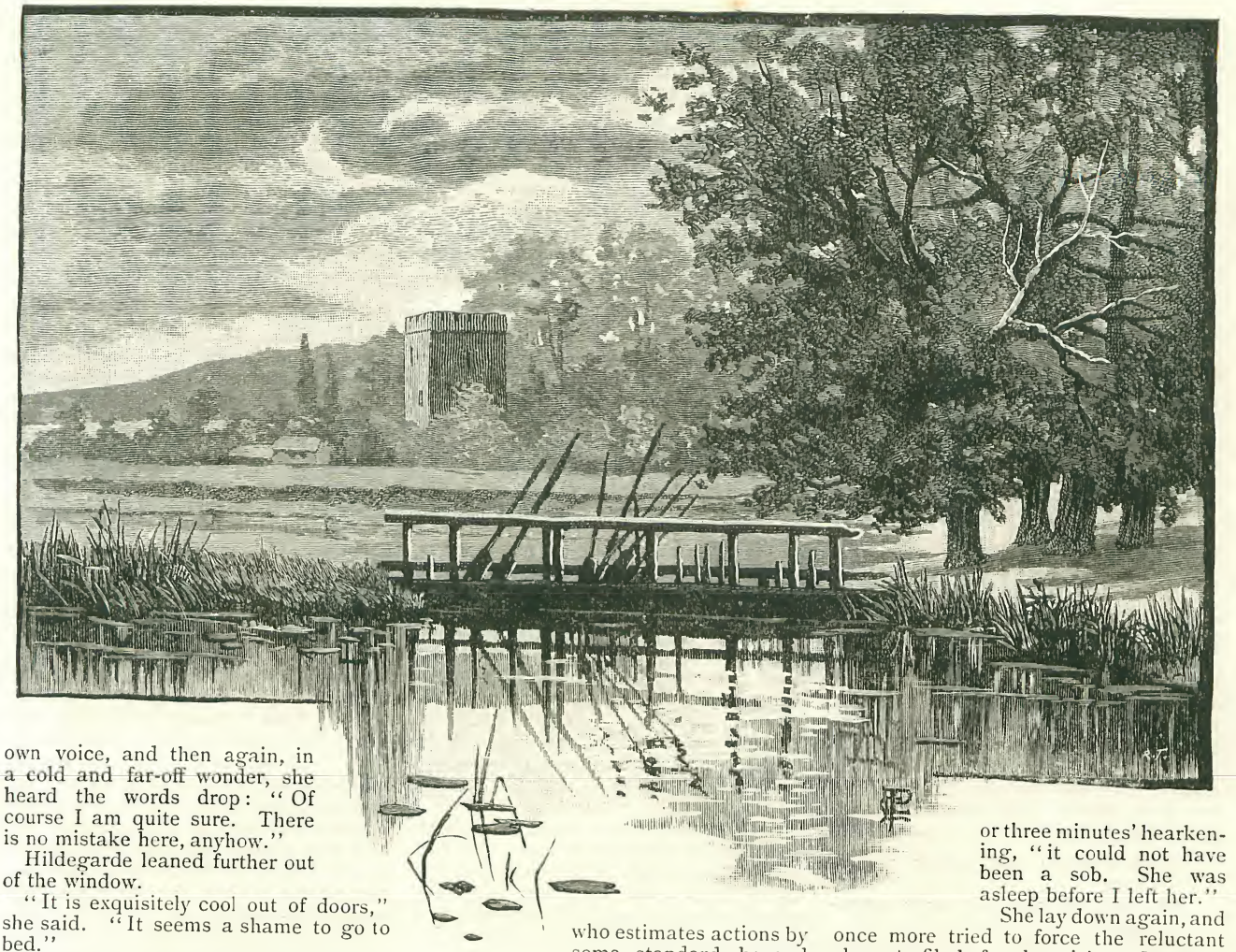
The question took Mary utterly by surprise. Her presence of mind failed her. Before she knew what she was about to say, she found herself saying—and was conscious all the while of listening with a sort of surprise to the words as they fell—

"I don't know why you ask such questions; but if you want to know—certainly not."

Until the last two words came she did not know what they were going to be; and when they were spoken, she felt her heart give an indignant leap as though she had heard herself shamefully belied. And yet in a strange paralysis of will she felt unable to take the words back or add anything to them.

There was a silence that seemed very long, and was actually long enough for the overclouding and the bright re-emergence of the moon. Then Hildegarde said, and her voice fell tenderly and invitingly, "Molly, are you quite sure? Sometimes girls mistake their feelings."

There was a time during which Mary felt herself making a futile nightmare struggle to find her own will and her



own voice, and then again, in a cold and far-off wonder, she heard the words drop: "Of course I am quite sure. There is no mistake here, anyhow."

Hildegarde leaned further out of the window.

"It is exquisitely cool out of doors," she said. "It seems a shame to go to bed."

She sighed and slowly drew herself back, and slowly stepped across the room.

"Good-night, dearest," she said, stooping over her sister and kissing her.

"Let me go to sleep," said Mary, turning away.

And Hildegarde went softly out, and Mary buried her face in the pillow and sobbed without any sound.

When Hildegarde had re-entered her own room she did not at once prepare for bed. Her little den afforded one comfortable chair. Seating herself in that, she put her hands behind her head and thought, or rather let thoughts come and go.

"I'm glad I asked her," she said within herself; "whatever happens, it is all right now. Not that anything is likely to happen. I was making a mountain of a molehill after all." Then she raised herself and began to undress. But thoughts clung to her, and when she was lying in bed her eyes made pictures that she could not shut out.

One of these pictures that stayed longest was a scene upon the rapids. She saw the figure of the young lawyer clinging to the slippery rock, and obstinately refusing aid. "It was not bravery," she said to herself; "it was huffy foolhardiness." But she said this without much hope of its carrying conviction to that innermost judge of all who estimates actions by some standard beyond our reason, and whose judgment overrides the decrees of all the outer courts. No; Hildegarde had condemned the young man's action many times before, and yet—seeing the scene enacted yet again—she felt that, as she held the boat under the rock where the lad hung so perilously, something new came into her heart. Not love, she told herself, certainly not love. People do not change all in a moment, even when a perverse young person persists in melodramatic gymnastics at the risk of getting wet. Had she not singled out this young man as a mark for all the arrows of her scorn? And, as she put forward that treatment as a convincing proof that she could not now be growing fond of the young fellow, she was obliged to admit that the very gratuity of her rudeness might have been a secret recognition of something likely to be.

Hildegarde, flushing with indignation at that interpretation of her conduct, was making a stalwart effort to see a somniferous flock of sheep go by, instead of still beholding that sleep-scaring struggle in the rapids, when she thought she heard a sound.

In a moment she was sitting up in bed with all her hearing turned to Mary's room. Long she listened with tense faculties. But the sound, if sound it had been, was not repeated.

"No," she said decisively, after two or three minutes' hearkening, "it could not have been a sob. She was asleep before I left her."

She lay down again, and once more tried to force the reluctant sheep to file before her vision. It was of no use; rocks went by, a long succession of slippery rocks. Her will dragged up by force, as it were, a sheep, and set it before her vision, and then, as though hers were some dreadful necromancy of the eye, the fleece lengthened into wet weeds, and she was under them, holding her boat hard against the current, and watching a figure that clung and panted. So Hildegarde gave up as not adequate to the present difficulty that respectable recipe for sweet sleep, and let her thoughts go where they would. They did not stray far. The kaleidoscope of her brain turned itself a little, and the old fragments fell into a new combination.

Had she foreseen, with that almost uncanny intuition that comes to some women once and again, either that the young man was already beginning to turn to her, or else that at a look of hers, or less than that, he would be ready to turn?

She did not know. By this time her head was throbbing, and her thoughts had begun to blur into mere nervous irritation and fretful longing for sleep.

She got out of bed and plunged her feet into cold water—a rash but often an efficacious invocation of the poppied god. In a few minutes she was asleep, and dreaming that Mary was being swept over the weir, while she and Docker sat together and stared and did not seem to mind.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.



We must pass over about eight months at Glanheathyn, as slightly as we can, and walk from winter to summer, somewhat hastily. In the chilly winter weather poor Lizzie died, and the grief naturally attendant upon it was gradually wearing into a sweet and tender recollection of her earthly attractions, and a joyful satisfaction that she was now an angel in heaven. Gwenllean, to the common eye, appeared placid. and if never gay, composed. But Clare read beyond the surface. She saw in the pale cheek, and frequently suppressed sigh, that

"With a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

She saw that Mr. Grant, though an accepted suitor, was not beloved. But in vain she sought, by every tender artifice that affection could suggest, to obtain Gwenllean's confidence. Her mother, too, was unhappy about her, and frequently asked whether her heart would accompany her hand if she married; to which the reply she gave was always the same, "That Mr. Grant had accepted of such love as she had to give; and she would endeavour to do her duty by him."

The reprieve afforded by the death of her sister, was expiring, and Mr. Grant urged the consummation of their engagement so earnestly and apparently with such good reason, that Gwenllean was called upon to fix the period of their marriage, which she did, calmly, but with a heavy heart. There was no further intelligence of Herbert, and everyone believed him dead. Mr. Grant never mentioned his name, and cast glances so full of inquiry upon Gwenllean when it was spoken by others, that she could not but perceive that her secret was known to him. His conduct had been so irreproachable, to all appearance, since the fatal evening that had bound them to one another, that she could find no fault in him; but the remembrance of the extracted promise, weighed upon her mind.

He had once alluded to it, saying that overpowering affection alone had instigated him; but he did not offer to release her from it, if she repented having been urged into making it by unfortunate circumstances. He did not say that Mr. Lloyd should be free, whether it were kept or not. Her life was a perpetual struggle; and she did not dare, even if she wished it, to confide either in her mother or sister, for she was bound down to secrecy.

Mr. Grant was making splendid preparations for his marriage, which now began to be generally talked of. The poor people rejoiced in what they considered Gwenllean's good fortune. Mr. Lloyd sighed and said nothing. The worthy miller set his face against it. It did not promise to be a cheerful wedding, for everyone concerned, except Mr. Grant, felt a kind of indescribable oppression; and when the ladies began to think it necessary to consult about the trousseau, Miriam was the only one who entered into the subject with all her heart, and as it deserved. As to Gwenllean, she tried in vain to take an interest.

Clare inwardly called the approaching nuptials, "a sacrifice," and dreaded the day as one that was to seal her sister's title to the tomb.

But for this, Clare would have been the happiest of human beings. She had not known enough of her youngest sister to make her feel her loss very acutely, deep as was the lesson she had learnt from her death; and she found in her mother and Gwenllean all that her heart had panted for from childhood; warm love, example and instruction.

If Clare ever sighed, it was when she thought of Lord Hastings; and then she laughed at what she called her sentiment. She thought that she had now so many to love, who really loved her, that it was folly to regret him, with all his aristocratic pride and coldness, especially as she felt fully convinced that he did not regret her.

About a week before Gwenllean's marriage, or, as Clare would have called it, sacrifice, Clare walked to the village, the bearer of a dozen messages from her mother. The first person she met was that determined Squire of Dames—that Don Quixote—that Malvolio—the jolly miller, and he sported his best English with a decided Welsh accent, in compliments and politenesses as he walked by her side.

"Make so bold, miss; when are you going—ahem!—to follow the other miss's good example?" he began.

"As soon as I can get anyone to take compassion on me, Mr. Jenkins," said Clare, archly. "But I am a very useless piece of furniture. I never made a pudding, pickle, or anything that a good housekeeper ought to do, in my life."

"Soon learnt, miss," replied the miller. "I dare say, now, there are plenty of fine young gentlemen down below there in England, or over in foreign parts, that you could fancy. If I was but a furriner, miss——"

Whether the miller would have arrived at a proposal, or whether Clare would have accepted him, can never now be known, as his loquacity was cut short by their arrival in the little village of Craigyvellyn.

Clare went about from one house to another delivering her various messages, seeing one or two sick people, and making herself very much at home with everybody, until she arrived at the door of the inn. The miller, who had been following her about at a respectful distance, here came up to her, and contrasted well with a portly little landlady, who stood at the door dressed in Welsh costume. Clare stopped to speak to Mrs. Jones, Golden Lion, who, like most hostesses, had plenty to say, and who indulged herself by entertaining Clare with the history of her astonishment, when she found that the young lady who brought Miss Llewellen home in the chariot, and "put up at the Golden Lion," turned out to be Mrs. Llewellen's own daughter. Meanwhile, Clare was much interested in a little curly-headed, rosy-cheeked urchin, who had separated himself from a group of children that were at play near the inn, and was timidly touching, with the tip of one finger, the fringe of her parasol. She sat down upon the stone seat just underneath the flaming yellow lion—the only thing "golden" about the place—and listened to the child's expressions of wonder, which, being in Welsh, she vainly tried to understand, but which were duly translated by Mrs. Jones. At last she opened the parasol, and gave it to the half-naked, dimpled child, who strutted about with it proudly, to the admiration of the other children, who looked on jealously. One little, delicate girl, gaining courage by seeing the success of her bolder companion, crept up to Clare's side, and looked up into her face; after which, she offered her a somewhat suspicious-looking cake that she held in her hand. Clare smoothed her tolerably well-brushed hair, but declined the cake, at which the miller's fat sides shook with an internal chuckle.

The scene is a pretty one. The little picturesque, scattered village, built on the sea-shore, with here and there a straggling tree in the background; rocks on the right, and mountainous hills, sprinkled with sheep, behind. Clare and her group of children, the miller, the landlady, and a few straggling women, who have joined them, in the foreground; and fishermen mending their nets by the side of their boats, on the sea-shore to the left. Suddenly there appears a large party of cockle-women, winding irregularly beneath the rocks, and approaching the village across the sands. At this distance they look strangely picturesque, with their

bare feet, short petticoats and jackets, and broad-brimmed, flat hats. Upon their heads they bear, not ungracefully, their large baskets, filled with the fruits of their hard labours; and beside most of them walk the patient donkeys, also laden with paniers and baskets of cockles, or, perchance, with some weary child, whose mother thinks more of his legs than those of the poor beast. Other children trot merrily along by the side of their parents, holding fast by the end of the jackets; whilst here and there a dog, who has been the companion of their toils, leads the way homewards. Few know how hard those poor women have been labouring for hours. Up to their knees in sand, they have been scraping up, with their hooked knives, the hard shell-fish that adhere so pertinaciously to their beds, that you would think they knew the fate that awaited them. And small are their gains, half a sackful of cockles yielding them, perchance, sixpence.

Onwards they come, two or three dozen of them, some in pairs, some struggling alone, others by their donkeys, others with their children, looking more like foreigners than any other race of people I ever saw The broad afternoon sun shines full upon them—the blue distant mountains are at their backs; the rocks on one side, and the sea, flowing up to their feet, on the other; whilst the little mud-walled village in which they dwell, and where their moderate hopes are centered, lies before them. Nearer they come, and we can hear their merry voices, as they talk and laugh together, and we wonder how they manage to be so happy, clothed so scantily, fed so poorly, and housed so humbly as they are. Blessed is the truth, that happiness dwells just as contentedly with the peasant as the monarch. I will not say more contentedly, because she is as willing to take up her abode with the one as with the other. By degrees the bare feet approach the village—the women curtsey and smile at Clare as they pass, who returns their recognition pleasantly—the children glance with amazement at their young friend underneath the parasol; the donkeys quicken their slow steps at the prospect of their meagre provender; the dogs set up a joyous bark, and the whole party soon disperse to their various abodes.

Clare was delighted with them all—longed for a sketch-book and pencil to "put them down," as an old woman once expressed it, and looked so bright and beautiful as she nodded and smiled, and tried to talk Welsh, that it was no wonder her humble friends looked at her with admiration, or that the miller again felt his heart beat strangely. Neither can we feel surprised if someone else gazed ardently at her, and wondered whether she and all the very substantial forms around her, were visions or realities. And gaze he most assuredly did.

But Lord Hastings—for he it was—did not think of attendant circumstances in the astonishment and pleasure of meeting; nor, at first, did she; for when she had recovered her composure, she inquired for his mother and sisters; asked when he arrived in the neighbourhood—whether he were staying at the Wynne's, and a variety of indifferent questions which served better to cover her confusion than to express her real feelings.

"This must be the surprise then," he said, as he walked by her side towards the place where he had left his horse, "that Grant spoke of, when he invited me to his wedding; and a most agreeable one it certainly is. Are you visiting in the neighbourhood, may I ask?"

"I am residing here," she said, with a blush, which Lord Hastings perceived, and made no further inquiries; but a change passed over his features, expressive of doubt or disappointment.

Clare wished to tell him all, but she could not—she wished to discover if he had heard from her aunt, or seen her, and whether she had mentioned her name; but he evidently avoided the subject, thus plainly proving, she justly considered, that he was not altogether ignorant of her having quitted her aunt, though he probably was not acquainted with her reasons for so doing. The truth was, that Lord Hastings had heard various reports concerning her conduct, none of them to her advantage. The high opinion he entertained of her, and the low estimation in which he held the fashionable gossips who spoke of her, and who were glad to vent their long pent-up jealousy by back-biting her, made him slow to believe what was largely retailed to him. Every one suspected that he had admired her, and many had the bad taste to make the worst of her conduct in his presence; thus strengthening in his comprehensive mind the low opinion he entertained of them, and casting upon them the imputation of female jealousy—that least of all little passions, which thinks to gratify itself, and elevate its possessor, by depreciating the object that excites it, but which ever, sooner or later, fails of its purpose.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

DORA.—Peroxide of hydrogen bleaches superfluous hairs, but does not remove them. It does not cause them to grow faster. Gently rub the fluid on with a small piece of sponge every morning and evening till the hairs are colourless.

DAME BETTY.—The "red nose" from which you suffer may be cured by applying sulphur ointment every evening. You should also attend to your digestion—not by taking drugs, but by avoiding indigestible food, especially tea, for this is often the cause of the condition. If it is not cured by these means, you might try an ointment containing ichthiol (1 %).

VIOLET.—You seem very much annoyed by such a trifling occurrence as "six grey hairs," but it is very common for a stray hair or two to be grey, even at twenty. The cause of these erratic hairs is a local condition of its root, so that you need not fear that the condition will become general. Pull out the grey hairs, and you will cease to worry about them. None of the conditions that you mention have been proved to have any power of causing greyness.

PORTIA.—From the scanty information you give us about your eyes, it is not very easy to tell you definitely what is the matter with them. We should think, however, that all you require is to wear spectacles. If you go to the eye-department of any hospital they will test your eyes for you, and most probably be able to relieve you at once.

JESSIE.—1. "Ichthiol" should be taken in pills each containing two and a half grains. Take two pills every night. They are not very nice but very satisfactory. Any chemist can obtain them for you.—2. Biography, travel, natural history and popular science are the best forms of literature for general reading.

C. C. C."—The black specks on your face are "blackheads" (comedones). Use sulphur soap to wash with, and apply sulphur ointment locally and you will get rid of your trouble in a short time. Squeezing out the more prominent specks will enable the sulphur to act more speedily.

"ONE IN TROUBLE."—"Noises in the ears" are most tiresome conditions to cure, but if you persevere you will get over them, or at all events relieve them in time. The best thing you can do for them is to take a prescription containing the following drugs—

℞. Liquoris strychninæ μ ij.
Ammoniæ bromidi gr. x.
Ferri et ammon cit. gr. v.
Aq chlorof. ad. ʒj.

three times a day. The two first-named drugs are diametrically antagonistic in their action, but for some reason they act very well in this condition.

ANXIOUS.—For "wind in the stomach" take carbonate of soda (gr. v.) in a bitter tonic before meals. Take frequent small meals, and avoid potatoes, pastry and tea.

E. S.—Blaud's pill (not "Bauld's" pill) is the pilula ferri of the British Pharmacopœia. It is an excellent remedy for anæmia. Iron is a very powerful stimulant in itself, so you will not need any other. The "palpitation of the heart" of which you complain is due to anæmia and not to heart disease. The Blaud's pill will cure the palpitation with the anæmia.

SPECTACLES.—Yes; you had far better go to the hospital again about your eyes. It is impossible to give you advice in this column.

WALLFLOWER.—1. There are many kinds of hair dye, but we cannot advise any particular kind.—2. There is no reason why a girl of fourteen should "grind her teeth during the night." It may possibly be due to indigestion, but more probably it is simply due to habit.

IVY.—1. For "scurf on the head," wash your head every week, adding one teaspoonful of boracic acid and one tablespoonful of glycerine to every quart of water.—2. Varicose veins only get worse by continuation of the cause, which is usually excessive standing. The best treatment for them is to wear an elastic stocking.

MEYERION.—The spot on your nose will probably disappear if you use an ointment containing ichthiol, ten grains to the ounce. If it still continues after some weeks' treatment you had better see a surgeon.

ELSIE.—1. If you want to cure bunions you must see that your boots do not press upon them.—2. A weak mercurial ointment rubbed over the joints and covered with a piece of lint and strapping often gives great relief.—2. For your face use sulphur soap to wash with and apply a simple ointment in the evening.

CLOVER.—Flushing may be cured by taking iron, or better still ichthiol. The latter drug is very efficacious but not very nice to the taste. It should be taken in pills containing two and a half grains. Two pills should be taken every evening.

NELLIE.—We have never heard that ammonia produces a growth of hair on the face, but you are right to discontinue its use. Borax is quite non-injurious. Hair on the face cannot be permanently destroyed by any practicable means whatever.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A WOULD-BE NEWNHAMITE.—The fees at Newnham vary from 75 to 96 guineas per annum. You can obtain full particulars as to entrance by writing to the Hon. Secretary, Newnham College, Cambridge; and you must make very early application if you wish to gain admission, as the number of "would-be Newnhamites" is great.

ANNETTE HILL wishes us to state, for the benefit of "A Lover of Music" that there is a Conservatoire of Music at Brunswick, Germany.

VERA.—1. We are pleased to hear from you, and your verses are up to the average of those sent us for criticism. More than this we are afraid we cannot say, and you could scarcely hope to have them accepted for publication. In "Forget-me-not" there is an error in grammar in the first verse, *i.e.*, "have drank," and verse 6 is incomplete as to sense. "Life's Question" awakes our sympathy; but we must point out that the metre changes in lines 5 and 6—

"Why do some have all the load of sorrow,
Whilst others have but happiness to show?"

"Us" and "cross" do not rhyme. We see no reason why you should not continue to practise the writing of verse in leisure moments, if you at the same time read and study the best poetry.—2. Your writing is very fair indeed, and will soon be very good if you never let yourself write carelessly.

MONA.—We are sorry to say that "Rejected" is not poetry at all, but simply an incident recorded in lines of varying length, without any attempt at metre or rhythm. If you were to read it aloud, no one would suspect it to be meant for verse. "The sad grave eyes of *she*" is an ungrammatical expression. We do not wish to discourage you, for we observe that you have some idea of describing a scene in a pictorial way, but you have not grasped the difference between poetry and prose.

FANNIE.—"The spirit of true poetry" is a spirit whose visits to the world of literature are few and far between. To say that your lines possess it, would be to give you praise that only a few men and women in our time can hope to win. It is quite possible that you may write pleasant verse, if you try not to say what has been said before, and study the rules of composition and musical form. You must not use "thee" and "you" alternately, nor change your metre as you do in verse 3 of "The Violet," where your third line is a syllable too short, the fourth line a syllable too long.

A LOVER AND READER OF THE "G. O. P." FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.—Your poem, "The Leper's Cry," might be very much improved if you paid stricter attention to the laws of metre; but your form varies with almost every verse. You should fix on some one metre, and then write in it throughout, as the effect on the ear of halting lines is distressing. The same may be said of "As a Little Child"; and it is a pity, as your sentiments are excellent. Cultivate your ear by reading good poetry.

H. F. S.—You would perhaps obtain details of this French examination (of which we have never heard) by writing to the Teacher's Guild, 74, Gower Street, W.C. For examinations in modern languages apply Secretary, Local Examination Delegacy, Clarendon Building, Oxford. The certificate of any accredited examining body would help you in obtaining pupils.

ETHEL ROSALIE.—We sympathise with the longing expressed in your lines on Switzerland; but the rhymes in the first verse, "charms" and "mars," are incorrect. In verse 3, the second line, "Glorious in the morn," is a syllable too short, and you need not say that sunrise is "in the east." You would hardly find the Swiss hillsides "sheltered from all gales"; and the comparison in the last verse is hardly suitable. One should not compare objects of love so dissimilar. We hope you will one day see Switzerland, and then write another descriptive little poem, in which the snows, torrents, pine forests, and glaciers should find some place.

LOVEDAY.—We have read your letter with very much interest and sympathy.—1. Your poems are written in singleness of heart, but to you also, as to so many of our correspondents, we must say that the rules of form are very important. "Name" and "plain," "child" and "awhile," do not rhyme, and if you look critically into your hymns, you will observe in each irregularities of metre, the verses not matching one another as to the length and cadence of their lines.—2. In preference to the course you suggest, we should advise you to go in for an examination held by one of the following institutions:—"Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music," Secretary, 52, New Bond Street, London. "Guildhall School of Music," Victoria Embankment. "Trinity College," Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W. Two questions are all that our rules allow us to answer at one time, but we hope you will write again. We could answer your question on home missionary work better, if we knew whether you are dependent on your own efforts or not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHITE PANSY.—Certainly marry the man, though he be several years your senior, if you love and respect him, and if there is the full probability of his being able to support you. It is not necessary to mention to him what you have told us. Repentance and forgiveness exist in this life, and sins are nullified and washed away. You are, we hope, what the Bible calls "a new creature," and you have every right to the shelter and happiness of a good man's love.

MAI asks: 1. "How long should you be engaged before getting married?" In answering for ourselves we should wait until we were sure there was enough to live upon. There is no rule about such matters, they are governed by family considerations and personal wishes.—2. The best food for young canaries is a hard boiled egg chopped up finely, with a very little bit of a roll soaked in water and squeezed dry. Do not mix much of this, about two teaspoonfuls at a time. The cock canary feeds the little ones. Feed every two or three hours at first, and keep on with this soft food for a month at least, and discontinue gradually, mixing with the ordinary food of canaries for some time longer.

LIZZIE BECKETT.—The initials "A. E. I." signify "for ever and for aye," from the Greek. Thus it is often employed on jewellery designed for keepsakes. We are quite as uninformed as yourself in reference to the person who stigmatised the English as "a nation of drunkards." It is an unjustifiable slander, whoever said it. Some idea may be formed of which race is, of the two, more open to such an accusation, by the statistics given concerning the death-rates of various countries through intemperance within the last eight or ten years; and it is decidedly on the decrease, we read, in this country. The deaths from intemperance per 1,000 of the population are: in Sweden, 6·25; Belgium, 3·83; Switzerland, 3·81; Norway, 2·36; our own United Kingdom, 2·27; France, 1·05; Italy, 0·85. In Persia the Mahomedans, as elsewhere, drink to intoxication in private; but the Hindoos and Parsees of India—and the latter especially—hold a high reputation for their sobriety; and so do the Jews and Quakers everywhere.

BIRD-FANCIER.—It is true that the golden-crested wren is the smallest of European birds; but the humming-birds of transatlantic birth are smaller still and are like butterflies. The former weighs only about 80 grains troy; and, divested of its feathers, the body does not exceed an inch in length. The latter are natives of the whole of North and South America and Canada. At least 500 species are known, and the dwarf humming-bird does not exceed the size of a bee. They subsist on the honey in flowers, supplemented by insects. But the Monster spider (*Mygale avicularia*) is a formidable enemy. The giant Atlas moth, of China, much exceeds this tiny bird in size, for the wings measure 8 or 9 inches across in an average specimen; but some have been known to spread nearly a foot across. It is the wild species of silkworm.

CICELY.—You can make stout drawing paper transparent, simply by brushing it over with Canada balsam, thinned if necessary with a little oil of turpentine. But any paper capable of the transfer of a drawing in ordinary ink, pencil, or water-colours, can be made perfectly transparent for the purpose of tracing. For this you must use benzine. The paper should be damped with pure, fresh-distilled benzine, and it will become transparent at once, and capable of taking either ink or water-colours without running. Then, as the benzine evaporates, it resumes its opacity. If the tracing be not completed damp that part again.

COLUMBA.—1. You will be obliged to have lessons to teach you the correct pronunciation.—2. Sauer's "Italian Conversation Grammar" is good, also Perini's.

GREEN BANK and E. L.—We regret we cannot find the answer you speak of; but as you have all the volumes, you might look back to vol. iv., pages 401 and 545, to John Staples' articles on oil painting, which are excellent.

A. L.—It has been said by some that Mazzaroth (Job xxxviii, 32) denotes the signs of the Zodiac, not a star.



MY DARLING O'ER THE BLUE!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

I BEHOLD the sunbeams rising, and I watch them wane and die,
But no solace is my portion as the days go slowly by!
Till the stars illume the heavens I am gazing from the quay,
But the ship that I am waiting I can never, never see!
If the mariners I question, they will surely turn away,
Or so indistinctly mutter that I know not what they say;
They could tell me, were they willing, of my darling o'er the blue,
But for some cause they are silent, and I know not what to do!

It is three long years since tidings came to me across the main
That my darling was returning, but I never heard again!
And I cannot understand it, for his letter said the year
Would be very little older ere his vessel would appear.
Oh! he cannot have forgotten I am sorrowful and lone!
And he cannot have forgotten I am evermore his own!
It is thoughtless thus to linger, O my darling, o'er the blue,
For the days are very weary, and I know not what to do!



A BRIDESMAID.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 908.] MAY 22, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



All rights reserved.] "CONSTABLE KEOGH SPREADING A LARGE BENEVOLENCE OVER HIS WHOLE BEAT."

CHAPTER X.

MARY woke next morning to the sense of something heavy and calamitous. Sorrowfully she arose as one who rises to take up a burden. When, however, she looked out of window and saw the magpies running among the haycocks, and heard the call of the wood pigeons, and the sunny song of the river, her fears passed away in the breath of the happy morning.

What a little noodle she was! She had half a mind to box her own ears for being so absurd. "Night, as everybody knows," she said to herself, "distorts the form of everything. I might have had the sense to say to myself, 'go to sleep, and see how matters look in the morning.' Instead of which I cried for two hours. Dear me, I can taste the salt pillow now."

So Mary began to perform her toilet with a sense of relief that made it hard for her not to sing and dance.

Troubles of course there were. There was the chronic anxiety about her father, which she must bear alone; and there was that immediate worry how to stretch the cold mutton over two days, and there would be Mrs. Mack's wages falling due in less than a week. And here, on the top of this perplexity, was Edgar, dropping in from Johannesburg, in cheerful, but as Mary foretold, exacting insolvency. Still, with that great new trouble melted and gone, the other troubles did not seem very terrible. Optimism was winking through the window. As though a word said to one's sister were an irrevocable decision graven by fate in black letters of doom! She had been very silly in her behaviour last night, though it had been a little too bad of Hildegarde to spring such a question upon her without a moment's preparation.

Since, however, Mary now knew the answer to the question, she would find some means of making Hildegarde understand how things really were.

Yes, Mary was no longer in doubt. She did care for Mr. Docker, oh, very much—very much indeed. She blushed as she owned this to herself, but with a very happy shame. She would never have let herself care unless she had known—what she did know quite well.

There was a sharp double knock at the front door, and a little later Mrs. Mack came labouring up to Mary's room. The awful yellow envelope, Mrs. Mack considered, swept away such superficial conventions as knocking at people's bedroom doors. Having driven Mary to imperfect covert behind the towel horse, Mrs. Mack now rebuked the maiden's hyper-particularity.

"Ah, Miss Meary," she said, "come out of that before things is worse nor they are. What does it matter about the appearance you make with your relations dying on you in heaps?"

The excellent woman declined any more favourable interpretation of a telegram than the obliteration of the larger number of one's kith and kin.

Reaching out an arm Mary opened the envelope under such shelter as she had. "Dear me," she said; "I wonder what I ought to do."

"Was it very suddent?" asked Mrs. Mack. "Ah, and I often do be feeling a pain right in the left side. 'Twill be a great funeral, I'm sure."

"Funeral!" said Mary; "it's a wedding, Mrs. Mack. Milly Linton is going to be married, and then starts for India. She wants me to be her bridesmaid."

"And not Miss Hildegarde. 'Deed, then, I think she might pass her that compliment."

"She does not know her at all well, Mrs. Mack."

"Oh, then," said Hildegarde's faithful partisan, "that's the excuse they have. However, Miss Meary, they say them that is a bridesmaid will never be a bride. Faith, I must go and boil a turkey egg I have for Miss Hildegarde's breakfast."

Could she go, Mary wondered? Could she possibly be spared? Milly was her very dearest friend, and she might not see her again for years; but—

The buts were all bowled over by Hildegarde.

"I can begin my holidays," she said, "a few days earlier. Mrs. McQuaide was anxious to consult my convenience."

"No, no," said Mary; "that would throw them out, and——"

"Rubbish," said Hildegarde. "Besides, I sent Mrs. Mack with your answer 'yes' twenty minutes ago. So hurry up; the train starts in an hour."

Mary did hurry up, and, cavaliered by Edgar, duly caught that train.

The money even for a third class ticket would have been scraped together with great difficulty, had not the brother magnanimously come forward with a half sovereign.

"I happen to have a little nest-egg," the ingenuous youth remarked. "I'm sure you are very welcome, Molly."

Mary was quite touched by this freely-offered aid. Also she reflected with pleasure, as the train jolted along, that Edgar must have imparted to the representation of his financial position a certain degree of picturesque exaggeration. If she had guessed the origin of Edgar's superfluous cash, she would have failed her old friend Milly rather than have been urged weddingward under such odious impulsion.

Edgar had displayed a degree of good will and of alacrity that took his family not a little by surprise. Hitherto, even on his own missions, if the youth happened to catch a train it had generally been the next. If he travelled with luggage, his belongings had been thinned at each successive change, until, on his arrival, his entire collection was apt to be himself; with or without his ticket. And yet, urged, it would appear, by fraternal affection, Edgar had advanced money, carried a handbag, found out where one must change, and set Mary in a comparatively comfortable carriage with her back to the engine.

The last item in his provident good will was reported to the ladies by Mrs. Mack, who had arrived, distilled almost to jelly with the act of running, bearing a packet of egg sandwiches for Miss Meary.

"And I seen him," further testified Mrs. Mack, "slip a couple of half-crowns, or I wouldn't be sure they wasn't florins, into the hand of her. 'And, Meary,' says Mr. Edgar, 'Meary,' he says, says he, like as if it was myself saying the same as it might be now, 'get into a first at the junction,' he says, 'for I wouldn't approve of the set you're with presently,' says he, 'for, not to say a word agin their characters,' he says, 'they're a lot of low blagyards.' And with that the train let a shriek out of her, and, musha, there was myself standing with the sandwiches in my hand."

Edgar walked home with quite a glow of unselfish generosity at his heart. It was not every brother, he thought, that would break into his little hard-won hoard to forward his sister's somewhat unnecessary pleasures. If he was conscious of any motive less admirable than that which he had advanced, it was only as in a misty twilight one may be conscious of the muffled and almost extinguished presence of the boundary hills. And yet, it is much to be feared, motives far less admirable did in reality stand in the foreground of Edgar's mental view.

For some reason or other he had not slept well that first night at the Weir Bend. A little thoughtlessly, he could not but feel, he had been put into a mere closet; a horribly stuffy little hole. He would take possession of Mary's room during her absence; and, well—perhaps it might not be worth while to change back on her return. Not being able to sleep, Edgar went out for a walk, and on his way he fell in with Constable Keogh, spreading a large benevolence over his whole beat, beaming at every yawning draggletail that dawdled over a hatch-door, and never able to keep his hand off a little curly head.

"I say, Keogh," said Edgar, "what sort of a fellow is that man Docker that came up to me here last night?"

"The best gentleman at all," said Keogh, "and," remembering those wise words about Dolly's looks, "a very knowledgable gentleman. 'Deed, then, I have a great wish for Mr. Docker."

"Ah," said Edgar. "Not a very liberal fellow, I should say."

"Well, for the matter of that, Mr. Edgar, I wouldn't say that Mr. Docker had any too much for himself. Between the two of us, Mr. Edgar," and the policeman put up to his mouth a hand that would have made an efficient back-screen, "I had a few people quarrelling here and there to put a small trifle of business into his hands. There's Mr. McElroy at the inn, that I obliged at an odd time about a bit of a backway he has (you'd get a glass there, Mr. Edgar, any hour, if you gave three knocks and then whistled twice)—well, he made it his business to summons a few of the neighbours and, betune us, we're putting two or three itums together to give Mr. Docker a start."

"Then he's about as poor as a church mouse?" said Edgar, stripping the argument of its redundancies.

"He is," said Mr. Keogh; "but he is one of them that is bound to come

on. He have a great head onto him entirely."

"Ah," said Edgar. "I wouldn't wonder. Good morning Keogh, and kiss the little—er"—Edgar's mastery of the facts was not complete—"person for me."

"Ah," said Keogh to himself, under the umbrage of his saluting hand, "there's no harm in Mr. Edgar."

"That won't do," the young man thought to himself. "I can't have my sisters throwing themselves away like that. With the dear old governor getting up in his good old years, I must be a sort of father to the girls. And, for the matter of that, even for myself it might be a bit of a help to have a couple of brothers-in-law that wouldn't see a fellow kept back by want of a few hundreds, and who liked to have a pleasant chap about the place. However," Edgar concluded in his thoughts, "it don't matter. I am sure to fall upon my feet. The girls' happiness is the real thing."

Milly Linton's telegram fell, therefore, as seed on prepared ground. "Weddings make weddings," Edgar thought, as he pulled out Docker's half sovereign, "and at the worst this trip will keep her out of Docker's way. I wish I hadn't been so affable to him last night. The beggar looked prosperous!"

Edgar had certainly developed business capacity during his sojourning abroad.

The second day after Mary's departure, Mr. Haydn arrived while the ladies were at tea—Edgar was away somewhere—and went straight up to his dressing-room.

Mrs. Haydn listened, with her tea-cup in her hand. "Darling," she said, and while she spoke the other hand was pressed hard against her side, "did you notice nothing?"

"No," said Hildegarde, "nothing except that this is not his ordinary time. Indeed," she added, "there is no train about now."

"I thought," her mother said after a little while, "his step sounded . . . not quite as usual." She spoke with a brave effort to command her voice, but it went away in the middle of her short sentence.

"Don't be fanciful, mother," said Hildegarde. "Nobody could possibly tell anything from two or three steps across the hall."

"I am sure you are right, dearest," Mrs. Haydn replied. "Let me give you another cup of tea." This little tea-making was almost the last housewifely office that she somewhat fitfully retained. It had been a great pleasure to her these two days to have Hildegarde out of harness again, a distinguished guest, sitting down with her *tête-à-tête*.

The girl handed her cup. As Mrs. Haydn received it the teaspoon began to tinkle in the saucer.

"Excuse me, dearest," she said; "I think I must be a little nervous. There!" She drew herself together, leaning her arms upon the table, and all the while that the two women listened there was a jingling accompaniment of shaken cups and spoons.

"Nothing," said Hildegarde at length in a curious far-off voice. "Come, mother, we must fight against these little panics. I daresay——"

"There again," said Mrs. Haydn, rising to her feet. "He is calling me. No, I can walk without help."

She moved aside Hildegarde's offered arm, and in spite of long invalid years, went with a kind of fluttering lightness along the passage to her husband's room.

"I did not call."

Hildegarde, listening, heard those words as her mother passed within and the door closed upon her. Certainly if there was nothing unusual in the step there was strangeness in that voice.

And her mother had heard the call—twice!

Mr. Haydn was sitting in a high-backed chair, with his elbows resting on the arms and his hands dangling before him. His whole figure seemed sunken and shrunken, but he did not lean back for support. He had been taking off his boots, and effort apparently had failed midway. Of the two feet that seemed feebly trying to creep out of sight under the rail, one was stockinged, and the other still wore its shoe. One of the lingering fopperies of the old man—old in fact, if hardly elderly in years—had been concerned with his feet; and the striped silk sock and the small shining shoe struck Mrs. Haydn now, as her husband sat there, looking at nothing, dazed and broken—with a piteous irony.

It is these little types and symbols that appeal to the feminine heart. What strange shreds and oddments enshrine the romance of many a woman's life. The heart's pearls are as often as not a bit of lichened stick, a glove, a button, the elastic of a purse.

"St. Arnaud," said Mrs. Haydn, "something is very wrong. Tell me all, dearest. I will try to help you to bear it."

One hand as she spoke clung to the back of her husband's chair, and the other pressed hard—hard—on the old place. She stood there, the embodiment of fragility—a thing that a rough touch might shatter. And in spite of the tenderness that strove to suppress it, the heavy drag of pain was in her thin, beautiful face. To hear her speak of helping any living creature to bear affliction would have moved almost any man to a smile and a tear. And the smile would have been the sadder of the two.

Her husband seemingly did not hear. He only looked before him with eyes that saw nothing.

Mr. Haydn's sparse grey hair, in a feeble struggle against the advancing baldness which he had always bitterly resented, was wont to be brushed across the top of his smooth crown. It was a little joke in the household—his credulous fancy that the nakedness of the land was unrevealed to any spies but such as stood right over him. And consequently it was considered in doubtful taste to linger long behind his chair.

The ashy wisps had all deserted their service now. They lay, long and very forlorn, over his forehead and the sides of his head, leaving the crown shining and bare.

His wife leaned over and laid her lips upon the head of the old man who had given up trying not to be old; beaten in his little vanity as he had been in everything else. Yet as he felt the warm lips he thrust his head away, and his hands went up to spread the thin layer of grey hairs. But before they had reached the head, the hands forgot what they had been sent to do. Faintly questioning, they hung in the air a little while, flaccid and half open. Then they fell back to their old place.

But the movement had stirred his consciousness a little; for when his wife spoke his name again, standing now in front of him, he raised his eyes and looked at her. And that which before had moved Mary, now stirred in Mrs. Haydn a strange maternal pity—the boyish blueness of the old man's suffering eyes.

"My own love," she said, "my dearest of all," and, leaning forward, she tried to smooth one of the long horizontal lines out of her husband's forehead. That instinct of physically touching those she loved, which was a characteristic of Mary's, had come to her clearly enough from her mother.

"Is it very bad, St. Arnaud?" said the poor woman who was now to give her mind to another fear; "is it ruin?"

"Worse," he said, again lifting the obstinate blue, which not all the blackness of his fate had been able to overcloud; "disgrace."

Mrs. Haydn said nothing, but the convulsive leaping as it were of her whole face made itself felt, even through the dead self-absorption of the old man's trouble.

"Poor Dolly," he said, with some gleam of nobler sorrow in his eyes: "Poor Dolly."

But that momentary thought was all that his misery could spare from the fears that haunted him. In a very little while his wife saw that he hardly remembered her presence. But the two words, twice said, were enough to give her some relief. "Dolly!" It was the old courting name. He had not called her that for five-and-twenty years. She lifted his heavy hand to her lips and tears fell upon it.

The broken man felt the tears.

"Dorothy," he said, and a quick shiver ran through him—"cannot anything be done? It would be awful to go—to prison—an old man like me."

And even then some stir of vanity awoke in him. "At my time of life," he said, correcting his very appeal to pity.

For a long time Mrs. Haydn could not say more than a few disjointed words of pity.

"Yes, yes," her husband said at length, "I know, I know. But what's to be done. Pity won't help. Oh, if my head was as clear as yours I would think of something."

"You forget, dearest," she answered, painfully gathering voice. "I do not know what . . . has happened. Will you not tell me . . . all?"

He did tell her. Holding his head with both his hands, as though to press

some yielding gear within his brain back into its place, he drew forth in shreds and broken bits a miserable story.

Land-hunger—the Irish devotion to the soil—was at the bottom of it all. On the day that he moved from the old place he had vowed within himself to win it back. For many years he had been speculating, with neither great luck nor great disaster. Only in the last twelve months his ventures had assumed very serious dimensions. And he had had wonderful success; only a few weeks ago he firmly believed that he was on the threshold of his ambition. Mr. Hennessy, the owner of Ballintober, would not have refused a fair offer. And now—all was over. It had been the merest chance; a thing that nobody could have foreseen. Even at that moment, with a few spare hundreds, things might have been brought round. But there was no money, and no hope of it, and all was over. The furniture—everything—would have to go.

"But there is no disgrace in this, darling," Mrs. Haydn said; "folly perhaps, but not disgrace. We have been helped through troubles before, and God will not fail us now."

Then the old man trembled again; trembled as his wife had never seen man tremble before. His head sank down upon the table, and sobs of dry agony tore him. At last he mastered himself a little.

"At the office" . . . he muttered; "the books . . . I cannot make out. Is there anybody listening?—look: I thought I heard a step."

Mrs. Haydn satisfied him that no one was near; and he resumed his tremulous revelation.

"There is a deficit, Dorothy; a thousand pounds—more; nearer twelve hundred." He clasped his hands together, and spoke in a voice that was almost a thin wail. "God forgive me, God forgive me! . . . I wanted the money at the time, I know. . . There was a large payment I had to make. . . But I don't think"—his hands made a piteous effort to lift his forehead, as though it had been a lid—"I don't think I meant to;" his voice sank to a whisper; "steal the money."

"St. Arnaud," said his wife, "you are no more capable of stealing than I am of hurting a little child. For my faith in that I would die. How you did this thing—if it was you—I don't pretend to say, but it was error, not dishonesty."

"No," he said, and a few tears fell at last, "I don't think I am a thief. Thank you, Dorothy, for standing by me." Then the sense of her fragility seemed to come to him. "Oh," he said, looking helplessly round, "I wish Mary was here!"

Mrs. Haydn comforted him as best she could, saying that Mary would not be absent long.

"In a fortnight," he answered, "all will be up. The books will be audited, and"—he pressed his trembling hands together, and the words came out in a groan—"Mr. Hennessy is to be the auditor."

(To be continued.)



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VIII.

AN UNFAILING GUIDE.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

I AM anxious that you and I, dear girls, should benefit by individually asking ourselves a question of vital importance, "What is the Bible to me?"

I am sure we can none of us answer this in a hurry, unless, and that seems too sad to be possible, conscience should constrain any amongst us to reply—

"Hitherto the Bible has been nothing to me. I possess one, because it is the custom for everybody to own a Bible; but it has no special value for me. I should not miss it if it were taken away."

Let us put aside the thought that such a reply would be possible from any of us, who meet and talk together in order to increase our knowledge of God and to help each other to grow more like Him, as He has revealed Himself in Christ. In asking ourselves the question, "What is the Bible to me?" I do not mean that we should give the answer aloud, but that each of us should discover the true one, by honest self-examination, having first asked for the light of the Holy Spirit that we may see clearly and answer faithfully. Perhaps these questions may help to reveal the truth to us—

"Is the Bible to me the one revelation of God by which, with the help of His Spirit, I may learn to know and love him? Is it to me the one book which reveals God's infinite love, the crowning proof of which was the gift of His Son Jesus Christ?

"Is the Bible the book to which I may go with the certainty of being guided aright in every season of doubt and difficulty? Does its teaching influence my daily life for good?

"Do I go to a Bible as to a rich treasure-house, in order to find the spiritual jewels which will adorn my character and enable me to glorify my Father in heaven?

"Is it the habit of my life to seek guidance in time of perplexity; comfort when in sorrow; strength when I most feel how helpless I am to do what is right in God's sight?

"When in prosperity, do I go to the Bible to teach me how to use my gifts in the service of Him who bestowed them? Or, if in trial or adversity, do I seek in its pages sweet words of cheer which will give me courage to endure, and patience to wait until the shadows flee away? Do I find joy and gladness in believing and resting upon the promises of God in Christ?

"Am I careful daily to make my own some message written on its pages for me, if only a few words which will, at the right time, be brought home to my heart, and fulfil their special purpose?"

On the other hand—"Is the Bible the one book which we feel it right to have at hand, but which is ours only in name?"

There are too many who bear the Christian name, old as well as young, who possess Bibles after this fashion.

I cannot imagine that any of you, who have enjoyed these peaceful twilight hours with me, could speak flippantly or half-contemptuously of God's word. Yet I dare say you, like myself, know girls who do this. It is no uncommon experience in these days.

A girl—highly educated according to modern notions—said in my hearing, and with a contemptuous laugh and toss of the head—

"Who cares for the Bible now? It is an old-fashioned book. It did well enough for ignorant people ages ago, but it does not suit modern times. Let us talk of something else."

The speaker then began to criticise a modern novel, as though her flippant speech had settled the question as to the estimation in which the inspired Word of God ought to be held to-day.

True. The Bible is an old-fashioned book. I call on you, my dear ones, to join me in thanking God that it is so.

Has it not been wondrously preserved intact and handed down through the ages still bearing the Divine stamp on its pages? Still as able to supply our spiritual needs as when God sent it forth for the purpose?

Old-fashioned! Yes. But human hearts, human needs, human frailties, sorrows and sins are old-fashioned, too. What human nature was in past ages, it is to-day. It wants the same purifying influences, the same source of strength, the same guidance, cleansing, pardon as of old. And far and above the clamour of the world goes up, from the depths of the human heart, the longing for a peace which the world cannot give; but which, when God gives it, the world cannot take away.

It is from that eternal source, which the Bible makes known to us—God Himself—that every blessing has ever come and still comes to His children.

Sometimes a very humble incident may illustrate a great truth. I was in the hands of a hairdresser one day, and as the man brushed and snipped, he extolled first one nostrum, then another, which would, if applied, greatly improve the natural covering of my head, and urged me to buy them.

I quietly declined, but the man was so persistent as to be almost annoying. At last I said—

"I have long used a simple preparation for my hair, and I am quite satisfied with it."

"Oh, that old-fashioned thing!" said the man in a tone of contempt. "Now these articles I have mentioned are new, and a vast improvement on anything ever before introduced."

"Is it not the best proof that an article possesses real value if it becomes old-fashioned, and still remains in request? Had it been worthless, it would have gone out of use long ago," I replied.

The man was silenced at last, but after a short interval he said, in a subdued tone—

"We still keep the article you named, madam, and if you require a supply——"

This story of mine seems a strange one to use as an illustration of such a subject; but, after all, it is not without point.

My dear girl-friends, if any scoffers, old or young, should venture to speak of the Bible as an old-fashioned book in your hearing, turn bravely round upon them with this simple reply—

"It is old-fashioned. Thank God for it! Old-fashioned, because it is good. Because, through age after age, it has been the guide, counsellor, comforter, helper of all sorts and conditions of human beings. Dying monarchs have realised, through its teaching, that the power, pomp, and riches of this world are but 'as a dream when one awaketh' and can avail nothing in the life beyond."

The poor, rich in faith, have forgotten poverty, privation, sorrow and suffering, as, trusting in the living God, revealed to them in the Bible, they have looked onward, with brave, patient spirits, to the time when they should see Him as He is. Tears may fall here and with good reason, but the humble believer who weeps here, remembers the words of Jesus—"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted," and the promise that, in the blessed home above, "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

Martyrs have faced torture and death without fear, believing that these were but a brief passage to eternal life, and the presence of the Saviour God who had first suffered for them.

But it is not only in great things that we try the value and sufficiency of the Bible. It has a message for all times and to meet every position in which we may be placed. I can truly say that many a time, a short passage from God's Word has been brought home to me exactly as if it had been spoken in my ear, and has given me the help I wanted.

Do you ask, dear girls, how this could be, since no friend was at hand to quote the words?

Yes. There was memory, and here I cannot too strongly impress upon you the importance of making God's messages your own, by learning passages from the Bible by heart. Let every day increase this priceless treasure. Then, at the right moment, God's Holy Spirit will, in answer to prayer, bring home to your mind just the portions that will be most helpful to you.

I daresay some may tell you that the learning of texts is an old-fashioned custom, all very well for little Sunday scholars, but not for the highly-educated young ladies of to-day. Do not heed them, dear ones. Take the word of an old mother of girls who loves you, each and all, and would fain be made of some use to you, by telling you the tale which experience has engraven on her own mind and memory.

Mind, I could not talk learnedly about the Bible, or discuss obscure passages, meanings and dates, with great scholars. I could not enter into or try to settle vexed questions on subjects which seem to me—and the more so as I grow older—of very little real importance. If one freely grants that there are passages which are not easy to be reconciled, there is more than enough left on which we can rest with confidence. Enough to meet every want and silence every doubt.

All I can do is, to tell you what the story of past ages tells as to the value of the Bible to generations now no more; of its abiding treasures, open to all who will accept them, and of what it has done and is daily doing for me.

I always think that those who do not accept God's Word and probably have never cared to search the Scriptures in a teachable spirit, are often amongst the most cruel of human beings. Not contented to decry what humble believers find more precious than all the world besides, they try to unsettle the faith which gives peace to and makes the happiness of their lives. They would take away what they have, well knowing that they can give them nothing in place of it.

There are numbers of people who are influenced by Bible teaching, yet ignorant whence the teaching comes. They do not value its precepts, but unconsciously make use of them.

Oft-quoted texts, which have passed into proverbial expressions, have been appropriated for their profound wisdom and—I speak reverently—common sense, without a thought of their being part of the inspired Word of God.

I well remember an incident related at our table by Canon Bardsley, father of the present Bishop of Carlisle, which illustrates my meaning.

"I was travelling third class," said the Canon, "with some working men as my companions. Judging of my calling by my dress, I suppose they thought they would have some fun out of the old parson, so they began to talk to each other, but at me. I remained silent whilst they aired their views about the uselessness of church-going and the hypocrisy of many who practised it. Long prayers, long faces and cant were the special marks of people who called themselves religious, according to their ideas. They were only like a great many others who would fain persuade themselves they are right in trying to live without God, and who profess to despise His word.

"At last," continued the Canon, "I got my chance. One of the men said, 'I'm with you, mates. If we just do as we'd like to be done by in this world, we don't want any better religion than that.'

"The speaker looked me straight in the face and gave a self-satisfied nod, as if to say 'The parson can't go against that.'

"I smiled and replied: 'That is excellent teaching, my friend. But where did you get it?'

"'Where! Why, everybody knows the old saying, "Do as you would be done by." If it is good, what does it matter where it came from at first?'

"'It matters a great deal to me, my friend, for it is in that Old Book you have been running down that we first find the text: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you; do ye even so to them." There are a few more sayings of the same sort in that Book—all old-fashioned ones such as "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." But the old Book goes right on and says, "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? Love ye your enemies; do good and lend, hoping for nothing again," and "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," and so on.'

"The men looked at each other as much as to say, 'He has us there. He has met us on our own ground.' My stopping-place was near, but I had time to offer a few words of advice as to the use and abuse of the Bible, and we parted good friends. I trust the journey, started with a different end in view, would not be lost to my fellow-travellers."

I will give you an instance or two of the way in which texts committed to memory have come back to myself, as messages of comfort and peace.

I was greatly troubled about a dear, absent friend, and dreading what news the post might bring me in the morning; for we feared her sickness would be "unto death."

Yes, dear girls, I can guess your thoughts, though the gathering shadows will not let me see your faces. You are thinking of our last talk about meeting trouble half way, and I frankly plead guilty.

As I lay, anxious and sleepless, straight came to my mind a message from a favourite psalm which describes the blessedness of the believer. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

The words brought alike rebuke for the weakness of my faith, since I, instead of trusting in the goodness and wisdom of God, was anticipating evil—and of encouragement to put aside my fears and hope in His mercy. They had their effect, and after seeking forgiveness, I slept peacefully. The early post brought me good tidings and taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten.

Another time I was much perplexed about a business matter, and dreading what the morrow might bring. I opened my Bible at random to choose a passage for my evening reading, and my eyes fell on the beginning of a verse: "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not." I closed my Bible. I read no further. These few words were enough for my need. I feasted on them. I saw in them a message of comfort and strength. I forgot about the morrow and its cares, and left myself and them in God's hands.

How I long to say a great deal more to you on this subject, dear girl friends, but I must not. Take, I pray you, what I have said as coming straight from my heart. Test the value of the Bible for yourselves, and may you find that "the holy Scriptures are indeed able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Jesus Christ."

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART VIII.

IN AUVERGNE.

We were to leave Bagnères. Imagine my delight when I found we were to travel not by train, but in an open carriage. In this we were to drive through the mountains, the mysterious snow-clad mountains, into Spain, where the Alhambra was, and oranges and Spanish nuts, and all sorts of delightful things. But alas for my hopes! My brother at home in England chose to have whooping-cough, and so our horses' heads were turned north, and farewell for ever to my visions of Spain.

We drove through lovely country to the other Bagnères, Bagnères de Luchon. On the way we passed a large yellow-stone castle on a hill. Most of the castle was in ruins, but a great square tower, without door or window, still stood as strong and firm as on the day when the last stone was patted into place with the trowel. We wandered round this tower in vain, trying to find a door.

"But it is that there is no door," said our driver at last; "within that tower is buried a treasure; some day a great wind will blow, and then that tower will fall to the ground, and then the folks of the village will divide the treasure, and become kings of France. It is an old prophecy."

"But," suggested my mother, "has no one tried to get in and see if there really is a treasure?"

The driver crossed himself. "The saints forbid!" he said; "who are we that we should interfere with the holy prophecy? Besides, the tower is haunted."

We could not help wondering how far the ghost and prophecy would have protected that tower from English village boys.

We drove on; presently we stopped at a little wayside shrine, with a painted image of St. John in it, and a little shell of holy water. At the side of that shrine was a stone with an iron ring in it. Nothing more was needed to convince me that this was the entrance to a subterranean passage, leading to the tower where the treasure was. Imagine the dreams that occupied me for the rest of the drive! If I could creep back at the dead of night to the shrine—a thing which as a matter of fact I would much rather have died than have attempted—if I should pull up that heavy stone and go down the damp subterranean passage and find the treasure in iron boxes—rubies and diamonds and emeralds, and beautiful gold and silver dishes! Then we should all be very rich for the rest of our lives, and I could send Marguerite a talking doll, that opened and shut its eyes, and a pony-carriage, and each of the boys should have a new paint-box, with real moist colours and as many sable brushes as they liked—twenty each if they wanted them, and I should have a chariot drawn by four tame zebras in red and silver harness, and my mother should have a gold crown, with diamonds, for Sundays, and a silver one, with rubies and emeralds, for every day, and——

I imagine I fell asleep at this point, and awoke to find myself lifted out of the carriage at Bagnères de Luchon.

I didn't go back and lift up the stone with the iron ring, but the dream was a serviceable one, and did duty nobly in idle hours for many a long year; in fact, I come across it unexpectedly sometimes even now.

We spent a day or two at Bagnères de Luchon, and I believe it rained all the time. We drove in a drizzling rain across a rather gloomy country, to see the Cascade d'Enfer. As my memory serves me, we crossed a dreary plain and entered a sort of theatre, or semi-circle of high black rocks. In the centre of the horse-shoe, down the face of the rock, ran a thin silver line. This was the Cascade d'Enfer, eminently unimpressive on first view, but when we got out of our carriage and walked across the rough ground, and stood under the heavy shadow of the black cliffs, the thin white line had changed, and grown to a dense body of smoothly-falling water that fell over the cliff's sheer edge, and disappeared like a column of green glass into a circular hole at the foot of the cliff.

"That hole goes down, down," said our guide, "no one knows how far, except the good God who made it."

The water did not fill up the hole, an empty black space, some yards wide, was between us and the falling water. Our guide heaved a lump of rock over the edge.

"You not hear it strike water," he said, and though we listened for some time, we did not hear it strike anything. That was the horror of it.

We drove on the next day to St. Bertrand de Comminges, a little town on a hill with many steeples, whose bells answered each other with sweet jangling voices as we reached its gates in the peace of the evening.

Most of this driving-tour has faded from my mind, but I shall never forget the drive from Aurillac to Murat. We started late in the afternoon, because my sisters wished to see the Auvergnes mountains by moonlight. We had a large open carriage, with a sort of rumble behind and a wide box-seat in front. The driver, a blue-bloused ruffian of plausible manners, agreed to take us and our luggage to Murat for a certain price, which I have forgotten. All our luggage was packed upon his carriage; we, too, were packed in it, and we started. About five miles from the town the driver halted, and came to the door of the carriage.

"Mesdames," he said, "a young relative of mine will join us here, he will sit on the box with me."

My mother objected, that as we were paying for the carriage, we had a right to refuse to allow his friends to enter it.

"As you will, madame," he said calmly, "but if you refuse to accommodate my step-son, a young man of the most high distinction, I shall place you and your boxes in the middle of the road, and leave you planted there."

Three English ladies and a little girl alone in a strange country, five miles from any town, what could we do? My mother consented. A mile or two further on two blue-bloused figures got up suddenly from their seat by the roadside.

"My father and brother-in-law," said our driver.

My mother saw that protest was vain, so these two were stowed in the rumble, and the carriage jolted on more heavily. We now began to be seriously frightened. I know I endured agonies of torture. No doubt these were highwaymen, and at the nearest convenient spot they would stop the carriage and murder us all. In the next few miles two more passengers were added to our number, a cousin and an uncle. All wore blue blouses, and had villainous-looking faces. The uncle, who looked like a porpoise and smelt horribly of brandy, was put inside the carriage with us, because there was now no room left in any other part of the conveyance. The family party laughed and joked in a *patois* wholly unintelligible to us. I was convinced that they were arranging for the disposal of our property and our bodies after the murder. My mother and sisters were talking in low voices in English.

"If we only get to the half-way house safe," she said, "we can appeal to the landlord for protection," and after a seemingly interminable drive we got to the half-way house.

It was a low, roughly-built, dirty *auberge*, with an uneven, earthen floor, the ceiling, benches and tables black with age, just the place where travellers are always murdered in Christmas stories. My teeth chattered with terror, but there was a certain pleasure in the excitement all the same. We ordered supper; it was now near midnight, and while it was being prepared, my mother emptied her purse of all, save the money promised to the driver, and a ten-france piece to pay for our suppers. The rest of the money she put into a canvas bag which hung round her neck, where she always carried her bank-notes. The supper was like something out of a fairy tale. A clean cloth, in itself an incongruous accident in such a place, new milk, new bread, and new honey. When the woman brought in our bill, my mother poured out her woes, and confessed her fear of the driver's intention.

"Nonsense," said the woman briskly, "he's the best man in the world—he's my own son! Surely he has a right to give his own relations a lift in his carriage if he likes!"

"But we had paid for his carriage, he has no right to put other people in when we are paying for it!"

"Oh, yes, he has!" retorted the woman shortly. "You paid him so much to take you to Murat, and he will take you to Murat; but there was nothing said about his not taking anyone else, and he says now he won't take you on to Murat unless you pay him double the fare you agreed for, his horses are tired!"

"I should think they were," muttered my sister, "considering the number of extra passengers they have dragged."

My mother emptied her purse on the table. "You see," she said, "here is only the money I promised your son and enough to pay for our suppers; but when we get to Murat I shall find money waiting for me, and I will give him what you ask."

I believe this conduct of my mother saved us, at any rate from being robbed by violence. The inn stood quite by itself in one of the loneliest spots in the mountains of Auvergnes. If they had believed that we were worth robbing, and had chosen to rob us, nothing could have saved us.

We started again. My mother now began to make light of the adventure, and my terror subsided sufficiently for me to be able to note the terrible grandeur of the scenery we passed through. Vast masses of bare, volcanic rock, iron grey in the moonlight, with black chasms and mysterious gorges, each one eloquent of bandits and gnomes, and an absolute stillness, save for the rattle of our carriage, as though, with vegetation, life too had ceased, as though indeed we rode through a land death-still, under the enchantment of some evil magician. The rocks and the mountains beyond them towered higher and higher on each side of the road. The strip of flat ground between us and the rocks grew narrower, till presently the road wound between two vast black cliffs, and the strip of sky high up looked bright and blue. The tall cliffs were on either side, and presently I saw with dismay that in front of us the dark cliff stretched right across the road. We seemed to be driving straight into the heart of the rock. In another moment,

with a crack of the whip and an encouraging word or two, the driver urged his horses to a gallop, and we plunged through a dark archway into pitch darkness, for, with a jolt, the carriage lamps went out. We had just been able to see that we had passed out of the night air into a tunnel cut in the solid rock. Oh, how thankful we were then that the porpoise and all the rest of our driver's relations had been left behind at the half-way house. The driver lighted the lamps again almost immediately. He seemed in a better temper than before, and explained to us that this was the great arch under the mountains, and to me he added: "It will be something for you to remember and to tell your children about when you are old," which was certainly true. That tunnel was unbearably long. As we rattled through its cavernous depths, I could not persuade myself that at any moment our driver's accomplices might not spring out upon us and kill us there and then. Who would ever have known? Oh, the relief of seeing at last a faint pin-prick of light! It grew larger and larger and larger, and at last, through another arch, we rattled out into the moonlight again.

Of course, I shall never know now how many of the terrors of that night were imaginary. It is not pleasant, even now, to think of what might have happened.

At last we reached our journey's end, a miserable, filthy inn, and, with a thankful heart, saw the last of our blue-bloused driver.

The landlady objected very strongly to letting us in, and we objected still more strongly to the accommodation which she at last consented to offer us. The sheets were grey with dirt, and the pillows grimed with the long succession of heads that had lain on them. A fire was the only good thing that we got at Murat. To go to bed was impossible. We sat round the fire waiting for daylight and the first morning train. My mother took me on her knee. I grew warm and very comfortable, and forgot all my troubles. "Ah," I said, with sleepy satisfaction, "this is very nice; it's just like home."

The contrast between my words and that filthy, squalid inn must have been irresistibly comic, for my mother and sisters laughed till I thought they would never stop. My innocent remark and some bread and milk—the only things clean enough to touch—cheered us all up wonderfully, and in another twenty-four hours my mother and sisters were all saying to each other that perhaps, after all, there had been nothing to be frightened about; but all the same, I don't think any of that party would ever have cared to face another night drive through the mountains of Auvergnes.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE Countess Sforza had written to Lady Hastings, declining her invitation to the manor, upon plea of ill-health, and merely saying that Miss Llewellen, having relinquished her protection, would, of course, relinquish also the friendship of her friends. Of this the Hastings family had to make the best they could; and various were their conjectures on the subject; for they were all, more or less, attached to Clare. Lord Hastings could not endure the suspense, and made an excuse for visiting Bath, where he called upon the Countess, bearing a message from his sister Louisa, who wished to obtain Clare's address that she might write to her, and hear from herself the reason of her leaving her aunt. The Countess professed herself profoundly ignorant of Clare's movements or place of abode. She said that she had left her in a most ungrateful manner, but that it was too painful a subject to be discussed, and she must beg Lord Hastings to spare her feelings. All his attempts to obtain further information were fruitless. Reports varied, as they usually do. Some persons asserted that Clare had eloped with a handsome Irishman, possessing little recommendation but his face, and a fine pair of moustaches, which he had cultivated, not because he was a "bold dragoon," but because he hoped they would captivate a fortune; and who had left Bath, probably on account of his tailor's bill, on the same day as Clare. Others said she had returned to Italy, and accompanied the declaration with so many side-winks, nods, innuendos, and tosses of the head, that had Clare seen them she would have blushed, and learnt that prudence is necessary in this world, even in leaving an aunt to join a mother. There were some nearer the truth, who guessed that she had found a relation that she preferred to her aunt; but even these good-natured souls did not fail to add animadversions on her ingratitude, which was blacker than Erebus, or night, or the raven's wing, or any of those poetical similes, which the poets, or would-be poets, borrow from one another to express the intensity of darkness.

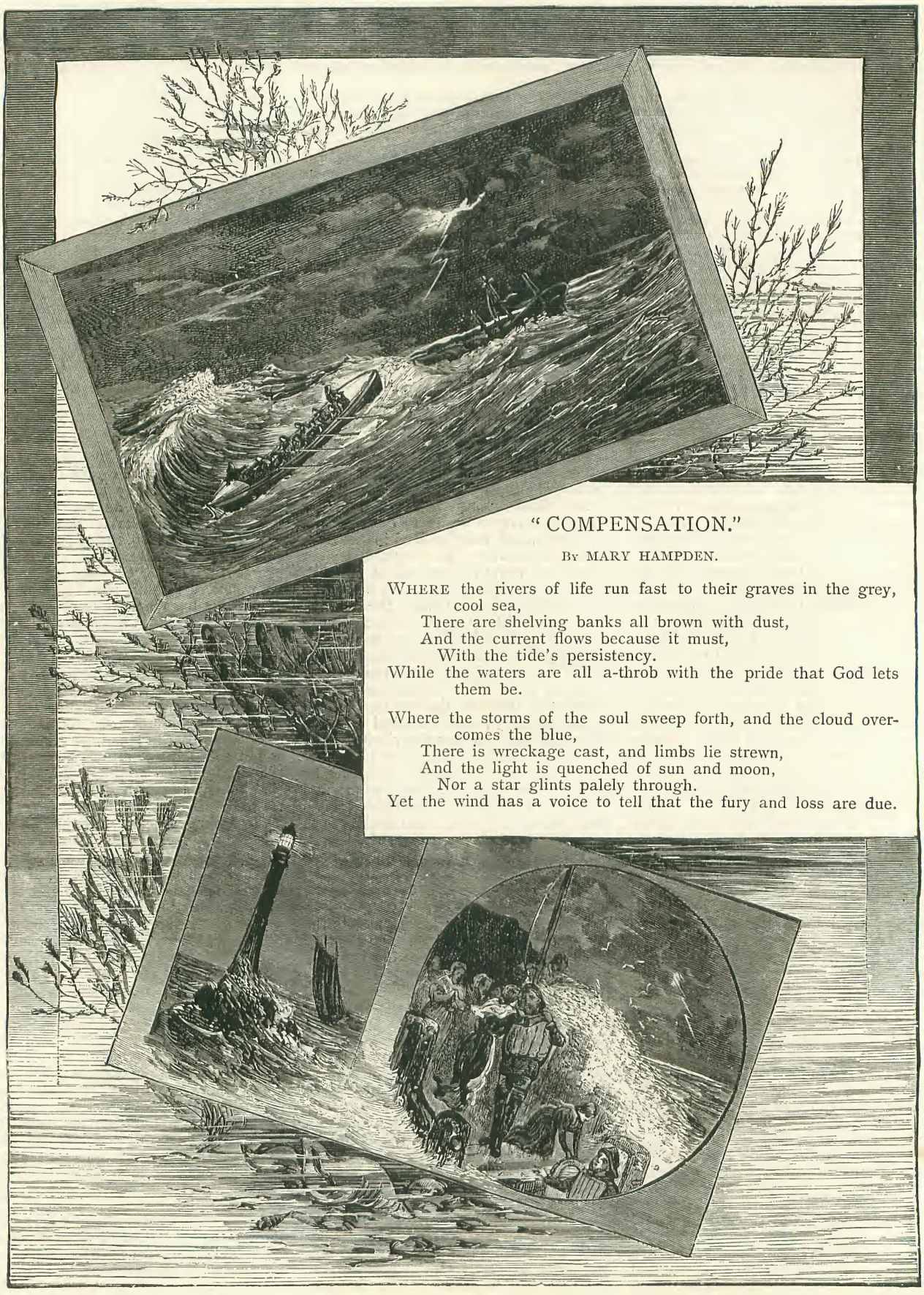
All these reports tended to increase Lord Hastings's desire to discover the real truth, and had he lived in the days of knight-errantry, he might have set forth on a white palfrey, sword in hand, in search of his lady-love; as it was, he was compelled to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and ruminate on her beauty and pride—her perfections and imperfections; half wishing that he had not so resolutely determined never to marry an heiress. There was now an additional interest thrown over her—that of mystery; and if he had admired her when he saw her daily courted by the flatterers of the world, he loved her when he heard her name branded by what he knew must be false slander, and thought of her as one probably lost to him for ever. Thus, even Lord Hastings, like his worthy friend, Mr. Grant, had been careless of what might once have been within his grasp, whilst he sighed for the treasure as soon as he fancied it had eluded it.

When he had given his horse into the charge of the portly hostess, he asked if he might be allowed to see Clare to the end of her walk, as he had much to say to her. She assented, but with a slight hesitation. The conversation turned first upon Gwenllean's marriage, and then upon the astounding fact that Herbert had been discovered in a bandit's cave among the mountains; a fact he had heard from Colonel Llewellen. Clare's intimate knowledge of every circumstance connected with both, astonished him, and he was beginning to entertain some suspicions, when they reached the cottage, which, it will be remembered, he did not visit during his previous few hours' stay at Glanheathyn.

Lady Llewellen, Gwenllean, and Mr. Grant were in the garden. Lord Hastings looked inquiringly at Clare, but Mr. Grant perceiving him came quickly forward, and welcomed him warmly. He already knew both the ladies, and was soon invited into the house. Here the mystery was not long in finding a solution. Clare was evidently at home. She addressed Lady Llewellen as her mother—Gwenllean as her sister—and looked so unspeakably beautiful and happy as she did so, that Lord Hastings was more charmed with her than he had ever been before. She was, in her new character, so much more humble and winning in her manners—and there is a beauty in humility which even the grace of such a pride as Clare's had been, cannot equal—she was so natural, so affectionate in her attentions to her mother; so tender and anxious towards Gwenllean, and, at the same time, so modest, nay, almost shy towards himself, that Lord Hastings thought it would be a happier fate to win and wear the pearl hidden amongst the waves of that lonely place, than the richest diamonds of a queenly coronet.

He had never spent so happy an evening as he spent that evening at the cottage—not in all the crowded drawing-rooms of courtly company, in which he had been accustomed to move—not amongst the belles of the fashionable world, even though Clare had been the brightest of them. There was the solitude and quiet of the scene itself; the matronly grace of Lady Llewellen—the pale sweetness of Gwenllean—the serene old age of Mr. Lloyd—the happiness of his friend Mr. Grant—and lastly the sparkling beauty of Clare. His own pride and reserve, too, wore off beneath the genial influence of natural refinement, unpolluted by art, and Clare looked upon him with feelings of equal astonishment with his own. For the first time they knew and understood each other. Had it not been that every one present was haunted more or less by a thought of Herbert, and his uncertain fate, they might have been all a happy party; but there was that in Gwenllean's eye, which showed, to a nice and interested observer, that her heart was ill at ease, and even Lord Hastings could not discover in her manner or appearance the half gay, half bashful joy of the future bride.

(To be continued.)



"COMPENSATION."

By MARY HAMPDEN.

WHERE the rivers of life run fast to their graves in the grey, cool sea,
There are shelving banks all brown with dust,
And the current flows because it must,
With the tide's persistency.
While the waters are all a-throb with the pride that God lets them be.

Where the storms of the soul sweep forth, and the cloud overcomes the blue,
There is wreckage cast, and limbs lie strewn,
And the light is quenched of sun and moon,
Nor a star glints palely through.
Yet the wind has a voice to tell that the fury and loss are due.

Where the languor of calm clings close to the heart that has never fought,
There is deathlike grace, but mists are dun,
And the drowsy hours show nothing won,
And the vapour covers nought.
For the lull is the curse of God, on the ruin that ease has wrought.

When the currents, and storms, and calms shall be past, and the lives be o'er,
There will linger yet a record true
Of the strength of each, as time slipped through—
Of the powers to be no more.
And the Lord of all life shall judge of the weight of the load each bore.

Then the river shall be repaid for the fret of its pulsing tide,
And the tempest peace shall compensate,
To the lang'rous calm come frenzied fate,
In eternal pangs to bide.
For the justice of God will live in the dooms that He shall decide.

"HER SANDAL-SHOON."

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.

CHAPTER IV.

HARVEST-TIME drew on apace; the cornfields already waved in gold, proclaiming God's everlasting love to His creatures. The barley and oats were cut, and every soul was busy as could be, for the weather was fine, the barometer stood high, and heavy crops gladdened the practised eyes of the rejoicing farmers.

The time had come too when Molly must offer her first-fruits at the shrine of filial duty. Her little hoard had been steadily increasing, for she had worked on without let or hindrance for three months. Her orders were now all completed. Mr. Rogers's half-dozen pairs of stockings had been delivered and the money paid for them. She felt quite rich when she lovingly contemplated the sum that lay ready to be forwarded to her father for Mr. Emerson of the Stag and Hounds. Her heart was filled with thankfulness, for Will's latest letter had been reassuring; her parents were well and their little harvest promised a good yield.

A golden dawn heralded in the day on which Molly intended to send her letter with its important enclosure home. She had risen with the lark that she might get through her work by ten of the clock, for the master was going to drive into the town and had said she could go with him.

She was feeding her large family of hens and long-legged pullets, singing for very light-heartedness, when the old postman came up to the yard gate, calling out that he had a letter for her. Molly's song stopped suddenly, for she did not expect to receive anything, and a quick premonition of ill came over her. A glance showed her that the letter was in Will's handwriting, and she broke it open with trembling fingers. Alas! her presentiment of evil was a true one. Will's news was as unexpected as it was bad. Emerson of the Stag and Hounds was dead; his nephew had taken on the business, and, finding affairs to be in an unsatisfactory condition, had intimated his determination of enforcing the payment of every outstanding debt immediately. The whole of the remaining five-and-twenty pounds would now have to be paid.

Molly felt as if she had been stunned by a heavy blow; she went hot and cold by turns, for what was to be done now? Would it be of any use to send the money she had been toiling for early and late and had put by so lovingly. She could not understand the demand, for had not Emerson himself made the arrangement with her and promised to be content with quarterly instalments? Molly read on, breathing hard and fast. The shock, Will said, had been bad for her father; he was overwhelmed with the trouble that threatened and had taken to his bed—now in the busiest season of the year. The only resource left, Will feared, was to sell the little farm, and the mere thought of it made her mother weep the live-long day. They were at their wits' end what to do and he himself was powerless.

The girl's face grew white and rigid. What had they done to deserve such misfortunes? What help was there in man? Thoughts like these passed through her mind at this trying moment. Was the trust she had cherished in God's providence going to fail her at such a crisis? Was her simple faith to be upheaved now, when she needed it most? Thought and energy seemed paralysed; she sat motionless staring into vacancy. Then her eyes fell upon those pitiful words—her mother wept the livelong day. Poor mother! The fountain of her own tears became unsealed, with them came relief and the tension of feeling was over.

By-and-by she dried them and braced herself to think. Molly was a girl of action, she must resolve what to do, and that promptly, for the responsibility she had taken upon herself could not be shifted on to other shoulders, but she felt the need of sympathy and advice. She went to seek Mrs. Moffat, but heard Hannah in loud conversation with her aunt; she was bemoaning a summons home which had arrived that morning. Molly felt the moment to be unfavourable and turned away. Ten o'clock struck, and the farmer in his gig clattered over the cobbled yard to the back door.

"Art ready, Molly?" he shouted.

She ran out to place Will's letter in his hand, and implored him to tell her what to do. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips as he perused the contents.

"Dear, dear, this is a bad job!" he said. "I'm terrible sorry for you and the old folks, Molly; but I don't understand the business altogether, for I thought he undertook to be content if the other twenty-five was paid in quarterly sums?"

"So he did, but his nephew won't wait. You see what Will says, he's a hard man and wants the whole of the money paid down at once."

"Wasn't there nothing in writing about the agreement?" asked Moffat.

Molly shook her head.

"No—he told me in so many words and I thought that was enough."

"So 'twould have been with Emerson, but one man's word ain't another man's bond, d'ye see, and this one seems to be of a different sort."

Here the farmer whistled softly and scratched his head, as if the action would serve to help him work out the puzzle.

"Will my money be of no use now, do you think?" she asked.

"Oh, I should send it," advised Moffat. "Write the man a letter along with it, telling him how his uncle had said he would not come down hard on your father, and that he agreed to take the money gradually. Tell him he'll get the money safe enough, if he'll only wait a bit."

"Well," said Molly sadly, "I'll do that, but it's of no use my going into town this morning. I'll write home too and walk in to-morrow. There's no such hurry, for there's a week to Michaelmas-Day. I won't go, thank you," and she walked away.

The farmer looked wistfully after her, then, after a moment's pause for thought, got down and went to seek his wife, with whom he held a short conversation.

"If anybody could be got to advance the money, 'twould help Matherson and save the farm," he ventured, switching his gaiters thoughtfully with his whip.

"*You* can't, Tom!" said Mrs. Moffat decidedly.

"No, I can't, as you say; but I'll see what I can do in town, and I'll speak to Rogers too. It's about time I was off. Look to that poor wench, wife; I can see she's in a peck of trouble."

As the farmer drove past Mr. Rogers' upland wheat-fields he saw and beckoned to him. The tale of this fresh misfortune which had befallen the Mathersons was soon told, and his idea concerning the advance of money to save the farm also ventilated.

Mark looked thoughtfully down, seeming to weigh the suggestion in his mind.

"I doubt if 'twould be of much use," said he, "except to stave off the end, for Matherson's got no capital and is most too broken-down to work. If he had sons to help him now—but he's only got that willing-hearted lass——"

"If she and Collis were to marry and settle down there, the two of them might do something," suggested Moffat.

Mark flushed uneasily, but said nothing.

"You'd be for selling the farm then?"

"It might be best," answered Rogers unwillingly. "I expect it ain't worth much though."

He seemed to be going to add something further, but checked himself. Moffat waited a moment; but, as his friend offered no further observation, he cracked his whip and drove on, thinking he had never found Mark so unsatisfactory.

Rogers returned to his harvesting, working hard with his men to get in the last load before nightfall, and all the while his brain was busy. He was not a man to do anything without due consideration. He had impulses and liked to act upon them; but he always thought them out well first. The impulse moving him now was more than usually urgent; so, when the day was over, he went and smoked his pipe in solitary meditation while leaning over his garden gate beneath the soothing influence of a beautiful harvest moon. After the second pipe was smoked out, his mind was made up and he went indoors to make a few necessary preparations for a short absence from home.

When Molly passed next day on her way into the town to post her letter with its enclosure to Will, she hoped she might see her friend, for she longed for an opportunity to tell him of the fresh trouble; but he was nowhere to be seen either in yard or field, the men were working without their master. She was disappointed and pursued her dreary walk dropping quiet tears. The road had never seemed so long and lonely.

Great was Tom Moffat's surprise not to find his neighbour at home when on the day following he went to tell him of his non-success in negotiating a loan on behalf of the Mathersons.

He expressed his surprise to his wife, for Mark had never been known to absent himself before at so busy a period of the year, and they conjectured all manner of reasons possible and impossible to account for it.

Molly, when she heard of it, was troubled. To have the friend on whom she most relied beyond her reach at this time of difficulty was a sore trial. She had made up her mind to seek and be guided by his advice, since the well-meant efforts of the farmer of Merrow had failed. She hardly told herself what she intended asking of him, her idea was to be led by circumstances. That he could and would make the advance necessary to save her father from ruin, if she asked him, she had no doubt, and that she would work her fingers to the bone to repay him was equally certain; but she shrank from the request. Did he yield to it, it would be for love of her, and she had no right to trade upon that love, for she could give him nothing but her everlasting gratitude in return, and that, he had once told her, he did not want.

Then a dreadful thought obtruded itself. Supposing he should put again the question he had asked two months ago, could she make herself the price of payment for his help at a time when she was most helpless? Could it be required of her to renounce Will's faithful affection, to sacrifice her own future and his by breaking all her promises to him? Could filial duty require this of her? Surely not; she felt it would be acting a treacherous part, for what would her sore heart have left of affection? If the pleasant love-song she had once so joyfully carolled were to be forgotten, could it ever be learnt again? Would not her thoughts be ever looking back with yearning and self-reproach?

Oh, to be guided to do the right thing, to have the way made clear and help be granted from heaven!

"Prayer," says the poet, "is the creature's strength, his very breath and being." Therefore, when Molly's heart uttered that longing for help, the quieting assurance followed that it would, it must come.

On the third day, Mark Rogers came home and returned to the ingathering of his harvest as though no break had occurred in his busiest time. He did not go to Merrow though his thoughts flew there constantly, and he smoked more pipes beneath the star-lit sky than usual. He looked, too, as if something had transpired to add weight to the years he already carried.

On the day after came a letter from Will, enclosing one from her mother, who so seldom took pen in hand. She read Will's first. It was a revelation and came as an answer to her despairing cry: "Is there no help in man?"

Mark Rogers had shown himself indeed their friend. He had been to the dale, and, having made all investigations, had advanced the sum necessary to make matters straight between her father and his creditor, saying they could repay him when they were able.

Further, he had recommended that Will and Molly should get married as soon as possible and settle down in the old home at Bolhope Brae, so that Will might undertake the management of the little farm under her father's eye. This and much besides intended only for Molly's reading, was the substance of Will's letter; her mother's was but an incoherent recapitulation of the same.

"If I was to go on my bended knees all the rest of my days," concluded the old woman, "I could never thank the Almighty enough for His goodness. And Master Rogers says as it's all owing to your being the good daughter as you have been to us that it was put in his heart to help us and enable you and Will to come together."

Molly threw herself on her knees and poured forth fervent thanks to heaven; all too poor, she felt, but they were recorded by the angels who understood. The Giver of all expects our gratitude, though so many of us, alas! who are ever ready to ask are only too forgetful in acknowledging the mercies received.

Molly's next impulse was to seek Mark and say all that her heart was full of; but she found it far more difficult to express her thanks to him than to heaven. Voice and words both failed her in his presence.

"I want no thanks, Molly, my dear lass," he answered her. "Just you say nothing about it, for after all 'tis only a matter of business and a common one, too. It strikes me the farm will flourish under the management of two such active young folks as you and that Will of yours be. He's a likely fellow, and I took care to tell him he might consider himself as lucky a young chap in getting you for a wife as was to be found in the kingdom, and he quite agreed with me. It made me happy to love you, as I once told you," he added in a voice that shook slightly; "but that wasn't to be, and as I've helped to make you happy I'm happy still, so there's all that's to be said about it, and the sooner Mrs. Moffat lets you go home the better. You've been like Ruth to your own kin, and a good daughter will get her blessing from the Lord. As you can't be Ruth to me, my dear, I'll look on and see you enjoy the happiness you deserve."

[THE END.]

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "HOW TO COOK A STEAK."

SOLUTION.

HOW TO COOK A STEAK.

First get a pound of steak that's plump
From off the rump,
(Beware of foreign meat that's sold
By butchers bold;)
Then place upon a penny grid,
That may be slid,
The bars between, close to the fire,
Then raise up higher
When it has been reversed with tongs;
(Not piercing prongs
Of fork, or other sharpened thing
That makes juice spring.)
Let cooking then proceed but slow,
And serve aglow;
And tho' at first the mouth you burn,
You will not spurn
A dish so simple, and so choice,
But will rejoice.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Eight Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Annie A. Arnott, 1, Roseneath Place, Edinburgh.
Alicia M. Brown, Fernlea, Avondale Road, S. Croydon.
Hubert A. Brown, 138, Leadenhall St., E.C.
Mrs. G. Cumming, 9, Ibrox Place, Ibrox, Glasgow.
B. E. Duret, 4, Grosvenor Road, Coventry.
Wm. Fraser, 9, Ward Road, Dundee.
Ada Rickards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood Green, N.
Ethel J. Shepard, 2, Theresa Terrace, Ravenscourt Park, W.
Rev. H. Carr Smith, St. Maur, Torquay.
Hubert E. C. Tutte, 10, West St., Fareham, Hants.
Katie Whitmore, 30, Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Helen B. Younger, 5, Coniston Gardens, Edinburgh.

Special Mention.

E. H. Brookfield.

Very Highly Commended.

Geo. Aitchison, Ethel L. Bayley, Beatrice L. Benson, M. Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, Amy Brooks, Ethel C. Burlingham, A. C. Carter, M. T. Champneys, Mary I. Chislett, J. S. Clemens, Katie B. Clemson, Edith Collins, N. Coxon, M. A. C. Crabb, Fan Cunliffe, Madge Cunliffe, Annie Kate Edwards, M. C. J. Frood, J. Gordon, Kathleen Gray, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Mary Winifred Hodson, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Elizabeth Lang, Mildred M. C. Little, M. K. Murray, K. M. Richardson, A. J. Rogers, Florence E. Russell, A. C. Sharp, Harriet C. Smyth, Ethel Spencer, Evelyn Townend, W. Fitzjames White, Florence Whitlock, M. A. Wilkinson, Mary Woodcock.

Highly Commended.

A. Barnett, Rev. S. Bell, Gladys M. Bernays, Alice Burnett, E. M. Capel, Rebecca Clarke, Ellie Crossman, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Edith E. Grundy, Alice Hill, Mrs. F. Jarvis, E. Martin, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Meta Rowan, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Ellen C. Tarrant.

Honourable Mention.

Eliza Acworth, Elizabeth Adams, Nicol K. Anderson, Florence A. Barker, A. Bellhouse, Evelyn M. Blott, Mabel Collard, Catherine Collins, Mrs. A. E. Coombs, Raymond Gosling, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, M. E. Hancock, F. Marguerite Heath, Mrs. Hopewell, Lily Horn, Mrs. H. Keel, Mrs. Richard Leach, N. Lingham, Annie G. Luck, F. Miller, C. Oliver Munns, C. A. Murton, Hannah E. Powell, Katherine Reynolds, Kate E. Ridler, John Rodway, Mary M. Tanner, John H. Warner, A. T. Watson, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Flossie Wilson, Elizabeth Yarwood.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Judging purely from the eater's standpoint, we have always supposed it to be a very difficult thing to cook a steak. Evidently we have been mistaken, and the accumulated reproaches of many years must be hurled at the lamentable ignorance of cooks and the cupidity of butchers. But the day of enlightenment has come and we "rejoice" in anticipation.

With such a subject to deal with, it was not to be expected that solvers would confine themselves to the advice given by the author of the poem. We are bound to say, however, that their additions to that advice are more interesting than useful. By common consent it has been voted necessary first, to get the steak, but there unanimity ends. In choosing the steak we are told to "beware of the mutton," and again, of "New Zealand lamb," and though there are such beings as young and inexperienced housekeepers, we should have thought that the warnings were unnecessary. We are further exhorted to buy "an end of ham"—

"First get a pound of steak. . . ."

"Besides an end of ham . . ."

Whatever for? It is clear from the context that they are to be grilled together, and we fancy that our rejoicing over so simple and choice a dish would be of a semi-barbaric character.

As to the gridiron, a large majority of solvers vote for copper. "Then place upon a copper grid." Now, of course, we ought to know everything, and we are ashamed to confess that we do not know a copper grid. But our acquaintance with gridirons of any description is severely limited, and the species may exist. Why not?

The problem is: have the majority written "copper" out of the fulness of their knowledge? or, are girls so in the habit of speaking of a penny as "a copper" that the true reading did not occur to them? We give it up and bracket both readings as equal.

The bars *between* "close" and "to" gave much trouble. A favourite reading was, "The close bars to the blazing fire;" but it would not do, and any other variation at this point disqualified for a prize. We understand that one advantage of these movable gridirons is that the chop or steak being placed between the bars, is less likely to tumble into the fire. This is obviously a recommendation, as neither meat nor cooks' tempers are fireproof.

"Been reversed" and "turned been" are equally good solutions of the next difficulty; the former did not occur to many competitors and various futile substitutes are more common than either reading.

In line 13 the advice again becomes a little mixed, stirring, boiling or stewing taking the place of "cooking" in some solutions. It really does not help the grilling of a steak to stir it, nor is it at all desirable to change your method of cooking when the meat is half done.

A couple of quaint readings of line 15 also deserve a passing reference. The first:

"And tho' at first the *meat* you burn,"

casts a grave reflection upon our artist's drawing of a pair of lips. The second:

"And butter first the mouth you burn,"

suggests a wise but very novel precaution. The difficulty of carrying it out with becoming grace leads us to recommend that the operation be first practised in private.

The competitor who, assuming that "nice" was intended at the end of line 17, wrote "noice," to rhyme with rejoice, is to be complimented on the robust way in which he grapples with a puzzle difficulty. And with this kindly encouragement we bring our report to a close.

THE EDITOR ACKNOWLEDGES A FAVOUR.

When we asked our girl readers to favour us with their views and opinions as to the character and material of The Girl's Own Paper, we had no doubt whatever as to their ready response or their willingness to gratify us; but we could scarcely have imagined a response at once so hearty, so full, so clear and so prompt.

During the eighteen years of its existence the chief intimation we have had of its popularity has been its enormous sale—an intimation with which most editors would be content. We are content with this so far as it goes because it is a sign of success but, having identified ourselves with it so as to become part and parcel of it, and feeling deeply the responsibility of our editorship, we want more than this.

We desired to know explicitly what has made The Girl's Own Paper popular; what effect it has had upon the lives, the hearts and minds of its readers during its eighteen years of life. Has it carried a blessing with it to the homes of English girls all over the world? Has it helped to lessen the sorrows of life? Has it brightened the homes, inculcated thrift, and raised the tone of conversation and amusements among our girls?

There was no means of answering these questions with certainty except by appealing to our readers, and we confess that the hundreds of papers sent in, in answer to our appeal, have not only been of great comfort to us, but have convinced us we were right to make the appeal.

They are good, honest, straightforward answers, and full of encouragement. Readers may not think it, but editors need encouragement as much as any other class who work with their brains.

All these answers bear the impress of truth; for while the writers show an appreciation of our labours on their behalf, and speak of the good certain writers and articles have done them, and how the constant companionship of The Girl's Own Paper had raised the tone of their minds and made them long to live better and more useful lives, they have not hesitated to mention anything they like least.

It has afforded us pleasure that what is called the serious parts of The Girl's Own Paper seem to have been as much read, criticised and appreciated as the lighter parts. All our writers seem to have found favour; there are of course special favourites determined doubtless by the readers' bent of mind.

The binding of Volume XVI. seems to have been most liked, the beautiful conventional design of the orange-tree being greatly appreciated.

The many who have taken in The Girl's Own Paper from its commencement, as well as the large army who joined later, show an intimate knowledge of everything that has been written on its pages.

We think a few quotations from the answers sent in would give pleasure to some of our readers; for example—

"Having been married at the age of eighteen, three months after leaving school, I consider the 'G. O. P.' the means of my becoming a capable housewife."

"Though long past girlhood, it is now, and always has been, my favourite periodical. I have been a reader for nearly eighteen years."

"I simply could not do without the 'G. O. P.'"

"My opinion of the 'G. O. P.' may be summed up in three words, *I love it*."

"I commenced taking it with the first volume, and have continued it ever since; this alone shows how much I appreciate it."

"For years I have delighted in its various contents, so much calculated to interest and instruct."

"I have taken in the 'G. O. P.' for eighteen years, and hope to do so for another eighteen."

"I like the 'G. O. P.' far above any other I have read; also, I have read it from its first number."

"This is so small a favour to ask, but with grateful hearts we do it for you."

"The Girl's Own Guild of Scripture-Reading has wonderfully helped me in studying the Scriptures."

"I have four daughters, and I wish to leave them equal shares of the 'G. O. P.' when I die. They have all read them."

"Long life to the Editor and his helper's!"

"I should like the 'G. O. P.' to be continued on the same lines."

"The 'G. O. P.' has been a very dear friend of mine since it first started. It is so pure."

"My greatest wish would be that the 'G. O. P.' will never cease to be what it is, and what it has been, *a superior magazine*."

"As an old girl who has read your delightful magazine from the beginning, allow me to say that every story, and everything contained in the 'G. O. P.,' is good, useful, and entertaining."

"In my humble opinion the 'G. O. P.' wants but one thing—a competition for ordinary home girls, who neither work with their hands nor are professional."*

"I trust, sir, you will live long to be its Editor."—An Old Girl.

"I could not let this opportunity pass without thanking you for the pleasure and profit I have received from the 'G. O. P.' for the past eighteen years. I am in my 58th year. I love the magazine and all the subjects you have given in the past."

"I like the paper as it is, and should be very sorry if it copied the style of the present-day magazines."

"I could write much on the pleasures and advantages I have derived from perusing the pages of our dear 'G. O. P.'"

"I lead a busy life, and write hastily, but it seemed to me you might be interested in hearing from one who has been an invalid for over thirty-two years, and more than twenty-seven years in one room, and I have read the 'G. O. P.' from the beginning, and like it so much."

Thousands of our readers delight in our Puzzle Poems.

It is gratifying to see from the answers how many have enjoyed the "Daily Round" and Professional Competitions.

We thank our readers one and all for their kindness in granting us the favour we asked. They will strengthen our hands in future work, and make us feel that the name of *reader* is synonymous with *friend*.

* See our Jubilee Number, just published.—Ed.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

PART V.

THE account of Sir Walter Scott's exciting pursuit of the Edgeworth family at Edinburgh, their arrival at night after a long journey, and being carried off to a house-party at Sir Walter Scott's to hear native highland music, and their subsequent visits to Abbotsford and the return visit from Abbotsford to Edgeworthstown is most charming; but I am warned my space is coming to an end, and there are other scenes in the family to be touched on.

Mr. Edgeworth's health failed. During a long illness, borne with a cheerfulness and patience which his calm and deep religious faith alone explained, he retained his sympathy with all the living interests around him, and enjoyed the reading of Maria's works, which she wrote, amidst her tears, for her father's amusement. She writes of him: "No man could be more sensible than he was of the consolatory fortifying influence of the Christian religion in sustaining the mind in adversity, poverty, and age. No man knew better its power to carry hope and peace in the hour of death to the penitent criminal. When from party bigotry it has happened that a priest has been denied admittance to the condemned criminal, my father has gone to the county gaol to soothe the sufferer's mind and to receive that confession on which, to the poor Catholic's belief, his salvation depended. . . . Nor did he ever weaken in any heart in which it was ever excited that which he considered as the greatest blessing that a human creature can enjoy, firm religious faith and hope. Nay, he wrote on his favourite subject, education: 'I consider that religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world. I consider religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society, and education upon which, next to a universal reverence for religion, we believe the happiness of mankind to depend.'"

He had expressed a wish to his daughter that she should write a story as a companion to *Harrington*, and in all her anguish of mind she, by a remarkable effort of affection and genius, produced the earlier gay and brilliant pages of *Ormond*, some of the gayest and most brilliant she ever composed. The interest and delight which her father, ill as he was, took in this beginning, encouraged her to go on, and she completed the story. Yet the characters of King Corny and Sir Ulick O'Shane, and the many scenes full of wit, humour, and feeling, were written in an agony of anxiety, with trembling hand and tearful eyes. As she finished chapter after chapter she read them out, the whole family assembling in her father's room to listen to them. Her father enjoyed these readings so exceedingly that she was amply rewarded for the efforts she had made.

Mr. Edgeworth died on the 13th of June, 1817, in his seventy-second year. "During the months which succeeded her father's death Maria wrote scarcely any letters; her sight caused great anxiety. The tears, she said, felt in her eyes like the cutting of a knife. She had overworked them all the previous winter, sitting up at night and struggling with her grief as she wrote *Ormond*, and she was now unable to use them without pain.



MARIA EDGEWORTH'S IRISH HOME.

"It required all Maria Edgeworth's inherited activity of mind, and all her acquired command over herself, to keep up the spirits of her family on their return to Edgeworthstown, from which the master-mind was gone, and where the light was quenched. Lovell Edgeworth, the only son of the second marriage, succeeded to Edgeworthstown, but persuaded his stepmother and his numerous brothers and sisters still to regard it as a home, and when his embarrassments obliged him to sell his paternal inheritance Miss Edgeworth gladly spent the fortune which had come to her through her literary labours (what was left, for she had spent large sums as they came for various improvements for the people) in preserving it from falling into the hands of strangers. She only stipulated that she herself should remain a background figure as before. Lovell Edgeworth was still the apparent owner of Edgeworthstown, Mrs. Edgeworth was still the mistress of the house, consulted and deferred to in everything."

The family travelled to France and Switzerland in need of change of scene after such sorrow, but the father's loved influence over his family never faded.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, p. 423, we read: "The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women and over the many members of his own family who continued to reside in his home after the various changes which had taken place there." The lady to whom she spoke was one who had seen more of life than most of us, who has for years past carried help to the far away and mysterious East, but whose natural place is at home in the more prosperous and unattainable West-end. This lady said: "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything. It was his strength of character which gave him this great influence. This gentleman, rich, young, handsome and brilliant in society, excelled also in his sense of duty. It was this sense which led him on his coming of age to say:

"'I returned to Ireland with a firm determination to dedicate the remainder of my life to the improvement of my estate, and to the education of my children, and further with the sincere hope of contributing to the amelioration of the inhabitants of the country from which I drew my subsistence.'"

Even this slight and insufficient sketch will show in some degree how that resolution was kept. Those who can consult the larger memoirs and letters remaining of this time can much more fully realise what good was done, from the government of large estates to the instruction of the smallest, tiny child. A wise and generous administration raised the revenues of lands, and these revenues were used to the improvement of the country and the people; used as there was nothing spent in luxury, there was plenty for the generous and hospitable hands to give, besides the justice which rewards loyal work. "Go before Mr. Edgeworth and you will surely get justice," became a saying in the neighbourhood. And a great critic said: "Mr. Edgeworth had in a very remarkable degree that power of ruling and administering which is one of the rarest of gifts. He seems to have shown great firmness and good sense in his conduct in the troubled times in which he lived. He saw to his own affairs, administering justice, put down middlemen as far as possible, and reorganised the letting-out of the estate. Unlike many of his neighbours he was careful not to sacrifice the future to present ease of mind and of pocket. He put down rackrents and bribes of every sort, and did his best to establish things upon a firm and lasting basis.

"But if it was not possible even for Mr. Edgeworth to make things as they should have been outside the house, inside the sketch given of the family life is very pleasant. The father admitted his children to perfect confidence with himself, interesting them in his experiments, spending his days with them, consulting them. There are no reservations; he does his

business in the great family sitting-room, surrounded by his family. . . .

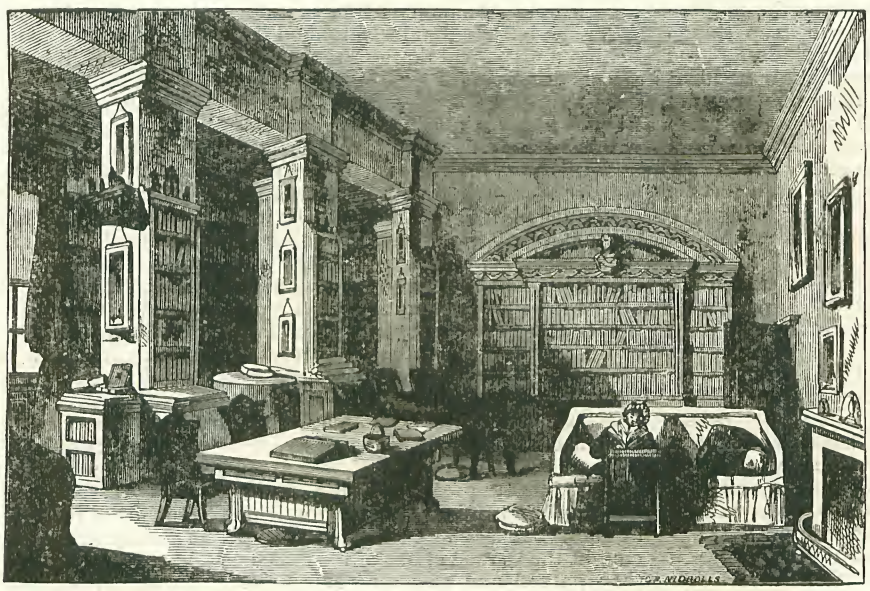
"Maria used to help her father in the business connected with the estate, and to assist him also to keep the accounts . . . and write his business letters. Long after her father's death this knowledge and experience enabled her to manage the estate for her elder step-brother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, and she was able at a time of great national difficulty and anxious crisis to meet a storm in which many a larger fortune was wrecked."

The nearness of age between father and daughter (he was not twenty-four years old when Maria was born) may have contributed to the extreme sympathy and cordiality of affection which subsisted between them.

There is one last London visit we must mention. Staying in London in 1822, there was a most interesting visit to Newgate to meet Mrs. Fry. We quote from Miss Edgeworth's letter of that date.

"The private door opened at sight of our tickets, and the great doors and the little doors, and the thick doors and doors of all sorts were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us, a table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats on benches on either side of the table in silence.

"Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab-coloured silk cloak and plain borderless Quaker cap; a most benevolent countenance, quite a Madonna-like face, calm and benign. 'I must make an inquiry. Is Maria Edgeworth here? and where?' I went forward; she bade us come and sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget.



THE LIBRARY IN WHICH MARIA EDGEWORTH WROTE.

"The prisoners came in, and in an orderly manner ranged themselves on the benches. All quite clean, faces, hair, caps, and hands. On a very low bench in front, little children were seated and were settled by their mothers. Almost all these women, about thirty, were under sentence of transportation, some few only were for imprisonment.

"One who did not appear was under sentence of death. Frequently women when sentenced to death become ill and unable to attend Mrs. Fry; the others come regularly and voluntarily.

"She opened the Bible and read in the most sweetly solemn, sedate voice I ever heard, slowly and distinctly, without anything in the manner which could distract attention from the matter. . . . She confirmed what we have read and heard, that it was by their love of their children that she first obtained influence over these abandoned women. The mothers said that if she would but save their children from the misery they had gone through in life, they would do anything she bade them. . . ."

Another similar most interesting visit was paid to the Millbank Penitentiary, which we must, however, only allude to, for the end of our tether draws very near.

The year 1830 saw *Helen*, Maria Edgeworth's last, and we may say best and most finished work, begun, which was finished and published in the year 1833. The *Dublin University Magazine* said: "Our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a new novel from the pen of Miss Edgeworth—dear, precious Maria Edgeworth! We felt the sound of her name like the return of spring, and have looked upon her pages with the eager delight with which we should greet the approach of a long-lost acquaintance." *

Such words, such greetings, from all were most cheering to the author, who again appeared before the public, which was no slight ordeal after so many years of silence, years that had changed much; new generations of readers and modern novels had not supplanted the well-earned fame of Miss Edgeworth. She was favoured with a genuine ovation from the best and brightest minds of Great Britain and America. Mrs. Edgeworth writes: "*Helen* when finished was read out to the assembled family. Maria was tremblingly alive to the absence of the strong mind and tender love of her father, whose corrections or approbation had been the great stimulus of these readings out of her manuscripts in former times; but the enthusiastic delight expressed by her brothers and sisters as we proceeded . . . reassured her, and when we came to the noble and touching scenes at the end our tears were applause that completely satisfied her."

Meantime Miss Edgeworth has grown an old lady, "rich in all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Her step-mother writes—:

"On the morning of the 22nd of May, 1849, Maria was taken suddenly ill with pain in the region of the heart, and in a few hours breathed her last in my arms.

"She had always wished that her friends should be spared the anguish of seeing her suffer in protracted illness, and that I should be with her. All her wishes were fulfilled.

"She was gone, and nothing like her can we ever see again in this world. Her genius, her vast capacity for every species of knowledge, her infinite cheerfulness, and with all her bright fancy and all her never-failing wit, the wonderfully practical nature of her mind. The most remarkable trait in her character was the prudence with which she acted, the command which she had acquired over her naturally impetuous nature and boundless generosity of spirit.

"Extremely small of stature, her figure continued slight, and all her movements singularly alert to the last. No one ever conversed with her for five minutes without forgetting the plainness of her features in the vivacity, benevolence, and genius expressed in her countenance. Particularly neat in her dress and in all her ways, she had everything belonging to her arranged in the most perfect order—habits of order early impressed on her by Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, which, with her methodical way of doing business, enabled her to get through a surprising amount of multifarious work in the course of every day. . . . She had amazing power of control over her feelings when occasion demanded, but in general her tears or her smiles were called forth by any turn of joy or sorrow among those she lived with. When she met in a stranger a kindred mind, her conversation upon every subject poured forth, brilliant with wit and eloquence and a gaiety of heart which gave life to all she thought and said. But the charms of society never altered her taste for domestic life; she was consistent from the beginning to the end. Though so exceedingly enjoying the intercourse with all the great minds she had known, she more enjoyed her domestic life with all her relations, when her spirits never flagged, and her wit and wisdom, which were never for show, were called forth by every little incident of the day. When my daughters were with Maria at Paris they described to me the readiness with which she returned from the company of the greatest philosophers and wits of the day to superintend her young sister's dress or arrange some party of pleasure for them. They wrote to their mother—

"'We often wonder what her admirers would say, after all the profound remarks and brilliant witticisms they have listened to, if they heard all her delightful nonsense with us? Much as she was gratified by her success in the society of her celebrated contemporaries, she never varied in her love for home.'"

"The above," Mrs. Ritchie says, "is almost as great and significant a testimonial to the unselfish, generous nature of the step-mother as to the illustrious daughter whom she so deeply loved. The more when we remember that the mutual love and devotion which blesses step-mother and step-daughter subsisted for fifty years without a cloud."

Maria Edgeworth said of herself, when asked by her publishers to allow a biographical memoir to be affixed to her works—

"As a woman, my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public. I am like the 'needy knife-grinder,' I have no story to tell. There is indeed one thing I should have wished to tell, but that Sir Walter has so much better told it for me: I honestly glory in the thought that my name will go down to posterity as his friend."

Was she right?

Is that all? And is so lovely a life not worth telling?

* *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*, by Grace Oliver.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE DARKENS.

THE hot summer days passed on. For six weeks Mrs. Dean had lain on her bed in the hospital and she was no better. Then the doctors decided that they could do no more for her, and she was sent home to die.

It was a terrible shock to Mirabel when she learned that her mother's state was hopeless. The girl had clung to hope in spite of all discouragement. She had succeeded in persuading herself that her mother must eventually get better. In a measure she had grown accustomed to being at home alone. She had looked after the children well and had managed to keep things in good order and provide for the family out of the money she earned at the studio. But all the while she had been looking forward to the day when her mother would come back restored to health and strength. Her heart sank within her as she learned that there lay before them a long, lingering illness and then the last parting.

But she bore the blow quietly and said scarce a word to anyone. She could not speak to Lizzie about it. Lizzie's way of taking things was so different from her own. She would be sure to say something that would hurt rather than console. Lizzie's face had paled for a moment when she heard the news; but she had stoutly declared that she did not believe it. The doctors were mistaken. They had done her mother harm rather than good. It was always so at the hospitals. They made experiments on people and did not care if they hurried them out of the world. Let her mother come home and she would soon be better.

Mirabel did not trouble to argue the question with Lizzie. She set to work to prepare for her mother's return, and at the appointed time went to the hospital to fetch her. And when Mrs. Dean, faint and exhausted, had reached home and Mirabel had with considerable difficulty got her to bed there, the girl knew instinctively that her mother would never rise from that couch. The signs of death were too clearly written on her pallid, wasted features.

But by tacit agreement mother and daughter each tried on that evening to ignore what lay before them. As soon as she began to revive from the fatigue of the removal, Mrs. Dean assumed an almost feverish cheerfulness. She praised the neat appearance of the room, commended Mirabel for her clever management and the care she had taken of the children, and seemed delighted to have her baby by her side once more.

"It is good to be at home again," she said, more than once. The children were unusually good that evening. Even Harry contrived to be quiet for a wonder, and Lizzie showed herself remarkably gentle and amiable. They were all glad that their mother had returned to them, and only Mirabel realised that it was but for a little while.

On the following morning she had to go to the artist's studio. She set out feeling weary and heavy-hearted. She had had but broken rest during the past night, for she had been obliged to rise from time to time and attend to her mother's needs. The invalid seemed worse this morning and Mirabel was reluctant to leave her; but she wanted money too badly to think of excusing herself from attendance at the studio.

As she left the dingier neighbourhood behind and passed through the smarter streets and roads of Kensington, a sense of bitterness awoke again in Mirabel's heart. The old question repeated itself within her. Why was life made so easy and pleasant for the few, so hard and painful for the many? Exquisitely dressed children, accompanied by neat, white-gowned nurses were going for their morning's airing in the park, smartly-equipped horse-women with their attendant squires were trotting towards the Row, ladies rolled by in their carriages on shopping cares intent. Everywhere there were the signs of wealth and luxury and pleasure. And the girl's heart sickened with envy and throbbed with a sense of injustice. Why, why were things thus?

She was approaching the artist's house, when two ladies and a gentleman on horseback rode past her. Mirabel caught the glance of one of the ladies as they passed and saw that it was Mrs. Leslie. But the lady's eyes were averted in a moment, and she gave no sign of recognising the girl. Yet Mirabel felt sure that the lady had seen her. Her face flushed with indignation.

"Would it have hurt her to give me a nod, or a 'good-morning'?" she asked herself. "Why should she treat me as if I were dirt? She can be pleasant enough when it suits her purpose."

And a new distrust of the artist's gay little sister awoke within her.

When Mirabel entered the studio, the artist was ready for her, and the sitting began without loss of time. The picture of the "Fair Geraldine" was almost finished, and a very beautiful painting it was. The artist's interest in it had deepened as the work advanced. He was disposed to linger lovingly over the final touches that were needed to bring it to completion. If he were aware that his young model was looking unusually grave and sad he showed no consciousness of the fact, and asked no questions as to its cause. But when more than an hour had passed he laid down his palette and brushes and said with regret in his tones, "There, Mirabel, that will do. I shall not need you to sit for this picture any more. I do not mean to touch it again, at least for the present. And next week I am going away for my autumn holiday."

His words took Mirabel by surprise. Somehow she had never given a thought to what would happen when the picture was finished. The colour rushed into her face and her tones faltered as she asked, "Do you mean that I am not to come here any more?"

"Well, not for the present," he said, looking at her in some surprise. "You see, the picture for which I wanted you is finished. But I daresay at some future time, I shall be glad to avail myself of your services. I know where to find you if I want you when I return to London."

"How long will you be away?" Mirabel ventured to ask.

"Oh, I can hardly say. Two or three months at least."

Bruce Collier was little prepared for the effect produced by the words he so carelessly uttered. To his astonishment and utter dismay Mirabel suddenly burst into tears.

"Why, Mirabel!" he exclaimed, "what is making you cry? I am not dismissing you because you do not please me, but simply because I am going away."

"Of course. Oh, I know that," sobbed Mirabel. "And it is very foolish of me. Only somehow I never thought that you would not need me when that picture was done. I thought I should always be able to earn money like this. And oh, we need money so at home, for mother will never work again. The doctors say she is going to die."

And Mirabel hid her face in her hands and sobbed more bitterly than before.

Bruce Collier was deeply touched. He was one who at no time could be indifferent to the sorrows of others. His was a knightly character, prompt to succour and serve the weak and helpless. But he was at a loss now to know how he could best serve Mirabel.

"I am so sorry, Mirabel," he said gently, approaching a few steps nearer to her; "but don't cry so. That will do no good, you know. Look up and dry your eyes and let me think what I can do to help you."

The gentle, pitiful tones fell like music on Mirabel's ears. They took her by surprise, for she had not imagined that her woes could meet with sympathy from one so much above her as she felt this gentleman to be. Astonishment made her raise her head, and as she lifted her eyes they encountered a gaze so full of kindness that it held her own like a spell. Her heart throbbed with a strange delight. The gentle sympathy

she read in the artist's dark eyes was to Mirabel what food is to the hungry.

And for him too there was a spell in the eyes that met his. He had long felt the charm of Mirabel's hazel eyes; but now as they looked at him, big with tears, their glance was so appealing and wistful that her fresh, childlike beauty moved him as it had not done before. He turned away with a sudden sense of nervousness and his colour rose. He began to speak hurriedly.

"Of course, there are other artists who might like to engage you, only most of them will be going out of town now. And I must say that I do not think the life of an artist's model would be a desirable one for you. I have reasons which I cannot explain to you for thinking that it would be better for you to earn your living in some other way."

"I know why you say so," exclaimed Mirabel, a flash of anger suddenly gleaming in her eyes. "It is because all men—all gentlemen, are not good and kind like you. They despise a poor, ignorant girl of the people like me, and they think it does not matter how they treat her or to what they bring her as long as she serves their end. Oh, I know and I hate them all. Life is hateful, I think. Everything is so unfair."

"Unfair?" he repeated.

"Yes, unfair," she reiterated with growing excitement. "I don't suppose you can guess how life looks to a girl like me. You think it all right that I should be poor and wear shabby clothes and eat coarse food and live where everything is ugly and disagreeable. It's right that I should work hard and never know any pleasure. That's my lot in life, because I belong to the people. And it's right that another girl, no better than I am, no different in herself, should live like a queen and have beautiful dresses and nice food, and a horse to ride, and a carriage and pair to take her about, and servants to wait upon her, and nothing to do but enjoy herself from morning to night, because she was born a lady. Oh, yes, it's all right, you think."

"You are mistaken," said Bruce Collier, gently. "I do not think that it is right. Things are unfair. There is much in the world that is wrong. I have no doubt that if I were in your place I should feel as you do."

Mirabel's eyes opened wide in surprise. She had expected reproof and she received sympathy!"

"Then you don't think me so very wrong?" she said. "Most rich people say that it's wicked of the poor to be discontented. They say that God has ordered our lot in life. And the preachers tell us that God is love. He may be; but I don't think that He loves me. I think He has favourites."

Bruce Collier did not at once reply. His face had grown very grave.

"It may seem so to you," he said gently; "but you are young; you have yet much to learn about life. You think that these people who possess so much that you crave are very happy, but they are not. If you knew all; if you could look below the surface of their lives, you would know that they all have their disappointments and vexations and unsatisfied longings. If you could only believe it, I daresay you are just as happy as the majority of the young girls, whose pretty clothes and gay lives you envy."

"Oh, am I?" cried Mirabel, with a little incredulous laugh.

"Not, of course, while you give way to envy and discontent; but I don't think you always feel like this?"

"No," said Mirabel slowly. "I used not to think about it. It's only since mother has been so ill, and since I've been coming here."

"I should be sorry that I ever asked you to come here, my poor Mirabel, if I thought that it had only made you discontented and unhappy."

Bruce Collier spoke with a melancholy accent, and there was a sad look in his dark eyes as they rested on the girl.

"Oh, don't be sorry!" she exclaimed earnestly. "Indeed you must not be sorry. I have been so glad to come. I have liked seeing the beautiful things so much, and you have been so kind. It is horrid of me to be discontented because I cannot have such things myself. It's a great thing just to have seen them."

"I am glad you think so. And perhaps you will find now that there is more beauty in the world than you ever dreamed of—beauty which is free and open to all. Do you know that the best use of pictures is to open our eyes to the beauty that is all around us? A great poet has said that we never recognise the beauty that there is in simple, homely things till we see them painted in a picture."

"Why, that is true," cried Mirabel. "I never thought that carrots were pretty till I saw that little painting of them that you have; but now I often stop to admire them, when I see them lying with lettuces or other green stuff on a barrow."

"So it is," said the artist. "I see, Mirabel, that you have an eye for beauty. Some people could never be made to see that carrots are beautiful. I wonder if you are as quick to discern the true human beauty?"

She looked at him inquiringly.

He hesitated for a few moments ere he replied to her questioning glance. When he spoke, his words were chosen very deliberately.

"Of course you know, Mirabel, the very fact of my wishing to paint you would tell you that you are a beautiful girl; but beauty of outward appearance is after all only a secondary thing. Beauty of character and soul is the human beauty. You know that we painters make much of expression, and expression is just the shining through of the inner beauty of the heart. I should set small value on the beauty of a woman who had a hard, cold heart, or a mean, petty nature. Gentle words and thoughts, loving and noble deeds, the heroism of patient devotion to duty, these are the things that make life beautiful, and this kind of beauty everyone may cultivate.

"I don't wonder," he continued, "that you should feel as you do. It is natural your heart should rebel against the hardships and negations of your life, and I, whose lot is so different, should be the last person to reproach you for it. But have you ever thought that when the Son of God took our humanity upon Him, He chose the lot of a poor, working man and led a life of utter poverty, homelessness and shame? And He said, 'Blessed are the poor.' The simple acceptance of their condition by the poor and lowly brings them near to Him, who came to call the humble and child-like, and in Whose eyes the riches and glories of this world were as nought."

"No," said Mirabel, "no. I have never thought of that. Jesus does not seem like a real person to me. It all happened so long ago."

Then she turned to go away; but as she was leaving the studio a thought struck her.

"There is that book which your sister lent me. I must bring it back if you are going away next week."

"Oh, no; there is no hurry about that. Keep it till we come back," he said. "Have you read it?"

"Not all," said Mirabel. "I get hardly any time for reading now; but I like it so much."

"Perhaps you would like to take two or three more books," said the artist kindly. "Come here and choose what you would like. You may just as well have them, for no one will want to read them while I am away."

He led her to a book-case which stood at the further end of the studio. But it was he, and not Mirabel, who made the selection. Then as she was going away with the books under her arm, he slipped a sovereign into her hand.

Mirabel looked at it in surprise for a moment; then handed it back to him.

"This is too much," she said.

"No, it is not," he said kindly, "at least, I want you to take it for your mother, Mirabel. There will be many things she will need as she is so ill. Let me give you this little help."

Mirabel hesitated only for a moment. She thought of all that the money would procure for her mother, and she had not the heart to refuse it. Tears rose to her eyes as she murmured her thanks. She hurried away, and as she passed out by the studio entrance she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Leslie alighting from her horse at the front door.

When she had gone Bruce Collier found it impossible to settle to any work. He was haunted by visions of Mirabel's lovely, pathetic eyes and by the accents of her voice as it rose in passionate rebellion against her lot.

"Poor Mirabel!" he said to himself. "Poor little girl! What wonder that her heart is sore! She is above her lot, and she yearns and thirsts for the beauty and culture which can never be hers, I fear. And yet, why do I think so? 'Knowledge is no more a fountain sealed.' Can I not help her to climb a step or two higher? If I thought she were getting harm from her visits to this studio, I would not have her here again."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

INCERTUS.—It would be quite absurd to object to your engagement because you belong to a different religious sect from your *fiancée*. All Christians are of one family, and should act as such.

DULCIE.—It is a matter that must be left to the individual conscience. No one can dispense you. You alone can dispense yourself, for you only are fully acquainted with the facts that govern the individual case. Your clergy seem to be going far beyond what the law and history of their own church warrant.

EXCELSIOR.—To kill animals for our clothing was sanctioned by the great Creator Himself, who provided our first parents with "coats of skins." There is a vast distinction between the use and the abuse of the gift of the animals to man; the use and abuse of food, drink and wearing-apparel. Certainly, no harmless living thing should be wantonly destroyed, nor life needlessly taken wholesale. Wear the warm fur clothing your mother gives you, and thank God, and her, for it.

MAYFLY.—The smoking of a lamp is usually the result of an uneven wick. It should be cut perfectly straight; but should it still smoke, then try soaking the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it thoroughly before using it. The reason that an uneven wick will cause smoke is because the ragged edge being separated from the compact body of the wick, loads the flame with more carbon than it can consume, for the heat of the flame is diminished by the charred fringe, and it cannot consume the extra smoke produced. As to the lamp itself, it should be one that, being upset, goes out at once. In every room where a combustible oil is used, such as kerosine, a supply of sand or earth should be kept in a coal box to extinguish the flame, were the lamp thrown down, as water would be of no avail.

MOFFAT VISITOR.—We have never heard of an attendant bird to the cuckoo, nor can we find that one exists. The cuckoo is a surly and quarrelsome bird, and will not suffer a rival of the same species in their near neighbourhood.

ALONE.—The best advice we can give you, now left an orphan, is to apply to the Secretary or Superintendent at St. Mary's Home, New Kent Road, S.E., and ask for advice and assistance from the Workgirls' Protection Society, and any work they may be able to procure for you. There are many Homes for working-girls in London, and you had better see John Shrimpton, Esq., at 3, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

MISS PAGE and SYDNEY should take their coins to a numismatist, to a museum, or to a silversmith who sells them, and have them correctly valued. We can only tell you the probable value when in good condition; but cannot procure you a purchaser. A half-crown of George III., dated 1816, laureated bust, turned to right, shoulders bare, arms on a garnished shield, surrounded by the Garter and collar of the order, value from 3*s.* 8*d.* to 6*s.*; if you can get a purchaser. A crown piece, date 1818, 1819, or 1820, laureated bust, to right; reverse, St. George and Dragon; from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*

NORA.—1. The size of Kensal Green cemetery is fifty-three acres. It was the first consecrated in England, which ceremony took place in November, 1832.—2. Wear gloves when reading, and when engaged in any occupation when possible to do so; and use glycerine, after washing your hands, before you dry them.

DOLLY.—If you watch the big ships, on a clear day, sailing out from the land, you will see that they do not disappear from diminishing in size, nor from becoming indistinct in the increasing distance or haze; but they seem to sink down over the edge of the horizon, for you can see the masts and sails when the ship herself has sunk out of sight in the water. If the world were flat this would not be so; all would disappear together. In speaking of a vessel thus gradually passing out of sight, bearing friends in her to climes far away, Tennyson says that she

> "Sinks, with all we love, below *the verge*,"

or down on the other side, as it were, of the horizon. Take a ball, and look straight across the top, and you can prove it for yourself. This fact, that the world was round, was discovered (so far as we know) about 640 B.C., probably by Thales, of Miletus. Pythagoras demonstrated the truth of this theory by the study of the stars, their several altitudes and change of place, about 506 B.C.

MAUD.—We believe that the oldest song or ballad in English is the "Cuckoo Song," of which the first stanza runs thus:—

> "Sumer is icumen in,
> Shudé sing cuccu;
> Groweth sed (seed) and bloweth med (meadows),
> And springth ye wedé (weeds) nu,
> Singe cuccu."

The most ancient book written in our own vernacular tongue, was *The Confessions of Richard, Earl of Cambridge*, temp. 1415. Whether a copy be preserved in the library of the British Museum, or at Oxford, we do not know.

MISS SAIT.—There is a Provident and Benevolent Institution for Milliners and Dressmakers, for members residing within twelve miles of the General Post Office only. Grants are made in case of illness, and pensions from £25 to £35. There is no benevolent society specially for the use of milliners and dressmakers generally available. You might obtain some advice from the Secretary, Sackville Street, S.W.

TELPHER.—We regret the delay in the answer to your question. The word telpherage means the automatic electric transmission of goods and passengers. The system was the invention of the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Just before his death, in June 1885, he had begun the construction of a telpher line on the estate of Lord Hampden at Glynde, near Lewes. This was finished and opened in October 1885. The word might also be written "telpherage," so the author said, which gives us the same origin as telephone, etc.

HOPELESS.—Read the description given by St. Paul of his own trials, and observe the distinction he makes between the suggestions and temptations of the evil one, and our own consent and encouragement of them, or the reverse (see Romans vii., especially verses 16, 17, and 20). Nevertheless, a warfare must be persistently kept up, prayer continually offered for help, and means taken for diverting your thoughts into some other channel, by reading or otherwise.

A. and V.—We should inquire at the nearest office of the Charity Organization Society, and ask for advice on the subject of your two old *protégés*.

HOPE.—We gave an article on the subject of good breeding shown in riding and driving. Never draw back after your hostess has requested you to enter her carriage before her. Take a place with your back to the horses, unless two gentlemen be of the party, then sit in the back seat facing the horses, on the left side, as the place on the right is the "place of honour," which should be left for your hostess. When a guest of higher rank drives with her, the hostess will of course resign that seat to her. Never call a drive in a carriage or any vehicle "a ride." You can only ride on a horse or other animal, and on a bicycle. It is a great vulgarism to confound the two terms.

TROUBLED.—Of course it is distressing to see an active and a studious person obliged to lie by and do nothing during the long season of lamplight in the winter. But there are employments for notable fingers which do not try the eyes. Has your mother learnt to do rug-making? It is very simple. Half a yard of what used to be called "Penelope canvas," now called "rug-canvas," coarse enough to receive "rug-wool," and six or seven skeins of wool, a mesh of about 1¾ inch wide, and a bone crochet needle or hook, complete the requirements for making a rug. Say the centre shall be of blue, mark with a pen an oblong square, ten stitches deep, ten stitches deep of red all round it, and as many of black all round the red. The centre will require less wool than the other borders surrounding it, and the outside the most. Wind the wool round the mesh, and cut it along at the edge on one side, and you will have lengths of nearly 3¼ inches. Bend the canvas along the marked border so as to pass the hook through the double, and, holding the wool in the left hand, draw it at the middle through the canvas. Insert the hook through the loop thus made and pull through the two ends of the wool. Draw rather tightly so as to be firm on the canvas. This is all. When finished cut off any unevenness to make the pile look smooth, and line the rug with baize or stout canvas cloth.

MAUD inquires who Bogatzky was, as she has a book of his, the well-known *Golden Treasury*. He was born at Jankowa, Silesia, 1690, studied and lived at Halle, and died in 1774. An English translation of his book was published in 1754. His full name was Charles Henry Von Bogatzky, an Austrian of noble birth.

JANET.—The "Northumberland shilling" is scarce, as only a hundred pounds' worth were struck to commemorate the entrance of the Viceroy into Dublin in 1763. The value of an example may be from 5*s.* up to 10*s.*

INQUIRER.—We have never heard that "beds should never be placed so that one should lie facing the east," but many people consider that the head should always be to the north, asserting that, by so placing it, you obtain the advantage of the magnetic currents from the Pole. And we have also heard medical men and others say that this opinion is all nonsense, and the Pole has no magnetic currents whatever.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 909.] MAY 29, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAUGHING JACKASSES.

By RICHARD GURNEY, F.Z.S.



THE GIANT KINGFISHER, OR LAUGHING JACKASS.

To many it may not occur at first sight that this name indicates a bird, but such is the fact, and is that of a funny large creature with what looks like an enormous cap or hood, from which projects a formidable bill between two bright sparkling eyes. This droll-looking fellow is by race a kingfisher; and again our thoughts are likely to get on a wrong track, as one naturally thinks of a "fisher" as one who catches fishes for his dinner; so do many of this tribe, but it is a very large family, settled in all parts of the world, and when their locality happened to be deserts (or at least the waterless parts) of Africa or Australia, they, or rather their ancestors, had to give up their primeval

All rights reserved.]

diet and take to large insects, lizards, or any small reptiles that exist and flourish in such dry and hot climates.

So it came to pass that this particular branch of the great kingfisher family being located in Australia, became land-lubbers and lizard-eaters. Apparently their habits are very active, as one reads of them perpetually flying in a very jay-like manner from tree to tree, all the while uttering loud calls. Their cry, which is very peculiar, has given rise to their name, being supposed to be somewhat like the bray of a donkey, commencing with several loud laughs, and ending with a long-drawn-out and most absurd gurgle.

I recently heard of some great ecclesiastical function in Australia, which aroused the curiosity of one of these birds, who boldly approached one of the open church doors, and scornfully laughed through it, making such a noise that it had to be speedily shut, upon which the jackass flew to another entrance the other side of the building, and mockingly began his cry again.

But our story concerns only one pair, who lived for some time in the London Zoological Gardens, whence I purchased them from one of the annual lists of the Society's "over-stock."

By-the-bye, there are few pets whose price seems to vary so much as laughing jackasses, owing, I suppose, to Australian animals arriving in particularly large consignments, thus glutting the market at intervals.

Our pair, which we dubbed "Darby and Joan," from their being so extremely devoted to each other, proved delightfully tame. Both would sit on the hand; Darby unwillingly and with much agitation, Joan with real pleasure, and she would cock her head and erect to the utmost her great feather head-dress in the most confiding manner imaginable. Evidently these birds are of an affectionate disposition, and when not laughing, like to spend all their time smiling blandly, but if frightened their plumage is at once depressed, though they soon regain their usual state of blissfulness, perhaps with some fond hope that the visitor will produce some tempting morsel, which in the entire absence of reptiles, has to be a bit of rat or piece of bird. This food, however, seems very acceptable, the skin and bones (so needful for their health) being thrown up in pellets.

This couple would eat from the hand, but preferred to have the food thrown, which they would adroitly catch with their powerful and curiously-shaped bills and they would proceed to forcibly strike it many times against their perch, doubtless with the view of "killing" their victim. Once Joan received the neck of a fowl with the plumage still adhering, and it was most comical to see the repeated efforts to fit this little feather-bed into her capacious throat; but at last the indigestible dinner was safely tucked away, after which, as usual, the happy couple always "sit awhile," very often with a rat's tail hanging out of the beak, which has the droll effect of a pipe being enjoyed after a siesta.

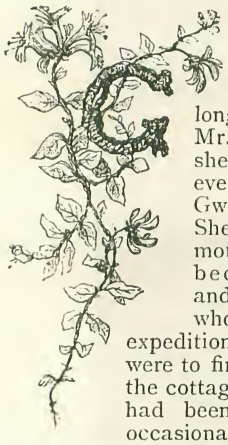
Though Darby and Joan were so tame, we never let them out, lest liberty should prove too "tempting," but instead often took them into the large aviary to gobble up worms as we dug for them, which afforded them endless delight, particularly to the knowing old lady Joan, who, after a happy reign, departed in honoured old age. Darby still continues a contented and placid life, but when he follows his wife, we should, I think, hesitate to replace these pets, though so amusing, for they must live indoors in the winter months, and they require such a good-sized cage, that it naturally becomes an objection in an ordinary-sized house. In the summer out-of-door cages answer perfectly.

It is curious that though laughing jackasses are not uncommon pets, there is, I believe, no record of their nesting in England, which one would have expected would often have been the case with such easy-going dispositions.

With us it was only the cock that uttered the curious cry, and that he confined almost entirely to the early morning. His strange performance was at all times uncertain, but something unusual, like a strange dog passing by, would generally set him off. Once it was a lady in rather unusual dress roused his sense of humour, but he only half got through his usual long laugh. We will suppose his manners got the better of his amusement.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

GWENLLEAN had been spending a long day alone with Mr. Lloyd, the last she would probably ever spend with him as Gwenllean Llewellen. She had promised her mother to return early, because Mr. Grant and Lord Hastings, who had gone on an expedition up the mountains, were to finish the evening at the cottage. The afternoon had been stormy, and an occasional flash of lightning, a peal of distant thunder, or a few large drops of rain, seemed to presage tempestuous weather. The sea-gulls had collected together as if for mutual protection, and flew about like moving clouds, uttering their melancholy scream in concert. The bosom of the sea heaved and fell, as if agitated by passion, and Walter the clerk, who was a sailor and fisherman, said he feared there would be rough work at sea, and bad weather at home.

Gwenllean begged him to hasten to get the large ferry boat for her, as she wished to leave before the storm came on. Mr. Lloyd asked her to remain the night; but she thought it better to refuse, knowing that she should be expected at home. Gwenllean had been accustomed to cross the little bay in all weathers, therefore feared nothing; and, besides, she said, the summer storms, if they had one, soon passed away. A heavy peal of thunder was heard as she spoke, and a flash of lightning darted across the window. Thick clouds were lowering in the heavens, and the atmosphere was dense and oppressively hot. The birds ceased to sing, and cowered amongst the bushes, whilst the sheep that were grazing upon the mountains ran to covert.

"The boat is ready, miss," said Walter; "and I have got Morgan to come along, and to help the ferrymen to row you across quickly. We shall be able to get over before the storm comes on, though I am afraid we shall have a rough row."

Mr. Lloyd and Gwenllean were looking out of the window, and the former said—

"You had better make haste, my love, for the sooner you get over the better;" then he added, in a whisper, "I shall see you again before *the* day; but you must excuse an old man like me from joining a wedding party, as well as from officiating at the ceremony. It would be too much for me."

Mr. Lloyd's involuntary sigh was interrupted by Watty, who exclaimed—

"There is a vessel out yonder, just coming up. She looks sadly tossed about. I hope she won't strike upon the sands."

"God forbid," said Mr. Lloyd.

The sands alluded to were dangerous quicksands, at a distance from the little bay, in the open sea; upon which many vessels had been wrecked, and to which, shameful to relate, some had been known to be guided by false lights placed by wreckers, who, here and there, infested the coast. Gwenllean looked towards the sea, and saw a ship battling with the waves in the extreme distance; but some way from the frightful quicksands, though out of the right line of sail. She shuddered as she gazed, having already witnessed some fearful scenes near the spot. She wished Mr. Lloyd good-bye, and accompanied Watty to the beach, where Morgan was waiting, with a good-sized safe boat, and two sailors to row her over.

It generally took from twenty minutes to half an hour to get across—in the present turbulent condition of the elements they could scarcely expect to achieve the passage so speedily, since the heaving of the waves tossed the boat about, and made the oars difficult to manage. The sailors had thrown up a kind of tarpauling-awning for Gwenllean, under which she sat, fearless of rain or wind, watching the movements of the ship, that tossed about in the distance. But there was more difficulty, and perhaps danger, in her own passage than she imagined; and so the sailors found when they were about a quarter of the way across. The wind increased, and the sea became more and more tumultuous, whilst the sky was black as ink, and the storm that had been so long brewing began to come on in good earnest. Still the boat

made her way manfully against the billows, and the rowers laboured with all their strength to get her on. They had been compelled to haul in her sail, owing to the violence of the wind, which blowing in rather a contrary direction, made their work doubly difficult. But Gwenllean scarcely thought whether she were herself in danger or not, she was so much occupied with the distant ship, which, the sailors said, was in great peril of striking on the sands. She appeared to have been injured by some previous gales, and to be returning in a bad condition, having lost her mainsail, and being apparently at the will of the elements. She was driven rapidly forward towards the quicksands, the exact position of which Gwenllean knew well, and Watty, when he could spare a moment to reply to her hurried questions, said that he would not give much for the cargo.

The sky suddenly grew intensely dark, and there was a peal of thunder which seemed to shake the earth from its foundations. It rolled through the sky like the wheels of ten thousand chariots; echoed from rock to rock with frightful vibration, and made the mountains call upon and answer one another by means of its tremendous voice. Then the rain came down in torrents, mingling with the white surf that foamed up from the sea, and finally mixing with the boiling waves. Though the hour was still far from the first grey of twilight, "the dark was over all," and, but for the occasional vivid flashes of lightning that darted through the murky atmosphere, the surrounding objects, and particularly the advancing vessel, would have been invisible. Sometimes the living elemental fire played around the ship, and displayed her to Gwenllean's aching sight, labouring and tossing from side to side close by the quicksands, which she knew well must be unknown to her crew. It was awful to think that so many human beings might be within a hair's-breadth of destruction, and be unconscious of the secret enemy that lay beneath the waters, ready to swallow them up, even within sight of land. It was awful to feel in comparative security upon the same ocean, and at so short a distance from creatures on the very brink of eternity.

Heavily, and with difficulty, yet successfully, the boat battled with the waves, and Gwenllean was more than half way across the bay. She shuddered as she looked upon the black sky, the raging waste of waters, the forked lightning, and the embattled elements—and she raised a prayer to heaven for the safety of the ship and her crew, whilst the spray of the waves dashed in upon her, and drenched her to the skin.

"What will become of them?" she ejaculated, as a sudden gleam of light revealed the vessel, which appeared to be lounging on one side, and almost stationary.

"I fear it is all over with them, miss," replied Walter, "unless they get help—they must have struck, I fear;" and the old man rested a moment on his oar to gaze upon the now undiscoverable distance; forgetting, in his compassion for the distressed ship, the doubtful fate of his own little bark—but the two younger sailors pushed on, careless of all but their own safety.

There were a few minutes of painful silence, and then came the signal of distress; the ship had too surely foundered. Oh! how that melancholy minute-gun thrilled to Gwenllean's heart.

"Stop!" she cried, "stop one moment," and the sailors paused, whilst another loud peal of thunder shook the boat, followed by several flashes of lightning, which plainly disclosed to the practised eye of the seamen that the vessel was upon the quicksands, and unless assistance could be promptly rendered, must sink, with her cargo and crew, to the bottom.

"Is there no help?" said Gwenllean, in an agony—"can we not save them?"

"There is no boat will put out such a day as this, miss," said Walter. "It would be pretty certain never to reach the ship. The sea is mountains high out yonder, and I question whether it would be possible for any number of sailors to get a boat through it."

"But they will not leave her to perish! There is another signal! Let us help her! Walter, Morgan, for heaven's sake. Lose no time—push off towards her directly."

"Miss Llewellen," said Walter in astonishment, "what can you mean? Why, I would not take a thousand pounds to venture. We should all go to the bottom together."

"Oh no! we shall save them. I know we shall save them! For God's sake let your human nature—your compassion to your fellow-creatures—your love to your Maker get the better of your fear. Help them—try at least to save them—let them not perish without an effort."

Gwenllean rose from beneath her rough shelter, and advancing into the boat, laid her hand on that of the hardy old seaman she was addressing, and with a look of entreaty continued to plead for the sufferers. But she had harder hearts to melt than that of her old friend Walter. The sailors who helped him were more impenetrable than iron, and cared not whether the ship sunk or not, though they would have done much to serve Gwenllean.

"What?" she continued, earnestly, whilst the tears sprung to her eyes, "will you risk nothing to save a whole ship's crew from inevitable destruction? Think of their friends—think of their immortal souls! Put yourselves in their places, and imagine their unspeakable agony at this dreadful moment! Hark! do you not hear the minute gun again? can you resist such an appeal—you cannot—I am sure you cannot?"

The boatmen were all motionless, and old Morgan, looking kindly at his young mistress, said—

"I am ready, Miss Gwenllean, to do your bidding—but I cannot risk your precious life—my own is of little worth, but yours——"

"Think not of me," cried Gwenllean, "think of your perishing fellow-creatures. Will you not too consent, Walter? My kind, dear friend—say you will help them, and the Almighty will reward you here and hereafter."

This was taking Walter by his weak point.

"I will do anything in God's service and yours, miss?" he said.

But there were the two stubborn young sailors, who muttered to themselves that they could not endanger their lives for the sake of people they knew nothing of. Gwenllean offered them gold; told them she would insure them a reward whether they succeeded or not. They began to soften.

"But you, miss," said one, "if we row you ashore first the ship will be gone."

"I will go with you—anything rather than make no effort. You will never repent of so good an action—there! there! she is going farther into the dangerous part—look at her through the lightning! Oh God have mercy on them!" and Gwenllean fell upon her knees before the sailors, and in words of piercing entreaty supplicated them to yield.

The men relented half sulkily, to Gwenllean's unutterable happiness. She rose and watched the vessel, as from time to time she was visible through the pelting storm. The rain and spray drenched the heroic girl; but she who had forgotten self at other hours of trying suffering, thought not of her own person when so many lives were at stake.

"If we get round by the right in time," said Walter, "we shall avoid the worst part of the quicksands—the water is deep there, and we can push off easily—but if she gets further in, it is all over."

The boat was soon out of the sheltered cove, and then came the danger to the little crew. Now a huge wave lifted her up, as if she were a toy to sport with—now, again, tossed her down on the other side. Still the four men rowed bravely on, and battling with the waves Gwenllean stood at the helm, for there was little use to attempt to steer, praying inwardly for guidance and assistance from above. On—on—on—went the boat. Through the huge breakers like a bird; for the waves lashed her in vain. Providence watched over her. There was a loud shout of encouragement from the shore. They were observed, and other prayers mingled with Gwenllean's. Through the storm the sound of voices came, and as the boat drew nearer and nearer to the ship, Gwenllean saw figures on the deck; outstretched arms—signals of distress—and sometimes she thought a cry pierced the noise of the elements.

The thunder growled around, the lightning flashed, the rain poured down, still the gallant boat overleapt the waves. On—on—on—despite the tossings and lurchings, and ups and downs, and all the wild revelry of the billows. But the ship! She appeared sinking just as they were within reach of her. The boisterous waves dashed over her sides, and she seemed lost for ever. Gwenllean shrieked in terror; but she reappeared, rolling from side to side, unmanaged and unmanageable.

(To be continued.)

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

(*June* 20, 1837–1897.)

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

VICTORIA the Good—whose name
Is graven on a nation's heart—
There needs no thunder of acclaim
To tell thee how beloved thou art!

Victoria the Good—O star
Round which, writ large with pen of gold,
Thine Empire's story, near and far,
These glorious sixty years have told.

To-day we bless thee, noble heart,
Who, since that glad June day lang syne,
Have never known a thought apart
From loyalty to thee and thine—

That glad June day when leaves were green,
And all the summer world was fair,
The day that saw thee England's Queen,
And sent thee to thy knees in prayer.

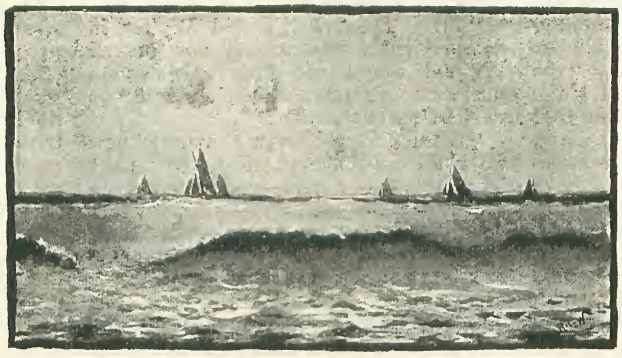
Thy crownèd motherhood we bless,
O heart, so tender and so strong,
Which hath the woe, or happiness,
Of us, thy children, shared so long.

Which in thy children's love hath found
Sweet balm of comfort, strength to bear
The sorrows that have pressed thee round,
And bowed thy royal head with care.

Oh, one with us in hope and aim,
How nobly hast thou borne thy part—
Victoria the Good—whose name
Is graven on a nation's heart!

God spare thee yet to rule us long,
God bless thee with all blessings still;
And, till it rings to evensong,
God shield thy later hours from ill.

O queen of queens!—our love so free—
The love that blesses and reveres,
The guerdon of thy love shall be—
The harvest gold of sixty years!



"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS AILMENT?"

By "MEDICUS."

EVERY ailment, nowadays is said to depend upon the existence of its own peculiar microbe, or rather on ten million microbes more or less. These circulate in the body, and if not killed by the white corpuscles (I hope I'm not talking Greek) of the blood, which are simply vital bull-dogs, ever cruising through the blood-vessels to defend us from foreign invasion and danger, give the unhappy possessor a real bad time of it.

I don't wish however to give a lecture on bacteria, for, unfortunately, all the "G. O. P." girls are not Girton lassies.

Well, I know one disease, at all events, that is not caused by a microbe of any kind, and that is *mal de mer* or sea-sickness. And there is really no cure for this, except removing the cause, that means getting on shore again as quickly as possible. If one is going on a long voyage this is impracticable, and the best plan then is to take beef-tea, and keep on deck all the time. But there is a complaint very common at this season of the year, which I want to say a word or two about. Perhaps I should rather call it an ailment than a complaint, because those who suffer from it are never heard to complain, for the simple reason that they seem not to care whether they are cured or not.

I dare say that I could very easily find a Latin or Greek name for the trouble, for I am not aware that it has yet been classified by the medical profession, but plain English is, singular to say, better understood in these islands than even Hebrew—and some of the English *is* very plain. Let me therefore call it—— No, I shan't call it anything just yet, and a name may suggest itself to my intelligent readers themselves.

The disease is common enough at any time of life, though it seldom commences till a girl is in her teens, and is usually most virulent between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Some girls have it bad, and some never get over it, sad to say.

I have always hopes for girls however who have a desire to get well, though as a rule, which has very few exceptions, you can't get patients to admit that they are ill.

In some cases the complaint is constitutional. People may be born just that way, but even these may be cured by heroic treatment. A good deal depends upon the doctor, but much more on the patient herself. It would be something to be thankful for were the results of this disease limited to the life of the sufferer herself; unfortunately however it gives much trouble to others around her, and at times upsets a whole household.

If a girl does not get over the trouble by the time she turns the corner, and leaves her teens behind her, it is likely to become chronic. Then I pity her, and not only her, but everyone socially or relatively connected with her. A young woman should, if possible, be good-looking, bright, intelligent and agreeable. This is a duty she owes to those with whom she comes in daily contact. But alas for the sufferer from the chronic form of this new-old ailment!

Let me see if I could paint you a typical case, although the symptoms vary much, according, not only to a girl's individual idiosyncrasy—(N.B. in reading this paper dictionaries may be allowed)—but her circumstances in life.

Take the case then of Lydia Ann de Sidia. Sounds pretty rather than otherwise, I think.

Unusual anyhow, and the two last words, if conjoined, will convey a meaning to the ears of the *puella erudita*.

Lydia, then, does not belong to the upper ten nor to the great army of work-a-day lassies who slave away (Heaven help them!) from morn till night in badly-ventilated offices, or behind the counters in stuffy shops. Lydia's people are fairly well-to-do in the world, still, were it not for the ailment she suffers from, she could not only make her mother but her little sisters and brothers a trifle happier.

Well, this girl's troubles don't begin when she first half-opens her eyes in the morning.

That was a very gentle and timid kind of a knock at her door.

"Please, miss, your water."

"Only the maid," says Lydia to herself. "I'll just doze five minutes."

That doze extends to half an hour, and it is half-past eight when mother herself knocks.

"Breakfast, dear. Aren't you awake?"

"All—ri', ma—down-n-n—minute."

These words are uttered in a strange muffled kind of tone.

Mother sighs and retires. She hopes Lydia isn't any worse.

"Where is Lydia this morning, mother?" says Dick, as he finishes his beef-steak.

"She's not down yet, dear."

"Well, I could have found that out myself. But why?"

"Well, Dick, I don't think the child is half well."

"Humph! *I'll* go and wake her."

"Go very gently, dear," says his mother.

"Oh, yes, I'll go gently, you may figure on that, ma."

"To listen to Dick's gentle footfall on the stair, you could easily believe that his boots were made of walrus hide, soled in Lancashire and heeled in Leeds.

But Dick thinks he knows how to fetch her.

The door is rattled with no very gentle hand.

"Getting up to-day at all, Lyd, eh?"

"I *am* up."

True; she had sprang from bed when she heard her brother's footsteps on the stairs.

"Well, it's nearly 'all day' already. I'm putting Brewster into the dog-cart. Going for a drive. Coming?"

"Oh, yes, of course; but, Dick, dear——"

"That's me."

"I thought it was Brewster himself coming up-stairs."

Lydia is really up now. But, poor afflicted thing, she casts just one long lingering look behind, at her cosy couch before she glances at her image in the glass."

"Heigho!" she sighs. "I *was* so snug."

Dressing does not take Lydia very long—not more than an hour, say. There is nobody but her brothers at home to-day, and brothers are—well, brothers are only brothers. Dick isn't going for a drive; she feels sure of that. He only just said so to get her down. If he really and truly were going she would put something on.

Oh! that bath, by-the-way. There it is, and the big sponge in it. She ordered it last night, and last night she felt so very brave. The bath is the most nerve-bracing tonic—so "Medicus" says—in the world. But it does look shivery! She touches the surface of the water with the tip of one toe (toes do have tips, I believe), then "Ugh!" she cries. "What a dreadful ordeal!"

She gently opens the door only a wee bit and listens for a moment; then a shapely forearm is protruded and the hot-water can drawn quickly in. Then she closes the door with a good big bang. She could have closed it quietly; but the bang will intimate to those downstairs that Lydia de Sidia really is coming down, and so things will be kept warm.

Oh dear, the water in the can is quite cold! She might have taken the bath with a dash, but—not now. How could she?

As she looks in the mirror Lydia notices with grief, firstly, that her complexion is not all that can be desired. The last new soap and cosmetic, she thinks, will alter that. Secondly, that Dick was probably right after all, and that she is as regards condition leaning towards embonpoint. Dick is always so stupidly frank.

"Am I though, really?" she says. "No—yes—no; but" (she keeps wriggling sideways and every way with every word), "well, I wouldn't like to be skin and grief like Miss Smith. And here is my last new corset. Fits like a glove. Obesity indeed! There are thousands and thousands of girls would give a good deal to have my figure! There now!"

A touch of this and a dust of that improves even a fading complexion. "This" and "that" are now locked carefully away in a drawer. Lydia smiles and nods to herself in the glass and then sallies forth.

She had meant to "wear" her window open at the top all night, but—forgot. Had she done so she might have felt less languid this morning.

Her little brothers and sisters are dressed long ago and running wild out in the garden. Mother did that, and mother has a kindly word for Lydia as the girl sips her tea before touching food (ominous symptom indeed)!

"Beet—beet—beet!" cries her pet canary, cocking his head and looking at Lydia with one hungry wee eye. "No seed! No water!" he seems to say.

"Don't be tiresome, sweet! After I've had my breakfast you shall have yours."

Cruel? Well, yes; but Lydia can't help it. She is ill, you must remember.

Dick himself strolls in now and looks at his sister curiously. She answers his look in the way she is pleased to interpret it.

"Oh, yes, Dick, I shan't disappoint you! We'll drive to N——, the nearest town, and I'll do some shopping."

Dick is a good-natured lump of a brother. He smiles and goes away to get Brewster in. He waits some time yet though—a weary time—before he gets Lydia into the trap, tucked in, and settled. He has got hold of the reins, and is about to spring up when she suddenly remembers that she has forgotten her sunshade.

But at last they are off. What a glorious summer forenoon! Lydia feels sorry now she did not pluck up courage to come down sooner, for morning is the sweetest part of the day away down in the cool delightful country.

Only look at those grand trees, the spreading branches of the wych elm, the glory of the pink and white on the chestnuts, the bee-haunted drooping lindens, the foliage on yonder kingly beech-tree, with God's glad sunshine over all. And look at that hedge snowed over already with the flowering bryony, or curtained with wild pink roses.

And listen to the birds. They are bubbling over with song to-day. The nightingale only a week ago was making day glad and night itself a joy with his melodious notes. He is gone; but the blackcap has learned from him. Even the thrush has picked up a chord or two from the sweetest songster of the grove, and so he is hardly missed. It is indeed a healthful, lovely day.

"Pity," sighs Dick, "that we have missed all the morning."

Lydia is half sorry for Dick. She registers a vow. She *will* get up early to-morrow. Then she registers another. She *shall* take that cold bath every day of the year.

If Lydia's mind were a book, and you could read it, you should find it written full of vows to do this and vows to do that; but not one of these (owing to the complaint she is suffering from) have been fulfilled. And as to good intentions, why, whole pages are taken up with these, only they have been all scratched out again!

Dick, like the honest fellow he is, does turn his horse's head towards N—— so that Lydia may shop, though far rather would he have gone to see a cricket match. Lydia says she felt too languid to write out a list of the purchases she wants to make, but in the shop things are sure to suggest themselves. Poor Lydia! Don't you pity her, reader?

There are girls there at the counter who look more languid and tired than our fair patient herself. The shopman politely hands her a chair, and hands Dick another. Dick sighs and sits down.

Those counter-lassies must stand all the live-long day.

Well, Lydia shops. She doesn't really seem to take very much interest in the business after all. But pile of goods after pile are taken down and spread out before her, and before she comes away she buys some slippers to sew. Dick wonders if they are intended for him or for the new curate. It matters very little, as things will turn out, for six months after this they will still be lying on Lydia's work-table, without one silken stitch in them.

But to-day Lydia isn't going home without a book. One of the most sensational, soulless and costly novels out. A society story, and—but never mind, Lydia says she loves it, and so it would seem, for she may be seen lounging on the couch all the afternoon reading it, or at least, skimming it.

Another rather common symptom of the ailment I am trying to sketch is this; a girl who has become the victim to it—

"Never *is*, but always *to be*, blest."

But Lydia is going to do great things. She will become a great musician. Perhaps she might, but practice is so tiresome and scales are so stupid.

She will become an artist and get hung. Here again she might probably succeed, that is if genius be merely the result of taking pains, and if artists are not born, but merely made. But—another "but" you see—drawing is a horrid bother. Why couldn't she just daub on the paint and be done with it.

Well I must drop poor afflicted little Lydia now. I trust I have brought before your mind's eye a few of her diagnostic (dictionary, please) symptoms, and that you have already guessed the plain English for the complaint she is suffering from.

I hope you will never be quite in the same sad state.

But is there a cure? Well—yes, if you can only get a girl to adopt it.

You must first and foremost get her to understand and to believe that the ailment if it once becomes chronic, will be ineradicable. That it will utterly spoil her complexion, glaze her once bright eyes, turn her eye-lids into lead, or something quite as heavy and difficult to lift, destroy her appetite, weaken her digestive powers, and induce obesity, which in course of time shall interfere with even the action of the heart itself.

But no girl of, say, sweet seventeen need despair, if she can once succeed in leading an active stirring life, rising at a reasonable hour every morning, taking a bath and a turn round the garden before breakfast; doing a certain amount of honest work, engaging in profitable study every day, and curtailing luxuries. Habit is second nature, and health means happiness.

Now what is the name of this ailment? Guess, girls, guess.

My patient's name begins with an "L," and so does the name of the complaint.

"A BIT OF GOSSIP AND HOW IT ENDED."

By E. H. ASHWIN, Author of "Agnes Chisholm," "Country Cousins," etc.

MRS. SIMPSON was a well-to-do farmer's wife, who rejoiced in the distinction of inhabiting the best house in the small village of Rushleigh, and furthermore, the aforesaid house possessed a very pretty drawing-room, of which its mistress was inordinately proud. In this drawing-room, on a bright afternoon in the end of May, five ladies were seated, enjoying a comfortable cup of tea and also (let us speak it warily) a bit of the accompanying gossip, without which, so folks say, the fragrant beverage loses half its charm. Good-natured, kindly ladies all, but possessing in a marked degree that keen interest in their neighbours' concerns which often led them into taking an extraordinary amount of unnecessary trouble.

The present was a specially engrossing meeting, for Mrs. Drake, the doctor's wife, had quite a fresh bit of news.

"You will all be interested, I know," observed the lively little lady, "to hear that Mrs. Taylor's house is taken at last."

"Oh, pray tell us to whom?" "Is it a married couple?" "Are they rich and of good family?" sounded from different parts of the room, one only of the company contributing no question, namely, Ethel Ashton, Mrs. Simpson's orphan niece who lived with her, teaching the children, superintending the servants, and making herself generally useful, in return for a home and "everything she can want," as Mrs. Simpson was wont to remark, for, being rather empty-headed herself, she failed to realise the needs of a girl who had been trained to think rather than talk.

"Well, you know," was the important reply, "I never can get anything out of the doctor, he has such absurd ideas about not talking of his patients, and if one is actually dying or dead he never says a word; but Mrs. Taylor's servant came over for the child's medicine, and she told our Mary, while she was waiting, that a young gentleman and lady had taken it for a time, just to be quiet, that the house would be cleaned at once, and the servant and furniture would come next week."

"I do hope they will be people one can visit," remarked Miss Wade, a middle-aged spinster, whose father had risen from poverty to be a flourishing market gardener, and large landowner, and who was therefore very particular as to the style of her acquaintance. "Mrs. Taylor was so very vulgar and objectionable, I always made a point of having nothing to do with her."

"She was very charitable and kind to the poor," here quietly interposed Ethel Ashton, but her little speech was lost in the buzz of agreement with the last speaker, who by reason of her wealth and decided manner, had become, to a considerable extent, the leader of public opinion in the village.

"Ah, well," Mrs. Simpson was at last heard to say, "we shall be able to judge pretty well what they are by the appearance of the furniture and servant, and, my windows overlooking the house, I shall have the advantage. You must come in next week and hear my report."

"Oh, yes, we will," was the unanimous reply, "and then we can settle whether to call or not."

"I suppose I shall have to call, for the doctor's sake, if they are at all respectable," said little Mrs. Drake. "But now, Mrs. Simpson, I really must go, for he will be at home and wanting his tea. *Au revoir*, ladies all," and with a comprehensive nod, she ran off, her departure breaking up the small assembly.

The next week happened to be a specially busy one of spring cleaning in Mrs. Simpson's house, but the mistress took little share in the work, for one or two vans of furniture arrived at Elm Cottage, and she spent most of her time at the windows watching the unpacking, communicating her discoveries at meal-times to her husband, though he, good man, was far too much engrossed in his own concerns to trouble about those of other people.

"It pleases Mary to talk," he would say, "and so long as she keeps to the truth, I don't suppose it does any harm."

In this reasoning he was, however, mistaken, for the relation of facts, perfectly correct in themselves, may yet receive such a colouring from each one who hears and repeats them, that, in course of time, the original speaker would fail to recognise his own story, so distorted does it become. So it was now.

"The furniture is very shabby; looks second-hand, and the servant is a foreigner," announced Mrs. Simpson one afternoon, as she took her seat at the tea-table. "That looks as if they did not want their affairs talked about. I wonder if there is anything to hide?"

"Perhaps they are poor and proud," mildly suggested Ethel Ashton.

"If they are poor, with that little house, they don't want a servant at all, my dear. Why, we only keep two with three children and a dairy too."

"Yes, but," began Ethel, stopping, however, rather abruptly as she saw her aunt's attention drawn to the window, and remembering too that discretion being the better part of valour, it might be as well not to mention the fact that she herself did the work of two ordinary servants.

"See, see, Robert, Ethel!" broke in Mrs. Simpson, at this point of her meditation. "A fly is driving up and the servant has come to the door. Now a lady in deep mourning has stepped out and—yes, she is helping a gentleman to alight. It must be her husband, but he looks dreadfully ill and feeble. There—the flyman has driven away and the door is shut, so I will come back to tea; but I do wonder who those people are."

"Shall I send round to Drake for a composing draught, my dear?" inquired her husband quietly. "You won't sleep with that wonder unsatisfied."

"Nonsense, Robert!" was the somewhat sharp rejoinder. "Anyone would think, hearing you talk, that I was the most curious woman in the world, when I only take a little kindly interest in my neighbours, a perfectly natural feeling."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Simpson, "even to letting your tea get cold while you look after them; that would not be natural to me."

To this remark the offended lady deigned no answer, and the brief conversation ended. Later in the evening, however, the subject was renewed by the entrance of the housemaid with, "Please, ma'am, Mrs. Gilbert's foreign servant has come to know if you can spare them a quart of new milk every day; the master has been ill and drinks it."

"Oh, yes, Ellen," replied her mistress. "Ask if they will have it morning or evening."

"Yes, ma'am, but she speaks so funny-like, I can't very well make out what she says; she has only just come to them."

"And who are they?" asked Mrs. Simpson, her thirst for news leading her to get information even from her own domestics.

"Well, I did ask her where they came from, ma'am, and she said the master had been in the public line, but gave it up for a bit when he felt ill."

"Yes, you may go, Ellen," said her mistress, barely waiting till the door was closed before she turned to her husband with a horrified look, and, "Well, this *is* bad!"

"That you should talk to the maids about your neighbours, indeed, I think so, Mary," said Mr. Simpson, who, easy-going as he was, sometimes remonstrated with his wife on her inveterate love of gossip.

"Why, I never do, Robert," was the indignant rejoinder. "How can you say such unkind things; about a low publican and his wife, too?" and a stormy burst of sobs testified to the truth of the husband's mild accusation, which, however, failed this time as often before, to check for more than a few hours, the talkative little woman, who, as early the next day as village etiquette and custom allowed, was seen wending her way to Miss Wade's, eager to impart her views.

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the horrified spinster, as her visitor concluded her tale. "Mrs. Taylor was bad enough with her vulgar ways and bad grammar, but a publican is really a step *too* low. Of course that completely settles the question of calling. What do the people look like?"

"Well, I must confess," answered Mrs. Simpson, "that the young woman looked lady-like and pretty, and he is quite a fine man, though evidently very ill. But then, as our worthy vicar so often says, 'Appearances are deceitful and beauty is vain.'"

"Quite true; their good looks do not alter position. Will the vicar call, do you think?"

"I doubt it; for since his wife's death he has seemed more and more averse to any exertion. But now I must really say good-bye. Shall you see Mrs. Drake before Sunday?"

"Yes; I am going down there to inquire about her housemaid for my sister, and shall tell her your news."

Needless to say, among these estimable ladies the report spread with lightning rapidity, and before many days had elapsed the whole village knew, or thought it did, that Mr. Gilbert had kept a low inn, and he and his wife were accordingly avoided with righteous horror. What availed it that they appeared at church with regularity and behaved in the most orthodox and devout manner? "That sort of person is always a little false, my dear." Or, further—that, as time went on, the poor began to tell tales of the kindness and sympathy of the new people—how Mrs. Gilbert sat up two or three nights with a dying girl, and her husband made strenuous and successful efforts to reclaim and help her boy-lover, who in his grief turned to drink as a solace—"Just a ruse to disarm suspicion," was the verdict of the Rushleigh ladies, and they still persisted in holding severely aloof from such improper neighbours.

Meanwhile, the objects of contempt went quietly on their way, the invalid gaining strength daily in the pure country air, and his young wife finding all her happiness in tending him and watching his renewed health, but yet, it must be owned, regretting the inexplicable reserve of the neighbours she had hoped to find so friendly.

"I can't understand it a bit," she said one day to her husband. "Herstleigh said they were such good, hospitable, kind people about here, though rather sticklers for caste, and that, if we appeared on their own level, we should be received with open arms. I tried

to make friends with Mrs. Simpson's niece when she was out with the children; but her aunt saw us through the window, and the next time we met she seemed afraid to speak, and only gave the most shame-faced little bow. I shouldn't mind if I might pet the children; but I don't like to do that when the parents stand aloof, and the youngest boy is so pretty, just like our little Cecil;" and the dark eyes filled with tears at the mention of the one child who had come to gladden their home for a while and then gone above.

"Never mind, darling," replied Mr. Gilbert. "Our exile will soon be over, for I am feeling nearly myself again, and maybe the quiet has really been the best for both of us. I know I have enjoyed it like another honeymoon, much as we have missed our boy. By-the-way, when is Herstleigh coming to the Hall?"

"For partridge-shooting," answered the wife. "He may be here any day now, and then we are to visit him for a time. Where are you going this afternoon, Cecil?"

"To town to fetch the letters, my dear. What shall you do meanwhile?"

"Go for a quiet stroll by the brook with myself as companion," replied Mrs. Gilbert, smiling. "But make haste back, Cecil. I have a strange foreboding that something will happen."

"Nonsense, little wife. You must not be fanciful. I shall be glad when I get you nearer a doctor, though," he added, looking anxiously at her.

"Cecil!" in affected horror. "And Dr. Drake close at hand."

"A fussy old woman," was the retort, spoken with the contempt of a town man for a village practitioner; and at this point the young couple separated.

The brook which ran through Rushleigh was a great attraction to the villagers, and under its shady willows many a party on a summer evening enjoyed an impromptu picnic. During Mrs. Gilbert's walk she passed several of these merry groups enjoying the cool breeze, the last, some distance from both the village and the rest of the people, consisting of three children whom she recognised as Mrs. Simpson's. If she dare join them. If at least she had a companion in her walk. She was feeling her isolation so keenly just now, when her uncertain health made a lady friend so desirable. She stood and watched the little ones for a few moments, and then, wondering that they should be left in such a dangerous spot, for the bank at this point was very steep, inquired of the eldest child, a girl of about eight, "Are you alone, my dear?"

"Only for a minute," was the reply. "Mother took Ethel back to fetch some tea, and told me to look after the others. Bobby," pointing to the baby boy Mrs. Gilbert had noticed as like her lost darling, "thinks he is fishing."

"Is he not rather near the edge?" said the lady; and, even as she spoke, the child stooped to reach a stick, and in an instant was struggling in the water. "Run—call for help!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, as, without a pause, she jumped into the brook, with one hand clinging to an overhanging willow branch and with the other seizing the boy.

The other children ran shrieking down the meadow, but no one noticed them at first, and the lady, feeling her strength failing, raised her voice in a despairing cry.

"Help, help!" rang through the still air, and attracted the attention of a horseman passing down the road, who instantly jumped the fence and galloped at full speed to the spot. He was but just in time, for, even as he flung himself from the saddle, the brave woman's grasp relaxed, and she and the child disappeared from view, to be however promptly rescued by the new arrival, who had scarcely laid them on the bank, when a number of people came hurrying up, among them Mrs. Simpson and Ethel Ashton. The almost frantic mother at once pounced upon her boy, who, more frightened than hurt, no sooner got rid of the water he had swallowed, than he set up a loud roar.

"My lamb, my precious one!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, pressing him to her breast. "Oh, Lord Herstleigh," as she recognised in the child's preserver the young owner of Rushleigh and the next village, "you saved him! How can I thank you?"

"I could have done nothing for your boy, madam, if my sister, Mrs. Gilbert, had not held him till I came," replied the gentleman from his kneeling position by the still unconscious lady. "But she ought to be at home; will some of you help me to carry her?"

A dozen coats were off in an instant, and, wrapping the drenched form in some, and making a litter of others, the sad procession started, Mrs. Simpson's thoughts as she gazed alternately on that still white face and the rosy boy she bore, being anything but enviable. As they approached the cottage she put her burden into Ethel Ashton's arms with a brief—

"He's all right; take care of him and the rest." Then, turning to Lord Herstleigh, she said imploringly, "I had a hospital training before I was married, and am certificated. Let me nurse her; you would if you knew all."

"Indeed, I shall be most thankful for your help," was the simple reply. "But where is Mr. Gilbert?"

"I saw him walking towards the town more than an hour ago, my lord," answered a voice from the crowd. "Ought some one to go and meet him?"

"I think not: only watch that he is not told before he reaches home," answered Lord Herstleigh courteously, and several started to obey him.

Then into the little home she had so recently left they bore Mrs. Gilbert's still unconscious form, and a battle for life began, every inch of the way being contested by the doctor and Mrs. Simpson, whom no persuasion could induce to leave the room where the woman whom she had slandered and slighted, and who had saved the child she loved as the apple of her eye, lay, to all appearance, dying.

The short summer night wore away, day dawned, rose into noon, and waned again towards evening, when Cecil Gilbert, wandering restlessly outside, heard the low wail of an infant, and almost immediately Mrs. Simpson's wearied face appeared at the door.

"A tiny boy—all well; you shall come as soon as possible," was all she said; but it was more than enough to bow the young husband's head in devout thanksgiving. And when an hour later he was admitted for "just a peep," he was silent from emotion.

"Another boy; call him Cecil Robert Herstleigh," whispered the pale little mother, and then Mr. Gilbert was unceremoniously turned out, for the patient was still in a critical state, absolute quiet being enjoined.

The professional nurse, who had been hastily summoned, could not arrive before the following morning, so a second night Mrs. Simpson kept watch in the sick-room, and during its long silent hours she saw her gossiping tendency in its true light, and there made a firm resolve, by God's help, to conquer it. A painful duty, however, lay before her, when, on being relieved of her self-imposed charge, she sought Mr. Gilbert, and, with burning cheeks and much stammering, explained to him how the misunderstanding had taken place, and why they, viz., he and his wife, had been so pointedly "sent to Coventry."

"A public-house keeper, was I?" exclaimed the young man, suppressing, with much difficulty, his smile of amusement. "A public school-keeper would be more correct, for I am second master at M——, and this long holiday has been for my health. But pray distress yourself no longer about that little mistake. All's well that ends well. We have both much to be thankful for, and you have won my undying gratitude for all you have done for my dear wife and son. Only," he concluded, "since all gossip does not end so well, I am glad we have learned to guard our tongues, and to strive more for that charity which not only speaketh, but thinketh no evil."

RECIPES FOR JUNE.

Green Pea Soup.—Fresh peas will be at hand shortly, and our soup will be very excellent when made from them. Put a few sprigs of fresh herbs, some young carrots, several young onions, and a small piece of unsmoked bacon with the peas, and sufficient water to make the requisite quantity of soup. When thoroughly cooked (in about two hours' time), rub all through a strainer except the bacon, which can be removed to a plate for other use. Season well, and stir in a large teaspoonful of cornflour wetted with milk. Return to the pan and boil again. A tablespoonful of cream will be an addition just before serving.

Stuffing for Roasted Duck.—The usual potato or sage and onions stuffing is scarcely available or suitable in the summer-time; instead, we may substitute a well-seasoned forcemeat made by mincing finely a quarter of a pound of lean ham or bacon (cooked), and adding to that its equal quantity of bread-crumbs, with a tablespoonful of parsley, minced onions, herbs of different kinds, and plenty of seasoning. Bind all together with two beaten eggs and stuff the body of the bird with this. Green peas, French beans, or boiled vegetable marrows, are the correct accompaniments to roasted duck.

Green Gooseberry Jelly.—The small hairy gooseberries are the best for jelly-making purposes. Put them into the preserving-pan with a little water to prevent burning at the bottom. The berries need not be picked. Boil them until they are almost a pulp, when pour into a coarse strainer first and afterwards through a flannel bag. Weigh the juice and return it to the preserving pan, allowing one pound of sugar to every pound or pint of liquid. While the juice is heating place the sugar on trays in the oven to become hot also; if it melts a little it will do no harm. As soon as the juice boils drop the sugar into it, and continue boiling for exactly twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour off into glass jars which have been made quite hot also, then set aside to cool. If carefully followed these directions will be found to produce a jelly that will "jell" before it is cold.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THERE is no dress question on which there has been more agitation and questioning than that of colour; its harmony and becomingness to the wearer. The usual rule given is that there should be a correspondence of colouring between the eyes and the gown, and that, generally speaking, no mistake could be made, so long as the hue of the eyes was in some way followed, if not exactly matched in the



THREE SUMMER DRESSES.

dress. A writer in a contemporary, however, contradicts this time-honoured idea, and says that a French woman, at present one of the belles of Paris, whose dress is the envy and admiration of her fellows, avers that nothing is a greater mistake, for a brown-eyed woman must avoid brown, and a blue-eyed one, blue; because an artificially-dyed colour placed in proximity to a natural colour, has the inevitable result of depreciating and deadening the latter. This is, I think, true in a measure, as anyone can find out for themselves by trying the experiment; but it might not be true if we used natural or vegetable dyes. This lady's theory is, that there is one colour or shade of colour, or one combination of the same which specially suits each individual woman, and this must be diligently sought for, and steadfastly adhered to when found. But, alas! she does not indicate how we are to find it, nor how to reconcile the differing opinions which may be given to us on the subject. One thing we can all of us do, *i.e.*, study the effect of different colours on other people's complexions, and we can soon form a certain standard by which to judge. It is much to be regretted that black has become so fashionable a hue, for it is rarely becoming, it emphasises irregularities and angularities in both young and old, and its very idea is depressing. I rejoice, just at present, in the popularity of the red serge tailor-made gowns, and hope that it may increase in favour, even in summer. The red looks pleasantly warm amongst green trees, and it is fairly becoming to everyone who has not red hair.

Much red is also worn in other materials, such as *crêpe de chine*, trimmed with black and white lace, cashmere with cream-coloured embroidered muslin bands; foulards and thin summer silks; all of these are popular in red—not a vivid hue, but an old-fashioned colour, which might be called Burgundy, though some people say it is blood-red. It is wonderful what a difference of opinion exists about the specially fashionable colour for this year. I have been assured it was green, grey, heliotrope, and red, all on good authority; but my own idea is, that we shall see much red worn in all materials.

Contrasts of colours still enthral us, and our hats show it especially, though the newest blouses are also remarkable. I notice that a very pure and vivid orange is much used in velvet this season for hat bows and other minor decorations; and a combination of black and white is as much liked by everyone as ever.

There is no doubt that this is a season of gauzy and thin fabrics over silk linings, and very pretty indeed the former look. The weaving is so dainty and fine. The black gauzes are made up over any and every colour and also over the brightest of tartans. What is known as the royal Stuart, a red tartan, and the Victoria, a white royal tartan being, of course, in vogue this Jubilee year. There seems, in fact, a great tendency towards plaids of all kinds, but principally fancy ones; and in cotton canvas and silk they are really beautiful in colour. Shepherds' plaids, with stripes of brighter hues across them, are much liked, and black and white with heliotrope forms a very pretty combination. In gauze and grenadines there is nothing prettier than cross-bars of all kinds; the thin parts being so thin as to show the silk lining through with great clearness. Our illustration shows a flowered grenadine in heliotrope over a heliotrope foundation. It is trimmed with two narrow flounces and the bodice has also small frills, edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace. A jetted bolero jacket shows below the cape, and the upper portion of the skirt is plain, while the lower part is put on as a flounce. This round trimming below the waist is very much worn at present; even when the skirt is quite a plain one. I saw a dress of shepherds' plaid at the private view of the New Gallery the other day, which had four rows of black braid put on in this manner. The whole dress was also trimmed with the braid. The



GRENADINE OVER SILK.



A STRAIGHT-BACKED COAT.

bodice was a bolero, and the blouse under it of white lace and white muslin. The hat was one of the new white Panama straws, trimmed with black and white; and the whole effect was ladylike and elegant. Of course, this line round the hips is quite unsuitable for any figure but a very slight one.

The next dress, in the same illustration, shows one of the white and black, or white and coloured striped silks, made up in the new way with the ends of the stripes meeting in points, both in front and at the back, in the centre of the breadths. The bolero worn is open at the neck with a pointed collar faced with white *moiré*, and the under bodice was of muslin and Valenciennes lace. Another style of trimming on the top of the skirt is two or three lines of straight bands reaching downwards from the waist for about a foot. At each end a large fancy button is placed which matches some part of the dress in colour.

I hear that in Paris what we have called the rational costume, viz., knickerbockers and a jacket, are constantly seen in the streets, and attract no attention whatever. The knickerbockers are made very full indeed, so that they present the same outward effect as the divided skirt used to do; they show no division, and look like a short skirt which, banded below the knee, is yet long enough to reach a little below the middle of the calf of the leg. The jackets worn with them are of the Eton and bolero type, generally showing an edge of blouse round the waist line. The tight-fitting covert coat does not seem to be becoming with the knickerbockers. When I first saw the dress in Paris, I must confess I did not admire it; and what is least attractive in it, is its entire want of gracefulness. Whether we shall follow this identical Paris fashion in England, I do not know, nor have I quite fathomed the class of French people who adopt it. But I cannot imagine the really *bien elevée* French maiden being allowed such liberty in the style of her dress.

The straight-backed coat, made of silk or satin, *chiffon* and lace, which we illustrate, is one of the newest of its kind, and to a slight figure is very becoming. In spite of all the threatening, the cape holds its place, and seems to be worn nearly as much as ever. *Chiffon* is all-pervading as a decoration for all out-of-door mantles, and is so delightfully pretty, it quite casts a glamour over us all. But, oh! how perishable it is; and how soon our finery looks wilted and faded.

Very wide satin ribbon sashes are a new revival. They are tied at the back, and are very handsome indeed. Some of them have the ends jetted, or else have a frilling of *chiffon*, which goes round the corners and up the sides to about a quarter of a yard. The use of black ribbon-velvet as a trimming is universal; and we hear of *barège* and *mousseline de laine* as dress materials. All these are ancient fashions revived, and date from her Majesty's accession. The lace scarf, which was one of the fashions of that date, is to be seen in the best West-End shops, and the early Victorian poke-bonnet is to be seen in plenty of windows. These two are to be the correct styles for bridesmaids' costumes, and I dare say they will look very pretty with white satin, or white muslin dresses.

The style of hair-dressing remains the same, except that it has climbed up higher; but most women and girls, I notice, wear it exactly where it suits them best; and, to my mind, when you have once found that out, there is no more becoming style of dressing the hair. Anything which gives a Greek outline to the head is always beautiful, and, when we once realise this, a visit to the British Museum, or a study of any Greek heads, will help us to a comprehension of Greek ideas of beauty, and we shall know how best to find out our own strong points. All hair is waved at the sides of the head, even though the knot may be smooth and satiny, and the front is as much, or as little, fluffed, as we choose; but nothing is in extremes.

I hear that the really fashionable colour for the hair is a copper hue with gleams of sunlight in it, a colour which can be produced by a harmless dye. One thing is always a surprise to me, and that is the prevalence of lovely white tresses, which present a wonderful uniformity of colour (or want of colour would probably be more accurate). Of course art must be called in when the first grey begins, to bleach the whole mass and avoid a piebald appearance. There are so few iron-grey and grizzled locks to be seen, that this must certainly be the case. It is wonderful to see how youthful the face becomes crowned with the snows of winter, and some women, undoubtedly, never looked so well as when age instead of youth arrives.

The illustration of "Three Summer Dresses" shows, first, one of the sun-ray skirts. The peculiarity of these new skirts, and wherein they differ from the old accordion-pleated ones, is that they are cut perfectly round in a circle, thus acquiring the plain effect round the hips and waist, and giving the ray-like flow at the edge of the skirt. The next figure wears one of the pretty fawn-coloured Etons, braided with white braid and worn with a differently-coloured skirt, or one like itself if preferred. The front is of white lace and white lace frill at the neck. Yards and yards of lace seem to be used this year, and a dozen yards is needed to make an ordinary-sized frill for the neck.

According to the *Times*, a new and much more perfect machine has been invented for making lace which turns it out in such perfection that it cannot be distinguished from the real thing. The excellence, even now, of the machine-made laces has caused the decline of an ancient industry, and, of course, the case will be worse now, and the race of old ladies who never would wear anything but real lace must be extinct like the dodos.

The private views while excelling our usual shows in point of art, fell far below the usual run in point of dress. There were few smart people present who had taken any trouble with their clothes, and some only who had donned a new hat, on top of their winter's outfit, making that look more green and shabby than ever. It is the greeny look of all our black things in the spring, that makes them appear so played out in the sunshiny spring days. The absence of fashionable people from these occasions is always a disappointment for the dress reviewer, for she looks to see there a few notions of how the wind will blow later on. "There are too many occasions in London now," said a well-known authoress to me, "people don't dress for private views as they did."

One of the features of dress to-day consists in the long bands or scarves which hang down either from the neck, or the shoulders in some of the newest gowns. An example of these is seen in the collarette worn by the standing-up figure in the illustration of "Three Summer Dresses." They are used in many ways, and are novel and odd-looking. Embroidered muslin bands are frequently seen, as well as ribbon ends.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the silks and satins, the latter may be said really to "stand alone," that great criterion of excellence which prevailed amongst our grandparents. In white and cream satins this feature is peculiarly remarkable, and this will be the material for the best bridal robes this season. The trains for them are very long indeed, and they are also so long in the front breadth that the feet are quite unseen. The skirts are not so much decorated as the bodices; these are generally made high-necked, and the long sleeves are of transparent chiffon. It is said that the most fashionable brides of the year have selected real lace veils instead of those of tulle. Very little jewellery is used by brides, only the gifts of very near relations, and only one of those, one brooch or one bracelet, and no rings at all at the actual ceremony. Brides who are very richly dowered in the way of jewellery usually wear the least of it on such occasions.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

Letter II.

Chelsea, London, S.W.

MY DEAREST MARJORIE,—I have just returned from my visit to the British Produce Supply Association, and hasten to tell you how pleased I am with all I saw there. To begin, the building itself is a splendid one, it has been specially built and arranged for its present purpose, so there is magnificent storage accommodation for the reception of meat, bacon, butter, etc., which is to be sold wholesale. The retail shop is beautifully fitted up with marble counters and tiled walls, and I must say that the goods are set out in the most tempting manner possible. The butter counter is very attractive, the piles of golden butter are done up in such dainty shapes, each county having apparently a special way of doing up its butter. That from Cornwall was in square blocks of about two pounds weight each, and the Hampshire butter was rolled out quite thin in the pattern of a leaf and then curled up; it was very taking. Then there were the long narrow rolls with which you are familiar in the Midlands.

I noticed too, some Leicestershire and Melton Mowbray pies, and I wondered why Nottingham does not send up some of her pork pies, which are, in my opinion, far superior to the others. Perhaps they do not yet know of this new market for them. I spent as much money as I could spare in getting samples of bacon, butter, eggs, poultry, vegetables, and fresh meat, and then felt at liberty to attack the secretary, and glean from him particulars as to the way in which our country friends could send up their produce for sale. He explained to me the system which they intended to pursue, viz., that they hoped ere long to have depots opened in various parts of the country as centres, to which small growers could more conveniently send their goods than to the great London centre. There is one such depot now open at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and there will be one in Hampshire presently. This will make it easier for all as, of course, the Association prefers to receive as large consignments as possible, it saves both the time, labour and expense which would be incurred in the constant unpacking, entering, etc., of small parcels.

It appears too, that different parts of the country send up very varied qualities of produce, owing chiefly to the difference of soil and climate; to meet this it has been decided that all goods shall be graded, into first, second, and third grades, and everything will be branded with the Cable brand, as a proof of its British origin. I think this grading is a very good thing, because one can scarcely expect to reach perfection in one's first attempt at growing for sale, yet the quality may still be fairly good, so it is comforting to think it will be saleable all the same, though naturally not at the highest price.

I have heard of several private people who are sending direct to the London depot until a centre shall be formed in their district, and the secretary kindly gave me a copy of the "Form of Tender" which they use. This is a printed list of the goods the Company requires for sale, meat, poultry, game, dairy produce, preserves, flour, choice fruits, vegetables and flowers, and you are requested to fill in the form stating how often you propose to send; once, twice, thrice a week, or daily, and full details with regard to quantities, age and quality, and in return the Association guarantees to allow you the best market price of the day, according to the quality of the produce sent. Their accounts are made up weekly and the remittances sent out, so you see there is no long waiting before you receive the payment, however small it may be.

I learnt too that egg boxes can be hired from them, and this is a great convenience, because properly made boxes are rather expensive and difficult to obtain. You can also purchase addressed labels, etc., at a low rate. If you do not use their boxes they request that the package sent should be, if possible, non-returnable, as this saves a good deal of expense and worry, the cost of the returned empties would have to be deducted from your account, which also is a consideration.

And now comes the serious and important question, "What shall we grow, and how shall we grow it?" This is really a large subject, and I feel that one could write long chapters about it, for it is a question which varies according to the position of the inquirer, who might be a market gardener owning hundreds of acres, or a small nurseryman anxious to make the most of his ten acres, or again, a young girl like yourself, desirous of utilising to the best advantage the home garden and its produce. Perhaps some day, dear, I may venture to offer a little advice to the two former, but at the present moment it is your difficulty that interests me chiefly.

In my last letter I told you to be sure to get every vacant plot of land dug over and manured if possible, and the garden thoroughly tidied up from all its autumn litter; the plots should not be raked over, but left in ridges as they are dug, so that the frosts which we usually have in December and January may kill the insects, purify and render the earth more friable than it would otherwise be. The month of November is a preparatory one, and though it will be cold out of doors there would be many bright clear days when you could be out in the garden doing what requires to be done, for you must remember that winter work is even more important than that of the summer; it is only those who dig, plough, and sow in winter who have any right to reap in summer and autumn.

And before we go any further in planning out the garden for next year's crops, I want you to try and remember and put down in a little notebook what was grown on each plot during last summer, and in future you must keep notes of this matter. It will be simpler if you space out the garden into portions, numbering them one, two, and three, or A B C, if you prefer it, mention them thus in your notebook. We shall then be able to secure a proper rotation of crops, which is, after all, but the first elementary rule in the art of profitable gardening. Our object is to get the greatest possible amount out of the smallest possible space, therefore, plants which belong to the same family or have a close affinity to each other, must not succeed each other, for they will extract from the soil the same food and thus impoverish it. Cabbages, for instance, must not be followed by broccoli, brussels sprouts, or turnips, because they all absorb quantities of potash from the soil, so much so that they are called "deteriorators" of the soil. These cruciferous plants, cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, rape, cress, seakale, mustard, horseradish, etc., should be followed by leguminous plants, as peas, and beans; and deep-rooting plants, as carrots, parsnips, beet, etc., that draw their nourishment from a considerable depth, should be followed by surface crops, like spinach, lettuce, endive, corn salad, parsley, etc.

The term "cruciferous," or cross-carrying plants, is applied to those whose flowers have a calyx of four sepals, which fall off after flowering, and a corolla of four petals, which are arranged in the form of a cross, and in alternation with the sepals. No plant belonging to this order is poisonous, but those that are eaten as food are anti-scorbutic. All plants of the cabbage tribe belong to this order, which also includes the wallflower, stock, and many other well known flowers. Leguminous plants are those that bear seeds which are eaten as food, such as peas, beans, etc.

Now having grasped these simple facts, you will realise how important it is to rotate your crops in proper order if the utmost value is to be got out of the land, and with the notes regarding the position of the crops last summer, you can easily work out a plan of the garden one of these winter evenings, assigning to each crop its proper place, only remember that you can frequently economise space by growing two crops at the same time on the same piece of ground. You can plant cauliflowers and early cabbages between the rows of potatoes, and you can sow early lettuces over the carrot bed, and radishes amongst the onions, etc., but do not take up more space with these necessary vegetables than is absolutely necessary to ensure a sufficient supply for your home consumption, since I want you to devote as much space as possible to the produce we intend to grow for sale.

After deep consideration of the subject I have come to the conclusion that strawberries and mushrooms will be the most profitable crops for you to grow at present. They are both easily managed, and do not call for so much skilled labour as some other crops do, and they can be commenced in a small way and extended as occasion serves.

August, September, and October are the best months in which to plant out a strawberry plantation; but if it cannot be done then it would be better to leave it until some open weather comes in early spring and plant the beds then; but you can measure out the ground and prepare the beds at once. If it can be managed it would be well to leave quite one-sixth of an acre; when you come to measure this out with your father's land measure you will see that it is not so large a piece of ground as it sounds. The nature of the soil is of very great importance in strawberry growing, although I have seen it asserted that they will grow anywhere and upon anything, nevertheless good sound loam certainly produces the best results. If you can get an extra load of manure and some road scrapings carted on to the land be sure to do so, and after it is well dug in have it rolled firmly with the garden roller. Then with the line, measure and mark out the beds, which should not be more than four feet wide, and may be the whole length of the plot if you leave a narrow foot-path between each, for you will want to get at the fruit at picking time without trampling all over your plants. Then on each bed mark the places for the plants, about eighteen inches apart, and twenty-five inches between the rows.

You will then see exactly how many plants are required, very likely about three hundred and fifty, and I think if half of them were British Queens, and half Sir Joseph Paxtons they will produce the heaviest crop. The President is another excellent variety, and

Elton is an old favourite for late fruit and preserving, but the two first-named are sufficient for the present. Should the weather be still open and mild when you are ready for the plants, send me word at once, for I intend to get them for you from a reliable nursery in Kent. I shall order them to be in readiness for despatching at the first opportunity, and shall buy rooted-runners grown in pots, which are now nice strong young plants in the open or under cold frames. They will of course, cost more than ordinary runners would have done, perhaps 6s. to 7s. 6d. per hundred, but will give better results next season. If frost comes the planting should be delayed until the ground is fit again, perhaps until February or March, but the land will take no harm by lying fallow, quite the contrary.

And now I think I have given you enough to do and to think about in this long letter, so shall reserve a talk about mushrooms for my next. Keep up your courage, dear. I know that the work of preparing the ground is not the most interesting part of "gardening for profit," but it must, nevertheless, be well and faithfully done, and at the right time too. Many amateur gardeners shirk this preparatory work, and then lay the blame upon the soil, declaring it unproductive and unfertile, which is wrong, since the fault lies entirely with themselves. Is it not Keble who tells us that the earth is—

"True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed
She renders for each scattered seed,
And to her Lord with duteous heed
Gives large increase!"

Ever your loving
AUNT AMY.

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Beautiful Sewing," "Winifred's Home," etc.

PART IV.

RUNNING, FELLING AND SEAMING.

Run-and-Fell-Seam.—Seams made by hand are nowadays nearly always done in run-and-fell fashion.

Look at Fig. 1 and you will see how the running is done.

Take one piece of your material and fold it down so as to form a crease, just under which you lay your second piece.

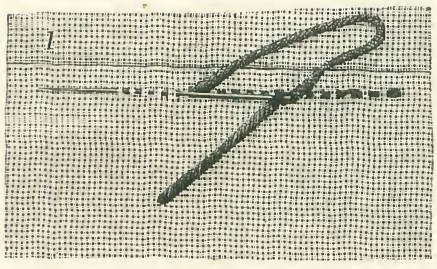
Run closely, taking a back stitch every now and then, and being very careful always to go through the two layers of stuff.

When this is done turn down the upper edge twice, as if for a hem, and tack down neatly.

If the running is done badly it leaves spaces in the seam with no stitches.

Felling.—In Fig. 2 you will see the felling down of the turned-over folds.

The stitches are made V-shaped, exactly as in hemming. Make your stitches evenly and



regularly, avoiding all split hemming and straight stitches.

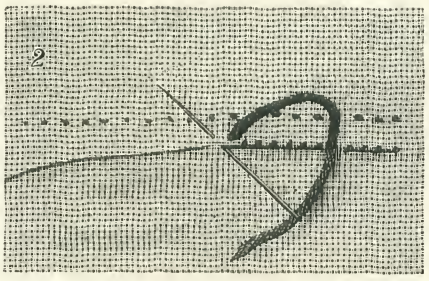
A Seamed Hem.—This hem is very much used in France, and also in this country for house-linen, etc.

In Fig. 3 you will see how it is done, but you must bear in mind that when you are holding the hem to work that it is not spread open as seen in the illustration. It is doubled back and the edges held between finger and thumb.

To prepare turn down your folds as if for a hem and tack down. Then bend back as I have already said and seam the three folds together, keeping the hem away from you and the article itself next to you.

Ordinary Seaming.—The use of ordinary seaming or "top-sewing" is to join two selvedges together. These are found in shirts and pillow-cases. It is also employed to join two folded edges of material together as in patch-work, and the ends of bands for drawers and petticoats, etc.

A technical work on sewing enumerates the following most common faults in seaming.



"1. Slip-stitches, *i.e.*, taking only one top-edge at a time instead of both.

"2. Puckering, by misplacing the work, and drawing the cotton too tightly, and making a slanting stitch instead of a straight one.

"3. Putting the needle in too far down from the top-edge, and thus making a deep hard ridge most difficult to flatten.

"4. Putting the stitches too close together, thus marring the shape of the stitch, which ought to be slanting on the top-edges on the right side of the work and straight on the wrong side.

"5. By omitting to flatten the sewing when the seam is finished."

From this you will see what to avoid.

Flattening Seams.—All seams should be flattened, whether sewn or run and felled.

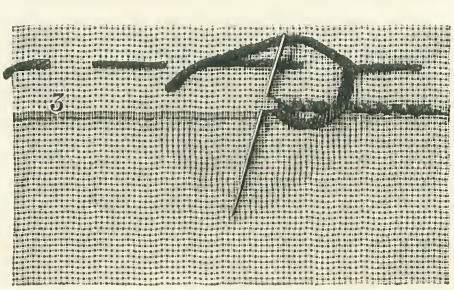
The plan of flattening seams with the thumb-nail, as advocated by some workers, is a very ugly one. The best way of flattening out seams is to lay them on the table and then to press them smooth by passing the handle of a toothbrush heavily along them.

Terms used in Needlework.—There are some terms used in needlework the meaning of which everyone should understand, as failing to do so you do not know how to take advantage of written directions for work of all kinds.

I am indebted to a technical glossary for the information given here.

Bar.—The working across of a button-hole.

Baste.—This word is not so much used now as tack. Both denote the long stitches used for fixing work.



Bias.—Material cut on the cross.

Caseing.—The cover for a ribbon, string or bone.

Cobble.—This is used to mean untidy, slovenly work.

Gusset.—A small piece of material let in to give ease to some part of an article or for enlarging it.

Mitre.—The cut given to corners of patches to enable them to be sewn down well is called to "mitre" the corners.

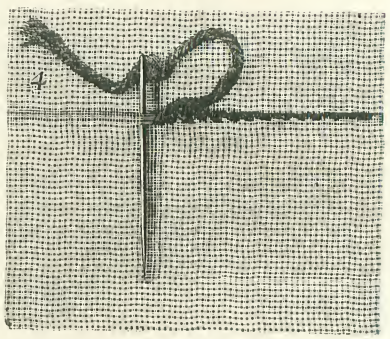
Nap.—The woolly or hairy surface of cloth.

Nick.—This denotes a snip or notch.

Pile.—The pile is the fine hairy substance on cloth and the silk of velvet that rises up.

Piping.—A cord covered with material cut on the cross.

Placket.—The opening of a skirt.



Pucker.—To draw up your stuff in irregular "furrows."

Ravel.—The fraying out of material that is very loosely woven.

Self-edge or Selvage.—The woven edge of any material.

Slot.—A caseing or running into which tape or ribbon is run. Often found in loose blouses for gathering in the fulness.

Stiletto.—A sharply-pointed instrument used for making eyelet holes.

Warp.—The selvedge way of the material.

Woof.—The threads woven across the material; often spoken of as "the wrong way of the stuff."

Cutting Out.—Always cut out articles of clothing in the length of the material. This is a very important thing to remember as it makes a great difference in the look and wear of the article.

Shoulder-straps, waist-bands and wrist-bands should always be cut lengthways of the stuff.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHERLESS.

MIRABEL was walking down Providence Street in the full glare of the noonday sun, but with only a dim consciousness of where she was, when someone plucked her skirt from behind, and so startled her that she fairly jumped in nervous surprise, and the sovereign which she had held in her hand ever since the artist placed it there, fell through her fingers and rolled across the pavement into the gutter. Recovering herself Mirabel darted after the coin and rescued it; but not ere Fanny Lovell, the author of the mischief, had marked its golden gleam.

"My word, Mirabel!" she exclaimed, with suspicion in her tones, "you are rich. Mr. Bruce does pay you well for sitting still while he paints your picture."

"This is not for that," said Mirabel, colouring; "he gave it to me for mother. He was sorry to hear how ill she was, and he asked me to take it and buy her the things she needs. It was very kind of him, and I am really very thankful for it."

"I should think so," said Fanny, "he must be a kind man indeed."

There was something in her manner of saying this that was disagreeable to Mirabel's ears. The grim struggle for existence is fatal to the finer qualities of character, and the poor are apt to be suspicious of each other. Fanny Lovell called herself Mirabel's friend, yet was capable of harbouring an evil doubt of her.

Mirabel's annoyance was but momentary. When she entered her home there was so much to claim her attention that she quickly forgot Fanny's words. Mrs. Dean learned with dismay that Mirabel's employment by the artist was at an end. She was pleased, however, when Mirabel showed her the gift that she had received from the artist.

"Now that was really thoughtful of him," she said, "for we want so many things, and I've been lying here worrying as to how we should get along. That sovereign's a mere trifle to him; but to us it means all the difference between misery and comfort. We must keep some of it for the rent, Mirabel."

The girl made a sign of assent. She looked lovingly at the bright coin ere she put it away in a safe place. She would have liked to keep it for ever. It seemed a pity that it must so soon be changed into silver and spent.

The money melted away all too quickly. Much as her mother needed her at home, Mirabel was forced to go out to work. She had some skill in washing and ironing, having been accustomed to wash the children's clothes at home, and she found employment in the ironing-room of the laundry in which her mother had worked. But the heat of this room in the fervid August days was terrible, and Mirabel, who went to her work after nights of broken rest, could not long endure it. One day she fainted at her work and had to be carried into the open air before she could be brought round. Then the manager sent her home saying, not unkindly, that she had better not come again. It was plain she was not strong enough, and she was hardly wanted now, for the work was getting slack, since most of the families were leaving town. Mirabel felt too weak to plead for herself. She would have been only too thankful to quit the ironing, but for her sore sense of the need at home. How were they to live with no money coming in, save Lizzie's scanty wage, which would not suffice to feed them all!

When Mirabel reached home she found her mother so weak and despondent that the girl had not the heart to tell her that she was dismissed from her employment. She was obliged, however, to explain why she had returned at that unusual hour, and Mrs. Dean's gloom increased as she heard it.

"You'll never stand the laundry-work, Mirabel," she said, "you're not the girl for it—I said so all along."

"It was only the heat, mother, that upset me. I'll do better when the weather gets a little cooler."

"That won't be for a couple of months yet, and meanwhile you'll be quite worn out. And I—I shan't be here in two months' time. What will become of them all—my poor children?"

"We'll do our best, mother, to get along—if we must—without you."

"I know you'll do your utmost, Mirabel, for you're a good girl; but it will be a terrible burden for you, and I can't think how you'll manage. Jenny's so delicate, and there's poor little crippled Willie. I couldn't bear for them to go to the workhouse."

"They shall not, if I can help it, mother," said Mirabel resolutely.

"God bless you, child! You mean it, I know! But life is so hard, and there's so much evil in the world! God help us all!"

"Perhaps He will help us, mother."

"I don't know, I'm sure. I've never been one to think much about religion. Sometimes I fancy things might have been better with me if I'd been religious. There's never been time for it somehow, but I *have* tried to do my duty by you all."

"That you have," said Mirabel emphatically. "You've been the best mother in the world."

Mrs. Dean shook her head, but a faint smile came to her pale, wasted face, and her glance turned with a more contented expression to where little Jenny, worn out by the heat, lay sleeping at the foot of the bedstead.

In the evening, when Mrs. Dean had fallen into a doze and Mirabel, seated by her side, was suffering at once from extreme physical exhaustion and the sorest depression of mind, there came a tap on the door of the room. Mirabel, anxious that her mother should not be disturbed, rose instantly and went to the door. She started nervously as she saw that it was Jem Lovell who stood outside. There was no one she was less desirous of seeing. She had not spoken to him since the night when he left her in anger. Her first impulse was to shut the door in his face, but a moment's reflection showed her that this would not do. Instead she stepped outside the door and closed it gently behind her.

"Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Lovell?" she asked coldly.

"Yes, Mirabel—I wanted to tell you how sorry I am that your mother is so ill. I was over-hasty with my tongue when last I saw you; but I hope you won't bear a grudge against me for that."

"You certainly were too hasty," said Mirabel with dignity. "You said what you'd no right to say."

"I did. I'll own to it, Mirabel. I can't say more than I'm sorry, and if you're the girl I take you to be, you'll overlook it and let bygones be bygones."

"Oh, very well," said Mirabel loftily, "I'll not think any more about it; but you must please to excuse me now, for I can't leave mother."

"Wait a minute," said Jem, "I want to help you, Mirabel, I want to be your friend. What's this Fanny tells me about your being dismissed from the laundry."

"It's true," said Mirabel sorrowfully. "They say I'm not strong enough for the work."

"I don't believe you are," said Jem, as he observed how pale and thin her face had grown, and what dark circles there were beneath her eyes; "and you've work enough at home just now, I should say, with your mother so bad. Why do you go?"

"Why do I go?" repeated Mirabel, with indignation in her tone. "I should have thought you wouldn't have needed to ask that. I don't go just for the pleasure of it, I can assure you.

"Of course, I know that. You mustn't be angry with me, Mirabel. I'm such an idiot, I cannot say what I want to say; but what I mean is this. I'm earning good wages, and I've no one to keep but myself. I shall only spend the money in beer and tobacco if you won't have it. So here, Mirabel, you'll let me be your friend and help you."

Jem leaned forward as he spoke, and tried to put some money into Mirabel's hand; but the girl shrank back with frightened eyes, while the colour rose in her cheek.

"Oh, no, thank you. I couldn't take it, really. Things are not so bad as that. We are not without money."

"But you soon will be, if you do not

go to work. Take it, Mirabel. You're as welcome as possible. I don't want it."

But Mirabel clasped her hands behind her back and resolutely refused to touch the money

"No, thank you. It is very kind of you, but I can't take it. We shall manage somehow."

"Why can't you take it? Why won't you let me be your friend? You've had help from another, I know, for Fanny told me, and he's not such an old friend as I am."

"Oh, but that was different," said Mirabel, her colour deepening as she heard Jem's words.

"I don't see where the difference is, except that he's an artist and considers himself a fine gentleman," said Jem, growing angry; "and if you think that makes it any better you are mistaken. It seems to me, Mirabel, that you don't know who your true friends are."

"Indeed, it is not so; I know you mean it kindly," faltered Mirabel; "but I can't do it—not just now. If things grow worse—I may be glad to—to ask you to lend me a little money."

"Lend!" returned Jem impatiently. "I like that. You did not ask that other fellow to lend you the money. I'm not grand enough to be your friend, it seems."

He would have said more; but Mirabel quietly opened the door behind her and slipped back into the room. "Good-night" was all she said as she hastily shut the door, and he went away with fresh wrath in his heart. He could scarcely have told whether it was love or hate that burned within him towards Mirabel at that hour; but it was a consuming passion that caused him the utmost torture.

Mirabel sat down again beside her mother, who still slept. The girl was trembling all over. Her face burned as she thought of the things Jem had said about the "other fellow," and presently a burst of tears relieved her excited feelings. How little Jem understood! What mistaken notions he had concerning her friend, Mr. Bruce Collier! And she could never explain the kind of friend he was to her, so good and kind and wise, as different from any other man she had ever known as if he had been a being belonging to another world. She was sure that there was no one like him in the world. The girl's eager fancy exalted him into a hero, and perhaps she was not altogether wrong. She loved to think about him, loved to recall the words he had said, and his low, deep, musical tones as he uttered them, and the melancholy but wholly earnest look of his dark eyes. It was a dangerous occupation, and it was well that she had little time to indulge in it.

It was not for long that Mirabel could sit quiet now. The noise of voices unduly raised in the next room told her that Lizzie had come home and was having words with Harry. Mirabel hurried out to hush them and to prepare the supper they wanted.

"Can I go in to see mother?" asked Lizzie, when Mirabel had put an end to the discussion between her and Harry.

"Not just now," said Mirabel. "She is fast asleep, or was till you began to make such a noise."

At that moment a loud rat-tat on the open street-door made them all start. Mirabel ran out into the passage.

A postman stood there with a letter in his hand.

"Does Miss Mirabel Dean live here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mirabel, very much astonished, "that's me."

"Here's a letter for you then," and he was gone.

Mirabel stood looking in amazement at the letter in her hand. She had hardly ever received a letter before. She felt as if there must be some mistake. Yet it was certainly her own name that she saw upon the envelope written in a clear, flowing hand.

Lizzie and Harry pressed up to her as she stood looking at the letter in the light from the doorway.

"Who sent it? Where does it come from?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mirabel in a dazed kind of way.

"Ain't there no post-mark?" demanded the boy.

Yes, there was a post-mark, besides the London one; but it was very much blurred.

With some difficulty they made out the letters I N V E R; but the rest were indistinguishable. Inver! It told them nothing. It did not even suggest Scotland to their minds.

"Why don't you open it?" exclaimed Lizzie impatiently. "What's the good of looking outside when the inside will tell you what it's about?"

But to Lizzie's disappointment Mirabel slipped the letter into her pocket and stepped back to her mother's room. She was not going to open the envelope with Lizzie's eyes upon her. She shut the door and bolted it ere Lizzie could push her way in.

The postman's knock had roused Mrs. Dean; but she did not seem fully awake. It was growing dusk in the little back room, and Mirabel could not see her mother's face clearly as she bent over her. But she heard her talking, and the words were so disconnected that Mirabel felt sure she was still in a dream.

The girl looked about till she found a box of matches and a tallow candle in a shabby, little candlestick. She lighted the candle and, having carefully screened the light from the eyes of the sick woman, she drew from her pocket the letter. Again she closely inspected the outside of the firm, thick envelope. Her heart beat more quickly as she did so. Already she thought she knew who had sent it. Her fingers trembled as she tried to open the envelope. It did not yield easily and she took a pair of scissors and cut it across the top. A sheet of note paper was within, and when she lifted it out something thin and rustling fell from it to the ground. Mirabel picked up the silvery, rustling sheet, opened it, and spread it out before her. It was a Bank of England note for five pounds!

Mirabel had heard of bank-notes, but she had hardly ever seen one before. She was quick, however, to perceive the value of the one she held, and a thrill of delight ran through her as she realised how rich she was. Then she turned to the sheet of paper eager to see who had sent it. There were but a few words written upon the paper. Holding it up to the light of the candle, Mirabel read—

"For your mother—from a friend."

That was all. No name, no address was given. But Mirabel needed neither to tell her who was the friend who had thought of her in her trouble. She knew in an instant that Mr. Bruce Collier, far away, taking his holiday, had remembered her and sent her this timely help. As she held the paper nearer she was conscious of a faint, subtle perfume that seemed to bring about her the atmosphere of the studio with all its beautiful objects. In a sudden passion of emotion she pressed the paper to her lips, while tears of gratitude rose to her eyes.

She had no thought that there could be harm in appropriating the money thus sent. She was only too thankful for the relief it brought. Jem Lovell's suspicious words and looks were forgotten, and she thought of him only to reflect with satisfaction that she was no longer likely to need his help.

Mirabel thrust her precious gift within her bodice for safety and went back to look after the supper. Lizzie was very indignant when she found that Mirabel did not mean to satisfy her curiosity respecting what the post had brought.

"I suppose it's a love-letter," she said scornfully, "as you're ashamed to speak of it."

"It's nothing of the kind," returned Mirabel, "and I'm not ashamed, so there!"

But their thoughts were soon diverted from the letter. Returning to their mother's room Mirabel found her still unconscious. She carried the candle to the side of the bed, and as its light fell on the sick woman's face Mirabel saw there a look which alarmed her. She suddenly realised that her mother was worse, and full of fear she sent Lizzie to call Mrs. Lovell. She came at once and her words confirmed Mirabel's fears.

"She's worse," she said, "she's quite light-headed. Harry must run for the doctor. You must send him at once."

But the name of her eldest boy had arrested the mother's attention. For a moment it appeared as if she were aware of what was passing around her.

"No," she said, with sudden energy, "don't send Harry away. Let the children come. I want them all with me now."

"It's just as if she thought her end was near," whispered Mrs. Lovell. "Well, never mind, Fanny shall go for the doctor."

After considerable delay the doctor came; but there was little he could do. She was very low; but she might rally, he said. All night Mrs. Lovell kept watch with Mirabel beside the bed. There was little change save growing

weakness as the hours went on. Her mind wandered greatly, and from the words that escaped her, it was evident that she had gone back to the days of her early life. Once she uttered a name which made Mirabel start.

"Frank Armitage," her mother said quite distinctly; but the words which followed were confused and rambling.

In the early morning, however, she seemed to come to herself. She recognised Mirabel and spoke to her. Then she asked for the other children, and they roused them in haste and brought them all about the bed. Mirabel lifted her mother's head upon her arm and gently raised her that she might kiss them one by one. Baby Jenny, sleepy and fretful, was laid on the pillow beside her mother, where she quickly fell asleep.

"Poor little darling," said Mrs. Dean faintly, "you'll take care of her, Mirabel? They must all be good children, and do as you tell them, and if —if their father should come back——"

She was silent for a few moments, then repeated faintly—"If their father should come back——"

The words died away. Mirabel bent closer, trying to hear what her mother was saying. But the brief rally was over. The flickering flame of life was dying low again. Her voice sank into broken murmurs which conveyed no meaning. Her last word to her children had been spoken, and an hour later came the end.

(*To be continued.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EMBRYO *sends us some verses, and a request that we will advise her as to hospital nursing, with her reasons for wishing to undertake the work.*

We are in doubt whether your letter can be serious. (1) The lines you enclose are exceedingly feeble. But (2) your remark that "you hope to be a hospital nurse when you are older, your mother is very delicate, but home-nursing lacks so much of the interest which hospital work affords," is almost too selfish for us to believe it is meant in earnest. We have unfortunately, however, met your counterpart in real life. Possibly you have other sisters in whose charge you could leave your mother, in which case our censure would be misplaced. But there is nothing in your note to lead us to suppose this is so. What you say is in effect that, although the claims of nature and duty bind you to your mother's side, you would find it better fun to take up hospital work. You remind us of the young lady in *Punch*, who said "she was going to be a hospital nurse, it was so dull at home now that father was paralysed and mother was going blind." For our part, although we sympathise with the modern tendencies in the way of fuller development of women's work, we hold that duty comes first, and that the fifth commandment is not yet superseded. We hope you will learn to take less selfish views of life.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

CIVIL SERVICE CLERKSHIPS.—*How can I enter the General Post Office as a lady-clerk? What kind of education ought I to have? Should I have to learn shorthand and typewriting? I am good at figures and can learn quickly. My age is nineteen, and I am five feet six inches in height.*—ETRURIA OXFORD.

You can compete for a Post-Office clerkship until you are twenty. Notice is given of the examinations in the newspapers from time to time. The subjects are: orthography, writing from dictation, composition (tested by a short essay), handwriting, geography (general), arithmetic (including fractions, decimals, decimal fractions, proportion and percentages), and French or German. Good training for this examination can be obtained at the Birkbeck Institute, the Polytechnic in Regent Street, and at the principal technical institutes throughout the country. The examination itself is more difficult than it was, owing to the recent addition of a modern language, and the competition is severe owing to the great number of candidates. A condition to which great importance is attached by the authorities is the candidate's health. Every girl candidate is examined by the lady doctor, and if the result proves satisfactory, she is allowed to enter on her duties. The clerk's admission, however, is even then only provisional, and every girl remains for the first two years on a kind of medical probation. If at the end of the two years the girl is found to have been often absent on sick leave, or even if she only looks delicate, the medical officer may advise the authorities to discontinue the appointment. It is very necessary that girls should take these facts into consideration before they compete for Post-Office clerkships, as great disappointment results when a girl finds herself turned adrift at the end of two years because her health has fallen short of the high standard of vigour demanded.

Although, as we have said, you are not too old to try for a clerkship, girls in future will probably be well advised to enter between the ages of sixteen and eighteen for the new examination for "girl clerks," in the hope that they may afterwards be promoted to the rank of women clerks. As girl clerks they are to receive salaries of £35, £37 10s., and £40 for the first three years. Women clerks, by the regulations which have just come into force, begin at £55 (instead of £65 as formerly) and advance by £2 10s. a year to £70, and onward to £100 by £5 a year. It would appear that the Post Office will be considerably the gainer financially by these changes, for it will not only obtain much cheap girl-labour from this new grade of young clerks, but it will save on the salaries of the younger women clerks. Moreover, by the added requirement of French or German, the Department will obtain servants of higher educational fitness. This simultaneous raising of the standard and lowering of the age and salary may be taken as a sign that women clerks are too numerous for their own welfare.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

We have to thank A. Vandenhoff, C. E. Spain, H. M. C., and S. Patrick's Day, for kindly informing us of the authorship of the poem entitled "Changes." The first two verses are as follows:—

"Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed,
Time rules us all. And life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then we women cannot choose our lot."

"Much must be borne, which it is hard to bear,
Much given away, which it were sweet to keep,
God help us all! who need indeed His care,
And yet I know the shepherd loves his sheep."

The author is the late Lord Lytton, who published most of his poems under the name of Owen Meredith.

We must express our appreciation of the kindness and promptitude with which our correspondents answer inquiries regarding the authorship and whereabouts of elusive quotations.

We have now to thank Isabella Fyvie Mayo, Bessie Harrop, Florence E. Stanger, Mary G. Bradley-Jones, and others, for the correct version of "Is it so, O Christ in Heaven?"

At the head of the poem stands the text: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." St. John xvi. 12.

The verse quoted by our inquirer is the third in order, and runs thus:

"Is it so, O Christ in Heaven, that the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest, and more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in Nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?"—
"I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now."

The whole poem is very charming. It is to be found in the volume *Twilight Hours* (Messrs. Isbister & Co.). The author is Sarah Williams, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* "Sadie" in *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Day of Rest*, etc. She died in 1868. Professor Plumptre, whose pupil she was, has prefaced *Twilight Hours* by a short sketch of her life.

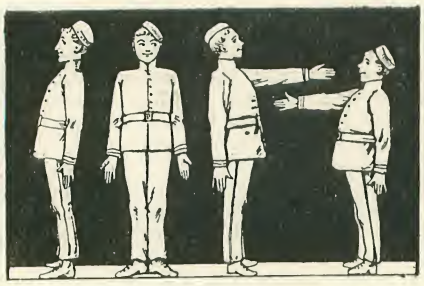
For information regarding "Saturday Night," we have to thank Miss Power, Mrs. Easty, E. Hall, "Rosamond," and others. The poem is by the late Thomas Priestnal, a postman and shoemaker, of Desford, near Leicester. It seems to have appeared in *Chatterbox* for 1874, the *Child's Companion* for 1884, and other magazines; while it is now to be found in *Easy Recitations for Junior Classes* (Griffith & Farren), and the *Nursery Favourite Picture Book* (S. W. Partridge & Co.).

The "Geese" dialogue is traced by Mary E. Bradley-Jones, Mrs. Gawthorp, Emma Clarke, and others, to *Original Readings and Recitations*, by Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton (Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.), price 6d.

We are emboldened by the prompt replies received to ask the author of the (to us) familiar lines:

"Unanswered yet: though when you first presented
That great petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere."

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



SUP



*** Prizes to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be July 17, 1897; from Abroad, September 18, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

NOW READY.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

"QUEEN OF QUEENS."

THE SPECIAL

Diamond Jubilee Number

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece—Portrait of the Queen of Queens.

Introductory Poem.
The Queen and Her Reign. Profusely Illustrated. By James and Nanette Mason.
The Summer Holiday; Where to Go. By "Medicus."
Rickham Farm. A Story. By Lady William Lennox.
The Coming of Augustine. By Lady Mary Wood.
"My Long Life. By Mary Cowden Clarke."
Davie's Holiday. A Short Story. By Katharine E. Coleman.
Hay Making. A Poem. By M. Hedderwick Browne.
The Queen's Birthday at Jerusalem.
Wild Orchises. A Complete Story by Darley Dale.
Augustine and his Mother Monica.
Melon-Seed Ornaments. By Eliza Brightwen.
A Country Boy's Diary. Edited by J. A. Owen.
Victoria; Crowned—Wedded—Widowed. A Poem by Anne Beale.
My Husband. A Short Story.
How I Went A-Winkling. By the Rev. John P. Hobson, M.A.
Chinese Embroidery. Needlework for the holidays.
A Holiday in the Emerald Isle. By Ellen Aubert.
Our Summer Puzzle Poem.
A Competition for Stay-at-Home Girls. Announcement.

ORDER AT ONCE.

'SPRING-TIME:

THE ONLY PRETTY RING-TIME'

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "A Crown of Flowers," "The Girl's Own Outdoor Book," etc.

This New and Handsome Volume for every true lover of Nature is Now Ready.

This work treats of the various aspects of the country during the enchanting months of Spring. Every pent-up City worker longs to be out in the open—"away from the dwellings of care-worn men"—and it is hoped that this volume will come to him like a breath of the fields, or like the scent of the pines drawn forth by the warmth of the Spring sunshine.

Profusely Illustrated from Drawings & Paintings.

Handsomely Bound, Price SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

London: "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, 56, Paternoster Row.



LOVERS OF NATURE.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 910.] JUNE 5, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LULLABY.

SHADOWS of night are a-falling
Robin is ceasing to sing,
Going to bed, tucking his head
Under his cosy warm wing.
Dustman is coming to baby,
Baby is falling asleep—
Hushaby, pet! baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, peepery, peep.

There will be dreams for my darling,
Visions of beautiful things,
Dreams of delight, seraphs in white
Soaring on silvery wings.
They will come visit my baby
Soon as he's fallen asleep—
Hushaby, pet! baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, peepery, peep.

G. K. M.



From the painting by W. Menzies, now being exhibited in the Royal Academy.

All rights reserved.]

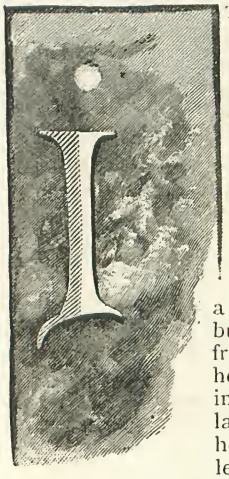
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRUCE COLLIER RECEIVES A SHOCK.



IT was a morning in October. Already there was the chill of late autumn in the air; but the sun was breaking through the grey London mists, and ere mid-day it would have vanquished them. The day would be a fine one for town; but Bruce Collier, fresh from the wild, heathery moors and invigorating highland air, sighed as he stepped across the leaf-strewn garden to the studio, and to him the atmosphere seemed heavy and breathless. He wondered now what had brought him back to London so soon. Why had he not stayed into November as his friends would fain have persuaded him to do! What strange spell had been upon him making him restless at heart during his wanderings, and drawing him home while still the fine autumn weather lasted, and when the hills and glens were resplendent with the most glorious hues? His sister was still pursuing the round of visits she had planned for the autumn, and would not return for several weeks. He had come back to a house which was empty save for servants.

He opened the door of the studio and entered. An ordered disorder reigned within. Everything likely to spoil had been carefully covered, rugs had been rolled up, curtains taken down, ornaments ranged in safe places. The studio thus muffled, and with no signs of work about, looked unspeakably dreary in the eyes of the artist. He advanced and began impatiently to draw off some of the wrappings. He drew forward an easel, then turned to where his most cherished canvases were ranged against the wall and securely screened. Searching among these he soon found the one that he wanted. Uncovering it, he placed it on the easel, and stepping back till he had gained the best point of view, he stood and gazed at it.

It was the picture of the "Fair Geraldine." Was it this that had drawn him home? One might have fancied so to see the rapt, spell-bound, fashion in which he stood and gazed at it. Was he exulting in the beauty of his own work? He had represented the reader as glancing up from the tablets on which were written the verses of her lover with all the wonder and rapture of their meaning expressed in her look. The sweet, hazel eyes, with their expression of mingled joy and sorrow seemed to look straight into his. His heart throbbed more quickly as he met their gaze. The likeness was so perfect, it was as if Mirabel herself were there. It was strange how the thought of her moved him. He had never been so interested in a model before.

"I should have thought her the most lovely girl I had ever seen, if I had met her in society," he reflected, "but the poverty and pathos of her life seems to heighten the fascination of her beauty. Poor little Mirabel! Fate has not been kind to her. I wonder how she is getting on. I wonder if she got the money I sent. I have a great mind to try to find my way again to the horrible street in which she dwells. But no, I had better not. I might do more harm than good. It is not easy for one, situated as I am, to befriend a girl like Mirabel."

As he thought thus, he withdrew his eyes from the fascinating picture and began to saunter listlessly around the studio. But more than once he turned to look back at it. The eyes of the Lady Geraldine seemed to follow him and meet his gaze wherever he went. He was in no mood for work, and spent his morning in idling about and musing upon the pictures he meant to paint when he settled down. It was strange how the idea of Mirabel crept into every conception. He could think of no picture for which she would not be of service as a model. And, of course, it would be only right to send for her, if he wanted her, for he knew how she needed money, and there was no easier way for her to earn it than this.

Having satisfied himself that this was his duty, Bruce Collier felt more content. He summoned a servant and gave directions for the setting in order of his studio. Then he returned to the house for his luncheon, and shortly afterwards he went out. The nearest way to his destination was through Kensington Gardens, and he was presently strolling under the trees and crushing the dead leaves beneath his feet.

The beauty of the gardens was past; the trees were brown and sere, the flowers dead, the air dank and laden with the odour of decaying leaves. But there were still children playing on the verge of the Round Pond, and nursemaids with their charges sat on the benches or sauntered to and fro. A little back from the pond, but near enough to watch the children's play, Mr. Collier saw a group which arrested his attention because it presented such a pathetic contrast to every other at hand. A shabby-looking girl of the people sat on the bench absorbed in reading a book. In front of her in a funny little go-cart, rudely formed out of a wooden box, sat a tiny child, whose sickly little face was over-shadowed by a hat, many sizes too big for her, heavily-trimmed with common crape. By her side, supporting himself on a pair of rude crutches, stood a little, deformed lad, whose pale, thin face had a look of age which showed that he was older than his poor stunted body made him appear. These sad-looking little ones were eagerly watching the doings of the happier children near them; but the girl's eyes were not lifted from her book till the gentleman came close to her. A hat trimmed in the same sombre style as her little sister's screened her face. He was aware of a certain grace in the lines of her slight figure, and that the shabby shoes that appeared beneath the worn edge of her gown belonged to feet unusually small for one of her class; but the ugly mourning was so complete a disguise that not till she looked up at the sound of his feet on the gravel had he the least idea who she was. Then he found himself meeting the startled gaze of Mirabel's hazel eyes.

"Mirabel!" he exclaimed. There was both pleasure and pain for him in the recognition.

She rose hastily. Her face had flushed for an instant; but when he bent to look closer at her, its extreme paleness startled him.

"Oh, is it you, sir?" she exclaimed, with intense feeling in her tones. "So you have come back!"

"I came back last night," he said, trying to speak in a calm, matter-of-fact way, though he, too, was conscious at that moment of keener emotions than he could well have explained. "How strange that I should find you here! I had been thinking about you and wondering how you were getting on. Sit down, Mirabel, and tell me all about yourself."

He looked carefully around ere he seated himself by her side; but there was little likelihood of any of his acquaintance being in the Gardens that afternoon.

She did not speak at once, but looked up at him with so sad an expression that he said gently—

"I see that the trouble you feared has come to you. You have lost your mother?"

"Yes," said Mirabel with a quiver in her voice, "she died six weeks ago."

A silence of some moments ensued. He longed to say something to comfort her; but he could think of nothing that seemed to have any real comfort in it.

Mirabel was the first to speak.

"Oh, Mr. Collier," she said, "I ought to thank you for sending that money! It was so good of you! I don't know how to thank you, indeed!"

"Money! I send you money!" he returned. "What do you mean?"

It was a poor pretence of ignorance. Mirabel shook her head and smiled as she heard his words.

"The money—the bank-note—that came in an envelope," she said. "Of course, I knew that it could be no

one but you who sent it. And, oh, I was so thankful for it! I shouldn't have had money for the funeral but for that, and I could not bear to think of mother's being buried by the parish. We had such a nice funeral. We all went in a carriage. I managed to get mourning and all with the money. Even Baby Jenny went."

A melancholy smile passed over his face as he heard her. So his money had supplied that hideous crape! But Mirabel did not see the smile, and she had no idea of the impression her words made on him. She did not doubt that he must feel that it would have been a sore disgrace if the attire of the bereaved family had lacked the proper signs of woe.

"Is that Baby Jenny?" he asked as the tiny occupant of the go-cart began to shout to her sister, seeking to direct Mirabel's attention to some sight that pleased her own fancy.

"Yes," said Mirabel, with a fond glance at the child; "but she is not looking well to-day. She has not seemed herself since mother died. I brought her here to-day because I thought the fresh air would do her good. The doctor told me she could not be in the air too much; but it is not often I can spare the time to take her out."

"I think someone else wants to be in the fresh air," said the artist as he looked at Mirabel's pale face. "What have you been doing to make yourself look so ill?"

"I go to the laundry four days a week," said Mirabel. "I'm in the ironing-room, and it's hard work, and the heat is trying. It's that makes me look bad. But I must not grumble. I'm thankful to be able to work and keep the children."

"Is there no one but you to work for them?" he asked.

"Lizzie helps a little; but she can't do much more than keep herself. Harry will leave school soon, and I hope he'll get a situation as errand-boy. Then we'll do better."

"Would you like to come back to your old work, Mirabel?"

Her face flushed with pleasure at the question.

"Oh, sir, you don't mean that you want me?"

"I do, indeed. I am about to begin a fresh picture, and I shall want you as a model. Could you come on Monday?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mirabel eagerly. "I never go to the laundry on Mondays."

"I don't want you to go to the laundry at all, Mirabel. It's not fit work for you. Promise me that you will not go again."

"I couldn't do that, sir. I might be obliged to go, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see. I'll find other work for you. Can't you trust me to take care of you, Mirabel?"

"Oh, yes, I can trust you!" she said, looking up at him with the simple open gaze of a child. "I know you would always be good to me."

Her words and look sent a thrill through him. He vowed in his heart at that moment that he would never betray her trust. He took up the book she had been reading. It was one of those he had lent her—a copy of the *Spanish Gipsy*.

"Do you care for this?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I can't stop reading it; but it is so sad! To have to leave her lover, just when they were about to be married and go away with that horrid father! I don't think it was right of her to do it. She ought to have thought of him."

"Did she not think of him?" said the artist. "I fancy she thought a great deal of him."

"Yet she went away and left him so unhappy. Do you think it was right of her to do it?"

"I suppose so," he replied dreamily. "The writer of the poem evidently believed that Fedelma owed allegiance to her father and her race, and that it was her duty to sacrifice her love."

"I don't believe that it was her duty to make him and herself miserable," cried the girl passionately. "I don't believe duty could be so horrid as that."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Collier, with a slight shiver as he rose, "It seems to me that duty is more often hard and painful than otherwise. The pleasant duty is an exception. Well, good-bye, Mirabel; I shall hope to see you on Monday."

He strode away and was quickly out of sight beneath the trees. He never glanced back at the pitiful little group; but he carried with him a painful impression of the picture they had made when his eyes fell on them. Their mourning garb at once sombre and grotesque, the sickly pale faces of the children, the signs of care and want on the girl's lovely face—these things haunted him long afterwards like an ugly dream. He had been thinking of Mirabel as his Fair Geraldine, wearing the fine linen and soft lace in which his sister had arrayed her. The sight of her in worn shoes, shabby gown and that horrid, crape-loaded hat jarred on him terribly. His heart was sore within him as he walked on, trampling the dead leaves beneath his feet with a kind of fierce satisfaction. That such things should be! That fate should have so clouded and burdened that young life! And he was powerless to help her in any appreciable degree! Moreover, it behoved him to be very careful lest unwittingly he might do her more harm than good. He meant well by her. There could be no doubt of that. Her child-like trust was well placed. "I know you would always be good to me." The gentle words rang in his ears. He could not forget them any more than he could forget the look there had been in Mirabel's eyes or the sound of her voice as she greeted him.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

God Reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom!
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness;
Soul, remember in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

A Curiosity of Feeling.—When you pinch your finger you think you feel the pain the very same instant, but the hurt and the pain are not quite simultaneous although they seem to be so. If you had an arm long enough to reach the sun it would be a hundred and thirty-two years before you would feel the pain of the nip.

What is Medicine?—"Medicine," said a little girl, "is something that makes you be careful not to catch cold again."

A Chemical Experiment.

When Isaac Hopper, a member of the Society of Friends, met a boy with a dirty face or hands he would stop him and inquire if he ever studied chemistry.

The boy, with a wondering stare would answer "No."

"Well, then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy face and hands. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment; I advise thee to try it."

Don't be Selfish.—What makes selfishness such a deadly sin is that it is such a self-deceiving sin. A thief knows that she is a thief, a liar that she has told falsehoods; but a selfish girl does not know that she is selfish, hence she never repents of her sin, and it grows with her growth and strengthens with her strength.

Taking the Tickets.

While teaching a class in a Sunday School recently the teacher asked—

"What was Noah supposed to be doing when the animals were going into the Ark?"

She received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand.

"Well," she asked, "and what do you say?"

"Taking the tickets, miss," said she.

Opinions.—A just and honest opinion concerning others is a treasure that no girl can hold who is not honest and good herself; and the opinion of a dishonest person concerning herself is apt to be even more incorrect than that which she holds of others.

Where is the Lighthouse?—A lady who advertised for a girl "to do light housework" received a letter from an applicant who said her health needed sea air, and asked if the lady would kindly inform her where the lighthouse was situated.

ABSENT-MINDED.—The well-known Archbishop Trench was very absent-minded. Dining at home one evening he found fault with the flavour of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner-party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench, "This soup, my dear, is again a failure."

CULTIVATE TACT.

Tact is different from unselfishness, for there are persons who, if necessary, would bestow all their goods to feed the poor, and even give their bodies to be burned on the altar of self-sacrifice who yet inflict the keenest wounds by their lack of tact.

A beautiful answer was once given to a young girl who asked how she could cultivate this charm of character.

"Look at everything through kind eyes," was the reply.

The effort to look with kindlier eyes will temper the speech and soften the judgment and lead us insensibly to call on those with whom we come in contact for their highest and best.

ALL THERE IS.

Bank clerk: "This cheque, madam, isn't filled in."

Madam: "Isn't what?"

Bank clerk: "It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want."

Madam: "Oh, is that it. Well, I'll take all there is."

DUTY.—"I submit that duty is a power which riseth with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us wherever we go and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life."—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

The Japanese women as a rule are small in stature. Their average height has been given as four feet three inches; and though they hardly appear quite so tiny as that, it is not unlikely that they are really smaller than they seem, because in so many instances they are raised two or three inches from the ground by their remarkable clogs and pattens.

The ordinary dress of the fair ones in Japan is too familiar to need description. In the usual Japanese costume the outer garment is commonly known as a Kimono. Underneath, a somewhat similar article of apparel, made of red crape, is worn by young people of the fair sex. The custom of laying aside this under garment after marriage has given rise to a rather bitter proverb, expressive of the contrast between the ardent lover and the cold, unappreciative husband, "Love leaves with the red petticoat."

HIS TACT SAVED HIM.

"Oh," she said, "your conduct is enough to make an angel weep!"

"I don't see you shedding any tears," he replied, and his tact saved the day.

CHEER UP!—When we meet with what appears a misfortune it is a mistake to be downcast. It is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen. How many disappointments have, in the long run, saved people from ruin.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

"Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.
The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.
The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest."

J. V. Cheney.

WHY THEY QUARRELLED.

Maud: "What is the trouble between Alice and Kate?"

Ethel: "Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her."

Maud: "Yes?"

Ethel: "Kate told her."

ENEMIES HELP US.—Many a woman owes her success in life to the hisses of her enemies rather than to the praises of her friends.

SEASONABLE FARE.

Clear Julienne Soup.—Some clear stock, freed from fat and well-strained, should be at hand in readiness, but this stock may be made from bones and trimmings. One carrot, cut into long thin strips, then across again into fine shreds, likewise a turnip, the white part of two leeks also shred finely, and a few cooked green beans also cut small. These must be stewed in a small pan with sufficient butter until they are perfectly tender, then season well, add the stock and skim off the fat. If a little additional strength is required add a teaspoonful of bovril or meat essence to the stock. The beauty of this soup is in the careful and exact cutting of all the vegetables.

Fish Cutlets with Cream Sauce.—A fresh haddock cut into fillets an inch and a half square, or slices of cod cut into pieces of the same size; take the cutlets and simply scald them by placing in a basin of boiling water for a few minutes. Make about half a pint of good white sauce flavoured with lemon rind and juice, cook the fillets in this sauce by gently simmering them for ten minutes. Then lift them out and pile them prettily on a dish. To the sauce add the beaten yolks of two eggs and half an ounce of butter, adding also a little more pepper to the seasoning. Pour it around the base of the fillets and sprinkle powdered parsley lightly over all.

Peas à la Crême.—Parboil a pint of freshly-shelled peas in salted water; when nearly done strain and place them in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, a sprig of mint, one or two of chervil, a peeled onion and a lettuce cut in half and laid on the top. Let these simmer gently for half an hour, when remove the lettuce and pour into the pan the yolks of two eggs beaten and mixed with a teacupful of milk. As soon as this appears to have begun to "set" pour all into a dish and serve at once.

Braised Veal with Jardinière Sauce.—Take a thick piece of the leg, about three pounds weight, tie it in a firm shape. A large brown covered stewing-jar is the best to use for this; lay at the bottom two or three slices of unsmoked bacon, then place the veal upon it and cover with the same. Around the meat place carrots scraped and cut in half, turnips and a few young onions, also a bunch of sweet herbs. A little sweet dripping to give moisture to the whole. Then place the jar in the oven and cook briskly for two or three hours. Lift the meat out and remove the bacon, setting the meat in a dripping tin to brown the surface a little. Remove the carrots and strain the gravy, taking off all the fat; if there does not appear to be enough add a cupful of clear stock and a teaspoonful of meat essence; add to it also a teaspoonful of potato flour (not ordinary flour), and a little mixed seasoning. Make this sauce ready for pouring around the meat when dished, and meanwhile have a few French beans boiling. Place the meat in the centre of the dish, pour the gravy around it and garnish with small heaps of carrots and beans alternately round the edge.

When young onions have attained a fair size they make a delicious accompaniment to boiled or roast mutton if served thus:

Onions à la Crême.—Peel and boil some onions in salted water until they are tender, drain them on a sieve. Make a white sauce by dissolving an ounce of butter and mixing it smoothly with as much flour, a little salt and pepper, then adding half a pint of milk. Boil until quite smooth, and put the onions in this to simmer a few minutes.

Good Short Pastry for Fruit Tarts.—Instead of using baking powder for short pastry mix a little Paisley or self-raising flour with the ordinary flour in the proportion of one part to eight. Rub in with the tips of the fingers eight ounces of clarified sweet dripping or salt butter to a pound of flour. Mix to a rather stiff paste with cold water and take care to roll the pastry very lightly; much rolling makes it heavy.

Salad of French Beans.—Remove the strings from the beans and break them in half, boil in salted water until tender. Drain them thoroughly, and when cold place them in a salad bowl with quite two tablespoonfuls of finely minced parsley and a few leaves of tarragon. Dress with the usual salad dressing of salt and pepper, mustard, vinegar and oil.

Flaky Pastry (which some people prefer) is made by rubbing a small proportion of the shortening into the flour, and then after rolling the pastry out once, spreading the remainder of the shortening over, with a sprinkling of lemon juice, and folding into a square, rolling it out to the required thickness.

Savoury Sandwiches.—Mince very finely any remains of cold chicken, ham or tongue, season highly and make into a paste with a little good gravy. Roll out a sheet of short pastry a quarter of an inch thick, spread the mince over it (rather thickly also) and lay another sheet of pastry over this. Bake in a quick oven, taking care that both the upper and under sides should be brown. When done cut into squares and serve on a d'oyley.

Picnic Pasties.—Roll out the same pastry and cut into rounds the size of a small saucer. Cut up quite small an ounce of onions, two or three ounces of cooked ham, as much cooked beef, and season with pepper, salt, aromatic herbs, etc., and mix with gravy. Place a little of this mixture on one half of the round of paste, moisten the edges and fold the other half over. Brush over with egg and bake until crisp and well-browned.

L. H. YATES.

AN OLD FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

THAT there is nothing new under the sun applies to the art of the needle as well as to other things. The beautiful drawn work obtaining nowadays so much harks back to the "fine twined linen" of which we so often read in the Holy Scriptures, of which the tabernacle curtains were made, etc. The Russian cross-stitch is but an adaptation of the same stitch found on ancient tapestries, and chain-stitch is found in Oriental embroideries of ancient as well as modern times.

The old embroidery often done in France in days gone by deserves resuscitation, for it is delicate, pretty, and when well executed likely to last well. It is a work, however, requiring dainty handling, great neatness and exceeding care in its execution. Those who like the rapid, slap-dash kind of work, where a false cut can be covered easily and mistakes pass unnoticed, had better not attempt this work unless they intend to mend their ways.

Our example shows one corner of a handkerchief, and those of our readers who do not care to do such a delicate piece of work can, by substituting linen—fine, of course—for cambric, make a tea-cloth on the same principle, using a stronger make of net than that seen in the handkerchief.

The kind of design best suited for this work can readily be seen by studying the example. It must be one where the net can come in and which generally bears this kind of treatment. Let the pattern be placed first of all on the cambric. If you like it, you can have it stamped for this purpose at any embroidery shop, and if not, then you can do it quite as well yourself.

A French work gives the following directions for tracing a pattern against a window-pane:

"In order to copy a pattern in this way, the first step is to tack or pin the piece of stuff on which the copy is to be made upon the pattern. In the case of a small pattern, the tacking or pinning may be dispensed with and the two sheets held firmly pressed against the window-pane with the left hand whilst the right hand does the tracing; but even then it is safer to pin or gum the four corners of the two sheets together, in case of interruption, as it is difficult to fit them together exactly.

"The tracing may be done with a pencil or, better still, with a brush dipped in Indian ink or water-colour paint.

"The process of painting is easy enough so long as the hand does not get tired; but as this generally comes to pass very soon it is best, if the pattern be a large and complicated one, to stick the sheets to the pane with strong gum or suspend them on a string, fastened across the pane by pins stuck into the window frame on either side."



The same work gives the following directions for copying with oiled paper:

"Another rather expeditious mode of transferring patterns on to thin and more especially smooth glossy stuffs, is by means of a special kind of tinted paper, called autographic paper, which is impregnated with a coloured oily substance and is to be had at any stationer's shop. This you place between the pattern and the stuff, having previously fastened the stuff, perfectly straight, by the line of the thread to a board with drawing-pins. When you have fitted the two papers likewise exactly together, you go over all the lines of the pattern with a blunt pencil or with, what is better still, the point of a bone crochet needle or the edge of a folder. You must be careful not to press so heavily upon the pattern paper as to tear it. By the pressure exercised on the two sheets of paper, the oily substance of the blue paper discharges itself on the stuff, so that when it is removed all the lines you have traced are imprinted upon the stuff.

"The blue paper, however, is only available for the reproduction of patterns on wasting stuffs, as satin and all other silky textures are discoloured by it."

Next tack your cambric with its design upon the net. In our example the outline is back-stitched with embroidery cotton: but we prefer a very fine button-hole stitch in any part where the cambric has to be cut away so as to show the net *à jour*, as this plan is much stronger. The outer edge is done in close button-hole scallops and the rest of the design in back-stitching or stitching, with here and there a little satin stitch such as finds place in the petals of the flowers. The tiny knots done on the net are French knots done by twisting the cotton two or three times round the needle and then putting it back just where it came out from and making the stitch fast at the back.

This work requires fine embroidery cotton. If you pad the scalloped border, do so by running a few lines of coarser cotton in between the lines of the scallop, allowing all the cotton to be on the surface, as you can do by letting the stitches which appear on the wrong side be very small.



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE sailors said she was not yet upon the quicksands; but already half a wreck, and at the mercy of the winds. Gwenllean thanked God, and hoped. She saw one of the huge posts that had been planted to mark the fatal spot, and perceived that another violent gale would send the vessel upon it.

"We cannot take in more than a dozen or so," said one of the young men, "or our boat will sink."

A shout from the ship acknowledged their nearer approach, and, in a few minutes, the boat was alongside of her. There was momentary silence, then all was bustle and confusion. The crew crowded together to the right side of the deck, and exclamations of thanksgiving were audible from every mouth. But the darkness had increased as the evening advanced, and the difficulties were still numerous. The ladders were prepared and let down, but the motion of the ship and boat rendered it almost impossible to descend them. The question was put of "How many hands on board?" "Fourteen," was the answer, "the rest have escaped in the long-boat."

"We can save them all, then," said Gwenllean.

Lights glimmered on deck—the fitful lightning gleamed—but the wind and rain were less violent.

"Let down the lady first," said a voice—"take care of the lady,"—and Gwenllean perceived a female form clinging to a man, who was trying to pacify her. She seemed desirous to remain on board until he descended; but the sailors assisted her, somewhat roughly, towards the ladder. One of them lifted her over the side of the vessel, and she was received, almost lifeless, in the arms of Walter, who was clinging to the ladder, and who placed her gently beneath the awning that had been spread for Gwenllean. There was one other female belonging to the vessel, who descended with less difficulty; then several passengers, and, finally, the friend of the lady, and the captain; in all, as had been said, fourteen souls.

Gwenllean crept in under the awning, and whispered to the half insensible female, that a friend was near. But the storm was too violent, and the danger of returning too great, to think much of minor circumstances. When they were all seated, and the boat well manned with rowers, there was, as by universal consent, a pause. The voices that had been so busy in directing were silenced, for each individual was engaged in inward thanksgiving that the first great peril was past. The obscurity was too dense to allow of the rescued distinguishing their rescuers; but a volume of thanks was soon poured forth, scarcely audible in the storm.

Again the undaunted boat ploughed the deep furrows of the waves—again she made her way through the tempest. It was an hour of fear and trembling, and Gwenllean committed herself to her God for life or death. Few words were spoken, and those few by the sailors. A stranger was at the helm, and he steered, as by instinct, aright. Their progress was very slow: slower than before, for the wind was contrary—but the storm gradually abated. The turbulent elements were calming, and the hollow thunder rolled heavily away in the distance. The sailors were nearly exhausted when they once more entered the little bay, and were greeted by a long, loud, convulsive shout from the sands, which rang among the rocks, and cheered them on to further exertion. Lights flitted and glimmered here and there on shore—and Gwenllean saw the cottage illuminated in every window, and felt how many beating hearts and tearful eyes were assembled therein.

The black sky began to roll off into large wild clouds, between two of which a glimmering of moonlight appeared. A faint white streak skirted the clouds for a moment, and then they united again, and veiled the shining orb. But she made her way beneath them, and breaking through the darkness, shone forth, like hope amidst the clouds of sorrow, right over the cottage. The person at the helm made a sudden movement, and ejaculated, "Thank God," when the clouds again rolled over the Queen of Night, and all was comparative obscurity.

The dangers and difficulties were, however, over. The sea was becoming calm, and the boat rowed on prosperously. The stranger steered towards the cottage, and the sailors exerted their remaining energies. A few more strokes of the oar—a few more efforts—and they neared the shore. The anchor was cast, and there were only a few rippling waves to wade through. Again the moon broke out. One of the sailors lifted the strange lady in his arms, and ran with her through the surf and wet sand towards the cottage. Gwenllean crept forth; but cold and stiff with exposure to the wet, she could not stand, and sank down partially insensible.

"Can it be?" cried the helmsman, rushing forward; and, after gazing on the pale face and dishevelled hair, as the moonlight streamed upon them, he seized Gwenllean in his arms, leapt from the boat, and, with unsteady steps, tottered across the waters, scarcely strong enough to support the burden he bore.

There were innumerable figures on the beach waiting to receive the rescued. Lady Llewellen and Clare, Mr. Grant, Lord Hastings, the miller, Miriam, and sailors and peasants of all ages. Many ran towards them; Mr. Grant outstripped the rest, and reaching Gwenllean and her supporter, exclaimed, in a voice scarcely audible from agitation—

"Give her to me. Does she live? Gwenllean, speak—give her to me."

"Never!" cried the stranger, and rushed past him with invigorated steps.

Another cloud passed over the moon.

Gwenllean awoke from her temporary insensibility.

"Are they saved?" she murmured.

"All," replied the stranger.

"Thank God," she ejaculated; "but I can walk. Where am I?—with whom?"

"With a friend," replied the stranger. "Fear nothing," and he pressed her yet more closely in his arms.

Gwenllean gave a faint cry, and her head sunk back upon the stranger's shoulder. She had recognised that low, deep, agitated voice, and fainted. It was Herbert who sustained her. It was Herbert who pressed his lips to her pale face, and rushing forward, placed her in her mother's arms. It was Herbert who again assisted that mother to convey her to the cottage, and having laid her, senseless, on the sofa, turned aside to control his feelings. It was no moment, then, to discover himself. There were others who needed his assistance; but he had scarcely strength to render it.

He mingled with the crowd who were beginning to throng the passage and rooms, and stood as a stranger in the old familiar places. He watched them carry Gwenllean and the other female to bed. He saw Lady Llewellen and Clare, whom he recognised as the Signorina Sforza of Italy, follow them to their apartment. To his astonishment, he beheld his friend, Lord Hastings; his enemy, Mr. Grant—all apparently domesticated at the cottage. There were Miriam, Walter, Morgan, the miller, and fifty other well-known faces; but no one recognised him. Was he then so altered, or were they so engrossed with others as to pass him by unnoticed? It was a strange, wild welcome home, and all seemed changed. Where was his grandfather? Did he still live—and was he hale and venerable as of old? were the troubled thoughts that pressed upon him, forerunners of reality—and, was Mr. Grant the lover, or, perhaps, the husband of Gwenllean?

He rushed out into the air and joined his fellow-passengers—some of whom were preparing to follow the kind-hearted miller to his hospitable abode. There, too, was David, the harper, pressing others to his little dwelling; whilst the captain and the few more respectable passengers, were taken at once to Mr. Grant's, who, as soon as he heard that Gwenllean had revived, went after them, accompanied by Lord Hastings. Herbert contrived to evade the different parties; but listened eagerly to the conversation that was going on, by which he learned that he and the ship's crew owed their preservation to Gwenllean. From his heart he blessed her; but prayed that he might not yet wish that he had perished in the waters. When they were all dispersed to their different resting-places, and the cottage had resumed its customary quiet, he knocked gently at the door. Nobody answered, and fearing to disturb the jaded inmates of the bed-rooms, who he hoped were sleeping, he lifted the latch, and entered the passage. He peeped into the little drawing-room—it was empty; but everything looked as of old. The dining-room was also empty. He proceeded to the kitchen, where he heard well-known voices in high conversation. He tapped at the door, and Miriam uttered an authoritative "Come in." He paused, to consider whether it would be right to alarm the honest trio within, when "Who's there?" sounded from the gruff voice of Walter the clerk. Herbert opened the door, and went into the kitchen, closing the door immediately, lest the household should be disturbed. A loud scream from Miriam was the first indication given of his being recognised. He put his finger on his lips in token of silence, and walked towards the table at which Miriam, Walter, and Morgan, were sitting, regaling themselves with Welsh ale and bread and cheese. He was about to say, "Don't you know me," when the trio simultaneously arose. Miriam rushed towards the door—but he seized her by the arm, and prevented her escape. Morgan, with a huge wedge of cheese between his teeth, his eyes starting out of his head, and his knife in one hand, fell down upon his knees; whilst Walter, the clerk, scarcely less terrified, retreated almost into the fire, exclaiming, "The Lord have mercy upon us. A ghost!" and seizing the poker in one hand, and the toasting fork—which happened to be near—in the other, whilst his few grey hairs stood on end with fright. Herbert laughed heartily; he could not help it. That well-known laugh re-assured Miriam, who, like Morgan, had fallen upon her knees as soon as she felt the touch of Herbert's clammy hands. She ventured to look up.

"Ghosts are not flesh and blood, Miriam," said Herbert, "it is I myself—what are you afraid of? Walter—Morgan—my old—friends;—is this how you welcome me back?"

Poor Miriam cast her arms about his knees, and began to sob; she could not speak. He raised her from the ground, shook her by the hand, and then went to help up Morgan, whose little round body seemed paralysed, and who shook like a leaf. At last the cheese fell from his mouth, and the knife from his hand—and he exclaimed—

"Thank God!—thank God! My master—my poor master." Now came forward Walter, and fairly took Herbert in his long, bony arms, and wept over him like a child.

"Christian is returned; the pilgrim is come home. The Lord be praised," he said.

When at last they became more composed, and Herbert sat down amongst them, they began to consider the best means of breaking his return to Lady Llewellen. It was agreed that Miriam should call down Miss Clare, who was described to Herbert as Lady Llewellen's second daughter. He went into the drawing-room, and Clare soon appeared, pale and trembling with agitation, prepared by Miriam for the wonderful return of Herbert. Scarcely had their hands met in a warm, long grasp, when Lady Llewellen entered, with a candle in her hand, in search of something. She started at seeing a stranger with Clare, glanced at him—dropped the candlestick, screamed "Herbert," and fell into his extended arms. He kissed her tenderly, and entreated her not to be alarmed, since he was safe once more, and owed his life to Gwenllean. She recovered herself, and fell upon his neck in a transport of thankfulness, whilst Clare wept for joy. Herbert was quite overcome. Exhausted by agitation and the dangers he had escaped, he could bear up no longer, but sank upon a sofa, and burst into tears; tears of weakness as well as pleasure. A glass of wine brought by Miriam soon restored him, and his first words were—

"Gwenllean! Is she—is she another's?"

"No," said Lady Llewellen—"but I will answer no questions to-night."

She did not add that she dreaded the next question he might ask.

"One more," he said. "My grandfather? is he very much changed—very much broken by his sorrows?"

"He has been wonderfully supported. And now, my dear, dear Herbert, you must go at once to rest. You are so ill—so worn."

"I shall soon be well again now I am come home."

Lady Llewellen's room had been prepared in case of emergency, and thither Morgan accompanied his young master as *valet*, followed by Walter with a tray of provisions, and finally by Miriam with hot water and flannels.

(*To be concluded.*)

VAL'S PLAYMATE.

By ALICE KING.



CHAPTER I.

"VAL, can't you sit still for just a little while, and amuse yourself with that pretty story-book I bought for you the other day?" groaned the Rev. Cyril Blandford, when his ink-bottle was upset for the third time that afternoon, and his precious MS. narrowly escaped annihilation in consequence.

"I don't care for the people in story-books, I want real things, and real people, Cyril," said little Val shaking his golden curls with a discontented air.

"But he was such a nice, good little boy, the boy in the story, I'm sure you would like to know about him."

"He was a very dull little boy," said Val decisively.

Then ensued a short silence, during which the Rev. Cyril's pen scratched the paper diligently, until, at length, Val cried, looking up, while he fixed his blue eyes earnestly on the dark eyes of his brother.

"Cyril, do you know what I want more than anything in the whole big world?"

"I'm sure I can't say," replied the dark, handsome brother absently, while he rounded off a polished sentence in his head.

"Why, I want a playmate; I've had no regular playmate, Cyril, since mother went away to be with the angels."

And a cloud rested on the bright face, which was like a cloud suddenly rising up on a summer morning, and the blue eyes brimmed over with tears.

"You shall go to school, and have many playmates, my darling, there, whenever I can find for you a nice school near me," said Cyril, laying down his pen, and taking his little brother on his knee. He was really devotedly fond of Val, but his quiet, retired tastes and studious habits made him not exactly the companion for a lively child, and he did not thoroughly enter into, or understand his wants and desires. The little face cleared up quickly at his brother's caresses, besides, he did not think it manly to cry. Very soon he had slipped off Cyril's knee, and was leaning effectively against the entrance of the summer-house where his brother was writing. Cyril had resumed his pen.

"I've tried Chieftain, the old sheep dog, and Blanch, the white cat, for playmates," went on the little fellow, still pursuing the idea which was uppermost in his small head, "but it wouldn't do at all. I wanted Blanch to play at the Queen holding a drawing-room, and Chieftain was to be her footman; but before the play was half over Blanch scratched Chieftain, and then he ran away.

"A very probable termination to the representation," said Cyril with a half smile.

"Then next," continued Val, "I hoped my white mouse would be a playmate. I wished to make believe that the white mouse was a knight defending a castle, so I put him in your hat-box——"

"Oh! Horror, horror!" here broke in the Rev. Cyril, with an exclamation of extreme horror, thoroughly roused from his beloved commentary at last, "a white mouse in my hat-box."

"Oh! I didn't do any harm," responded Val, composedly; "the mouse was sulky, and would do nothing but curl himself up and sleep, and so I put him back into his cage, and your best hat back into the hat-box all right."

Val evidently thought that he had explained matters quite satisfactorily, but his brother's wrath was not by any means appeased.

"Remember, Valentine, I forbid you ever to touch that hat-box in your games again," he said, in a very sharp, imperative tone. When his brother spoke to him in that voice and manner, Val's face always changed in its expression; a hardened, resolute look settled on brow and lips, and a defiant flash shot from his blue eyes. He restrained himself, however, enough not to give an angry retort in words, though for a moment his little fist was clenched convulsively. Had Cyril noticed the boy's face, he would very probably have called him to him, and spoken some soft, forgiving word, as he always did when he knew he had been too harsh. But having administered his reproof, he was absorbed in his MS. again.

The minutes flew by on swift wings for Cyril; like most authors at their work he had very little appreciation of the flight of time. At length, however, he did look up and call for Val, but no Val was there. "He's gone off into the meadow behind the house in a little fit of the sulks, I suppose," communed Cyril with himself. "I was too hasty and sharp with him. I am always making mistakes in managing him; I must look about for a school for him, or his temper and character will be spoiled. I had a daily governess for him at first after his mother's death, but that didn't do at all," and a hot flush rose upon his face at the mere recollection of the way in which pen-wipers and book-markers had rained in upon the young rector during the period when Miss Minchin, with her sentiments all a-gush, and her hair dressed æsthetically, had held the sway in Val's school-room. He regarded himself as a consistent, confirmed old bachelor, though in reality he was only thirty-three, and the faintest notion of Miss Minchin, or any other miss, setting her cap at him, was enough to put him into a fever. "Oh, Aggy, Aggy!" he went on with a heavy sigh, "it was indeed a hard blow which took you from your boy and me; but doubtless it was decreed in love and mercy, though we cannot see it yet, and God's will be done." After that he returned to his MS. once more, and found his usual solace and joy in his work.

Cyril Blandford was the son of a wealthy Bristol shop-keeper, whose dream of his life had been to make his son a gentleman and a clergyman. He succeeded in the bringing up of his son to his heart's desire, and the crowning glory of his existence was attained when he saw Cyril established in a country living he had bought for him, situated a few miles from Bristol. Cyril's mother had died at his birth. Late in life old Mr. Blandford had married as his second wife a sweet orphan girl whose guardian he had been. Cyril, as was natural to his kindly, disinterested nature, did not in the least resent his father's second marriage. His young step-mother was seven years his junior, he therefore never gave her the title of mother, but called her by her Christian name, and treated her as a sister, and soon grew to have a real affection for her. Hers was a lovely, womanly character, to which all men paid worship instinctively. When his baby brother, Valentine, was born, Cyril at once became very fond of him; his father had enough and to spare for both sons, and generous Cyril never for a moment grudged the inheritance being divided between them. As for Aggy, that was young Mrs. Blandford's name, she said she wanted no earthly wealth for her boy; from his birth she wished to dedicate him to the Lord. Her ambition for her son was that he should be a missionary, who should carry the glad tidings of the gospel into distant lands.

Old Mr. Blandford died when little Valentine was two. Cyril then invited Aggy and her boy to come and live with him in his country rectory, a proposal to which the young step-mother gladly acceded. For five years Aggy was the light of the rectory and the parish, now playing with her boy, and now ruling with a tender royalty over him; now presiding in her gracious young matronhood over Cyril's house, now shedding her sweet, bright influence far and wide in the village. Her daily life was as a shining web, which wove into its golden texture the threads of all the other lives that came in contact with it, and made them beautiful too. Then the end came. Aggy was riding home one dark winter's evening from a distant cottage, where she had been watching by the sick bed of a poor labourer's wife. Her pony fell with her in the dark going down a steep lane; her head struck against a stone, and she was taken up dead.

His mother's loss was a terrible blow for little Val. It was a great blow too for Cyril; but he had his work in his parish, and his sermons to prepare, and a devotional book he was writing to distract his thoughts, whereas the boy's mind was always with his dead mother. Yet, notwithstanding his sorrow, he was a brave child. His mother had taught him self-control, and he did not speak much of his grief. His brother did not know the full intensity of it. Had he done so, he would perhaps have been yet gentler in word and manner to the boy than he was.

The summer after the winter when Aggy died, Cyril took lodgings for a time in a farm-house on the borders of Exmoor, as he thought he and Val needed a little change, and it was while they were staying there that the foregoing little scene took place. Cyril was writing, as the weather was very hot, in the little summer-house in the garden of the farm.

But to return to Val himself. He was extremely hurt and indignant at the sharp reproof his brother had given him, as he thought it unjust in its severity, and so he resolved to punish him by running away and hiding himself. The idea of wanting a playmate was still also fresh in his little head, and he thought that he should perhaps find one if he looked a little more about. Slipping therefore out of the farm by a back door which he knew, he ran swiftly up a steep lane, the entrance of which he had before observed when he was taking a walk with Cyril. Very soon he was on the open moor, and then he lay down on a bed of purple heather, and being alone, with no one to see him or hear him, wept for his mother, and called for her, and mourned as if his little heart would break. As he lay there he gazed up into the blue summer sky, and saw a light silvery cloud sailing right above him. He fancied that in that cloud there was an angel, sent by his mother to comfort him. The notion soothed and cheered him, and he dried his eyes, and got up and wandered on.

As he proceeded, the boy's mind was, child-like, diverted from his grief by all the lovely and beautiful things around him. First there was a little crystal stream singing alongside of him, and he stopped to watch the trout darting hither and thither in the clear water, gleaming in their dress of silvery scales.



"TO AN IDLER."

By MARY HAMPDEN.

DREAMER of dreams, thy lake of thought is fair,
And cool and sweet, but leads not anywhere.
Flower-fancies fade beside its tranquil edge,
And not a living thing hides in its sedge.

Bower it well, still no reflection gives
One tithe the beauty of a truth that lives.
No wave redeems the languor of its rest—
Unvaried beauty is not beauty's best.

Ponder this truth, no thought should lake-like dwell,
But stir and thrill, with ceaseless pulse and swell,
Else thought were purposeless, and no worth pass
E'en obstacles of little strength as grass.

Next a bee attracted him as she flew over the moor to gather honey from the heather-bells, and he chased her until he lost her in a tuft of blossoms. Then he stooped to gather a handful of golden gorse, which must, he fancied, have been planted by the fairy queen herself, it was so lovely. A horned Exmoor sheep, with a tinkling bell on, met him, and looked very wisely at him, and Val thought that the sheep must want to say something very particular to him, only he could not make his meaning known to him. A black cock rose from the heather, and Val longed to be a bird too, and accompany him in his rapid flight.

All these things so delighted and interested the boy that he quite forgot the flight of time, and quite forgot how far he had wandered. When, however, he saw the sun declining to the west, he looked around him, and then he awoke to the unpleasant fact that he had completely lost himself, and did not know the least his way home. He was half inclined then to sit down and cry again, as he began to feel tired and hungry, when he saw a house situated a little way off on the edge of the moor. He plucked up his courage, and thought he would go there and ask his way. He soon reached the little garden of the house, and stood and looked through the garden gate. He could see through an open window of the house, and as he looked he beheld a prettier picture than he had ever seen in any fairy story-book.

(To be continued.)

THE RAINBOW RIBBON.

A FAIRY TALE.

FAIRIES cannot cry; and what a pity it is that so many tender little hearts must break without that overflowing of feelings to soothe their sorrow.

There was to be a ball at Oaklands, and all the fairies were going—all the fairies and elves and dwarfs. Fairy Bluebell was to go also, and she had nothing new to wear. She was tired of daisies and primroses and spiders' webs.

There are beautiful shops in Fairyland. At the best of them you can buy dewdrops for a toadstool, and you can get fairy goblets, but not so cheaply. Fairy Bluebell wended her way to a shop that looked very inviting, and which was festooned with cowslip balls.

"I wish for a piece of broad ribbon, to make an entire ball-dress," she said. There had just been a heavy shower, and her toadstool was wet.

"Yes, madam, we have some very beautiful ribbon just now, and you are the first to see it. Will you kindly come upstairs? It is very high up, at the top of the house."

So the shopman led Fairy Bluebell to the top of a lofty elm (she could easily climb, being so used to it), and there in front of him shone a lovely piece of ribbon the colours of the rainbow.

"There, I can just catch hold of it," said the shopman. "Is it not very lovely, madam? No one has seen it before; it is quite out of the common."

Fairy Bluebell was matter-of-fact. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Three tears the yard, madam."

Fairy Bluebell's heart sank. "And how many yards are there?"

"That has not been ascertained, madam. We have not yet got hold of the other end, and we think the elves are holding it, and we are so afraid that they will crush it; but we have our end fast."

"It is too dear," sighed Fairy Bluebell.

But there was a rabbit in the wood, she had heard, who, although few people believed him and none had tried him, had the power of making people do things which in no other way they could perform. Fairy Bluebell took her way thither, and requested the rabbit to help her to shed some natural tears.

"Certainly," said the rabbit. He fetched an oak-apple from a heap of other things, and held it before Fairy Bluebell.

"This represents the world," he said; "look through this little hole at the top."

Fairy Bluebell did as she had been bidden, and she saw into the heart of the wicked world.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, such a sight, a court ball, with lovely ladies in beautiful dresses dancing with sweet gentlemen on an exquisite polished floor in a superb drawing-room."

"Look again," said the rabbit.

"Oh, I see a garden-party; all the people are dressed in colours; they are all talking and laughing, and they seem very merry."

"Now again."

"This time I see a boat with two pretty ladies in it; they are dipping their hands into the water and are singing pretty songs."

"Now look through the hole from this side," said the rabbit, turning round the oak-apple to her, "what do you see now?"

"Oh, such a sight; some men talking loudly and angrily, and stumbling as they walk; three women are crying, so easily and naturally, and are asking them to do something. They refuse, and seem to be angry. The man nearest the wall turns round and hits the woman by him. Oh! she is shrieking so. She has fallen! Is she dead?"

"Look again, and you will see something new."

Fairy Bluebell's little face was contracted with grief and extreme sympathy, but her blue eyes were dry.

"This time there is a gaol, with two windows in it. The sun seems to have fallen out with the grey stone of the prison, for not for one moment in the day do they come face to face. In one of the small windows sits a young man—young to look at—but his hair is grey. Oh me! he is so pale! It seems as if he were almost the reflection of some other man, he looks so thin and sad. He must be stifled in those heavy, still walls. And so young. Oh, I don't like it, I am so frightened, take it away."

"This will be the last picture," said the rabbit. He glanced at the frightened little face beside him, and at the blue eyes, which now seemed to be a darker shade; the horror of the scenes they had witnessed creeping over them. But no tears shone there.

Fairy Bluebell's small hands shook as she clasped them together, and her whole face trembled as she again looked through the hole in the oak-apple.

"Oh, look!" she screamed, "a rough man is bending over a tiny child on a lonely road; he seems wild, and careless of what he is doing. He grasps the child's tiny arm and shakes it. A carriage comes past, and the man steps out of its way, but the wee child is left there. It will be killed! Oh, can I not get to it! Oh, can I not go! Oh, what shall we do—oh me, oh me!" The fairy sinks down on a clump of moss, and her small frame shakes and quivers. A great something rises into her slender throat and almost chokes her. Then Fairy Bluebell wrings her hands, and presses them to her burning eyes, and when she draws them down they are wet with dew—dew that becomes water, and rushes down in a torrent of fairy tears, and wets little Bluebell through and through. She has already shed the price of the beautiful rainbow ribbon many, many times, but she does not think of that.

"There," said the rabbit, "you've done it now."

"I've finished," said Bluebell; "what is your fee, please?"

"I am never paid," said the brown rabbit; "I do it for charity."

"That is very charitable of you," answered Fairy Bluebell; "thank you very much."

So she turned home, and cheered up on the way. And when she thought of her visit to the rabbit, she cried again, because she was was so glad to be able to cry. And she was still crying when she passed the ribbon shop. That reminded her of her ball dress, so she turned in.

"I have come about that ribbon," she said; "will you show it to me again, please."

"I am sorry to say that it is gone," said the shopman.

"All sold?"

"Well, madam, we don't quite know how it was! We had tied our end, as we thought, securely to one of the pillars in the shop, and suddenly, without the least jerk, the whole thing disappeared. Not even an end of that we had tied was left. It all melted as—as the stars melt when morning breaks, and although we searched everywhere it was nowhere to be found. It seemed just as if the clouds had sucked it up!"

"What a pity," said Fairy Bluebell. "I had brought the tears with me all ready; but I suppose it can't be helped."

"Exactly, madam, it can't be helped. I am really very sorry; if you would like a primrose coloured——"

"No, thank you, not to-day."

"Exactly so, madam. Good-morning."

"I think I won't go to the Oakland ball," thought Bluebell, as she left the shop. "I will go and see the rabbit again, and know more of the world. I wonder if I shall cry again—I hope I haven't forgotten how to."

* * * *

So the fairies had tried to tie the rainbow up! Why, they might just as well have tried to pickle the sun's rays.

VIOLET LANGBRIDGE.



A MONTH'S HOLIDAY IN LONDON FOR COUNTRY GIRLS.

I USED to think that London was only a place for the rich, and that those with small or even moderate means must not attempt a visit to town, for the very excellent reason that they could not possibly enjoy it unless their pockets were at least somewhat lined with gold.

One day, however, it fell to my lot to come up to London, and not only to come but to stay; and it was necessary that I should see the very most I could of every nook and corner, as well as follow the beaten tracks of the great Babylon, and that with a very small balance indeed at my bankers; so I set myself to work to keep within my limit of thirty-five shillings a week, dress and doctor's bills of course excepted.

Therefore if any girl is anxious to spend a holiday in London, let her put £8 in her pocket wrapped in a large bundle of common sense. At the end of four weeks she will return home, having on that sum, not including travelling expenses, seen, heard, and done as much as most British maidens, in the same time, if the will in her daily outings lend an ear to my hints.

Weekly Expense.—As a foundation to my hints let me say that it is quite possible, if you are strong and sensible, to spend a holiday in London, and do a surprising amount on forty shillings a week each person; in leed for thirty-five, if very prudent. Forty however is a good foundation. This sum does not include dress, travelling nor doctor's bills, but just living and all daily incidental expenses. Of course thoughtless extravagant folk can soon come to the end of even a very long purse, but for those who are willing "to fit things in," to be prudent on some days, that on others they may be a little lavish, it is wonderful what can be done on that amount. If two relatives or friends come together it is better, as there are many small expenses that can be shared, besides the advantage of greater independence in evening outings.

Where and how to Live is a question of importance, and my answer is, board by all means if you want to see London thoroughly and cheaply.

The prejudice against that mode of living is dying out, but there are many benefits to be derived from so doing. You pay a stated sum each week for instance, and know that you will not be met with unexpected demands, as is the case sometimes, when you pay your weekly bill in apartments; then again coming in touch with people of different pursuits and tastes, you hear of places, things, and people to be seen and heard, which otherwise might remain unknown to you for ever; besides, those with whom you come in contact thus are often able to show very practical kindness to strangers by obtaining for them orders perhaps or tickets of admission to places closed to the general public, and in various ways there are more advantages in boarding than in furnished apartments. It is well always to let people know what you are anxious to see; and always study your guide-book.

One of the most convenient parts of London for the general sight-seer is that just south of the Euston Road stretching from Gower Street to Upper Woburn Place; the situation is healthy, the houses large, omnibuses to almost every part of London, underground, and railway stations all close at hand; many of the concert-rooms are on the direct omnibus route, and best of all, reliable, inexpensive boarding-houses are to be found there, where one may be most comfortable, and where even one's most fashionable friends can call. It is quite possible to get a small room in a well-recommended house for twenty-five shillings a week inclusive. That leaves fifteen shillings out of the forty for other expenses.

How to do it.—With that fifteen shillings a week you can see much, and this is how to set about doing it. If you have a London Baedeker, bring it with you; if not, at once on arriving spend a shilling on *London* for the current year by Herbert Fry, a capital book which will tell you everything you want to know relative to London and its sights. Also take a morning paper; that will cost sixpence a week, or threepence each if there are two. Always look through it carefully before setting out for the day, particularly under headings such as "Arrangements for the Day" and "London Day by Day," also the front sheet where concerts, lectures, recitations, exhibitions are all advertised. In this way you see what is going on and can map out your day accordingly.

Always consult your guide-book as to the free days at the museums, picture-galleries, and Abbey; in fact, look up any place you think of going to. Sixpence is a consideration, and must be thought of if you want to see much for little. No place is so crowded on free days as to make it really disagreeable; and in no place is the trite little admonition "take care of the pennies" more necessary than in London.

Getting About.—Underground for long distances is the quickest; but one can be more economical if using omnibuses, and from the top of the latter London can be seen better than in any other way, nothing excepted. Learn as soon as possible to know the omnibus routes, and also the penny-fare districts, as that is one of the small ways in which you save a good deal. For instance, in going from Gower Street, let us say, to the Royal Academy, by walking to the Tottenham Court Road and taking an omnibus there, instead of in the Euston Road, paying a penny fare, alighting at Piccadilly Circus, and walking the remaining short distance to the Academy, you save two pennies and have only a short walk at either end. A couple of pennies a day mount up to about five shillings a month, which would pay for two extra outings.

Dress Hints.—A good black skirt of satin, *crêpon*, or whatever may be worn is indispensable, also one well-made evening blouse in case of being taken by friends to the stalls or elsewhere where evening dress is required, a couple of pretty silk ones for concerts and dinner at home, a small toque also for concerts, as large hats are most unfair to those who sit behind, and a pocket bottle of salts and a pocket fan add greatly to one's comfort everywhere. Also a long, rather dark opera-cloak is useful, as then, whether in evening-dress or not, you can use the underground or omnibus.

Always wear dark gloves in the street (light ones soil in two wearings), also dark petticoats; both, of course, excepted on special occasions.

Don't give a penny to everyone who asks for one in the street or tries to sell you something.

Never carry much money in your purse.

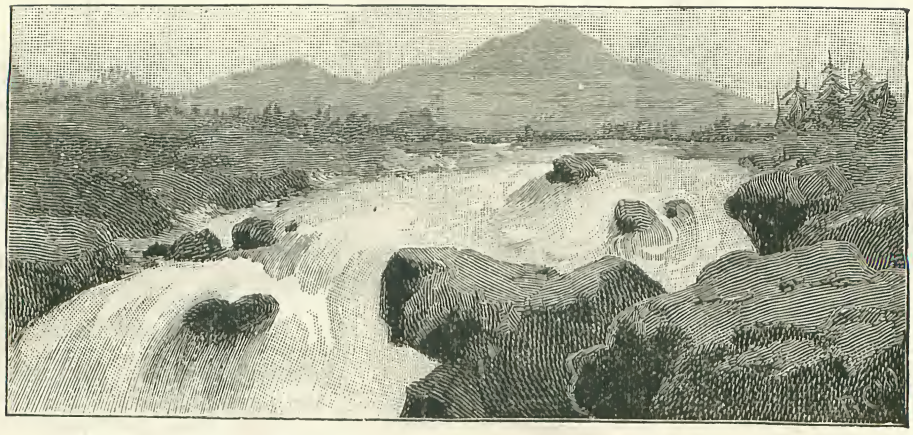
Lunch at home if possible, if not, at the Aerated Bread Company or some such shop.

For any information when out of the house, ask policemen, postmen, or some one in official dress.

Girls quietly behaved and quietly dressed can go to concerts and lectures in the evening by themselves and return by omnibus (numbers of which wait near almost all places of entertainment) in perfect safety. Hundreds of girls do it every night with no discomfort whatever; in fact, the London public thoroughfares, which are well-lighted and where there are numbers of police, to those behaving like ladies, are as safe as in a drawing-room.

Lastly.—Try a holiday in London even on thirty-five shillings a week rather than not at all, and, if you are the right sort of girl, you will never regret it.

I. K. M.



THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

MILLY LINTON received her friend with a somewhat cumbered enthusiasm.

"Oh, my dear," were her welcoming words, "don't ever get married in a hurry."

"Of course not," said Mary; "I don't want to repent at leisure."

"Repent at leisure!" echoed Milly. "Where's the leisure to come from? Men make all the proverbs, and that is why they are all such rubbish! But I haven't time to explain them now. Your dress is pink *crêpon*, trimmed with white satin ribbon. I've got it made and you've got to fit it. If it's too tight you must train, and if it's too loose you must stuff. Mrs. Bailey — where is Mrs. Bailey?"

She went to the door and screamed; then pulled hard at the bell; then screamed again.

"How do you like the thought of India, Milly?" inquired Mary, when her friend's breath seemed momentarily spent.

"I haven't had time to look at it on the map yet. Do you know we only settled this last week? I'd just refused him again—his Christian name's Nathan, that's why I kept on refusing him—and in his spite he went and took our passage out by this next boat. (Oh, here you are at last, Mrs. Bailey!) Well, I couldn't see the money wasted, and so——" she stopped and touched the dress, as it lay in the dressmaker's hands. "Say it isn't frightful, Molly, there's a love!"

"I do," said Mary; "frightful, indeed! It's charming, only——"

"Of course," said Milly, "it ought to have been lined with silk. That was dad's meanness. Good old dad!"

By this time, Mrs. Bailey, who appeared in the whirl of work to have only just found time to snatch a hasty refection of pins, was trying on the dress, not really fully built, but only roughly scaffolded.

"Mrs. Bailey is sighing," said Milly. "There! now you've got something better to sigh for!" and she gave her a thump on the back. "Molly, I know what she is wishing. Tell me now, Mrs. Bailey; were you not thinking how nice it would be if Miss Haydn were the bride?"

"Oh, Miss Linton," said Mrs. Bailey, "what a young lady you are. But marriage will sober you. Indeed, then, the train would fall grandly from Miss Haydn's shoulders."

"There isn't such a figure anywhere," said Milly.

"'When the bride is stumpy the modiste is grumpy.'

There's a true proverb for you, Molly. We'll be down at the shop with you to-morrow, Mrs. Bailey, and if those walking gowns are not ready there will be trouble. Molly, I know what you are thinking of. *Crêpon* is beginning to go out."

"Is it?" said Mary. "I really didn't know."

"It ought to have been *chiné* alpaca, but mamma has such awful taste. Dear mamma!"

At length the trying on was completed, and an arrangement made for the two girls to be over at the "monster house," which Mrs. Bailey represented, somewhere towards noon of the next day.

"And now, my love," said Milly, "fly away and pick up a grurm or a wub—a wub or a grurm, I mean—no, never mind—just where you can. There's something on the sideboard night and day. Leave me, I'm burning love-letters and—oh, Mrs. Bailey, halloa for Bridget as you go down. Dinner's at half-past seven, Molly, and you'll find a young man or two about."

When Mary had lunched amiably off pickled salmon and aspic and a raspberry and currant pie, whose flitting fairy crust stirred her heart with the baffled artist's envy, she sauntered out.

Strolling through the pleasant garden tangles, pleached alleys, and little copses of sunny ups and downs, Mary mused in her housewifely soul. "Oh," she thought, "almost everything is easy with unlimited butter."

In the thought of that two pounds and a half a week that so often repressed her noble rage and froze the genial currants of her tarts, Mary shook her head and her lips moved as in speech.

"I beg your pardon?" said a voice quite close, and Mary found that a spirit in her feet had led her to a green garden bench, whence, in seeming agitation, had arisen a young man, doubtless one of those whose vicinity Milly had foretold and Mary had forgotten.

"I didn't say anything," said the girl; "at least, I didn't intend to."

"Oh, did you not? I'm so sorry," said the young man; because, if you recall your words, we shall have, I suppose, to be introduced again. Really . . . if you wouldn't mind . . . I think . . . Miss Linton told me I was to be agreeable . . . and . . . might I show you round a bit? . . . if you wouldn't mind . . . I—er——"

He struggled for a moment to make a way through his confusion, but came to a complete *cul-de-sac*, and ended with a nervous little laugh.

Mary had never seen any young man whose shyness so clothed him as with a garment. And yet he was not the sort of man of whom lack of confidence would have been expected. He was tall, and wiry, and brown, and well up to thirty, perfectly groomed, and Mary thought, most conspicuously, or shall we say unconspicuously? a gentleman. He was the sort of man of whom Mary, feeling herself half a country girl, drifted a little into the backwater of *ton*, would have expected patronage rather than panic.

"Oh, do show me round," the girl said; "this is quite a lovely place."

"It is very kind of you to think so," he said. "Er—may I fetch you anything?—a shawl?"

At that moment the sun shone out, making every leaf a blazing shield. The idiocy of his suggestion confounded him. "I think I meant an ice," he said; "do let me get——"

And in his anxiety to be out of her presence, he boldly left his sentence to take care of itself, and ran towards the house, revealing inadvertently no despicable gifts as an athlete. For in his haste he took a wrong turn and found his way barred by a laurel hedge, broad and fully five feet high. This he cleared, quite obviously without an idea of showing off—an exclamation which Mary thought it better not to overhear forbade such a suspicion—and then flew across the lawn at a prodigious speed.

Mary had only just subdued her face when he re-appeared, dragging a footman after him, with a small table and cooling drinks, while he himself bore a couple of umbrellas.

"I couldn't find any ices," he said; "but perhaps we can do something with these. You can go, John, now."

And therewith he fell upon a bottle of lemonade. A corkscrew had been forgotten, and effervescent drinks are kittle cattle, as everybody knows. The result of this young man's rather gratuitous zeal was—a bath. The cooling virtue of the liquid was exercised externally, and Mary's pale blue muslin was its recipient.

"Oh, dear me!" said the young man. "And such a lovely frock!"

His handkerchief was in his hand in a moment, and he fell to work mopping with feverish energy.

"It does not matter one bit," Mary said to the repentant blunderer. To herself she remarked, "I don't believe the colour is fast. What on earth did he want with lemonade?"

"I think that is all I can do now," said the unhappy author of the evil when he was at last on his feet again—a man and no worm. "There now, so much for you!"

The last words were not addressed to Mary but to the lemonade bottle, which he flung with fury far into the umbrage.

"Is not that a little dangerous?" said Mary.

"Not in Ireland," he answered. "Our heads are acclimatised to the shillaly."

Mary laughed, and he was very uncomfortable and a little happy.

"I knew you were not Irish," he said as an afterthought, and the girl had no heart to undeceive him.

How often the *contretemps* that we ban deserves our blessing! That impromptu bath, which threatened to cast a damp over the proceedings proved as sunshine and bright air. The young man almost forgot to be shy. But Mary deserved some credit for his improvement. She was very natural and very kind, and helped him all that she could.

Under genial influences he became quite interesting. He had seen a great deal of the globe, if not much of the world. Tigers had he shot in India, and bucks in Scotland, and bison in America. Yet he was more of a dreamer than a sportsman. He had repented, he said, of killing time with killing life. Henceforth he hoped to live in Ireland, where fairies still lingered, and there was—in spite of the politicians—a simple-hearted folk, with a pathos in their lives and an unsolved mystery in their eyes.

"I have taken up a few duties," he said, "that I may not eat the bread of absolute idleness, and I think I shall write a little if I can. All my life I have been wanting to say something, and I shall try and find out what it is."

After dinner that evening Milly whispered to her old friend:

"I am glad you get on so capitally with De Vesci. We were a good deal bothered about it; but Nathan knew him in India, and he is really such a good fellow."

Mary did not understand.

"What was the difficulty?" she said.

"Well, about the changes that took place—his being at Ballintober, you know—De Vesci Hennessy."

Then Mary remembered. That shy young man was the owner of the ancestral home of her family. Well, she could not hate him or feel for him anything but a kindly good will.

"Did not his father keep a public-house?" Mary asked, with a sudden repulsion of offended caste.

"No, no," said Milly; "he was a brewer, though he may have had what they call 'tied houses.' However, as you know, De Vesci would have none of the brewing."

"No," said Mary, "I know nothing about his doings."

"Ah," Milly said rebukingly, "don't be hard upon him! He is just after telling me" (this young person was rather Irish now and again) "you are the nicest girl he ever saw. And that, mind you," concluded Milly, "is something for a man that lived in caves three years for fear of a young lady."

"Did he live in caves?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I think so!" said Milly. "If it was not caves it was wildernesses."

(To be continued.)



MUSICAL ART IN FLORENCE.

By A STUDENT.



Florence, May, 1896.
Villa della Scala.

My dear L.,—It is weeks since I last wrote to you, and quite a book-full of events seem to have occurred to me. In the first place, after a great deal of debate, I have at length settled on my singing-master. "Who shall it be? Who shall it be?" I asked myself in distraction. Everyone had different masters to recommend who was, in his opinion, "The best—the only one!" My list of names at first was quite alarming; but I quickly reduced it to three—Vanuccini, Vanini, and Cortesi—each of them, in the American's opinion, being "just big men." I eventually settled on Cortesi.

He is such a dear old man, about seventy-five years of age, with a complexion fresh and rosy as a child's. His eyes are dark and piercing, and he uses them upon you with wonderful effect. He is one of the only living pupils of the great Rossini, and his method of teaching is simple in the extreme.

"Sing as the birds sing, breathe as you do in sleep, vocalise lightly and with ease. Don't think of your throat, your larynx, or your vocal chords. Forget you have such things. Forget yourself." Such was his opening advice to me when, ruddy from exertion, my heart beating wildly, and my throat sore, I managed to stumble through my trial song.

He laughed at me for feeling at my throat to see if my larynx was in good position; he laughed at me for putting my hands to my waist to ascertain the direction of my breath; he laughed at me for standing on tip-toe and stretching out my neck at the high notes. All these little tricks so dear to amateurs were to him absurd and infinitely amusing.

His is the slow, simple, straightforward method, comprising hard work, persistent study, well-directed energy. His process of instruction solid and good; no trickery about it, no hypocrisy, no secrets.

The room in which he gives his lessons is small, but very high. The ceiling is domed and frescoed, and the floor tessellated. From the French windows a glowing mass of light and colour meets the eye. It is his garden, in which he takes such great delight, and which might have been laid out specially for the background of a fairy tale. Sad-hued olives, dark green cypress and flaming rhododendrons form the rear. In front are roses, lilies, and carnations, and every flower that blows in wild and beautiful profusion. A brood of pigeons and a large white cat give animation to the scene, and tall grey houses case it as in a frame.

My lessons are a source of intense pleasure, and I feel that I am making steady progress under my patient, earnest, painstaking professor's care.

Talking about music, there is scarcely a street, or lane, or restaurant here that is not dignified by its magic art. Often of an evening the streets will echo back to the sweet strumming of the mandoline and guitar, or some youth, unfledged and ragged, will walk by and sing in mellow tones some Neapolitan air or setting from a famous opera. The restaurants, too, especially the poor ones in the dark, back streets, have always some musician in attendance, whose sweet artistic playing gives an interest to viands and dishes oftentimes most humble in concoction.

It is only in the churches that one never hears anything worth listening to. The good people seem to imagine that to be devout one must be nasal, and the effect of several hundred strong voices singing Gregorian chants through their noses is anything but edifying.

Another peculiarity of these Italian churches is the almost entire absence of real flowers. On the altars, before the statues, in the alcoves are vast collections of floral tributes, but they are not blossoms of the field, but simply paper and tinsel. Is not it a strange incongruity that in this Land of Flowers, where roses grow as weeds, the houses of the Giver of all this beauty should thus be half-heartedly decorated?

Indeed, it is a queer sensation, on entering the vast and noble mausoleums of this city, to notice the Italian taste for gaudiness and show. How they will drape their glorious marble columns with blood-red rags and modify the dignity of their noble altar-pieces by candles made of painted wood or plaster! On saints' days the rags and rubbish that are brought to light are perfectly appalling; not a vestige of solemnity remains. The great majestic buildings seem to frown down at the monstrous display of tawdry finery; but the Italians smile and say their prayers more ardently than ever, while the word "Bella" is brandished joyously from lip to lip!

A very curious ceremony was celebrated on the day before Easter which, I think, deserves mention. It was called the *Scoppio del Carro* (Car Explosion), and took place in the Piazza del Duomo. During the morning celebration in the cathedral an artificial fire in the form of a dove was lighted by the archbishop at the high altar. This was conducted by a wire through the length of the church, until it stopped outside the door, where a car was awaiting its arrival. The car was a huge wooden construction, adorned with flowers and fireworks, and the little dove, coming in contact with the fireworks, set them off with a great blaze and noise, much to the delight of the on-lookers. The *carro* was drawn along by a team of white oxen. If the dove runs its course without stoppage from the high altar in the Duomo to the car outside, it is considered a good omen for the coming harvest.

There are a few other curious customs which deserve mention. On Ascension Day, for instance, the *contadine* get up early, and go into the meadows of the Cascine to look for the *grillo* (crickets). The crickets are sold in the town, shut up in little cages. They are supposed to bring good luck.

On the Feast of St. Lawrence it is the custom to eat maccaroni two inches long, and the bakers have their shops adorned in a most amusing manner on the eve of this *Festa*.

In the middle of Lent, according to a very old custom, the ragamuffins hang on the clothes of the passers-by curious ladders, cut out of paper.

There are many other strange habits indulged in by the *contadine* on their *Festas* but I will not trouble you with any more just now, as my letter is assuming unheard-of proportions. So I reluctantly leave you. I say reluctantly, because the fascinations of this "lily city" grow upon me, and when once I put my pen to paper, I feel I never can dilate sufficiently upon its great charm and beauty.

Meanwhile, if I intend to stop on here, I must leave my *pension*, which is sucking up rapidly all my resources; besides, I sadly want a girl-companion, I feel so dreadfully dull and dreary sometimes. I must have someone in whom I can confide my longings and my aspirations, and all my secret hopes and fond ambitions.

The *padrone* here has had a terrible life. I believe she was once rich, and her husband has squandered away all his and her money in the lotteries over here. She frightens me somehow, and the young American has ceased to be amusing.

I shall ask Cortesi to-morrow if, amongst all his pupils, there is not one who would like to share her lodging and her fate with me.

Addio per ora. A Riverderci.

Yours.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART IX.

LA HAYE.

After our experience in Auvergnes, the rest of our travel was so flat as to have faded almost entirely from my memory. As soon as we reached England, I was sent to school—to a school of which I shall have more to say presently. There were only twenty girls. Mrs. MacBean was one of the best and kindest women who ever lived—a devoted Christian with a heart large enough to take in all her girls. If I could have been happy at any school I should have been happy there. And I was not actively unhappy, for I lived on my mother's promise that in July I should go back to her again. Where she was I didn't know; but I knew she was looking for a pretty home for us all. I used to write letters to her addressed to St. Martin's le Grand, which I think I believed to be in Paris.

At last the news came that she had decided to live at Dinan in Brittany, and that in two short days I was to go by boat and join her. One day passed. The next day at dinner I was hugging myself on the thought of the morrow.

"To-morrow," I said to the girl next to me, "I shall be going to my mother in France."

"Oh, no, dear!" said the governess at the foot of the table. "Miss MacBean says you're not going till Wednesday."

With a crash my card-castle came tumbling about my ears. Wednesday might as well have been next year—it seemed so far off. I burst into passionate weeping just as the servant placed a large plate of steaming black-currant pudding before me. I saw through my tears how vexed Miss MacBean looked; she hadn't meant to break the news to me in this way.

"Come, Daisy," she said after a while, "don't cry, dear. Have some black-currant pudding—nice black-currant pudding."

"I don't want any black-currant pudding!" I cried. "I hate it! I never want any pudding again!" And, with that, I rushed from the room; and from that day to this I have never been able to tolerate black-currant pudding.

Every one was very kind to me; but there was not any one there who could at all understand the agony that that delay cost me. I didn't care to eat, I didn't care to sleep or play or read.

When my mother met me at St. Malo on the following Thursday, her first words were, "Why, how pale and ill the child looks!" My sister suggested that it was the steamboat; but I don't believe it was. I believe it was the awful shock that came to me over the black-currant pudding.

A long drive on a diligence by miles and miles of straight white road—the fatigue of the journey forgotten in the consciousness that I was going home, not to an hotel, not to a boarding-house, but home.

The small material objects that surround one's daily life have always influenced me deeply. Even as a child I found that in a familiar *entourage* one could be contented, if not happy; but hotels and boarding-houses and lodgings have always bored me to extinction. Of course, as a matter of theory, one ought to carry one's intellectual atmosphere with one and be independent of surroundings; but, as a matter of practice, it can't be done, at least, by me. I have a cat-like fondness for things I am accustomed to, and I am not singular in this respect. I once knew a woman who, after years of genteel poverty and comfortless economy, had an opportunity of a new life in comparatively affluent circumstances.

"Why ever don't you accept it?" I said when she told me of it.

"I can't make up my mind to it," she said. "You see, I should have to leave the furniture."

I felt some sympathy for her, though I hope that in her place I should have been strong-minded enough to make another choice.

At last the diligence drew up at cross-roads, where a cart was waiting, and to



this our luggage was transferred. It turned up one of the side roads, and we followed on foot. Up a hill wound the road, a steep wooded slope on one side, and on the other a high, clay bank set with dainty ferns. Here and there a tiny spring trickled down to join the little stream that ran beside the road.

We turned a corner by a farm, through a herd of gaunt pigs nearly as big as donkeys—the sight of which made me clasp my mother's hand more tightly. Each pig had a bar of wood suspended from his neck by a string, so that, if he tried to stray through the hedge, the bar would catch and hold him back. All the pigs tried to walk over this bar as it hung against their fore legs. They never succeeded; but the action gave them all the air of high-stepping carriage-horses.

Then we walked a little further along the white road, and the cart turned in at a wooden gate. We followed along the carriage-drive, which ran along outside the high red wall of the big garden, then through a plantation of huge horse-chestnut trees. To the left, I could see ricks, cows and pigs, all the bustle and colour of a farm-yard.

Two great brown gates swung back on their hinges and we passed through them into the courtyard of the dearest home of my childhood. The courtyard was square. One side was formed by the house; dairy, coach-house, and the chicken-house formed the second side; on the third were stable, cow-house and goat-shed; on the fourth wood-shed, dog-kennel, and the great gates by which we had entered. The house itself was an ordinary white-washed, slate-roofed, French country house, with an immense walled fruit garden on the other side of it.

There never was such another garden, there never will be! Peaches, apricots, nectarines, and grapes of all kinds, lined the inside walls; the avenue that ran down the middle of it was of fig trees and standard peach-trees. There were raspberries, cherries and strawberries, and flowers mingling with fruits and vegetables in a confusion the most charming in the world. Along the end of the garden was a great arcade of black, clipped yews, so thick and strong that a child could crawl on the outside of it without falling through. Above the dairy and coach-house was an immense hay-loft, a straw-loft over the stable and cow-house. What play-rooms for wet days! Beyond the chicken-house was the orchard, full of twisted grey apple trees, beneath whose boughs in due season the barley grew. Beyond, a network of lanes, fringed with maiden-hair, led away into fairyland.

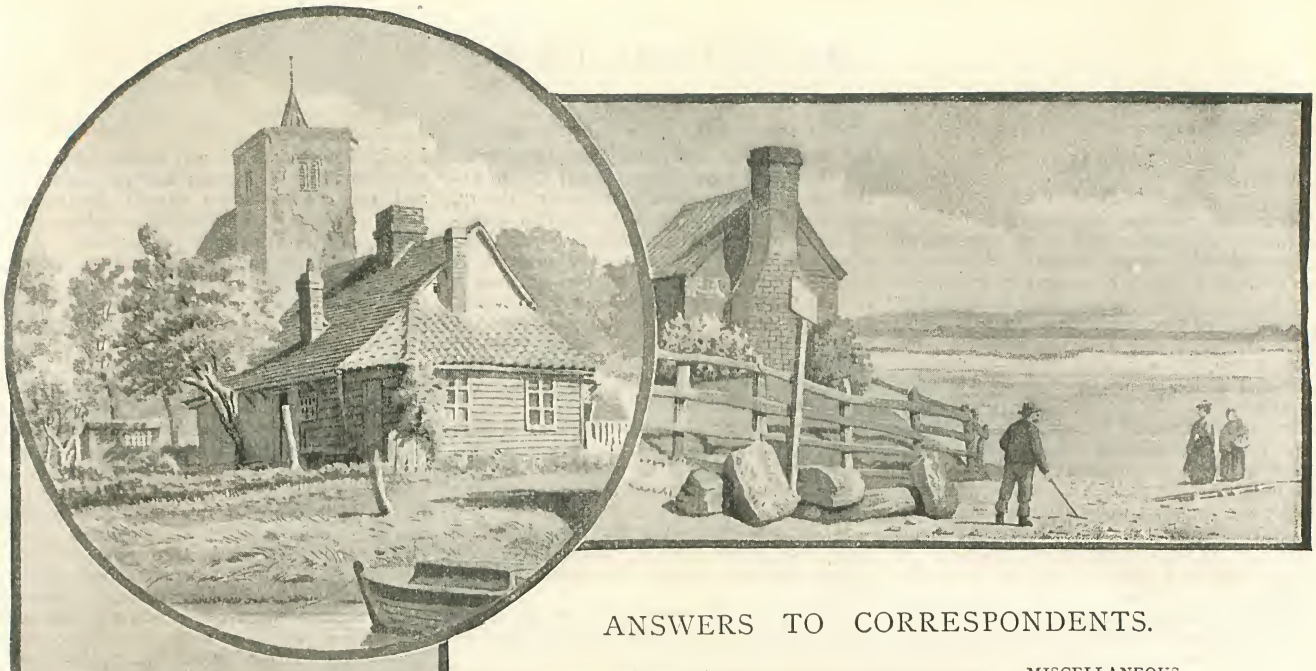
My brothers eagerly led me round to show me all the treasures of the new home. There was a swing in the orchard, there were trees full of cherries, white and black.

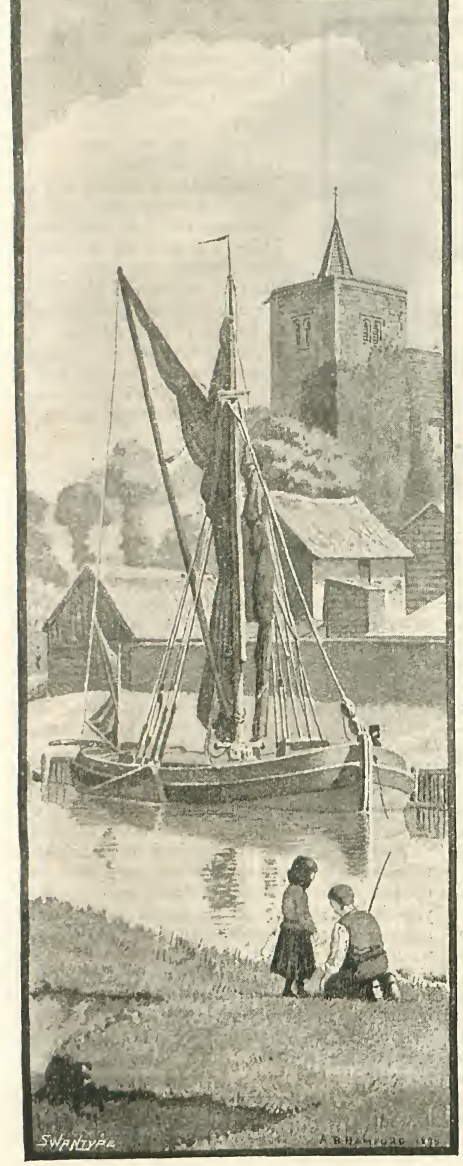
"And we may eat as many as we like," said Alfred.

That afternoon we gathered a waste-paper basket full of cherries, and, with strenuous greed, set ourselves to empty it. We didn't succeed, of course; but the effort, so far as I remember, was attended by no evil consequences. We gave what we couldn't eat to the little black English pig, another of the treasures of the new home.

There was a little black cow, there was a goat who resented with her horns my efforts after goat's milk. I learnt to milk her afterwards though, and she grew very kind and condescending. Then there were two ponies, Punch and Judy, and Punch, my brothers told me proudly, was for us to ride. This was the crowning happiness; we had never had a pony of our own before. He was a tiresome, pig-headed little beast that pony; but we loved him dearly. He had a way of pretending to be frightfully thirsty when you were out riding him, and when, in the kindness of your heart, you let him bend his head to a wayside pond for a drink, he would kick up his wicked little heels and over his head you had to go. If he could rub you off against a tree as you rode across the fields, he would do it with all the pleasure in life. He was rather good at jumping, and he and I had some pleasant cross-country expeditions; but, if anything in the nature of the obstacle you put him at happened to strike his fancy disagreeably, he had a clever way of stopping short at the last moment, when, of course, you went over his head. He threw me three times in this way in one morning; but after that I was up to him.

(*To be continued.*)





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

A NEW READER OF THE "G. O. P."—Oiliness of the skin is due to over-secretion of the sebaceous glands and usually occurs on the face. It is much the same as "dandruff" on the head. If the greasiness is excessive, using sulphur soap to wash the face with will reduce it; but remember that a certain amount of oiliness is natural in the skin and ought not to be entirely removed, even if it were possible to do so. You should avoid face-powders, as these, while disguising the condition for a time, ultimately make it worse.

"SCURVY."—The "scaliness of the skin" of which you complain is only a later and more advanced form of "oiliness" (seborrhœa). Cover the patches with sulphur or boracic ointment till the places have disappeared. In future use sulphur soap to wash your face with to prevent their recurrence. If you cannot obtain sulphur soap use carbolic or coal tar soap instead.

CONSTANCE.—1. We have over and over again said that superfluous hairs cannot be permanently removed by any practical method. Electrolysis usually fails to have any effect whatever. Electro-puncture, that is, touching every hair follicle with the electro-cautery certainly permanently removes hairs; but it leaves a scar on the site of every hair, is very difficult to do properly, very expensive, and takes years to complete. Other methods such as painting with barium salts, etc., invariably fail. Peroxide of hydrogen bleaches hair. It can be obtained from any chemist. It should be rubbed on the patches with a small piece of lint or a brush.—2. Sulphur soap can only be obtained from a chemist—it should contain ten grains of sulphur to the ounce.

"SEVEN YEARS' READER."—It is impossible to give you much advice in this column for the condition from which you suffer. The "bronchial asthma," which you say was the beginning of your trouble, may have been part of an attack of influenza, as this disease often leaves weakness, palpitation, etc., behind it. Careful dieting would probably do more for you than anything else. Take plenty of easily digestible nutritious food, and take small meals often. In addition to this a nerve tonic and change of residence might be useful.

"FLORRIE."—1. The condition of your face is due entirely to acne, and if you persevere in using the ointment it will become cured in time. The blackheads and dilated sweat-glands are only the beginning of your trouble and are not due to a different cause. Dieting has not the slightest effect on this condition. It is better, however, to avoid alcohol and tea, as these produce dilatation of the vessels of the face.—2. Your mother's condition is due to a different affection called "rosacea," and should be treated by careful dieting, especially avoiding tea, and sulphur ointment locally.

TIGER LILY.—1. Recipe for treacling moths. Boil together equal parts of brown treacle and the strongest and coarsest rum obtainable. Keep it in a stoppered bottle. A cheaper but far less effectual preparation may be made with sugar and porter.—2. Paint the trees just before sunset and visit them after an hour, then every hour afterwards till late.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A "CONSTANT READER."—We cannot help you. You had better write to such institutions as exist.

CURIOUS.—The origin of the name of the coin in former use—a "guinea"—was simply that the gold was obtained from the Guinea coast. It was coined for the first time in 1663, and only as a twenty-shilling piece; but the gold was so fine, and the new coinage was so highly prized, that the value was fixed at twenty-one shillings. The florin was originally struck at Florence, hence its name; and it bore the Florentine device of a lily, which has been reproduced on our own modern two-shilling-piece. The trans-Atlantic "dollar" was originally the same as the German *thaler;* a name derived from the *thal,* or valley, where the silver-works were situated of Joachim of Bavaria. Its currency in America was the consequence of the Spanish-Austrian Empire, *temp.* Charles V. Both Chaucer and Spenser speak of a "jane," which was a small coin of Genoa (Janua). The "mark" had its origin in Venice, and was stamped with the winged-lion of St. Mark. The "franc" is obviously named after the Franks (or French); and the Dutch "guilder" after Gelderland. A "ducat" is a coin issued by a Duke, and a "sovereign" tells its own derivation. We have been tempted to name more coins than those about which you inquired.

JULIA.—You misquote the beautiful lines, which are by Elizabeth B. Browning; they form a stanza on "a dead rose," and may be otherwise applied with reference to some whose "beauty is not merely skin-deep," though changed by sickness and advancing years—

> "The heart doth recognise thee,
> Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
> Doth judge thee most complete,
> Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee."

The other beautiful and touching poem, the "Farewell of the Soul to the Body," was by Lidia Huntly Sigourney, an American poet, with whose name most readers are acquainted—born 1791, died 1865.

TROUBLED ONE.—Of course an obstinate child is a difficult one to manage. One piece of advice we can give you—never give an opportunity for a trial of strength between your patience and his persistence. One victory over you and it will be doubly hard to recover your authority. Thus, if you shut him up, or (if small) stand him in a corner, never say he must remain there "till he says he is sorry." He may hold out till you feel the punishment excessive; or you will force him into telling an untruth. Say, "I punish you by so-and-so, and for so long, and I hope when you see how naughty you have been you will be sorry." We have known several cases when not only small children, but grown-up girls, who, to bring to an end the pain of a long-protracted coolness with a parent, have acknowledged, and expressed regret for some fault which they had never committed!

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Your canary is infested with red mites. The cage must be thoroughly cleansed, the wood-work scrubbed and disinfected with paraffin and then put in the air for a time. Make a mixture of diluted tobacco-water—a quarter of an ounce to three half pints of water—and give him frequent baths. See that he is quite free from mites before putting him in his cage.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 911.] JUNE 12, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PEACOCKS.

WHO has not heard of a peacock? and repeated the idea that they greatly injure a garden; and thought such a creature only admissible in the shape of quaint cut box bushes; others know the real article and have admired their beautiful feathers, and perhaps uttered the old saying, that they are unlucky in a room.

We cannot agree with either supposition, though the first certainly has more grains of truth in it than the second.

Peafowls have been kept in our grounds as long as I remember, and we have learned by experience the art of keeping both them and the many gay beds of flowers and bright borders. It is true that the latter are much protected by a certain ancient red-brick wall which bounds that portion of the garden mostly devoted to the flowers, while the peafowl are carefully fed only on the other side of it, and which side they happily are content to consider as head-quarters; but as they are the most roving of creatures, they invariably make a circuit of the whole place once, and in the long summer hours twice, in the course of the day: their great natural inquisitiveness directly discovers a new plant or some fresh alteration, however slight.

Our great success in keeping peafowl and flowers lies in the fact, that we let them examine the new object, and even peck it, after which they will soon pass on to continue their tour of inspection; but if anyone is unwise enough to frighten them off, they are there again as soon as the person is gone, and are sure to vent their displeasure on the luckless plant, which is immediately plucked to pieces, apparently from a determined idea of expressing their rights, or the same instinct that makes an Arab destroy some ancient monument which is being examined by an European *savant*.

I grant, however, that it is much more difficult, when they discover a bare place in some warm spot, and elect to bathe in the dust. If they do this, it is well to walk in a leisurely manner in that direction to keep them moving, but care must be taken that the birds do not suppose that it is they which are being interfered with.

Ours spend a great deal of their time in a wood beyond their feeding-place, and very beautiful it is to see the party, which usually numbers a dozen or more, walking about under the trees or running races in the green paths, the bright plumage of the cocks looking lovely as they constantly change in the light and shade as the sunlight flickers through the thick branches.

All rights reserved.]



ON THE TERRACE.

Peafowls have very marked characters, and are not only intensely inquisitive but sadly jealous, easily taking offence with each other, or waging war on the other denizens of the poultry yard.

I well remember a certain feud which continued many years between an ancient peacock and whole generations of turkeys; the former spent hours and days worrying the latter, till one summer day the tables were turned. He had been at his usual pastime, and had so aggravated a certain old turkey hen that she became perfectly stupefied, and at last both stood still, being nearly worn out, when the turkey's large brood of poults with a happy inspiration, suddenly all jumped on the peacock's long tail, which insult was so unlooked for and surprising that he quickly retreated, entirely vanquished.

It is well known how proud a peacock is of his gorgeous train, and only lately did we hear of the extreme vexation a long broken feather caused to its owner, and very ludicrous was the description of the bird's repeated attempts to pluck it out, trample on it, or in any way get rid of so obnoxious a plume.

The peafowls become much attached to their own perches, and it is curious to note, considering their Indian ancestry, that they prefer the most exposed position on the trees. One of our young cocks sleeps some sixty feet up, on a fine fir, and it is a beautiful sight to see him sail down from his high roost for his breakfast, which is often very late, as he is often fashionably late in beginning the day.

Beside keeping some of the ordinary kind of peafowl, we have had several generations of the pure white, very pretty in their way, and particularly graceful-looking, but not to compare to the splendid colouring of the



VANITY.

well-known common sort, or that rare variety called the Black-shouldered, in which the male is richer in colouring than the ordinary peacock, and has the wing covering a glossy deep blue-green, instead of the usual freckled brown-white; on the other hand the females have much less colour, being a pale grey, with dark grey tips to the wings and tails.

These "Black-shouldered" peafowls are a great interest to naturalists, appearing suddenly as they do in some flocks, and yet breeding perfectly true, with, I believe, no variation at all, and are therefore thought by many to be a separate species, and are dignified under the title of Pavo Cristatus primas, or Pavo Nigripensis; but the strange fact remains that they are not known in a wild state, but it is quite possible their relations may yet be discovered in the little known lands north of Siam.

Our flock seem rather subject to asthma and rheumatism. One white peahen lost the use of both feet, but careful nursing over the kitchen fire soon got one right, but the other being very helpless, had to be put in a cardboard boot, or rather a clog till strength came again.

These birds much dislike confinement, and appear to suffer from it, yet it seems absolutely needful to coop the hens when they have chicks, otherwise the majority of young ones are sure to succumb to the incessant long tours of inspection their parents delight in; not that we can complain of them as short-lived when the perils of youth are passed, as we have had several live to close upon twenty years.

RICHARD GURNEY, F.Z.S.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Edgar had come to that unselfish determination to devote himself to furthering the matrimonial happiness of his sisters, he supplemented it by a determination not to let the grass grow under his feet. Of Hildegarde's prospects he was very sanguine. Even his brotherly eye could not but be struck by her singular charm of face and figure, and he estimated, with great satisfaction, that in the family of the McQuaides she was well placed for the display of her personal advantages. In particular he had learned that the brother of Mrs. McQuaide, Mr. Havelock Grubb, was an opulent widower in search of consolation.

If it lay in energy and fine tact to bring such a consummation about, he determined that it should be his sister's privilege to administer that consolation.

Concerning Mary's powers of attraction Edgar felt less assurance. He reflected, however, with a good deal of self-applause, that thanks to his own judicious generosity, Mary had now been forwarded to a *bon marché* where quite moderate charms might be modestly confident of a chapman.

"Funerals make funerals, and weddings make weddings," said Edgar, enlarging his aphorism. "Molly's in the right shop, anyhow. I hope she'll have the sense when the carriage goes away to cling to the bride and bellow. A real good bellow always brings down the house." And then it was borne in upon Edgar's mind that by running over to the spot himself he could kill two birds with one stone. He could inspect the dresses and insure his sister's making the most of the garden seats and the very serviceable moonlight, as well as of the last embrace. It also struck him as a piquant recommendation of his plan, that Docker, in whose confusion the trip was planned, had been made to supply the necessary funds.

Before, however, Edgar went forth in the character of ministering brother, there were duties to be performed at home. Docker must be deposed from his position of tame cat at Weir Bend. Edgar set himself to work to devise some plan for effectually pshooing him off the premises.

Hovering about the tiny demesne in his capacity of good fairy, Edgar beheld the afternoon postman, leaning over a neighbouring bridge, watching a friend who was fishing. With some impatience, Edgar—who like so many others, cherished a permanent conviction that he was expecting important letters—observed this unofficial conduct.

When, however, he saw that the postman had laid down his budget and had taken the rod from his friend's hand, Edgar determined to break in upon the inopportunely Arcadian scene. He crept along the turf that edged the river path, making no more noise than a cat, till he stood almost at the shoulder of the erring official.

Then upon the wretch caught thus red-handed he loosed one blighting question.

"Is this the way you spend your afternoon?" he asked.

"No, thin," answered the serene angler. "I wouldn't know when I last had the rod in the hand."

But Edgar was resolute that scorn should not glance harmless off the man's indurated conscience.

"This," he said, fixing his eyes upon the letters, "is a nice way of taking them out."

"It is," answered the postman; "there's nothing beats a clean red wurrum; I wouldn't give twopence for a fly." And he dropped softly in just beyond a little waterbreak.

Then Edgar determined to call the delinquent back to duty with one plain inquiry. He would ask for his letters.

"How many have you got?" he asked.

The postman put his hand into his pocket and brought forth a small red-speckled trout.

"Only the one," he said, "but when you come up I was just after missing a grand fish entirely. Take the rod, Johnny," he added, with a sigh, "or they'll be for thinking I was lost *al*-together."

Then, observing Edgar for the first time with the eyes of speculation, "I think," he said, "I have one for yourself, troth have I—a thick one from Miss Mary." And he untied his packet

and delivered the letter into Edgar's hands. "I'll leave the rest below," he added obligingly; "they're only bills."

"Dear me!" said Edgar, "is this all?" and he opened the envelope in that leisurely fashion with which a young man shows his well-regulated eagerness for family news.

"Um!" said Edgar, when he had ascertained that the envelope did not contain a postal order. "Doesn't look very urgent." Then he remembered that his eye had caught the word "grenadine," and he pulled the crumpled sheets from his pocket and read to himself with an accompaniment of interjections, "tight sleeves, well, that's better—no, no! not a blue silk frill! Of course—women never can tell good satin."

There were yards of dressmaker's talk, and then came a little description of the garden. To this Mary had added, in a seemingly hasty postscript: "Tell Mr. Docker."

Poor Mary! I fear that all the long letter was a most disproportionate prologue to the tiny postscript. There had lain upon her heart, in spite of reason's demonstration of its absurdity, a vague uneasiness about those answers to Hildegarde's repeated question. To Hildegarde herself Mary could not make up her mind to write in that connection.

Black and white conferred upon such a reference a formality and a seriousness which it by no means deserved. It must be touched with the lightness of the speaking voice. And so Mary, longing to do something, and fearing to do amiss by any dealing more direct, strove to hover round the matter in delicate suggestion. The words would make the young man feel how all natural beauty associated itself with scenes in which he had taken part, and they might perhaps convey to her sister one of those subtle hints that a girl knows how to take. Edgar was to be the obliging catspaw in the matter of those sentimental chestnuts.

Poor little Mary! it was all very nicely arranged, and yet its effect was the very antipodes of what she had calculated. Selfishness is sometimes endowed with the penetrating insight of sympathy. Edgar perceived at once the significance of Mary's innocent-seeming message. "This affair has gone pretty far," he said to himself. "Unless I take prompt measures, we shall have this skinflint—this fellow who takes advantage of the straits of his friends to do them out of odd pounds—introduced into the family. It is of no use to look to the dear old governor. I'll give the chap a useful hint at once."

From an early hour in the evening Edgar was seated on a low wall that commanded for some distance every approach to Weir Bend. The lawyer was almost certain, he fancied, to look in. Failing, however, the arrival of the mountain to wait upon him, this ardent young Mahomet was prepared to take the unusual course of leaving a card upon the mountain. He had very nearly given him up when Docker's straw hat with the red and green ribbon came in view.

"How are you, my dear fellow," said Edgar, as he advanced with fervour to meet his friend; "you are come for a paddle. We can cut along this bohereen and get to the cot in half a minute. She's quite ready." He put his arm through Docker's and marched off the poor wretch, with eyes glancing out of their corners for the flutter of a frock.

But no such gracious vision blessed the young man's rearward glances, and at length he began to search the river reaches.

"Here we are then," said Edgar, upon whom nothing of the abstracted watchfulness of his victim had been lost. "We shall have a charming little trip."

"I thought," said Docker, "some of the ladies might possibly like to come."

"Well, no," said Edgar, "I think not to-night. In fact, they charged me with a sort of message. Won't you get in?" clambering into the bow.

"All right," said Docker, while a faint blush of foreboding tinged the tan of his cheeks. "Ready? Now then!" and he pushed off. "Well," he said at length as they went smoothly up the quiet water, "are you not going to give me the message?"

"Oh, yes!" said Edgar, and he was glad that he should have to address the back and not the face of his acquaintance. "But it was hardly a message; only a sort of hint that the ladies gave me. You know the way they manage these things."

"No," said Docker, "I can't say that I do. I have never been much of a lady's man."

"Ah," said Edgar with a long expiration, "that explains a good deal! You see they are so quick to catch a suggestion themselves they expect a man to understand without actual words. But, of course, if you haven't——"

"You are not a woman anyhow," Docker said. "Speak out." Then, in a voice whose evenness was, perhaps, the best measure of the inward trouble and turmoil, he asked, "Anything about Mary?"

"Well, yes," said Edgar, "I may say it was all about my sister Mary. My sister Mary is a very sensitive person, and almost morbidly afraid of giving pain. Look out, Docker, we aren't playing water-polo." Docker, thus warned, gave a swift stroke and just avoided, with a duck of the head, one of the oars—feebly waving in the air like the legs of a beetle on its back—of a boat manned by four young ladies.

"Yes," said Docker, still keeping that passionless intonation; "go on, please!"

Edgar turned round and shouted after the rolling tub: "You ought to have been at Henley! Well rowed!" Then he resumed his speech. "Indeed, quite morbidly afraid. She couldn't make up her mind to say anything; and it is, you know, so difficult for a girl. It always gives the man a chance of rounding on her and saying—— Halloa, what's up now?"

With a couple of strong strokes, Docker had driven the flat nose of the cot into a bed of sedge.

"Speak out," he said as he turned round and faced Edgar; "for heaven's sake, speak out!" On those words all the difficult self-mastery went away. He stared at Edgar, hollow-eyed and pale, with that startling pallor which conquers the tan of a brown cheek.

"She could not say anything," said Edgar, a little surprised, a little afraid, a little sorry for the man; "and so she got a friend to ask her on a visit. She thought you would see how things were," he went on, making a powerful effort to believe his own words and succeeding beyond his hopes. "She thought you could not but understand. Hang it all, Docker," he added with tears running down his cheeks; "this is a beastly job she has given me."

For a few seconds before Docker had been rallying his scattered wits for an effort at disbelief, but as Edgar's face sank into his handkerchief, the lawyer felt their line yield and break. It was in rejection of the pain not in real incredulity, that he said at length, in a voice whose harshness vaguely surprised himself:

"I don't believe you! This is all a diabolical trick!"

"Would that it were," said Edgar, lifting a smeary face. "Oh, my dear fellow, would that it were. But look—only look at this!" He pulled out of his pocket Mary's crumpled letter. "It's kindest in the long run," he said. "Nasty pull as it is, it is best that the stump should go. Look! you know her neat back hand!"

He pointed to Mary's little message, hiding under its commonplace brevity such tender, wistful thought.

"Perhaps you can read," he said, as he gave his eyes another mop; "I can't see a word."

"*Tell Mr. Docker*," the lawyer read, and almost the last spark of hope was trodden out.

"Read it all if you like," said Edgar, shaking a woeful head, and the very last spark was extinguished.

"No, thanks," said Docker, handing the letter back. "Edgar, I shan't forget this; you have behaved like a true friend and a true gentleman."

He stepped out on to the sedgy promontory, turned and waved his hand to Edgar, and then walked away, his chin high in air and his mouth set hard—a bad man with whom to dispute the path that night.

Edgar stood for a moment watching the young fellow's retreating figure, and his heart gave a sudden flap of fear.

Wise, tender, unselfish as had been his own behaviour, unpleasant consequences might result from helping a man with such a rat-trap of a jaw.

"Docker," Edgar said, overtaking him in a few seconds, "this is all confidential; particularly you won't say a word again to my sister."

"No, no," said Docker, "it's done, and there's nothing to be said. Once again, thanks and good-bye."

He quickened his pace and went forward, and Edgar, dropping back, shook his head, and felt very sorry for him.

(*To be continued.*)

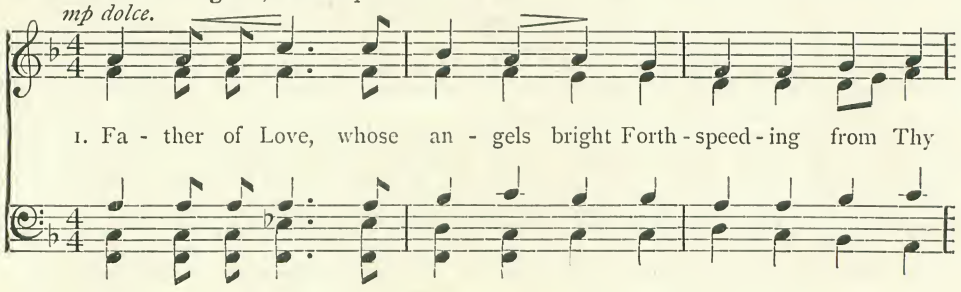
FATHER OF LOVE.
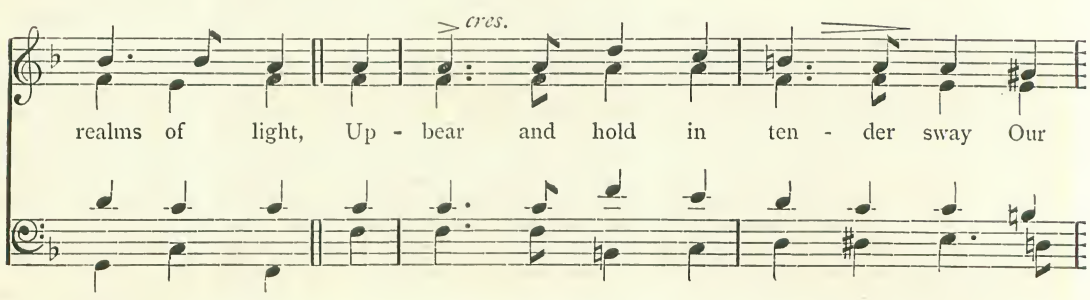
HYMN FOR A WEDDING.
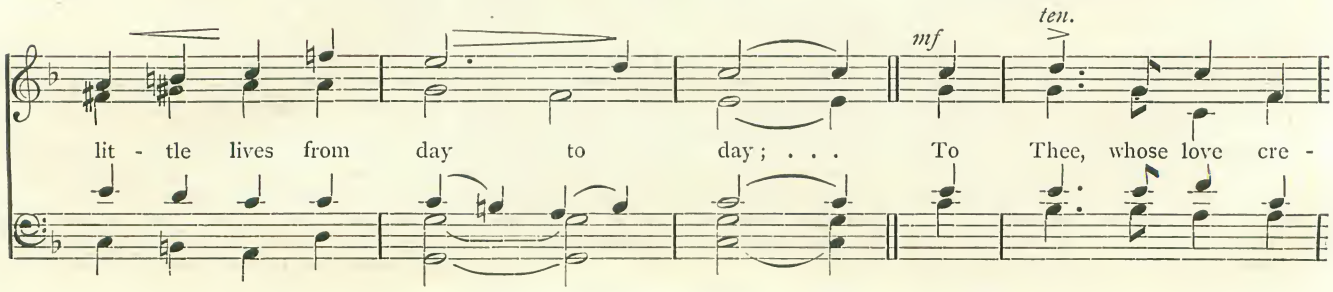
Words by HENRY HAMILTON. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.

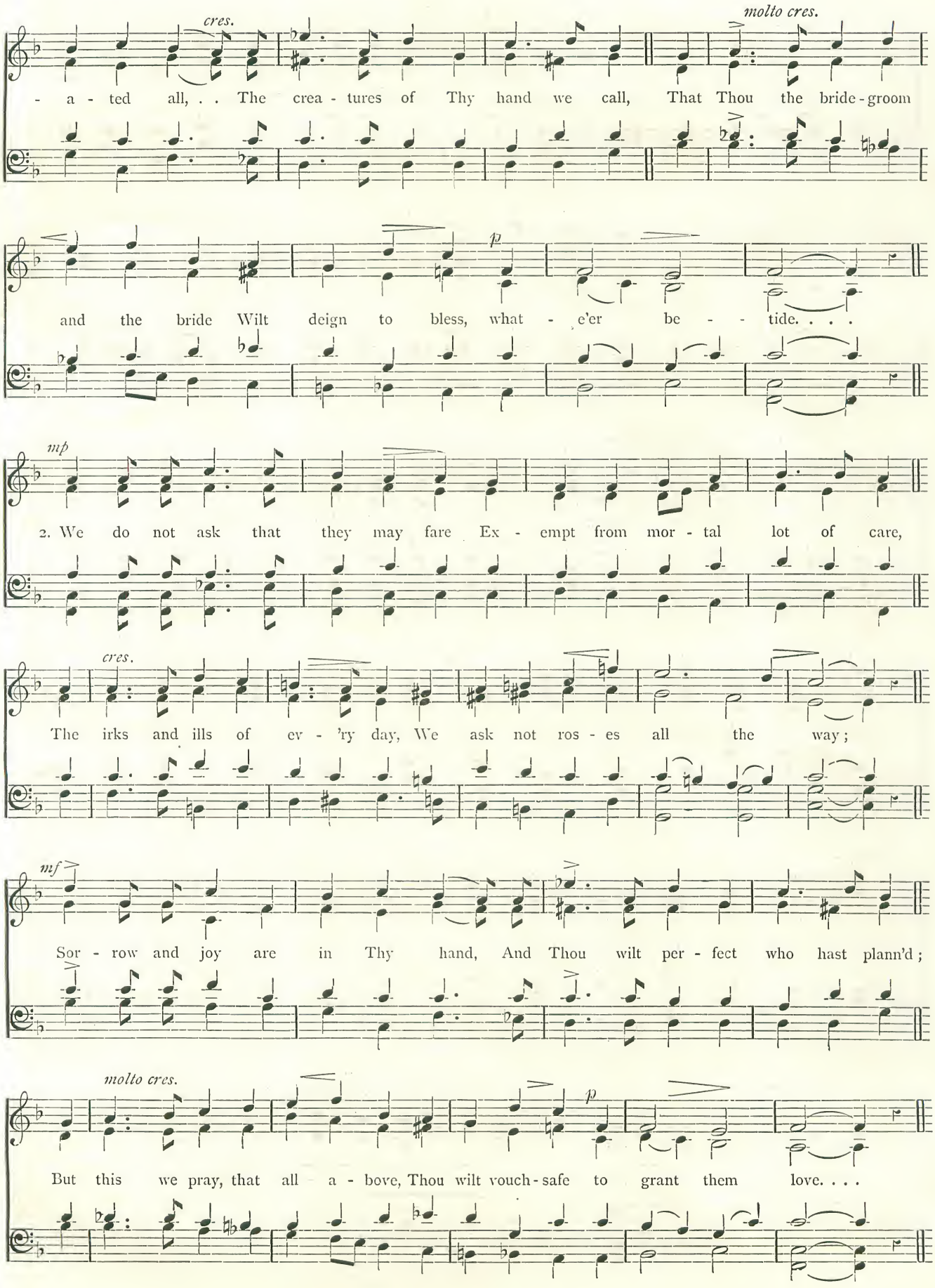
Andante religioso, molto espress.

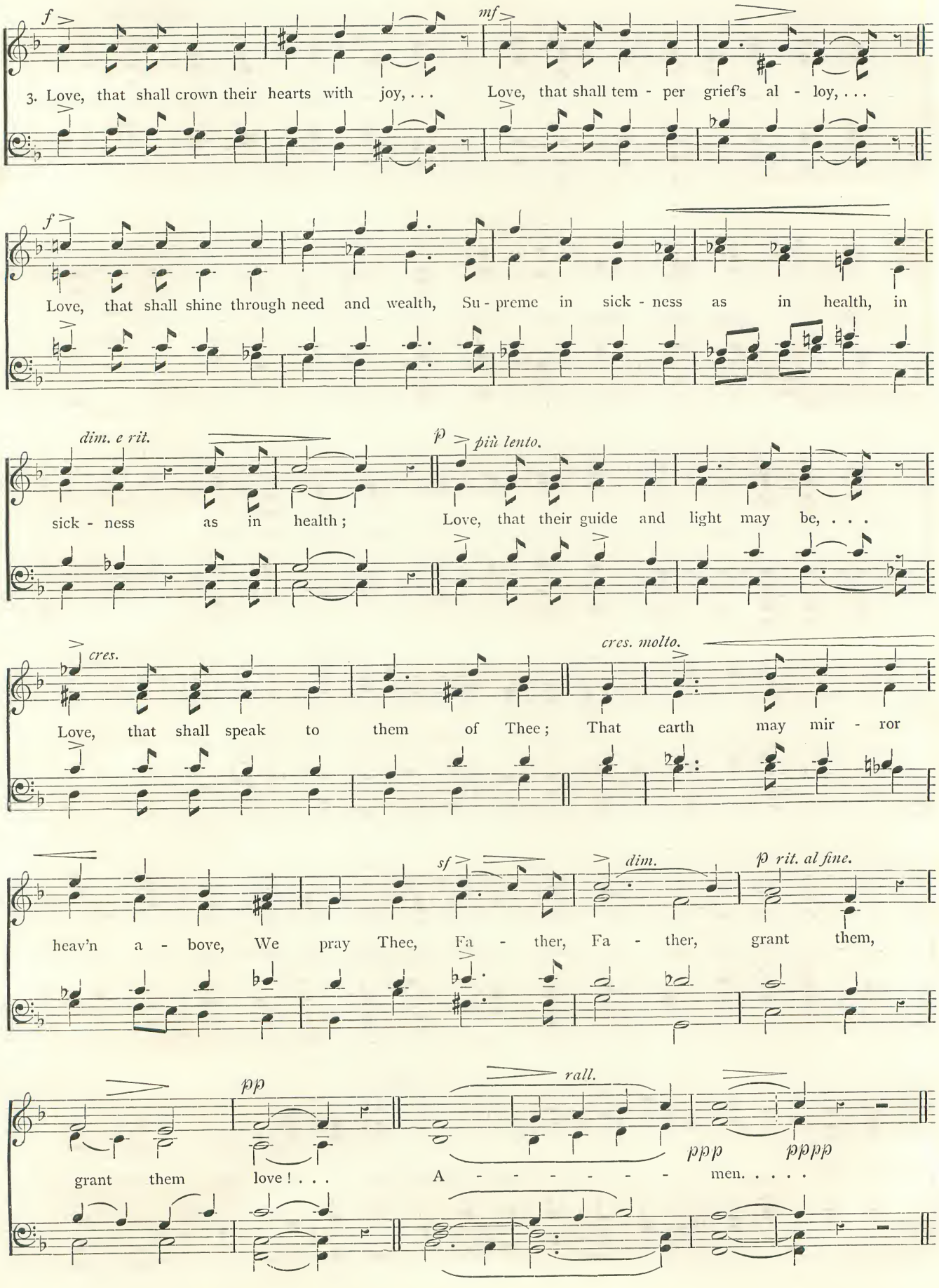
mp dolce.








cres.
molto cres.
- a - ted all, . . The crea - tures of Thy hand we call, That Thou the bride - groom
p
and the bride Wilt deign to bless, what - e'er be - - tide. . . .
mp
2. We do not ask that they may fare Ex - empt from mor - tal lot of care,
cres.
The irks and ills of ev - 'ry day, We ask not ros - es all the way;
mf
Sor - row and joy are in Thy hand, And Thou wilt per - fect who hast plann'd;
molto cres.
p
But this we pray, that all a - bove, Thou wilt vouch - safe to grant them love. . . .


f
mf
3. Love, that shall crown their hearts with joy, . . . Love, that shall tem - per grief's al - loy, . . .
f
Love, that shall shine through need and wealth, Su - preme in sick - ness as in health, in
dim. e rit.
p più lento.
sick - ness as in health; Love, that their guide and light may be, . . .
cres.
cres. molto.
Love, that shall speak to them of Thee; That earth may mir - ror
sf
dim.
p rit. al fine.
heav'n a - bove, We pray Thee, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, grant them,
pp
rall.
ppp
pppp
grant them love! . . . A - - - - - - men. . . . .

VAL'S PLAYMATE.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER II.



THE room into which Val looked as he stood at the garden-door was all paved with shining tiles, green, and red, and yellow, and there came from it a pleasant sound as of perpetually running water, a sound which was very cool and refreshing on that hot summer day. Around the walls of the room there ran a low shelf of blue slate, and on the shelf were ranged gleaming brass pans full of rich, thick cream, and dishes crowned with pats of firm, golden butter. But the prettiest thing of all in the picture was a girl in a bright-blue print dress, and a dainty white apron, with a little head adorned with a mass of brown hair, flecked with threads of red gold, with a face all one sparkle from the laughing dark eyes to the dimples in the little white chin, engaged with deft hands in stamping pats of butter with a wooden print with a cow on it. All the while she worked she sang softly to herself a little cooing, chirping song, which had no words in it, but was like a bird's song, it was so clear and joyous.

The girl was so intent upon her occupation that for two or three minutes Val stood watching her without her seeing him. Then she happened to look up, and beheld the little figure standing at the garden-gate. She glanced at her small visitor, evidently somewhat in surprise, then she left the room where she was, and entered the garden by a door which was at the side of the house.

"What do you want?" she said looking down at the boy with her sunny eyes; "you seem a dear little fellow."

Her voice was like a caress to the ear of the child, it was so sweet and kindly.

"I have lost my way," he said; "I want to get back home."

"But where is your home, little man? You must tell me that first, before I can direct you the way to it."

And she gave a laugh that was like a little chime of silver bells.

"Brother and I are staying at Higher-House Farm."

"I've heard that they have lodgers at Higher-House. I suppose you must have come over the moor, and lost yourself; it's a long way for such a little chap. Come in and rest, I'm sure you must be tired and hungry too, I daresay."

She took the boy's hand as she spoke, and led him into a room gay and sweet with flowers, and bright with all sorts of airy nicnacs. Val followed her willingly, he felt somehow that he and she were old friends, though he had only known her, in reality, a few minutes. Very soon she put before him a cup of milk, and a slice of bread well-covered with whortleberry jam. Her movements were very quick, but very noiseless; Val compared them in his own mind to the movements of a butterfly. She tripped about on a pair of very pretty little feet, which twinkled as she went, for they were adorned with gleaming buckles.

"If there are such things as fairies, I should think you must be just like one," said Val, as he gazed at her.

"Do you think so? what a pretty thought," she said with a smile, that appeared to make the bright room still brighter. Then she sat down, and watched him with her genial eyes as he ate.

"What a curious, pretty room that was you were in when I first saw you, as I stood at the garden-gate," said Val.

"That's my model dairy, which my uncle had built for me."

"Have you an uncle? I never had an uncle, but I have a brother."

"And how came your brother to let you wander over the moor all alone?"

"It wasn't his fault; I was a naughty boy, and ran away to hide myself from him, because he scolded me."

"If you have been naughty, try hard to be good again, that's the great thing to do; it's the best way of showing sorrow for our faults. Why are you looking so sad, little man?" asked the girl, breaking the silence which had fallen on Val's little tongue.

"I was thinking that you talk to me something like the way my mother used to talk to me."

"Have you lost your mother?" asked she in a low tone, divining the truth in the boy's face. "Don't cry, dear," she went on, as the poor little fellow's trembling lips answered sufficiently her question without need of any words, "a tear of yours may perhaps dim for a moment the crown she is wearing in glory, because she still loves you so much. Instead of crying try to grow up into such a good, brave man that she will be glad about it, even while she walks the streets of the golden city."

There was such radiant assurance in her looks, she spoke so much as if she had really gazed into the city of God, and seen his mother there walking with the redeemed, that the boy's eyes instinctively reflected the clear light in hers, and the little face again grew bright.

"There was something else besides hiding myself from Cyril," he said after a little while, "which made me go away from Higher-House this afternoon; it wasn't all naughtiness which made me run off."

"And what was it?" she asked, glad that the child's thoughts had, child-like, turned into a happier current.

"Why, I wanted so much to find a playmate. Will you be my playmate?" he added quickly, the brilliant idea striking him.

"Yes, that I will," she answered with one of her ringing little laughs. "We'll work and play, too, together; that's the best sort of play."

A few minutes more, and the two were busily engaged together watering the flowers in the garden, Val trotting at her side hither and thither, and holding her watering-pot with an air of immense importance.

From time to time there were sportive little passages between the pair, interrupting the work, when they pelted each other with a little cannonade of blossoms, or poured upon each other a mimic shower of drops from the watering-pot. Work and play were so happily mingled together that the two seemed never to be tired of their sweet companionship. By-and-by, however, she said in a tone of gentle authority that somehow bent the boy in an instant to her will:

"Now we must stop, and I must take you back to your brother, or he will be anxious about you. I know a short cut over the moor which will bring us to Higher-House very quickly."

"Let's have just one race more," said the little fellow pleadingly.

And the two did have just one race more. Her pretty, wavy hair was all blown about by the evening breeze as she ran. There was a soft flush in her cheeks. The shining buckles on her little feet gleamed like fire-flies at play.

"I've not asked you your name yet," she said as she stopped, out of breath.

"My name is Valentine, but my brother calls me Val. What is your name?"

"I have a long and a short name, too," she answered merrily. "My long name is Harriet, but uncle always calls me Harts; that is our West-country shortening for Harriet."

"Queen of Hearts, that's your name! My Queen of Hearts!" cried the little fellow, clapping his hands and throwing his arms around her.

Sweet Harts had made a conquest of one little lover decidedly.

Meanwhile Cyril had written till his brains were weary and his ideas were used up; then he began to be surprised and somewhat uneasy at the boy's non-appearance. Val would often, since their stay at the Exmoor farm, leave him for little excursions on his own account in the adjacent fields surrounding the house. The farmer's wife had told him that the boy would be quite safe there, and so he had permitted him the freedom of roaming about as he pleased. Moreover, that fit of the sulks in which Val had left him would account for a somewhat more lengthened absence than usual. Still, he could hardly have thought that the boy would have remained away from him for so long a time as this.

Val was naturally sociable in his disposition and was generally accustomed to turn to some friend for advice or approval in his games, and in his games, and, since his mother's death, Cyril had always been the friend to whom the little fellow had come. Therefore the elder brother could not but be anxious as the afternoon wore on and he saw nothing of the child.

"I suppose I am not naturally attractive to children, and that is why the boy stays away from me, and first sulks and then gets into mischief," said Cyril to himself as he left the garden, where he had been sitting writing, to go to look for Val. "I am no doubt a cut-and-dried old bachelor, and a child would not be likely to be very fond of me and to give me all his heart and confidence. Val must be sent to a good school as soon as possible. That is the best thing for him, poor little chap, now he has lost his mother. His holidays will be always, I fear, more or less of a problem to me. An old bachelor must naturally find it inconvenient to have a lively boy in his house; but it can't be helped, there's no remedy, for an old bachelor I shall always be to the end of the chapter. I hate the very idea of marriage, the mere thought of a modern young lady always gives me a shudder. She is either gushing like a fountain, or else she is so crammed with learning that not an idea can be got out of her over-packed head. No, I won't marry, that's flat, though I know well enough that all the maidens and matrons within ten miles of my house are engaged in a conspiracy to make me. I should have liked to have been a monk in the desert so as to have escaped from them all at once and for ever."

While the young rector was indulging in this very ungallant soliloquy, he was searching hither and thither for Val; but nothing could he see of the boy. He made inquiries of two or three workmen on the farm, but he could get no tidings of the truant. He scoured the neighbouring fields, but with no better

success. He was just turning up the steep lane which led to the moor, his anxiety increasing every minute, when in the summer twilight he saw a little figure coming towards him. It was Val and none other. Harts had escorted him to the last turning in the winding lane, then, as he was so close to home, she had gone back. So Cyril and she did not meet.

It was a great relief to Cyril when he beheld the boy safe and well at his side; but he thought that Val had committed a grave fault in staying so long away from him, and, moreover, his nerves were still tingling from the fright he had caused him. So he reprimanded him very sharply for what he had done. Then he said:

"And now tell me instantly where you have been and what you have done?"

Now Val had been running up to his brother with his little heart and mind all bubbling over with Harts, and all she had said to him, and all she had done with him, and his little mouth was just going to overflow with chatter about her; but, when he was met with his brother's harsh words, his fit of sulky stubbornness which he had that afternoon returned in a double degree, and not a single syllable would he answer to Cyril's questions. Then Cyril, wearied with his obstinacy, sent him to bed in disgrace.

(*To be continued.*)



"ET IN ARCADIA, EGO."

By MILDRED EMRA.

SWEET through an echoing afternoon
There comes a quaint old memory back to me,
That in some fair rose-laden June,
"I too have lived in Arcady."

Glad you and I have met, and kissed
In groves that fringe with green a blue, deep sea;
Nor one of all Life's joys have missed—
For we have lived in Arcady!

Where are the pipes of hollow reed
That fluted out a welcome wildly free,
From shepherds in a sheep-thronged mead,
When we two lived in Arcady?

Where is the music of the song,
That from your very heart has thrilled for me,
Waking the echoes all along
The wind-swept hills of Arcady?

The pipes are broken—lost the lay—
No maidens twine rose-garlands laughingly,
No shepherds tend their flocks to-day
In fair green fields of Arcady.

But still, wherever two have made
A little heaven this side the Silent Sea,
Wherein their happy feet have strayed,
They two have lived in Arcady!



THE STUDY OF MOSSES.



COMMON HAIR-MOSS. (*Polytrichum commune.*)

"Cushioned mosses to the stone,
Their quaint embroidery lent."
Charles Kingsley.

I OFTEN wonder that more interest is not taken in the exquisite green mosses which add so much to the beauty of every hedge-bank and shady path.

When spring returns, even the most unobservant can hardly help admiring their brilliancy of colour, their velvet softness, and the delicate feathery sprays they weave around old tree-roots and crumbling stones; but comparatively few young people know much about their life-histories, or even care to know more than that they are amongst "the green things of the earth," which form part of the covering of the ground.

It is true that if one begins to study any branch of science, the long and hard names which meet one at the outset are very discouraging. Young students should, I think, be led into botanical and other studies by a different path from that usually chosen. I would suggest finding the living specimens first, and studying them instead of beginning with any dry system of classification.

It is also true that a scientific knowledge of mosses cannot be attained without a careful examination of the plant with reference to three special points. First, habit of growth; second, character, shape and nature of the nerve in the centre of the leaf; third, position and character of the seed-vessel or capsule.

The first and third points constitute a most interesting study, apart from any attempt to find out the name of the species.

Even knowing as much as this, enables us to discriminate between the different families of mosses, each tuft we meet with excites interest, and it will not be long before we find ourselves gathering specimens, and examining their delicate sprays, with ever-increasing wonderment that we should never have noticed their exquisite beauty before. There are few things more delightful than to wander through moss-carpeted woods on a day in early spring with a party of intelligent young folks, who, with observant eyes, wisely directed by some friend well versed in natural history, are sure to light upon endless sources of interest. Flowers, lichens, seed-vessels, insects, pebbles, every sort of novelty will give rise to pleasant and instructive conversation, and the things collected and taken home will be a foundation for many after studies in order to find out the names, properties, and uses of the things collected. But to return to our mosses. It is one thing to have to learn a list of such names as *Funaria hygrometrica* and *Polytrichum commune*, but quite another and far pleasanter thing to be shown the first-named moss growing in profusion on a common wherever furze has been burnt. The moss stems are so rich in colour that the ground looks like crimson velvet, and because it almost always springs up on charred ground, this moss is known in France by the name of *La Charbonière*. Its stems are remarkably sensitive to moisture, as we may easily see for ourselves by putting a dry piece of *Funaria* in a saucer of water, when its stems will be observed coiling and twisting round and round almost as if they were alive; it has thus gained its specific name of *Hygrometrica*.*

Now we will look at our other specimen, *Polytrichum commune*, and we shall find its urn-like capsule well worthy of our careful examination. We will first lift off the peaked cap formed of long, brown, silky hairs from which the generic name is derived (*poly*—many, and *thrix*—a hair); no rain can possibly injure the delicate spores † thus provided with a waterproof cover. I can never see this moss without recalling an incident connected with it.

I gathered a little tuft of it some years ago while crossing a common on my way to visit an old cottager. As was her wont, she began grumbling and forecasting all sorts of troubles which she feared would befall her. I thought a simple moss should teach her a lesson, and showing the waterproof caps of the moss-stems in my hand, she was silenced by the thought that the same Almighty Hand which had prepared a safeguard for such a humble plant, would surely be able to protect her from future evils. If she ever began her old

* Meaning sensitive to moisture.

† The botanic name for the seeds of mosses and ferns; as they consist of cells without an embryo they are not true seeds.



IN ARCADY.

complainings, I had only to remind her of the moss's teaching to bring a smile upon her withered face, and her greater contentment in future showed that the lesson had gone home to her heart.

Beneath the hairy-pointed cover there is a second cap which protects the mouth of the seed-vessel; when that is removed, we can see, with a lens, the double fringes of fine teeth fitting closely to each other and completely filling up the aperture.

The teeth in moss capsules are always an even number, four, sixteen, thirty-two, or some multiple of four. These teeth are highly sensitive to moisture, and on a dry day they all spread out from the rim like a star to allow the air to enter and ripen the spores; but by simply breathing upon them they will close up instantly to protect the treasured grains from damp. When therefore the two outer caps have fallen off, the office of these teeth is to open and close continually, according to the dampness or dryness of the weather.

Having learnt a few facts about these two mosses we will try and make acquaintance with some other members of this fascinating family. We have much reason to be grateful for the lowly work carried on by the mosses. The unloveliness of a newly-built red-brick wall will, in the course of years, be so toned down by the growth of lichens and mosses, that our eyes can rest upon it with pleasure, and the artist will bring it into his sketch as a picturesque piece of colouring. As the mosses die away, they leave soil enough for small plants to root in. Wind-wafted seeds will spring up, the pellitory will add its masses of green leaves, wall-flowers will find congenial nooks and crevices, and, with the spikes of snapdragon, the colours of an ancient wall are often as rich and deep as those to be found in the garden-beds. After a spring shower how lovely are the rounded tufts of moss upon an old cottage thatch, enhanced by contrast with the brilliant orange and grey lichens, which also abound on decaying roofs. Nature, the beautifier, is ever at work. A tree is felled and lies by the roadside; before long a delicate tinge of green begins to show upon the scarred and prostrate giant; little ruffles and sprays of greenery soon begin to spread in all directions, and thus the pitying mosses throw a tender veil of beauty over the unsightly tree, and the trunk is brought into harmony with its surroundings.



MUNGO PARK'S MOSS. (*Twice natural size.*)

Although we often speak of this lowly family of plants as "green moss," not discriminating one kind from another, there are in reality, I believe, more than four hundred native species, and they vary almost as much in appearance as the hedgerow flowers. Some are like a green film, scarcely visible, except as a tinge of colour, whilst many of the club-mosses form trailing wreaths several feet in length. One is reminded of Ruskin's eloquent and true description of these humble plants. "Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills."

Mosses seem formed to endure extremes of heat and cold. Some have been found growing near the geysers in Iceland, in a heat equal to 186 degrees; while they can also bear to be frozen hard beneath the winter's snow. Specimens of moss dried in an herbarium for more than fifty years, have revived, and the spores germinated when moisture was applied. From the boggy valley to the mountain-top the hardy little mosses may be found in their simple beauty, true emblems of contentment under all circumstances. Twelve kinds of mosses are only found on the highest peaks in Britain, never under 4,000 feet. One hardy species lives like a hermit in dim moist caves, and was called by olden botanists, "golden light." It can only be seen by the brilliant gleams of light given out by the dewdrops hanging from the points of its leaves. The botanist has to look in strange places for some rarer kinds which grow only upon the bleached bones of animals which have perished on the mountain-side, and furnished food for the eagle or the fox. There is also a town-dweller growing on the outer galleries of St. Paul's Cathedral.

One tiny species (*Fissidens bryoides*), which may frequently be found on moist, shady banks, has its own touching associations. I never see it without a thrill of pleasure, as I think of Mungo Park wrecked on the African shore, losing all hope of rescue and lying down to die. The exquisite beauty of this moss, on which his eye happened to rest, inspired him with fresh courage as he reflected that the same All-Powerful Creator, who sustained its life from day to day, could surely save him from death. He rose up from the ground, and once more waving a signal to and fro, it was discerned by a distant vessel, which bore down to the shore and happily succeeded in rescuing him. His name has ever since been borne by this particular species, which is well-known as Mungo Park's Moss.

Peat, which furnishes the poor with valuable fuel, is composed mainly of mosses, one layer decaying and another forming on the top until a stratum of peat may be found twenty feet in depth. This Sphagnum or bog-moss varies in colour according to situation, I have found it almost white, often pale green, and in bright sunny places it puts on a rich crimson tint. Peat-bogs occupy a tenth part of the whole of Ireland, and furnish the greater part of the fuel used in the Highlands of Scotland.

A moss is found in rounded tufts on the walls of Jerusalem, and by some writers it has been identified with the hyssop of Scripture, which is mentioned as a wall plant. It is low-growing, branched, and spongy, and could have been used in the manner indicated in the Old Testament as the "bunch of hyssop" with which the blood of the Paschal lamb was to be applied to the door-posts, but its being the identical plant must be conjectured.

One of the most exquisite of the mosses is *Bryum ligulatum*. Some of its sprays are exactly like miniature palm-trees; no words can convey an idea of the beauty of the filmy leaves when magnified either in a microscope or held up to the light and seen through a Stanhope lens;* they are transparent and lovely, as though formed of purest emerald. Moss-leaves consist of a network of cells which readily imbibe the morning and evening dews and render the plant moist and verdant. even if they are gathered in a shrivelled state, when placed in water mosses will speedily revive and return to their full beauty. The harmonies of colour in mosses are worthy of observation. Pale red stems usually bear leaves of a pea-green hue.

The deep-green leaves have dark-red stems. The fruit-stalk and capsule are sometimes red and orange, whilst the leaves are brown. In winter or early spring, when the rich and varied hues of mosses attract our eyes on hedge-banks and wayside paths, if some tufts of different species are carefully collected and placed in a shallow pan, or the lid of a tin box, and kept constantly moist (with a bell glass over them to preserve a humid atmosphere) they will continue for several months in perfect beauty. The growth and maturing of their various seed-vessels can be watched, and the beautiful effect of dew upon their pellucid leaves giving the gleams of golden light, already alluded to, will be seen in all its loveliness.

Such a moss collection has brought a constant source of pleasure into many an invalid's room, beguiling weary hours of pain with thoughts of the woodland scenes where the tiny plants grew, of dewy banks curtained by their sprays of tender green, and the old tree-roots in which they ever seem to luxuriate.

Above all would the mosses speak of the wondrous love of the Great Creator thus clothing the brown earth and barren places with forms of beauty, so that the very rocks and stones and dry places of the earth may minister pleasure to man, and praise to Him Who formed all things in perfect wisdom and beauty here below as types of the more glorious things yet to be revealed.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

* Which may be obtained for sixpence.

SILENT VOICES.

On some mosses, ferns, and moss-insects, seen through a microscope of high power.

"It was not all a tale of eld,
That fairies, who their revels held
By moonlight, in the greenwood shade
Their beakers of the moss-cups made.
The wondrous light which science burns,
Reveals those lovely jewelled urns!
Fair lace-work spreads from roughest stems,
And shows each tuft a mine of gems.
Voices from the silent sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God.

"Urns of beauty—forms of glory—
Shapes with frosted silver hoary;
Cups of light, that pearls unfold,
Set in transparent gauzy gold;
Lucid sprays of emerald dye,
Could e'en an empire's jewels vie
With all these groups of gems that burn
On each separate frond of fern?
Voices from the silent sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God.

"Fringeless, or fringed, and fringed again,
No single leaflet formed in vain;
What wealth of heavenly wisdom lies
Within one moss-cup's mysteries!
And few may know what silvery net,
Down in its mimic depths is set,
To catch the rarest dews that fall
Upon the dry and barren wall.
Voices from the silent sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God.

"Tiny, flame-like living creatures,
With your varying starry features,
Travellers in this waste of glory,
With no tongue to tell its story,
Here ye abide and nectar sip,
Oft tasting every ruby tip.
Possess ye microscopic eyes,
Exploring all these mysteries?
Ye are voices from the sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God.

"If the crystal man hath moulded,
Such delight hath now unfolded,
What radiant wealth of glad surprise
Will surely wait our ravished eyes,
As they, restored to primal power,
Find "the new earth" to be their dower,
And when redeemed from mortal care,
With the bright angels we shall hear
Voice alike from star and sod,
Speaking of the Perfect God."

Ellen Ranyard.

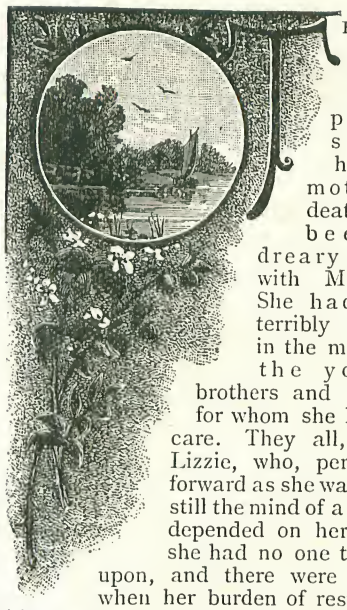
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARTIST IS INDISCREET.



THE six weeks that had passed since her mother's death had been a dreary time with Mirabel. She had felt terribly lonely in the midst of the young brothers and sisters for whom she had to care. They all, even Lizzie, who, pert and forward as she was, had still the mind of a child, depended on her; but she had no one to lean upon, and there were times when her burden of responsibility seemed more than she could bear. She had at once to take care of them all, and to earn the money for their maintenance. The double strain had become almost too much for her. Though a healthy, she was not a robust, girl. She could not long endure the wearisome toil and hot atmosphere of the ironing-room. Already she was beginning to fear that she might break down altogether, and be unable to support the children.

The outlook of the future was certainly dark. Little, crippled Willie would never be able to work for himself, and Jenny would need to be fed and clothed for many years to come. Mirabel's heart sank within her when she looked forward; but for the most part she lived in the present and took short views of life. Scarce consciously her thoughts turned for comfort to the artist, who had proved such a kind friend to her. She did not tell herself that she expected anything from him, her hopes took no definite form; but her mind dwelt on him continually as its one source of cheer, and whenever she could find leisure she read the books he had lent her.

She went home after that meeting with him in the Gardens feeling as if everything in her life had brightened. Her friend was at hand once more, and she was going to his studio on Monday. Happiness seemed within her reach. She had no fear of consequences, no sense of danger. Jem Lovell and his hints were forgotten. She was as happy as a child, because Mr. Collier wanted her, and she was to sit for him once more.

Mirabel had had too many cares upon her mind since her mother's death to be greatly concerned by the fact that there was a change in the behaviour towards her of her neighbours, the Lovells. Fanny Lovell never dropped in now for a friendly chat, and though she betrayed an interest in Mirabel, by the way in which she watched her, she was always in too great a hurry when they met to have much to say. Mrs. Lovell would inquire for the children's welfare, if she passed the open door, or encountered Mirabel in the passage, and she would not refuse to take charge of the little ones for an hour or two, if asked to do so; but there was a distance in her bearing towards the girl, of which Mirabel was dimly aware, though she failed to understand it.

She did not connect it with the annoyance she had caused Mrs. Lovell by her steady refusal to say where she had obtained the money with which she met the cost of her mother's funeral. It was no business of Mrs. Lovell's, Mirabel had reflected, forgetting that this woman would consider it her duty to know everything concerning the circumstances of the motherless children living in the same house with her. Mirabel shrank from mentioning the artist's name, and was glad to remind herself that she did not actually know that he had sent her the bank-note. But she might as well have told all about it, for Mrs. Lovell, whose inquisitiveness stimulated her to the keenest research, had already discovered that Mirabel had paid the undertaker with a five-pound note, and that this note must have come to her in a letter which she had received on the evening before her mother's death. It looked very bad, in Mrs. Lovell's opinion, that so young a girl should receive such a sum of money and be ashamed to explain why and by whom it had been sent.

When Mirabel came on Monday morning to ask Mrs. Lovell to give an eye to the little ones if she heard them crying in her absence, Mrs. Lovell knew that she was not going to the laundry. There was no ironing to be done there on a Monday. Besides, she saw at a glance that the girl had dressed herself with unusual care. The "best" hat which had given such torture to Mr. Collier's artistic sense was on her head, and she wore the less shabby of her two gowns.

"Will you be gone long, Mirabel," Mrs. Lovell asked.

"Not very long," said Mirabel, in a hesitating manner, "at least I shall be back in time to give the children their dinner."

"Then you've got a job of work," suggested Mrs. Lovell.

"Yes," said Mirabel, her colour rising, "and you know I can't afford to refuse work. I hope little Jenny won't be fretful; but she does not seem well somehow. I can't make her out."

"Oh, there's not much the matter with her. It's just the weather upsets her. But I'm not sure, Mirabel, that you would not do better to stop at home with her. I hope your work is worth going after."

"I wouldn't go if it wasn't," said Mirabel, and she was off before Mrs. Lovell could say more.

Her words and manner had left a disagreeable impression on the girl's mind; but it quickly faded as she approached the studio.

Mr. Collier welcomed her kindly. Mirabel felt sure he was pleased that she had come. But he did little work while she was there. He had many new things to show her. He had taken various sketches of the wild highland scenery amid which he had been staying, and he found pleasure in showing these to Mirabel. She admired them greatly, and asked questions which led him on to give her explanations and descriptions, with amusing accounts of some of the shooting expeditions in which he had taken part. It was delightful to tell his adventures to so naive and interested a listener. He forgot that Mirabel was but a poor girl of the people, and talked to her as he would have talked to any other girl-friend. He had soon made her lay aside the ugly hat that marred her beauty, and when his eyes rested on her bright hair, shapely head and slender neck, or met her shy, sweet glances, she was to him only the Fair Geraldine whose picture he had painted with such delight. He loved to watch the changes of her expressive face, and to look into her hazel eyes, and unconsciously his voice and look and manner expressed the pleasure he found in talking to her. Each was happy in being together, and neither guessed the secret of this happiness.

"Oh," said Mirabel; as he showed her the sketch of a Highland glen, with a mountain burn dashing down amid fern and boulders, and fringes of purple heather, "How lovely that is! To think that there are such places in the world! How I should love to see them!"

"How I wish I could take you there!" he cried impulsively, and regretted the words almost as soon as they were uttered. Mirabel sat with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, a delicious tremor thrilling her; but the artist sprang up and began to move about the studio. He had suddenly perceived whither he was drifting, and he was impatient with himself. He began presently to make a sketch of Mirabel with which he had not made satisfactory progress when he dismissed her.

But she came again to the studio ere the week was out, for though he did not begin to work steadily at a picture he found that he constantly needed to make studies of Mirabel. Not that he did much work when she was present. The painting was little more than a pretence, for most of the time was spent in talk. He had lent Mirabel some of Scott's novels, and it was wonderful how much they found to say to each other about these. Mirabel's criticisms of the heroines, while delightfully fresh and genuine, often surprised the artist by the insight they displayed. He found an increasing delight in talking to her; but to Mirabel the hours passed in the studio were the hours of a new life. The rest of her days seemed dreamy and unreal in comparison. She did her duty by the children and the home. She tried to neglect nothing; but had fits of forgetfulness and absent-mindedness, which gave rise to confusion and discomfort, for which she would afterwards severely blame herself. Her spirits were uncertain. She could not always live in dream-land, and there were times when the actual conditions of her life seemed unendurable. She often cried when she was alone, and need fear no inquiries as to the cause of her tears. Little Jenny was her chief comfort. The child clung fondly to Mirabel, and could not bear her to go out of sight. Jenny seemed to grow more engaging and winsome every day; but she was not growing stronger, and sometimes, in the midst of her dreams, Mirabel would be smitten with dread as she saw the look on the wee wasted face. Then she would try to take more care of her precious little sister, and would spend money she could ill spare on some dainty by which she hoped to tempt Jenny's capricious appetite.

Mirabel had almost forgotten Jem Lovell, when one evening she ran against him in the passage. He stood aside to let her pass, and wished her "good-evening" in a severe manner. Mirabel looked up at him in wonder; but her eyes fell before his fierce, passionate glance. With a sense of fear she hurried into her own room. Then she scorned herself for trembling. What harm could Jem Lovell do her that she should be afraid of him?

On the following Monday morning as Mirabel was approaching Mr. Collier's house, something prompted her to look round, and to her surprise she saw Jem Lovell walking a few yards behind her. She knew instinctively that he had been watching her, though when she turned he pretended not to see her, and sauntered carelessly to the other side of the road, where he stood staring into one of the gardens as if he saw some object of especial interest to him.

Mirabel hurried on feeling annoyed at the discovery, and was a few moments later admitted to the artist's studio. The door was opened to her by an elderly severe-looking housemaid, who, in the absence of the man-servant for his autumn holiday, was undertaking his duties. This woman's bearing towards her had always struck Mirabel as singularly unpleasant. This morning her glance and manner seemed to express more contempt than usual, and she made no pretence of responding to the girl's "good-morning." Mirabel passed into the studio feeling sore and humiliated, but the artist's friendly look and greeting quickly excited a happier feeling.

A fresh idea for a picture had struck him, and he spent some time in placing her in the new pose which had suggested itself to him. Then, absorbed in his conception, he began to paint, and worked for some time more steadily than he had done of late.

But whilst he painted and kept silence bitter thoughts were working in the mind of Mirabel. The sting administered by the servant's contemptuous glance still rankled there. The old discontent with her circumstances, the old rebellion against the inequalities of life were again stirring in her heart. She glanced about her at the lovely objects on every side and thought of the dreary, little room in which she spent most of her days, of Jenny's shabby frock and worn-out shoes, and of the thread-bare clothes that Willie and Harry would have to wear, however cold the weather might prove, and it seemed to her that she had a right to cherish a sense of wrong. Presently the artist, glancing at her, surprised tears in her eyes.

"Why, Mirabel!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she faltered, "I was only thinking."

"Tell me your thoughts," he said. "Yes, tell me them. I must know what is troubling you."

"They are not worth telling," said Mirabel, by no means willing to confess their nature. "It was silly of me. I have really nothing more than usual to trouble me."

"Ah, but the usual for you is always a burden of care, my poor, little Mirabel. How about your motherly responsibilities? Is little Jenny better?"

"Oh, no. She is no better," said Mirabel, unable longer to check her tears. "I begin to fear that she never will be better. I do all I can for her."

"You must have good advice for her. You must take her to see a doctor."

"I have taken her to the hospital and they gave me some medicine for her; but it does not seem to do her any good," said Mirabel.

"You must take her to a physician," said the artist. "I will give you the money to pay him."

"You are very kind," said Mirabel, colouring; "but I don't think I ought to take more money from you. You have given me too much already."

"What nonsense!" he said, with a smile, "what's the good of my having money if I don't give it to you when you want it? You and I are friends, are we not, Mirabel? and what is money between friends?"

"How can we be friends?" exclaimed the girl with sudden passion in her tones, "when there is such a difference between us? You are a rich gentleman, accustomed to everything that is beautiful and pleasant in life, and I am a poor, working girl with——. Oh, what is the use of talking about it! You cannot imagine what my life is like. How can we be friends? If I were to say that you were my friend, people would think I meant something disgraceful."

"What does it matter what people would say?" he exclaimed hotly. "They are always ready to imagine evil. There is no reason why I should not be your friend and help you in your need. Come, Mirabel, dry those tears. They are spoiling your pretty eyes. Look up, and let us think what it will be best to do for Jenny. Come, I mean to be your friend, whether you will or no."

He had drawn near to her where she sat and now seated himself beside her on the ottoman. He bent over her, a dangerous tenderness in his voice and look. The spell of her tears was upon him. He was in no mood to weigh the prudence of his action as he leaned nearer, and with his own handkerchief began to wipe away her tears.

"Well, I never!"

Each started at the sound of the strange voice. To his utter confusion Bruce Collier perceived a lady standing at the corner of the screen which hid the door. She was a lady advanced in age, but carefully and even coquettishly dressed, with a quantity of soft, fluffy white hair resting on her forehead, and a complexion suspiciously pink and white showing beneath her white veil. Her right hand, daintily gloved, held the long handle of the *pince-nez* through which she was deliberately surveying the pair before her.

"Mrs. Armitage!" exclaimed Bruce, springing to his feet, "this is a surprise."

"So it seems, and scarcely a pleasant one, I am afraid; but I did not think to find you so occupied when I told Cox that I would come unannounced."

As she spoke the lady seemed to find mischievous enjoyment in the situation. The artist was painfully embarrassed, but he made an effort to recover himself.

"This is Mirabel Dean," he said, "who is good enough to sit for a picture I am about to paint. She is in trouble, poor girl, and she has just been telling me about it. Her little sister is very ill."

"Oh, really!"

There was a sceptical ring in Mrs. Armitage's tone, and she did not profess any sympathy.

"You need not wait longer, Mirabel," said the artist, "I shall not paint more this morning."

"Oh, don't let me hinder you," said the lady, "and when you have such a charming model! Fie! Fie! Bruce Collier! I thought you a serious kind of man; but it seems you can amuse yourself like the others."

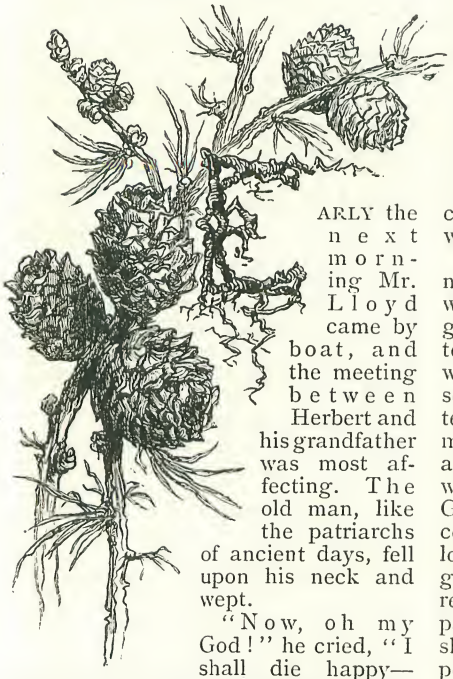
Mirabel caught the words as she hurried away. They filled her with a sense of intolerable shame and indignation.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.



EARLY the next morning Mr. Lloyd came by boat, and the meeting between Herbert and his grandfather was most affecting. The old man, like the patriarchs of ancient days, fell upon his neck and wept.

"Now, oh my God!" he cried, "I shall die happy—praised be thy Holy Name for all thy benefits."

They walked together to the cottage, where most of the inmates were now risen, and breakfast was preparing. The greeting on all sides was affectionate, but mournful; for all felt that there was one cloud to dim the brightness of the sun that had lighted the wanderer homeward. He was introduced to Clare as Lady Llewellen's daughter, and received a brief outline of her history. He inquired for Margarita, a native of Italy known to him, who was the female saved with him from the wreck. They told him she was well, but fatigued, therefore had not left her bed, but had expressed great anxiety concerning his fate. His grandfather hung upon every word he uttered, with an eagerness and love which were very touching, and as the white-haired and venerable old man leant upon his shoulder and watched his features, they would have made a study for Vandyke.

Clare went in search of Gwenllean, and found her in the grotto. She threw her arms about her, and mingled the tears of sisterly affection with hers.

"You shall not marry him, Gwenllean—whilst I live you shall not!" she said energetically, almost believing it possible to effect what she hoped. "Herbert is returned—you love him. I know you do—the God in whom you trust will never let you sacrifice your heart's best affections—believe it, Gwenllean, it cannot, it must not, it shall not be!"

Gwenllean shook her head in hopeless misery, and throwing herself into her sister's arms, wept aloud. Still Clare's words and manner soothed her, and she hoped against hope. Mr. Lloyd had been inquiring for her, and Clare entreated her to be composed, and to accompany her to the breakfast table.

"The effort must be made," she said, "and you had better make it at once. Go to your room for five minutes, and compose yourself, then join us, dearest Gwenllean. All will be well, I feel, I am sure it will. Only take courage. You cannot marry him. I will appeal to his generosity."

Again Gwenllean shook her head mournfully, for she knew such an appeal would be vain. The sisters left the grotto together, and, after a short interval, appeared at the breakfast table, where Mr. Lloyd and Herbert were seated. The former kissed Gwenllean tenderly, and in an absent but pleased manner, told her that "they should be all gay and happy again, now Herbert was come; even his melancholy little Gwenllean;" then, appearing to recollect himself, he added, "but——" looked grave, and paused. Herbert glanced at her, in spite of his better resolution, and saw the shade that passed over her countenance. He was shocked, when, on a nearer view, he perceived the changes that had been wrought in her. She averted her glance from his, and did not speak a word; but she listened greedily to all he said. The recital of his adventures, the miseries of his long captivity, and all he had seen and suffered, drew the involuntary tear from her eyes, and once he met those eyes, when they were fixed in liquid earnestness upon him, and believed her unchanged. Everything he saw astonished or pained him. The mourning dresses, not yet laid by, told him of one who had passed away, and he missed the merry voice of the joyful child who used to climb upon his knee, and call him "brother." Still more did he miss the vigour of mind and body that formerly characterised his grandfather, and the cheerful but serene smile of Gwenllean.

During these stirring events Clare had slipped away to visit the rescued, especially Margarita. She had been a humble benefactor of Herbert when he was left in the Apennines for dead by the banditti, and had aided his rescue and sailed with him for England. She had arisen from her bed bewildered, and scarcely conscious of where she was, but Clare's long residence in Italy, her foreign accent, and perfect knowledge of the language, soon set Margarita at ease, and she burst out in every expression of gratitude that her beautiful tongue afforded her. She thanked Clare for her kindness to the poor stranger, asked for Herbert, and then inquired if she were Gwenllean. Clare told her that she was not Gwenllean, but her sister. Margarita asked the particulars of her escape, which appeared to her like a dream, and when she learnt that she owed her life, under God, to Gwenllean, the dear friend of Herbert, she entreated to be conducted to her preserver. Clare assisted her to dress in her own graceful Neapolitan costume, which she had not laid aside, and begged her to take some refreshment; but she would not break her fast, she said, until she had expressed her gratitude, and seen her of whom she had heard so much.

She went towards the window, and inquired the meaning of what was passing without; but her chief object was Herbert. Tears filled her dark eyes when Clare explained to her that the crowd had assembled to welcome him back from his captivity, and were expressing their love towards him. She knew everybody by name, even picked out David, the harper, and the miller from amongst the throng, and clasped her hands in ecstasy when she saw Mr. Lloyd standing near Herbert, exclaiming—

"His grandfather lives! his grandfather lives! then all is well."

As the crowd descended to the sands, and the family party returned to the house, she started suddenly, pointed her finger, and was about to ask one more question; but scarcely had the first word escaped her, when they disappeared beneath the verandah, and she again requested to be taken to Gwenllean.

In the drawing-room Mr. Grant was by Gwenllean's side, watching her pale face with a jealous attention, commenting on her absence of manner, and addressing her alone. She was, indeed, absent from him. She was pulling to pieces a rose she had heedlessly received from him, and eagerly listening to the congratulations and animated conversation that was passing between Herbert and his friends.

"You are not well, Gwenllean," said Mr. Grant softly, whilst a frown passed over his face; "I fear the fatigues of last night were too much for you."

"Oh, no!" replied Gwenllean absently, "I am very well."

"Perhaps you are startled by the grave having given up its dead," he said with a sneer; "you had better nurse yourself to-morrow, that you may recover the shock sustained, against our *bridal*."

The door opened, and Clare entered, leading in the trembling Margarita, who, as soon as she saw Gwenllean, without appearing conscious of the presence of others, went straight towards her, and bending her head low over the hand extended to her, poured forth a strain of eloquent thanks, which, uttered in a subdued voice, and the soft Italian language, sounded like music. She said that she had learned to love and revere her before she left her own country; but that when she first trod the shores of England, she had incurred a debt of gratitude that would never be forgotten until death.

"*No; fino alla morte*," she added, twice, energetically, as she raised her full, dark lustrous eyes towards Gwenllean.

Gwenllean had arisen, in confusion, and Mr. Grant was again by her side. Those eyes! what was there in those eyes? Why did Mr. Grant shrink back—then stand and gaze as if fascinated by the rattlesnake! They were turned full upon him.

"*Iddiò!* Mordante!" shrieked Margarita, as she clasped her hands, and rushed towards Herbert for protection.

"The deuce! Margarita!" involuntarily exclaimed Mr. Grant, forgetting his self-command, and becoming suddenly as pale as the poor Neapolitan, who sunk fainting into the arms of Herbert.

"Is it possible?" said Herbert, whilst he supported her.

All present stood aghast, for none but Herbert knew Margarita's history. They looked at Mr. Grant, who appeared the very personification of the spirit of evil that he had invoked. Every bad passion struggled in his face, whilst he combated with himself to gain composure—and the hypocrite at last prevailed.

He advanced towards Margarita, and began with—

"Poor girl! I knew her in Italy."

But his voice recalled her to herself; and she arose and waved him from her with an air of dignity that had better become a queen than a peasant.

The fire of revenge flashed in her eye, and, perhaps, had she been in Italy, and a stiletto in her hand, the softening change effected by Herbert had not spared her destroyer.

Mr. Grant looked at her with a glance half threatening, half supplicatory—but it did not avail. She gave him back a look so proudly determined, that he quailed before his former victim. There, before his friends—before Gwenllean—she told the story of her wrongs. Herbert would have stopped her, and spared the feelings and public shame even of a Mr. Grant; but her words came like a torrent. If Mr. Grant interrupted her, she silenced him with that irresistible Italian eye, which he had praised in the time of its yet greater brilliancy. She told a startling tale of love, desertion, and finally loss of character.

"But you told me a falsehood," she said, drawing from her bosom the certificate of her marriage. "I am your wife—lawfully your wife. This paper will prove it, and an address to il Pastor Vermorate will obtain a ratification of it, from the authorities of his parish. Now, disprove it if you can, and if you dare."

Margarita was revenged. A stiletto or poignard would not have pierced more cruelly through the heart of her deceiver than did her words. He stood for a moment like a guilty man before his accusers, crest-fallen and humbled. He had no loop-hole of escape. The certificate was before him, and his own involuntary recognition of Margarita confirmed the whole. He knew, besides, that he was married to her, for in dismissing his servant shortly after the event, he told him that a real priest had united them. Still he recovered himself, and with haughty assurance said that he supposed few who knew him would receive so absurd a tale as a true one, or take the fabrication of an ignorant peasant girl for fact.

Herbert fixed his calm, penetrating look full upon him, and he shrunk beneath it.

"Mr. Grant," he said, "I believe, and hope, my character for truth stands as high as yours. I, myself, saw the priest give the certificate to Margarita, and heard him declare the validity of her marriage with George Mordaunt, the name you so honourably assumed."

Mr. Grant bit his lip, yet smiled haughtily. He would have said that he and Mordaunt were not one and the same, but he saw that no one present would believe him, he therefore contented himself with adding—

"I perceive that the evidence of a foreign peasant and a would-be gentleman will outweigh mine, and that this concocted scene will be received as genuine. I hate private theatricals, and I find myself now the principal actor in them. I must beg to retire from the stage. I hope you have all been amused by this scenic tragedy."

He tried to utter this attempt at sarcasm calmly, but his lip quivered and his brow contracted. He cast a look of frightful meaning upon Margarita, who clasped her hands before her eyes and almost shrieked. She had loved him devotedly, and there was agony in thus meeting, even though the revenge she had sworn was now more than satisfied; for she had wounded him as he had wounded her, both in his heart and reputation. If there was meaning in his glance at Margarita, there was pride and misery blended in the one he cast upon Gwenllean. He drew from his pocket the fatal tablets upon which she had, upon a former occasion, written her name, and advancing towards her whispered in a low, agitated voice, as he touched the tablets—

"Remember! our agreement is broken."

Gwenllean shuddered, but she stood his gaze. Her destiny, as regarded him, was decided for her. She pointed to Margarita and withdrew behind her sister, who stood before Mr. Grant, her countenance glowing with indignation that he dared not meet. Strong passions were struggling in his breast and working in his face. Rage, revenge, hatred, determination, shame, ill-repressed anguish and overwhelming love—for he did love Gwenllean deeply and devotedly; but there was neither repentance nor sorrow. He would have died with that sardonic smile and glance of scorn on his face, rather than have admitted that he had erred. Proudly and haughtily, but without directly looking at any one, he bowed as he left the apartment, but cold, bad feelings were at his heart. He rushed homeward; and, as he paused on the high rock to look upon the flood boiling below him, he almost wished himself beneath its waters. He laughed a bitter laugh, until the image of Gwenllean presented itself; and once more he swore revenge. His greatest enemy might have pitied him had he seen the anguish and rage that struggled within his bosom.

He left, however, but two hearts to pity him at the cottage—Gwenllean's and Margarita's. The former pitied him for his sin and his deception—the latter, because she had loved him, and was, by the laws of her country, his wife. The rest were burning with indignation. Mr. Lloyd scarcely understood what had passed; but he uplifted his hands and eyes with astonishment, as the truth dawned upon him. Lord Hastings was shocked and distressed at having been so far deceived in one whom he, at least, thought honourable. Lady Llewellen looked horror-struck, and trembled. Clare was not astonished, for she had read Mr. Grant truly. She was deeply thankful. Herbert could only look at Gwenllean, and wonder whether she had ever loved his rival. She was agitated and very pale; but there was no appearance of any great anguish or disappointment in her face or manner.

Gwenllean escaped upstairs, and the first impulse of her soul was to thank her God for so wonderfully making light to shine out of darkness. Then she stood by her window, looking out upon the unruffled sea, and listening to the merry sounds without. Her heart bounded within her. She was overpowered by joyful emotion. The transition from doubt and misery to internal peace, was almost too sudden and too exquisite to bear. She shed tears—tears of joy. A heavy weight had been taken from her heart, and Hope—blue-eyed, light-winged, buoyant, fascinating Hope—once more—

"Enchanting smiled, and waved her golden hair."

"I knew it—I told you so!" exclaimed Clare, bursting into the room, and seizing her sister in her arms. "Hurrah! hurrah! happiness again for my sweet sister," and she danced about the room as if she were distracted. Then she kissed Gwenllean over and over again—said she knew that she never loved Mr. Grant—that they should do much better without him—and that, in short, they would now be the happiest creatures in the world.

The cottage was but a small habitation, so Gwenllean and Clare slept together. They certainly never talked scandal, for their range of fashionable acquaintance was small—but for love affairs, if we may take that one night's conversation as a sample for the rest, they did exhaust themselves and their candle in Cupid's cause.

Clare knelt at Gwenllean's confessional, breviary in hand. Told over all her sins, and received most sisterly absolution, in the shape of almost as many kisses as she had given Gwenllean on a former occasion. But shocking to say, they even made their mother a party to their love-tales, and she, in her turn, absolved her daughter Clare by kisses and blessings.

And what were Clare's sins and iniquities? They must have been heavy, if her blushes and most beautiful confusion tell true. She was so astonished,

she said—so confounded—so taken by surprise, that she scarcely knew what to say or do. Lord Hastings had actually declared himself in love with her, and had proposed to her! He, the last man in the world that she considered an admirer. He had told her that he had long loved her, but that he had misunderstood her character until he had seen her under her mother's roof. Had thought her too proud and almost too heartless to return a genuine and disinterested passion. He had said that he now discovered the fault to be his own, and that it was his natural mistrust and reserve that had made him fancy what were really excellences defects—and what was the mere result of position and character, the perfection of art.

He had confessed himself in error from beginning to end, but rejoiced in that error, since it had enabled him to judge more entirely of the virtues of one who he had admired in the height of her splendour and prosperity, and loved in the period of her comparative adversity. He had thrown himself upon her compassion for forgiveness for his apparently contradictory conduct, as well as for much that she must have thought restrained and singular in his manner, and had entreated her not hastily to reject a heart that was wholly her own.

"And what did you say, dear Clare?" said Gwenllean, in breathless anxiety. "I hope you—you—oh! he is so kind, so good. What did you say to him?"

"Why," said Clare, blushing, and looking on the ground, "what could I say, dearest; but that I felt his generosity—his attachment—his proposal—to be much beyond my deserts—and that I merited all that he had ever thought of me, and was not worthy of his improved opinion—and——"

"But did you accept him, Clare? tell me that. Did you tell him that you loved him as he deserves to be loved?"

"I—I—did not exactly do that, Gwenllean; but I did not refuse him. I scarcely know what I said, I was so bewildered, and felt so differently from what I used to feel on the like occasions, that I believe he must have thought me very silly. But I hope he quite understood my feelings, and knows that I have always liked him better than any one else."

"Say loved, dear—liked is a cold word for such a man as he," said Gwenllean, enthusiastically. "Loving and liking are as different as light from dark."

"Loved, then, my sweet sister, if you will," said Clare. "I think he guesses that I love him," and she hid her burning face in her sister's shoulder as she spoke the words.

"He is a generous, noble-minded man," said Gwenllean. "I always saw that he was attached to you, when you seemed unconscious of it. And are you happy, dearest Clare?"

"Happy!" exclaimed Clare, emphatically, "how could I be otherwise? I believe the whole world does not contain so happy a creature. I am happy with dear mamma and you—but, now! oh, Gwenllean, you cannot understand my happiness."

Gwenllean thought that she had once understood it but too well, and proposed making their beloved mother a participator therein.

* * * *

It was the freshest and brightest of May mornings. The sun's broad face was all laughter and joy; the sky was not shadowed by a single cloud; the sea heaved and swelled into an undulating dance, wave seeming to waltz with wave, for mirth; the air whispered love-tales to one another, and moved the very leaves of the trees to sympathetic tenderness; the birds sang amorous songs amongst the bushes, and made earth glad with their rich melody; the sheep bleated to one another pleasantly, as they wandered over the mountain-side; and the cattle lowed in the green meadows, as if rejoicing in the flowers beneath their feet, and the blue heavens above them. All nature was pleased, and joined in the happiness and harmony of the wedding party. The inhabitants of the united parishes of Craigyvellyn and Glanheathyn were all astir from five o'clock that morning. Every flower and evergreen had been pilfered for miles, and formed into arches, and garlands hung at every available spot, from the door of the cottage to the little church upon the cliff. A large fire was in preparation, before which an ox was shortly to hang, and men, women, and children were bustling to and fro, dressed in their Sunday garbs, and making the rocks and hills echo with their merry voices. High praises are spoken of the Earl of Hastings, whose liberality has made the hearts of the poor leap for joy; and warm blessings are poured upon the heads of the brides and bridegrooms.

We will pass over all the heart-beatings, and attirings, and manifold preparations at the cottage; all the mingled feelings of Lady Llewellen and Gwenllean at the prospect of leaving the scene of so many joys and sorrows; all the fond prayers of the mother, and tears and blushes of the daughters.

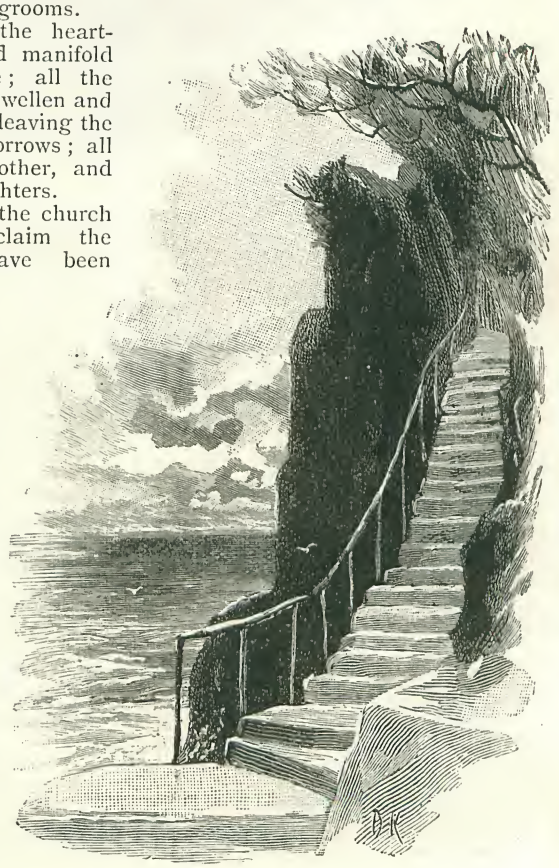
We will come at once to the church upon the rock, and proclaim the marriage-ceremony to have been solemnly performed by Mr. Lloyd, and reverently responded to by those whose hands he has joined for weal or woe.

The three bells of the little church strike out as vehemently as their ringers can make them; instantly they are responded to by another peal across the sea at Glanheathyn; and as instantly a long, loud cheer rends the air, begun upon the cliffs, caught up by hundreds of voices upon the beach, and echoed from the well-filled boats and skiffs, that are bearing reinforcements of guests across the ferry, as fast as oars and sails can move them.

Forth comes the bridal party from the church porch. In pairs they descend the rough step, wind through the narrow churchyard, and walk down the steep circuitous path through the rocks, to the sands below, where the carriages are waiting to receive them. Bright and gay they look, as they make their way through the rock-plants and brushwood, down to the wall of luxuriant periwinkles that cover the rocks on either side at their base, and seem to wear a smile of welcome in their dark blue eyes. First comes the queenly Clare, leaning upon her noble husband's arm. Proudly he looks upon her tall and graceful form as she steps into the coroneted carriage that awaits them; and a happy man he feels as he seats himself by her side, in the consciousness that she is now his for ever. The four prancing horses drive off, and the shouts of the people redouble. Now follows the delicate and trembling Gwenllean, a veritable "White Rose of the Mountain," conscious of nothing but that Herbert is by her side, and that death alone can separate him from her. Beneath the long white veils of both the sisters the blush of excitement and fever glows; and the rapid beating of the hearts may almost be seen under the zephyr-like bridal garb. Tenderly Herbert presses Gwenllean's hand, as he assists her into the handsome travelling carriage prepared for them, and as they drive away, the cheers that would try to follow them are stifled by the sobs and tears of the kind-hearted peasants who have known and loved them from childhood.

All drive along the sands to the cottage, and if their course through life be as smooth as their first short stage, they will have no reason to complain.

[THE END.]



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

CLARA CLARE.—We are sorry that we cannot publish your verses. The last line of the first verse is halting; in order to make it read correctly the accent would have to be thrown on "To." "Hear" and "there" (verse 3) do not rhyme. Then, although the sentiment is good, it has been so often expressed by hymn-writers in similar language that it would be better for you to choose something less familiar.

BETTY.—You should study an English grammar. Gill's Oxford and Cambridge grammar and Morris's Primer are each inexpensive (9d.). When you have gone through one of these carefully, you cannot do better than study Dr. Abbott's small book *How to Speak and Write Correctly*. Any bookseller will obtain these for you. Read good prose, and notice how the sentences are formed. We consider your letter well written and expressed. You should spell grammar with two a's, but that is the only correction we can offer you.

DAPHNE.—1. We think your verses are perhaps a little above the average of those sent us for criticism. You have facility of expression, a fairly good ear, and some pretty fancies. The poem "Where?" is the best. "Snowdrop" contains a graceful idea, but the metre halts a little.—2. The only way to get fugitive pieces published is to send them to the editor of any magazine for which you deem them suitable, keeping a copy yourself. We fear, however, that you could not hope for success in this direction, at any rate as yet; nor could you look forward to earning money with sufficient confidence to authorise you to devote much time to the writing of verse. There could, however, be no harm in your employing a little leisure time each day with your pen, for wonderful improvement occasionally follows practice. Read all the good poetry you can.

A BEGINNER.—Writers to magazines offer their contributions by posting them to the editor with just such a courteous little note as you have sketched out. They should enclose stamps for the return of the MSS. in case they are not accepted, and should also keep a copy. Many thanks for your expression of appreciation.

FLORENCE M. MORLEY.—1. It is no wonder, as you say, that after doing housework your hand "gets tired" for writing, but take heart! your writing is readable, and a hand that does its duty is better than a lazy hand which can scrawl in the most approved modern style. You should practice copying some handwriting you admire if you wish to improve.—2. "The Whisperings of Hope" is better than the pieces you sent before. We see no reason why you should not continue to write verse for the pleasure of your friends, and it is a capital exercise for you in composition.

WHITE VIOLET.—1. Your lines are of no metre or rhythm, though they contain a pleasant picture of what you see in spring-time. Every poem must have some kind of metre or measure in which it is written. Some of your lines rhyme, then for a space there are no rhymes at all. If you are only fifteen you need not be discouraged, as it is no wonder you cannot write poetry.—2. Your writing is childish, but there is the foundation of a good hand in it if you take pains.

EVELYN.—We sympathise in your wish to earn a little money by your pen; but we cannot tell you of any paper that would be likely to take your stories, especially as we have not seen them. Your best plan is to look through the various minor weekly magazines and judge for which your stories appear suitable. Then post the MSS. to the editor with stamps for return in case they are not accepted. You should also keep a copy. Many magazines accept stories by unknown writers *if* the stories are good. In fact, all writers must be unknown at one stage in their career.

MARIE VAN HAUTE.—We should think Queen's College or Bedford College would be suitable for your daughter. See our answer to "Matric"; see also Mrs. Watson's article in our March number. Perhaps one of the "Senior County Scholarships" would help you. The Secretary of the Technical Education Board, St. Martin's Place, W.C., will answer any questions. Many thanks for your information, which we insert below—

AMATEUR SOCIETIES, etc.—1. Miss R., 13, Heath Street, Hampstead, who promised in this column to send, on application, a list of colleges, is not to be found at that address. 2. Miss E. A. Swan wishes us to ask for new members for her "Instructive Correspondence Club." Rules will be sent on application to her at 24, Star Hill, Rochester. 3. Miss Adkins requests us to mention her "Portfolio Sketch Society." Address, for rules, Newton Lodge, Faversham, Kent. Our first announcement will show the difficulties that beset the insertion of amateur notices, and we beg our correspondents to be conscientious in sending us word of any change of address.

MATRIC.—We are glad you were interested in Mrs. Watson's article. It will be followed by one that may meet your special needs. The London County Scholarships are only available for those who are ordinarily resident within the "administrative county" of London; but if you will write to George St. John, Esq., Education Office, Warwick, he may be able to help you by information as to the opportunities within your own district. There are also open scholarships in connection with Bedford College, York Place, Baker Street, London, W.; Westfield College, Finchley Road, N.W.; Queen's College, Harley Street, W. You might write to one of these for particulars, and we hope your girls will obtain the success they evidently deserve.

HOPE.—We are delighted to be able to say that your story and verses are both extremely pretty, and creditable for your age. Study, we need not remind you, is necessary to make an author, and if you work hard now, paying special attention to literature and composition, you may succeed when you are older.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMILLA BROOKER.—1. Do not attempt to emigrate, excepting under the direction and care of an institution, such as "The United British Woman's Emigration Association," Hon. Secretary, Miss Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, W.; or, the "Colonial Emigration Society," Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Caroline Blanchard, "U. B. E. A." office, Imperial Institute, S.W., enclosing a stamp for reply, to the care of Miss Lefroy. The first of these societies deals only with persons of good character, and fair brains, and capacity for work; they secure for them proper protection on the voyage, and reception on arrival. They will endeavour to "keep track" of them for two years, and they will make loans (without interest) to those who are specially well recommended; who will have situations found for them through their Colonial correspondents. Much must depend on the part of Australia which may be selected, in reference to the small outfit that would be suitable for the climate, as well as the change of clothing needed for the voyage. Certain household things will have to be provided for use on board ship. Of all these things you will be informed by one of the secretaries, as well as in reference to free or assisted, or reduced passages to certain localities.—2. Professor Cram's writing is very good as a foundation for an excellent "running hand" later on. He is advised to reduce the size.

SEMAPHORE.—Belvoir is pronounced Beever. The ancient or classical names of the four winds are: *Boreas*, the north wind; *Auster* (or *Notus*), the south; the east, *Eurus*, and the west, *Zephyr*. There are also names for the several combinations of winds. The north-east was called *Argestès;* the north-west, *Cæcias;* the south-east, *Sirocco* (or Syrian wind), and the south-west, *Afer*, or *Africus* and *Libyous*. That called *Thrascias*, is a north, but not due north, wind.

DAISY.—St. Crispin's day is October 23rd. He and his brother St. Crispinian suffered martyrdom A.D. 207. History tells us they travelled as missionaries into France, supporting themselves by shoemaking, and selling at a very low price, until their labours were cut short in the persecution that raged under the Emperor Maximilian. In many places in England their day was long observed with great festivities, especially at Tenby. In the old Clog Almanachs their emblem was a pair of shoes, and in mediæval art, these two brothers are represented at work at their trade in a shoemaker's shop.

VIOLET.—The third finger of the left hand has been, from a most remote period, selected without exception as the right one to wear the pledge of a union till death should dissolve it, from an ancient belief that a nerve passed direct from this finger to the heart; and the Greek and Roman physicians employed it under this belief in stirring medicines, with the idea that it would give timely notice to the heart, evidenced by a palpitation were it brought into contact with anything harmful: and it was designated "the healing finger." This superstition prevails in many country places in England, notably in Somersetshire. The wedding-ring itself is supposed to cure a sty in the eye, by rubbing, which, in point of fact, breaks and relieves the small gathering without poisoning it, as the gold is of the purest, and no wound is thereby given.

AN AGED ONE.—There are homes for the aged poor (over sixty years of age), Hon. Secretaries, the Misses Harrison, 5, Grandacre Terrace, Anerley, S.E. There is also the "Aged Pilgrims Friend Society," which has asylums at Camberwell, Hornsey Rise, Stamford Hill, and at Brighton. It makes annual grants of pensions to the aged of all Protestant denominations, secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazelton, office, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

CASSIE.—In such a case of intrusive attention, your friend should request the protection and interference of her parents, her father, if living. Next to him her brother should put an end to the persecution; but this would be painful, and would lead to a breach between the friends; and in that case it would be better to confide in your rector or minister, as you and this man are members of the same congregation, and request him to make a serious representation to him. It will be a disadvantage to your friend to be seen followed perpetually by this man, and the nuisance should have been stopped with a firm hand long ago. Two years of it was far too long. Should he continue deaf to all remonstrance, it would become a case for magisterial action.

MARION.—Yes, women may be chevalières, knights or "equestrians" of the order of the "Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem." Besides this a fresh precedent was made by Queen Elizabeth in favour of their elevation to this distinction; for at the time of the projected invasion of England by means of the Armada, and she rode herself with her troops at Tilbury, she knighted Dame Cholmondely, of Cheshire, for the volunteers she brought to repel the enemy.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 912.] JUNE 19, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FISHER GIRLS AND FISH-WIVES.

BY FANNY L. GREEN.

ON the edge of the grey North Sea there lies a fishing town not yet merged in the watering-place and port of call that have grown round it.

Bare-legged fisher-lads patter along the white flags of its steep streets and "gates." Fisher-girls, bare-headed or with a shawl pinned over their hair, spread out the nets to dry and cry their fish from door to door.

Fish in this fishers' town is pre-eminently the herring, a fish which can be caught all the year round on our coasts. There is a winter fishery in the Firth of Forth; in May the herring is caught off the Hebrides; from July to October it forms the sea-harvest of our Eastern coast.

For the herring fishery drift-nets are used which it is the fisher-girls' duty to dry and keep mended. Formerly the nets were wholly the work of their hands, but machine-made nets have now driven home-made nets from the market. A net is made of fine twine worked into squares of about an inch in diameter, which will let the young herring glide through them, while retaining full-sized fish. The drift, which resembles a great perforated wall, is composed of several of these separate nets fastened together by a back-rope.

At night, while the sun is still surrounded by the fires of its setting, the herring fleet sails out, followed by the anxious gaze of fisher-girls and women assembled on cliff and quay. At Whiteport the boats, with their great ruddy brown sails, come majestically in the morning from the "herringing" into the harbour. But at the fishing villages to the north and south of it they must be "beached." From Holy Island to the Point of

All rights reserved.]



Flamborough the North Country boats, called cobles, are built for this purpose. The bow, fashioned with a considerable rise, is sharp and hollow below, and the keel extends for little more than half the length of the boat, the after part of the bottom of the vessel being flat with a runner of false keel on each side of the central plank. These runners being carried so far forward as to overlap the end of the true keel from the bow, a coble can readily be backed up on the beach, her flat keel-plank and false keels keeping her steady and upright while her hollow bow throws off the waves. A lane of oars and spars is hastily thrown down to protect the double keel from the rocks, then the fisher-girls and women and old men past fishing seize the line to draw up the coble stern foremost.

Streams of buxom fisher-lasses, picturesque in their flapping lilac sun-bonnets, then carry off the nets and spread them out to dry on the breezy cliff top. Nor is this all their work. Cod, halibut—the "but" of the local fishmonger—whiting, gurnet, and flat-fish are caught with weighted lines by the fishermen, and when the boats come in the fisher-girls carry up from the shore the coiled-up lines on flat baskets or skeps. They have then to uncoil, clean, and rebait them.

The rebaiting of the lines exacts both time and trouble. While the boats are out or safely hauled up by the staithe, streams of fisher-lasses may be seen, striding along the sands, erect as Greek water-carriers, with heavy baskets of bait on their heads or arms. Some in addition will carry large bundles of driftwood picked up by the shore. In their search for flithers, or limpets, for bait, it is no uncommon thing for them to walk a distance of ten or twelve miles. Sand-worms are also dug up by them for bait, a small spade or three-pronged fork being used for this purpose. Lines are also baited with pieces of whiting, herring, or haddock, but the fishermen prefer mussels and limpets for bait, four or five being hung by the fisher-girls on each hook.

The fish hawkers' turn comes when the fish are put up to auction. At Brixham, the mother port of trawling in Devon, women, according to ancient custom, play the part of auctioneers, a practice which has its counterpart at Prestonpans in Scotland. At Whitepport the women are but interested spectators, the fish not being knocked down in lots directly to the fish-wives, as is the custom in Paris, but being bought by the load by dealers.

When a boat sails in, her hold full of herrings, her brown nets silvery with their scales, a barelegged fisher-boy makes his way up the narrow steps of the quay with a round basket of the fish, and empties it on the bare stone flags. Then the auctioneer rings his bell, and a little crowd gathers round him. Buyers in tweed, meditatively puffing their cigars, fishermen in guernseys and oilskins, glittering with herring scales, their anxiety to know what the catch will bring plainly apparent, white-aproned fisher-girls, with their baskets on their arms, form a picturesque group. The supply regulates the price. When the weather has been "lippery" and the catch small, herring may chance to fetch as much as 6s. a hundred, but when large shoals of herring, rejoicing in the moonlight, have thrust their heads and gill-covers into the treacherous meshes of the drift-nets, the price will fall as low as 6d. per hundred. Boats late to come in have even been known to have to go back to sea and throw back their catch into the deep, so great has been the temporary glut in the market. A so-called hundred herring numbers 124, and a thousand herring make a last, each buyer generally purchasing one or more lasts.

It is herring and whiting and "other common fish" that the fish-girls hawk from door to door. I have heard a girl with a fine soprano voice cry on cliff and quay, "Haring! fine ha-ring! four a penny, fine ha-ring!" The herring, indeed, forms the main food of the poorer folk, appearing at every meal. They scorn alike salt bacon and inferior butcher's meat, for a store of broken and consequently unsaleable fish can always be obtained from the fishermen. The thrifty housewife has many ways of cooking them, a favourite method being to bake them with stuffing.

At Yarmouth, the great centre of the English East Coast herring fishery, women play the chief part in the curing of that fish. The Yarmouth bloater is said to owe its origin to as fortuitous a circumstance as Elia's fabled roast pig. Bishop, a Yarmouth manufacturer of pickled herrings, one night in the year 1835 found that the fish-house hands had overlooked a parcel of fine herrings, which were in danger of being spoilt. Having sprinkled them with salt, he hung them up in a smoke-house where an oak billet was being burned, and discovered subsequently that they had acquired a delicious flavour. This was the origin of the bloater, so called because in the process of curing it begins to swell or bloat. The fish are first washed, then the women, who are known as "rivers" or "spitters," string them on rods or spits about four and a half feet long, and as thick as an average walking-stick. Twenty-five fish are hung on each spit, which passes through their gills. When they are full the women hang the spits on wooden racks or horses, and pass the latter up to the hangers, who arrange them skilfully in the narrow, floorless compartments of the drying-house. Oak billets are then placed on the brick floor and ignited.

The pickling of herrings also affords a remunerative, though disagreeable occupation to the wives and daughters of the fishing population of certain towns, among which Wick stands at the head. There are two methods of pickling herrings. The fish may be laid loosely in salt brine, then gypped, passed through clean brine, and packed in layers in barrels with salt sprinkled between each layer, or it may be first roused or turned over in salt, then gypped, again roused in salt and packed. Gypping, the process of evisceration, is accomplished by the women and girls with their short sharp-pointed blades with almost lightning rapidity. It is a sanguinary process, and the rough oilskins worn by the women to all appearance might have come from a battlefield.

On the south coast of England a fisher-girl may, here and there, still be seen shrimping with a putting-net close in shore, but shrimping boats are found more profitable. Attached to each boat is a shrimp-net in the form of a long bag which, scraping along the sand, compels the shrimp to enter. The fisher-girl of the south, like her northern sisters, has under her care the repairing and drying of the nets; but the most profitable employment afforded her by the sea is the curing of the "pelchurs," or pilchards. The season for this fish is from the 25th of July to the 25th of December, in spite of the Cornish saying:

"When the corn is in the shock,
Then the fish are on the rock."

The quaint old town of St. Ives is the centre of the pilchard fishing, and also of pilchard curing. When the "huers," who watch the sea for the appearance of the shoals, are seen waving their branches of trees on the cliff, men, women, and children turn out *en masse* and rush down to the sea with shouts of "Heva! Heva!" summoning the boats that are waiting below to take their turns, for no seine, as the wall of netting is called that surrounds the shoal, may occupy the fishing-station for more than a day at a time. Every mother of a household in this fishing town cures pilchard for the use of her family, and from the Cornish curing-house large quantities of the oily fish are exported to the Mediterranean. The curing is the special work of the women, who pack the pilchards in alternate layers of coarse salt and fish into huge stacks on the stone floor of the curing-house. There the fish stay for a month, a large quantity of oil slowly draining from them. Then the women wash them and pack them in casks, to which strong pressure is applied to free them of their oil. The greasy nature of this fish seems in part to have given rise to the saying, "They are food, money, and light, All in one night."

The preparation of the well-known breakfast delicacy "Finnan haddies" used in the early part of this century to be the employment of all the women of the fishing villages between Aberdeen and Stonehaven. They smoked them in small quantities over a peat fire, packed them in baskets and entrusted them to the guard of the "Defiance" coach, which ran between Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Now the real Finnan haddocks form but a small proportion of the fish sold under that name. At the Aberdeen curing-houses, after women and girls have gutted, headed, and cleaned the haddocks they pass to the care of the smoke-women, who work in pairs, the work of the one being to see that the fire is properly tempered, and of the other to secure the equal colouring of the fish. A hundred and forty spits are hung eighteen inches from the fire, and on the direction of the draught depends whether the three or four fish in the centre or the three or four at the back take colour. In any case the fish have to be constantly rethreaded to secure the equal colouring, smooth and glassy as varnish, that marks the properly cured Finnan haddie. At the old-world fishing village of Auchmithie, the scene of Scott's delightful story *The Antiquary*, the fisher-women smoke their haddocks in a round state in very primitive fashion. A barrel without either top or bottom is inserted a little distance in the ground, and an old kail-pot or kettle, filled with sawdust, is placed inside it. The fish are then hung inside the barrel, the sawdust is set light to and a piece of canvas is thrown over the top of the barrel. Haddocks thus cured are excellent.

Foremost among fish-sellers are the women and girls of the fishing village of Newhaven, near Edinburgh, "Our Lady's Port of Grace." Faithful in every essential particular to nature is the picture given of them in *Christie Johnstone*. Christie and her friend Jean Carnie wore the customary Newhaven costume. "On their heads caps of Dutch or Flemish origin (the mutch) with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unencumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bob-tailed below the waist, short woollen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in colour, white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. These women had a grand corporeal trait: they have never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins. Their supple persons moved as Nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom."

The strength of the Newhaven fish-wives is indeed proverbial. They do not, like their sisters of Auchmithie, carry the men ashore on their shoulders from the boats, but they think nothing of loading themselves with a couple of hundredweight of fish and carrying it for long distances. It is an accepted fact with them that the man's work is done when he has caught the fish. His wife and daughters must mend and clean his nets, bait his lines, and

sell his haul. "The woman that canna work for a man is no worth ane" is an accepted saying, and very characteristic is the criticism recorded on the engagement of a Newhaven girl, more delicate than her sisters: "Jenny Hucker takin' a man! She's a gude cheek; hoo is she tae keep him? The puir man'll hae tae sell his fish as weel as catch them."

There is not a cannier soul at a bargain than the Scotch fish-wife. There is nothing exaggerated in a scene which every lover of Sir Walter will remember—the bargaining between the Antiquary and Maggie Muckle-backit for the turbot (bannock fluke), lump-sucker (cock-paidle), and crabs (partans). The good fishwoman asks four and sixpence, and after an amusing colloquy accepts half a crown and a dram. It is a common saying with the fish-wives when they cannot get their price, "Fish are no fish the day; they're just men's lives." From this source come two pathetic verses of Lady Nairn's song:

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin'
Hauled thro' wind and rain.
"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'.
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives of men."

Fishermen are a superstitious race, and their womenfolk are firm believers in luck and augury. It is curious, considering the share they take in the operations of fishing, that women are considered to bring fishermen ill-luck. At Flamborough, so far is this belief carried, that if a woman should chance to enter a cottage while the men are preparing their nets, she must immediately fall on her knees and repeat the Lord's Prayer, or she will not be allowed to leave it. On some parts of our coast it is considered in the highest degree unlucky for a woman to walk over the nets or fishing-tackle spread out to dry, and if fishermen meet a woman with a white apron on when they are going to sea, they will turn back and wait a tide.

A woman's path, even in the house, is hedged about with difficulties, in fishing-places. She must take care that a loaf of bread is never turned upside down on the table, for that will infallibly bring a ship to distress. Nor must she let the cat run wildly about the house. It will bring a storm in its tail. She must watch her speech, too, carefully. A clergyman or minister must always be guardedly alluded to as "the man in the black coat"; the cat is "Theebet," and the pig "Sandy" or "the beast." In some parts no woman, who has relations or friends at sea, will comb and dress her hair after nightfall for fear of bringing them to disaster, and all over Scotland the bones of fish are never burned for fear of the curse contained in a popular stanza:—

"Roast me weel, or boil me weel,
But dinna burn ma behns,
Or else a'll grow scarcer
Aboot yir herth stehns."

On the other hand, women must in some instances be taken to bring good luck, for it is believed on the Yorkshire coast that a good fishing season is sure to follow the Flamborough custom of "raising herrings." The young married women, dressed in various gay disguises, go from door to door with music and merriment at the beginning of the herring season, and receive money or good wishes from the inhabitants of the town. The girls, too, are greatly interested in the harvest of the sea, for on its plenty depends the proportion of marriages among the fishing population.

Fisher-weddings in Scotland are the great events of the sea-coast villages. During the fishing they are comparatively rare, but at the end of the herring season eight or nine will often take place in one day. Though Friday is an unlucky day to put to sea, it is held by the fisher-folk the best day for a wedding, the Saturday and Sunday being devoted to social observances without breaking up the working week. The guests are invited two days before the ceremony by the betrothed pair in person, but each guest nevertheless pays a small sum for his or her entertainment at these "penny weddings." The ceremony takes place in the kirk, the bride and bridesmaids being attired in white, and the bridegroom in his best blue suit. After the wedding dinner, at which a dish of skate always figures, a collection is made by the best man from the company, sixpence or a shilling being the usual contribution. In the evening there is dancing, all the wedding-party joining in the "lang reel." It is rare for a fisher-girl or lad to marry outside the fishing community, and while the Newhaven fish-wives have the credit of being the cleanest and most industrious women in Scotland, of the wives of fishermen generally it may be said that their chief care is the comfort of their husbands and children. The fisher-girl from her childhood is taught to labour for others, and to take pride not only in well-kept nets and fishing tackle, but also in her neat quaint cottage with its savour of the sea.

THE COMMON SKIN AFFECTIONS OF THE FACE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



HAT "something in the blood" was the cause of all skin affections was almost universally held by physicians till a few years ago, and even now this very indefinite "something" is supposed to be the cause of skin eruptions by the majority of the public.

The change that of late years has come over the study of the skin is most remarkable and has scarcely any parallel in history. This change is due to the discovery of micro-organisms or germs, which are the chief, and in most cases, the only causes of diseases.

Nearly all skin complaints are due to bacteria locally infecting the skin. In those diseases in which no germ has been found either the cause is unknown, the disease very obscure, or treatment very inefficient.

The treatment of affections of the skin has been more influenced by the "germ theory" than that of any other organ. Knowing that these complaints are local in origin, local treatment is, in most cases, sufficient to cure them, and internal medication is of very subordinate value. I was attending the out-patients of the skin department of a London hospital the other day. Sixty-nine patients were seen, and of these only fourteen were given internal treatment.

It would be impossible in the short space at my disposal to describe or even mention the innumerable common affections of the skin. I shall therefore confine my remarks to some of the more important common unhealthy conditions of the skin of the face and scalp, as these are the most interesting to the majority of my readers.

We make a great fuss about spots and pimples on the face because they are so unsightly, but they are, in reality, usually very trifling and readily cured.

Acne.

This affection is met with in varying degrees in the majority of people between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. Blackheads, whiteheads, comedones, pimples and skin-worms, etc., are all part of this condition.

Acne consists of plugging of the mouths and retention of the secretion of the sebaceous glands followed by inflammation of the glands themselves.

The sebaceous glands are attached to the hair-follicles and it is their duty to secrete an oily substance called "sebum," which nourishes and softens the hair. Sebaceous glands are found wherever hair exists, and acne may develop wherever sebaceous glands are found, so that acne may occur anywhere on the body except on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, for these parts are hairless. But the face is its favourite seat. For acne to develop a certain condition of the skin is necessary, namely, a rough, coarse, greasy skin with large sebaceous glands; but whether this is due to the acne or the acne is the result of this condition is not quite clear. The starting point of acne is, however, the plugging of the mouths of the sebaceous glands either by drying of secretion or by minute particles of dust. The mouth of the gland being stopped up, the secretion cannot escape and the gland, which still continues to manufacture the sebum, becomes dilated and enlarged, thus forming milia or whiteheads if the plug is white, comedones or blackheads if it is black. The sebaceous glands thus affected rapidly become attacked by germs from the outside; these set up acute inflammation forming the ordinary pimple or pustule. Later on the sebaceous gland and a small quantity of matter, swarming with micro-organisms, is discharged and the place heals in a few days, always leaving a minute scar. If the blackhead or milium is squeezed out before it becomes inflamed it does not leave a scar.

As I have said before, the majority of people between fourteen and twenty-five suffer from acne. After the age of twenty-five the condition usually dies out, but with treatment it can be made to disappear long before this time.

Many physicians confine the term "acne" to the condition only when the glands have become inflamed, but I think it is obvious from what I have said, that the earlier changes are really part of the same process, and their treatment is similar.

Before I describe the treatment it is necessary to state that, although blackheads are caused by dirt getting into the sebaceous glands, they are not due to neglected washing. The cleanest people suffer equally with those who are not clean.

The treatment for this condition is entirely

local. The affection has nothing to do with the blood, and no drug whatever, taken internally nor other constitutional measures will have the slightest effect in arresting its course.

Wash with warm water and plenty of sulphur soap (soft soap is quite as good, but as it smarts terribly and makes your face look like a boiled lobster, I shall not advise it), then rub your face well with a bath towel. In the evening smear over the affected part the following ointment—

℞ sulphur (sublimed) gr. x., lanolin ad ʒj.

In the morning wash off the ointment with sulphur soap and warm water and squeeze out any prominent blackheads. Carry out this treatment for two or three weeks and your face will return to its natural condition.

The action of sulphur in this and allied complaints is twofold. Firstly it softens and removes the outer layer of the skin, thus curing the roughness and coarseness of the skin which accompanies this affection, and secondly it destroys the organisms which are by far the most important, if not the sole cause of this, the commonest of all affections of the skin.

Seborrhœa and Seborrhœic Eczema.

Seborrhœa or dandruff, is over-secretion of the sebaceous glands. The secretion dries in minute scales. It is very common, and is met with chiefly on the head, but it may occur on the face. The hair in this affection becomes lustreless, dry, thin and brittle, and, in men, baldness usually follows before long. If it attacks the face, the secretion does not dry in scales but produces a constant greasiness of the skin, especially of the nose and inner part of the cheeks. The cause of this affection is uncertain, but recently a micro-organism has been found in connection with it, but it is doubtful if this is really the cause of the complaint.

When a patch of skin affected with seborrhœa becomes inflamed it produces the condition known as "seborrhœic eczema." This is most common on the head; indeed, it almost invariably begins on the scalp or face, whence it may spread downwards and affect any part of the body. In this condition the affected skin is red and covered with minute scales. The patch is usually rounded in shape and feels rough to the touch. Its commonest situation is on the cheeks and lips.

The treatment for seborrhœa is the same as that for acne, namely, sulphur soap and sulphur ointment.

For seborrhœic eczema sulphur ointment applied constantly will usually cure the affection in a few days. The part should not be washed, but kept covered over with a piece of lint or linen.

Ringworm.

This is another very common skin complaint and is chiefly met with in children. No affection that I know produces so much annoyance as this. It is not, however, a serious disease for it is always cured in time, but it often takes many months before it can be completely eradicated.

I was talking to a school-inspector the other day, who told me that ringworm caused more trouble than any other complaint.

The usual history of ringworm is this. A child has a small patch on her head, but takes no notice of it and goes to school. The teacher sees it, sends the child home and becomes anxious lest her other pupils should have caught the affection. The child goes home and says to her mother, "Teacher says I have got ringworm." The mother, rather doubting whether the teacher is correct, takes her daughter to see a physician. The doctor sees the child, comes to the conclusion that she has ringworm, prescribes for the child and tells her mother that her daughter cannot go to school for about nine months. The mother goes home very much upset and tells her husband, upsetting him likewise. In a week's time the father goes to the doctor to ask him whether his daughter cannot be cured in less time, or if he is sure that the disease is ringworm; this irritates the physician. The child cannot play with other children, not even with her own brothers and sisters. This annoys all the members of the family.

What is this formidable evil which causes so much trouble? It is not a dangerous disease, it does not even affect the health or give any pain; it is only unsightly, but it is infectious. It is for this reason that so much trouble is caused and so many people upset. Yet it is not *very* infectious.

Ringworm is a disease of the hair follicles (*i.e.*, that part of the hair buried in the skin), and is caused by the growth of a fungus that bears the somewhat long yet very expressive name of Trichophyton microsporon (literally, hair-plant with small spores). This fungus grows in the hair itself.

The affection produces a rounded patch on which the hairs are short, broken, without lustre and covered with minute specks. Between the hairs the scalp is covered with white silvery scales, which makes the patch look like frosted glass. Although ringworm usually begins on the scalp, it is very common on the face or any other part of the body.

There is another variety of ringworm caused by a different fungus (Trichophyton marcosporon or megalosporon), in which the skin between the hairs is not affected, the fungus growing entirely within the hair itself. This is very much more difficult to recognise than the commoner variety, but yields more readily to treatment.

Ringworm is caused by the fungus, and may appear in any one, but is chiefly found in children. It does not affect the general health in any way—it is entirely a local disease. It is not confined to man, being very common in domestic animals, especially dogs and horses. It is inoculated from one child to another, either directly or through the medium of brushes and combs.

The treatment of ringworm, owing to the deep seat of the mischief, is not so satisfactory as it usually is in skin conditions; and it often takes six to twelve months to complete a cure.

This is how to treat ringworm: Cut the hair round the place with scissors; do not shave it, it is unnecessary and often gives great pain. Having cut the hair, pull out with forceps all the short broken hairs on the affected part (this will give no pain as the hairs are loose). Then wash the part well with the following lotion two or three times till it is quite free from scales: ℞ acidi salicylici gr. x., chloroformi ʒj, spiriti rect. ad ʒj.

This cleans the skin of all fat, removes all debris and enables subsequent remedies to act to the best advantage. Having done this apply the following ointment, and keep the part covered with it constantly till the condition is cured: ℞ hydrargyri ammoniat. gr. xx, unguent. simplex ad ʒj.

The child should be careful not to use any brush or comb except her own.

The popular remedy, ink, has not the slightest effect on the fungus except to stain it black.

On the face and body ringworm is much easier to cure than when it affects the head.

The temptation to be "heroic" in the treatment of ringworm is very great, and though it occasionally answers surprisingly, it is by no means to be encouraged, as the two following illustrations will show.

Mrs. A. brought her child who had ringworm to a London hospital. Treatment was prescribed; but next week she brought her child again with its head clean shaved and perfectly black. On being questioned as to what she had done she related the following story:

"My mother told me that a friend of her mother, who used to keep a country school, always used to shave the heads of children with ringworm and then apply some irritant. I thought I had better do the same, and as I had some lunar caustic in the house I thought it might hasten recovery if I rubbed it into my daughter's head."

She made her fingers black with the caustic, caused the child great pain, but did not affect the disease.

This is an example of unsuccessful "heroic treatment." I will now tell you of another "heroine" who was more successful, but who employed a remedy very much more formidable than the condition for which it was used.

Mrs. B. took her child, who had ringworm, to a specialist, who treated her for several weeks. By the end of that time, however, she began to think that something more "radical" ought to be done. Having read that croton oil was a powerful caustic, she obtained some and rubbed it into her child's scalp. Next day the child's head was covered with large pustules and was very painful. Her face was so swollen that she could not open her eyes, and the glands in her neck were as large as walnuts. The child was in great danger for a few days, indeed, her life was despaired of; but she eventually recovered and the ringworm had vanished. Notwithstanding the success of the treatment, if any of Mrs. B.'s other children catch this complaint, I doubt if the experiment will be repeated.

Alopecia Areata.

This name is given to a complaint in which the hair falls out in patches, leaving small places completely bald. It is very common in girls in their teens. The cause is unknown, but nervous conditions may possibly have a share in its productions. I knew a man in whom, after a severe shock, every hair in his head, beard and moustache came off in a single night.

The treatment is to apply an ointment to the place, such as sulphur or "white precipitate," or to paint over the bald spot with tincture of iodine.

Rosacea.

This affection, vulgarly called "grog-blossoms," is a dilated condition of the veins of the central portion of the face. It is usually due to chronic indigestion, whether due to alcohol or any other cause. It is very common among middle-aged women in the poorer classes as a result of excessive tea-drinking.

The treatment is to attend to the digestion, giving up all indigestible foods, especially tea; apply sulphur ointment locally, and take a pill containing two and a half grains of ichthiol every evening.

"Spider" Nævus.

Nævi, "birth-marks," "mother's marks," "port-wine stains," etc., are masses of dilated veins or capillaries. They always date from birth and are very common on the face.

The only form of naevus that I intend to speak of here is what is called the "spider nævus." This is a small, round, bright red spot with long branching ramifications. It is due to a dilated vein, and looks exactly like a small red spider. It is usually situated on the face, being very common on the nose and upper parts of the cheeks, and is often unsightly. I mention this here because it is very common and can be cured by the simplest means. Get your doctor to touch the central red spot with the electro-cautery and the whole "spider" will wither and be permanently removed, only leaving the most minute scar.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.



THE wedding on the whole went off satisfactorily. So did the bride. She apologised, however, for her deficient tearfulness.

"If ever I get a moment to myself, I'll cry like anything. But it is of no use to think of it with all the packing on one's mind and a great hulking incompetent of a man. Nathan is good for nothing. Good old Nathan!"

So saying, she ducked, yielding precedence in the matter of an enthusiastic slipper to the eye of her husband, and the carriage whirled her away.

It had been only for about an hour the night before that Mary had had her old friend at all to herself. Then she found that it was not mere bustle that had come between herself and her friend. Three years with many gaieties and many officers had pushed her a long way off from where Mary had left her. At heart, perhaps, she was nearly the same as ever; her manner, however, was so much that of the garrison girl—who sits on stairs and feeds sub-lieutenants with chocolate creams—that Mary's sense of fitness was on edge all the while Milly poured out her confidences. In spite of repeated invitations to turn out her own "favourites" to moral inspection, Mary covered up her heart with many swathes of reserve. And, indeed, Milly was so full of anxiety for two "dear fellows" whom she had fed with hope—and perhaps with chocolate creams—that she did not pursue her searchings into Mary's affairs with dangerous penetration.

Mary, having waved her hand in many adieux, had fallen into a rather mournful musing. She was wishing, almost bitterly, that this visit had never come to coarsen memory's picture of her friend, when she was startled by a chorus of interjections. The happy man had come flying up the steps blowsed and blown.

"Her dear love, and she forgot to give you this," he panted, thrusting a small packet into Mary's hands. Before she could utter a word he was off, pursued, and it is to be feared, caught and partially consumed, by the cloud of midges that had hung about under the elms for hours, expectant of some liquefying *bonne bouche*.

When Mary opened her packet she found some scribbled words: "Just for your expenses, old girl," and twenty pounds.

The military occupation had not put down all that was good in Milly.

In the afternoon there was a large gathering. Mrs. Linton, never a very resourceful person, had entirely collapsed. "They are all here," she said, meaning all the officers; in the Irish feminine opinion there are only officers and nonentities—"and there's champagne cup; there, I did all I could to entertain them! Now I'm going to cry!"

And she did: not without enjoyment, nor without tea, ices, cup, and auxiliary refreshments.

The failure of the hostess threw a great deal of work upon Mary. For two hours she was on the drive, seeing as far as she could that every young lady got her fair share of officer, and encouraging elder ladies not to be shy of a third visit to the refreshment tent. It was not an easy matter, knowing the people as slightly as she did, to touch those little springs that govern the mechanism of a large local gathering. She had mastered however, that mainspring of success—a brisk circulation of refreshments among the old ladies, and of officers among the young.

Mary had at last a moment to herself. She sat down, tired and almost giddy, in a deep chair. Immediately Mr. Hennessy was beside her, followed by two footmen bearing supplies.

"Don't take any ice now," he said; "you are too hot. Have a cup of coffee, strong and without sugar. I recommend that cake. It is not such poison as most of them. Now lean back and rest."

She was really tired and not sorry to be under regimen. But it amused her to think of that startled hare of a day or two back assuming the position of protector.

"I have not seen you before," she said, between sips of coffee.

"Now that's hard," he answered. "For two hours I have worked like a dock labourer, content to receive the stare of wonder or disapprobation with which the matron rewards those who minister to her.

"Once I have been buttered, like parsnips, or a cat's feet, thrice I have been parboiled, twice I have been buried under a fall of crockery. When I was seemingly done I called upon myself, as Charles upon his guard at Naseby, for one charge more; believing that at last I might turn to you for a smile. And now—you have never seen me."

"Well, you know," she said, "one can't see everybody."

"I was not so exacting," he answered. "If you had seen one humble individual I should have been content."

At this moment there came a voice from somewhere near. "What came over Mr. Hennessy at all? He's talking nineteen to the dozen, and, faith, he's hardly spluttering any."

"Never mind Mr. Hennessy," another voice made answer; "come along and I'll swing you."

It was one of the nine Miss MacManuses, blossoming in the sunshine of the veterinary surgeon of G battery.

Mary's cheeks kindled. "I wonder you ever came out of your cave," she said, when the giggler had frisked by.

"Oh, you have heard of my misogyny," he said, adding quickly, as though not desirous of coping with the question just then; "I wonder who that is?" He nodded towards a neighbouring group.

Mary looked, and beheld—Edgar. "Why," she said in amazement, "it is my brother. What on earth can have brought him here?"

A little later she was enlightened.

"Oh, I thought I'd like to see the dresses," he said to a girl with whom he was conversing, as they moved to a seat somewhere out of view; "and I knew Mrs. Linton would put me up for the night." Then just before he disappeared with his lady, Edgar spoke again. "The *passementerie* on the bodice was rather nice; but, dear me! I'd get better lace for five and sixpence a yard."

"I never before felt my ignorance so keenly," remarked Hennessy. "At this moment I haven't the slightest idea what you have on."

"Do not look," said Mary, "and try to tell me."

"Well," he said, "I'll have a shot at it." For a moment or two he drew his brows together in concentrated effort of memory. Then he let his bolt fly. "Blue silk?" he said.

Mary laughed delightedly.

"Now see for yourself," she ordered at length.

"Dear me!" he said. "Why, it's pink, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is," she answered. "Suppose we make a move. Everybody else has gone in. I shall be wanted."

"Don't go yet," he said. "I want to tell you something, Miss Haydn. I should be a very happy man if I thought that our friendship was not to end with this"—he had got a little flustered now—"this wedding festivity."

"I don't know why it should," said Mary. "At least, I——"

"Oh, please don't qualify what you said. I should like. . . . in fact——" He stopped and laid one hand on the back of hers. "Miss Haydn, will you be my wife?"

Mary jumped up in amazement. A girl of more experience might have foreseen what was coming. She had expected nothing more than a confession of friendship.

"Your wife!" she said. "Oh, dear no! I could not think of such a thing."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Oh yes," she answered with great decision, "quite sure. Not," she added, seeing what dejection had fallen upon him, "that I don't like you. I do like you; and I hope we shall remain friends."

"Well," he said with a forlorn smile,

"that's something. For the present, good bye." He held out his hand, and Mary took it. "Good-bye," he said pressing her fingers with a sinewy grip; "good-bye, my dear."

He raised his straw hat, and turned down one of the many garden ways. Suddenly, it seemed some spirit of angry freakishness took possession of him. For Mary heard him break into a run, and at the next turn she saw him take the iron gate at a leap, and the stone wall beyond that. Then the jut of the road shut him from her view.

Mary was walking on, feeling—as a good woman who has refused a good man does, and ought to feel—rather sad at heart, when a hand was laid roughly enough on her shoulder.

"Well," said the voice of Edgar, "you have done a pretty fine thing for yourself."

"You were listening!" exclaimed Mary, shaking off his hand. "Edgar, I could not have believed it."

"Then your faith is rather weak," he answered. "I suppose you did this on account of that fellow Docker."

"My motives are no business of yours."

"Well, I don't know about that, but what I do know is"—he stopped and lit a cigarette—"that you can't have Docker."

"What do you mean?" asked Mary, facing round, angry and ashamed and a little afraid.

"Just this," said Edgar. "Docker is engaged."

"Engaged," said Mary, trying to speak as though her heart had not given a great leap and then stood still; "to whom?"

Edgar met her gaze with a stare of mingled malice and annoyance.

"To that idiot Hildegarde," he said. "Come into the house."

(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "LEPIDOPTERA."

SOLUTION.

LEPIDOPTERA.

In Excelsis.

Whoe'er would think that 'mid th' eternal snows
Of Alpine fastnesses I should have seen
A Painted Lady? radiant as the rose,
Chasing an Admiral Red with angry mien?

And yet I saw a stranger sight, I ween,
There did Apollo and Adonis quell
A murd'rous fray 'twixt that fair Spanish Queen,
And rival Beauty rare of Camberwell.

Then did I interpose and intervene;
I chased them o'er the ice, and swept my net;
With chloroform I made them all serene,
And now on cork their beauteous forms are set.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Twelve Shillings and Sixpence Each.

A. J. Batchelor, 67, Vincent Road, Sheffield.
Lydia Belling, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcestershire.
Mabel Frewen, Arbrook, Esher, Surrey.
Mary Milne, 135, Kennington Park Road, S.E.
E. A. O'Donoghue, Killinardrish, Co. Cork.
Margaret G. Oliver, Wyndale, Corbridge-on-Tyne.

Ten Shillings Each.

Helen M. Coulthard, 4, St. Mary's Buildings, Bath.
Fan and Madge Cunliffe, Bod Llwyd, Newbridge, Ruabon.
C. F. Walker, 7, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, W.

Very Highly Commended.

Isabel Barrow, L. H. Clark, E. H. Brookfield, Rhoda Harrison, H. E. Jellett, F. A. Prideaux, Mary J. Taylor.

Highly Commended.

Elizabeth M. Capel, Leonard Duncan, Beatrice Duret, M. J. Fitzgerald, A. and J. Fooks, Miss Foster, T. H. Green, Ellen H. Kemp, Leonard F. Kemp, Ida Rafford, Eleanor Tayler, Louisa Whitcher, Edith Mary Younge.

Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, Annie E. Atkinson, May Barker, Mary Bolingbroke, Louie Bull, Ellie Crossman, E. Danell, Agnes L. Dawson, Florence De Ville, Ethel Dickson, Mrs. F. Farrar, Helen H. Gordon, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Arthur Govan, Edith E. Grundy, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Annie G. Luck, William C. Marsom, Lilie Milner, Annie S. Nickerson, Rev. V. Odom, Mrs. R. Parry, Ada Rickards, Agnes and R. Carr Smith, Isabel Snell, J. F. Swann, Mary M. Tanner, Ellen C. Tarrant, Kate Tasman, Nellie P. Thomson, Daisy Tyler, A. C. F. Walker, Lilian G. Wayman, Eleanor Whitcher, G. S. Wilkins, E. M. Wilkinson, A. Wilmot, Emily M. P. Wood, Mary Woodcock.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

The number of solutions was remarkably small. Probably the alarming title frightened most of our solvers, although it happened to be rather more straightforward than usual. Or was it too early in the year for a butterfly puzzle? Well, we will forgive the lack of enthusiasm, for there are more cheerful ways of spending Easter week than in reading hundreds of puzzle solutions, however funny they may be.

The solutions being few there is little to criticise and our report must be brief. First as to the title—cis-in-40 (XL) resolves itself into "in xlcis," which, having due regard to orthography, further resolves itself into "in excelsis." One competitor "with great diffidence" suggests that if In Excelsis be the right reading it "involves an accusation of inaccuracy" because of the *cis*. The question arises whether intentional inaccuracy is inaccuracy at all. We are afraid it is, so we must submit to the charge and humbly plead the necessities of our Art. If cis does not spell sis what does it spell? As to the various butterflies, the difficulty of depicting them properly without colour, accounts for the considerable difference of opinion as to the species. It is no small tribute to our artist's work that, in spite of this difference, the majority of solvers decided in favour of the species intended. Only two solutions gave "Admiral Red," and "Admiral" alone was ruled to be sufficient.

Unhappily the "stranger" in the teacup was not clearly defined in all copies of the puzzle, and we had to be very kind at this point. But it was difficult to account for some of the substitutes, as, for instance, "baleful." Had the cup been a pail we could have imagined a cold in the head, and should have understood and sympathised. But the cup is not a pail, and we are—not for the first time—mystified. On the ice took the place of "o'er the ice" in many solutions. We don't like to say that this was a foolish mistake, but it was. The cork in the last line was not intended for a glass. The close connection between cork and butterflies ought to be sufficiently well-known to have prevented such a strange misconception on the part of many.

One competitor writes:—"The last Puzzle Poem should have been 'How to make beef tea.' It would have been of use to those competitors whose names do not appear in the prize list. It would have sustained them and perhaps enabled them to try and solve another Poem."

A. C. C.—Many thanks for your kind note. We have replied to your serious charge above.

"A lover of fair play," "Thelma," and many others.—Concerning Outdoor Etiquette no solution was mentioned which had a worse mistake than "coming" or "unobtrusive." Solutions having both those mistakes rest in a huge bundle marked "Best of not mentioned."

FOREIGN AWARD.

OUTDOOR ETIQUETTE.

PRIZE WINNERS (*Seven Shillings Each*).

Anna I. Hood, Wimille, Pas de Calais, France.
H. Low, 6, Macgregor St., Montreal, Canada.
Agnes Walker, 17, Foster St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. H. Andrews (Canada), Winnifred Bizzey (Canada), R. F. E. Cooke (Florida), Edith McLeod Hague (Canada), Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy and Edith Hardy (Australia), Rosomond Hutchinson (Cape Colony), Katherine J. Knop (India), D. H. Lyall (Cape Town), May Malone (Antigua), Irene S. Murray (India), M. W. Noble (Tasmania), Maud C. Ogilvie (India), S. A. Ralph (Australia), A. Robertson (Canada), Mrs. Rose (India), Mary Ruttonji (India), Albertine C. Wall (Antigua).

Highly Commended.

Trottie C. Barrow (B. W. I.), Louis E. Blazé (Ceylon), Mrs. N. Brown (Bengal), Nellie M. Daft (Lisbon), Amy D'Espard (Canada), Hilda D'Rozario (India), Amy Esam (New Zealand), Lena Gahan (Burma), Janet Hopkins (Australia), Mrs. E. J. Jones (India), P. M. Land (Vancouver),)Mrs. J. R. Lee (Burma), J. B. McCullagh (British Columbia), Robert Moodie (Canada), Gertrude E. Moore (New Zealand), Alice M. Watson (Canada), Jessie Williamson (India), William Wood (Upper Burma).

RECIPES FOR JULY.

WHAT we delight in in July are the soft fruits, *i.e.*, the luscious raspberries, currants red, black and white, ripe gooseberries, and especially strawberries and cherries. But we cannot live on fruit entirely, and it will be well for us to consider a few ways of serving our ordinary dishes of meat, fish, or poultry, that will make these more palatable while we are being sun-baked.

We may introduce a few cold dishes with advantage. Cold meat and fish, nicely garnished, with the accompaniment of crisp, well-dressed salad is really more wholesome than the same dishes served hot at this time.

Salmon is good and cheap; it is more digestible when eaten cold, and it is very tempting if garnished with a carefully made sauce wherein the yolks of one or two eggs having been added to a little good "melted butter" have given colour to it; this sauce should rightly be flavoured with lemon juice and have sufficient pepper in it to be piquant. Mask the fish with this and make a ring all round it with sliced cucumber. Lightly sprinkle the surface with finely-minced fennel, and place crisp tufts of parsley alternating with tomatoes cut into quarters around the outer edge of the dish. Hand round a lettuce salad, or one made of sliced potatoes dressed, with this dish of salmon.

A fish that is much less expensive than salmon and equally good eaten cold is *Bream*. It should be washed and cleaned, but not scaled, then simmered in water until thoroughly tender, after which drain it, remove the skin and garnish with parsley. Serve new potatoes (hot) and a *sauce tartare* with this fish.

Brill is a fish that is in this month's list and very delicious it is, being nearly if not quite equal to turbot in flavour. Let it boil or simmer exactly as you do turbot; garnish and serve with the same accompaniments of sauce and potatoes. Brill would not be good cold.

Those who like *crabs* may indulge their taste this month also; but crabs are too rich for more than occasional eating.

Those who go a-fishing for pleasure while out holiday-making, may be glad to know how the small fish they catch, generally dace or dabs, flounders, etc., are best cooked.

Of the two the *dab* is much to be preferred, as after soaking for an hour or two in salt water, then dipping in beaten egg and frying in hot fat, serving with a sauce, the dab becomes a very respectable fish indeed.

Dace scarcely repays the trouble spent over it. It is best fried as soon after it is caught as possible. The sauce to go with it should be highly flavoured with cayenne and lemon juice.

Now that we have Windsor and kidney beans coming in, we must remember that these when boiled and cold make a salad almost equal to one of French beans. Add plenty of chopped parsley to a *Salad of French Beans*, but no onion, and dress it at the last moment before it is served. N.B., do not spare the oil when dressing a salad of this kind.

A *Peas Salad* should have fresh mint chopped added to it, and a few lettuce hearts as well.

With vegetables so abundant we ought to make use of them and dispense with meat; and though it has been said before, it is not out of place to remind our readers again that a dish of spinach, a "*Purée of Spinach*," with poached eggs on the top, contains more real value medicinally than a combined dose of meat extract and iron pills. Spinach is *the* vegetable where enrichment of the blood is concerned.

Tomatoes, again most valuable, make a most satisfying and dainty dish served as follows:

Scoop out the core and replace it with a fine mince of meat or poultry highly seasoned. Butter a baking-dish, lay the tomatoes in it, sprinkling them with breadcrumbs, bake for a quarter of an hour in a quick oven, then lift each tomato out on to a piece of buttered toast its own size. Pile cooked green peas around them and lay a lightly-poached fresh egg on the top.

A salad of tomatoes in slices, dressed with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil, is delicious with cold meat, fish or poultry.

The young vegetables make *boiled meat* or *poultry* especially good at this season, and give a flavour to the broth that is quite unattainable in winter-time. A few green peas, cooked asparagus tops and sprigs of cauliflower may be added with the usual carrots, turnips and leeks. Forget not the bunch of savoury herbs, oh cook!

We must not forget that we shall have young *walnuts* ready for pickling very soon. These should be gathered while a needle will pass easily through them. Pierce each one several times and lay them in a brine of salt and water for three days, changing the brine every day. Then drain them, spreading them out on trays in the sun that its heat may turn them black. When black all over, pack them into glass bottles and pour over them sufficient boiling vinegar to well cover them, into which some rase ginger should have been put, with also black and Jamaica peppercorns. The proportions to be used depend chiefly on individual taste; but, as a rule, to every quart of vinegar allow two ounces of bruised ginger and one ounce of peppercorns.

For jelly-making purposes, currants should not be too ripe; but, for making jam, they must have reached full maturity and sweetness. A mixture of currants and raspberries make a delicious jam for fine eating, while cherries and currants boiled together and the juice strained make a beautiful jelly.

White currants with a few *raspberries* combined also make a delicate preserve either as jelly or jam; so do the small hairy gooseberries when fully ripe with raspberries.

Strawberries for preserving purposes are much improved by having currant juice added in the proportion of a pint of juice to two pounds of berries; without this addition the jam will be too sweet for the majority of tastes.

Cherry Jam is much liked, but it is apt to be somewhat liquid and therefore does not keep so long as other makes. The sour or "cooking" cherry is the best for the purpose. Morellas are more suited for bottling.

Black Currants—the "iron fruit" according to doctors and chemists—require to be fully ripe for jelly and jam making use; indeed, it is long before this kind of currant becomes too ripe for use.

An addition that can be made with much advantage and without its being in the least detected, is that of one or two pounds of green rhubarb (peeled and cut small) to every ten of black currants. The effect is to keep the jam softer and more juicy.

Stewed Black Currants ought to appear on our tables very frequently once this fruit is in season, because, as before said, this is one of Nature's grand tonics. With a plate of cooked cereals ("oats" of some kind), a dish of stewed currants, some cream and a cup of milk, we have one of the daintiest nursery breakfasts imaginable.

Red currants are the best corrective against the troublesome nettlerash and heat spots which trouble young people so much in hot weather.

With stewed fruits we may make use of our old friend the custard powder, for it is not only harmless but at small expense of time and trouble gives us an elegant dish at a minimum cost.

A blancmange made of rice flour turned out and smothered in custard, then served with a *compôte* of cherries, raspberries, or currants, makes a sweet dish of which we do not easily tire.

By way of a change, however, try this:

A Fruit Charlotte with Méringue.—Line a plain round mould with strips of white bread trimmed from all crust and laid each one slightly overlapping the other. Stew with sufficient sugar to well sweeten them, some raspberries and picked currants. If there be much juice, drain away a part. Fill the mould quite full while the fruit is boiling hot, then cover it with a plate and set it aside until cold. Turn out on to a glass dish, pour a little good cream round the base, then whip a little more cream with a spoonful of white sugar and the whisked white of an egg and pile it on the top of the shape.

Raspberry Solide.—Strain the juice from two pounds of stewed raspberries, add to it (if as much as half a pint) three tablepoonfuls of castor sugar, the juice of half a fresh lemon and a quarter of a pint of thick cream, the latter added when the juice is nearly cold. Stir well, then add half an ounce of isinglass that has been previously dissolved in warm water. Stir again, and pour into a china or glass mould that has been previously wetted, and set aside in a refrigerator for twelve hours or more, then turn out and serve with sweet biscuits.

Spanish Pudding.—To serve cold. Cut half-a-dozen penny sponge-cakes into long slices, butter a plain pint mould and arrange slices of cake all around it neatly. Sprinkle a few crushed ratafias at the bottom and then fill the mould three parts full of sliced sponge-cake spread with apricot jam. Whisk two eggs, slightly sweeten, and add to them half a pint of hot milk. Pour this custard over the cakes and cover the mould with a plate. Let the pudding stand for an hour, then steam it for another hour. Turn out when cold and pour a little dissolved jelly or fruit juice around the base, covering the top with whipped cream.

Stale bread may be made like new again by damping the loaf with milk and placing it in a slow oven to heat through gradually, and slices or pieces of bread should be laid on a tin and very gently re-heated.

Stale cake can be freshened by covering it tightly with another tin or basin, and letting it gradually heat through in the oven, its own steam will renew its moisture.

Very dry pieces of bread should be baked crisp and brown and ground down to furnish rasping for frying purposes.

LUCY H. YATES.



TO ROSE.

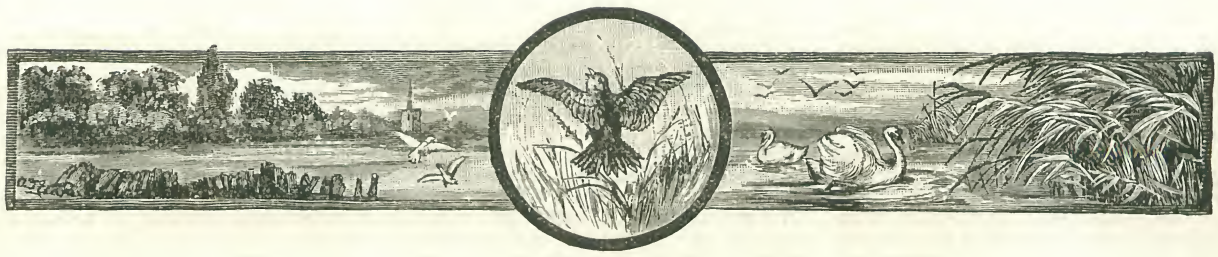
By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

Rose, softly blooming, fresh and full and free!
Birds are singing, blue-bells ringing,
All in praise of thee!
Morn upon the mountains trips along with glee.

Rose, faintly blushing, with a fragrance sweet;
Bees are humming "summer's coming"
All the flowers to greet;
Noon upon the mountains lies with silent feet.

Rose, drooping westward as the sun goes down,
Ring-doves cooing, lovers wooing,
Silent grows the town;
Evening on the mountains, with a purple crown.

Rose, gently folding, like a child at prayer;
Stars are shining in the lining
Of the still, sweet air;
Night upon the mountains mantles everywhere.



VAL'S PLAYMATE.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.



ARTS SIDERFIN was generally considered to be the prettiest girl round about the neighbourhood of Exmoor. Both her parents had died in her infancy, and she had been brought up by an uncle who was a rich west-country gentleman-farmer. He had no near relations except the girl, so he designed her to be the heiress of his whole wealth, and educated her accordingly. She was sent to a very good school in Clifton, and was taught all sorts of accomplishments. Old Mr. Siderfin declared, in true west-country phrase—

"My maid shan't be behind any lady in the land in book-learning."

The girl was very quick, and learned with ease whatever was taught her. At eighteen, when she left school and took her place at the head of her uncle's household, she was as charming a specimen of young womanhood as you could wish to behold. Her intellectual development was very far advanced, yet there was a shrewdness and freshness about her which came from her west-country ancestors and her bringing up at her old uncle's knee. It was as if there was a breeze from Exmoor always blowing around her. There were little quaintnesses of expression and old-world beliefs and superstitions constantly cropping up in her conversation which were wondrously piquant in a lovely, highly-educated young lady. Add to all of this, that Harts Siderfin was a sweet girl, who practised the Christian teaching in her daily life while others were talking about it, and we must own that little Val had given her no empty title when he called her his "Queen of Hearts."

But to return to Val and his brother on the morning after Val's escapade. Cyril thought it most for his own dignity not to speak any more about Val's obstinate silence of the night before; he thought that the boy might very likely persevere in it, and he deemed it best to ignore the subject altogether. He talked to Val as usual on indifferent subjects, and the boy's disappearance of the preceding day was not once mentioned between them. Cyril felt that he had been somewhat too harsh with Val, and he was desirous to atone for it by overlooking entirely the events of yesterday. As to Val, he was only too glad to let the subject drop.

After breakfast, Cyril settled down to his writing as usual in the summer-house in the garden. Val had made an appointment with Harts the evening before to meet her at the top of the lane leading to the moor and go to pick whortleberries with her. He was more than half inclined to go to his brother and ask his forgiveness for his conduct of last evening, and then relate to him the whole of his visit to Harts, but sudden pride rose up and stopped his little mouth; so he said, with as careless an air as he could assume—

"Cyril, I've found a playmate, and we settled to pick whortleberries this morning; may I go?"

"Oh, yes, you may go; but be sure you keep out of mischief, and come back early," answered Cyril, who jumped at once to the conclusion that Val's new playmate was a nephew of the farmer's wife of whom he had heard her talk, and that this new comrade had been the real cause of his absence yesterday evening.

A west-country moor is a very animated scene in the season of the whortleberry picking. Over the carpet of purple heath and golden gorse and stags-horn moss are spread groups of women and children, all talking and laughing and working at once. The careful west-country housewife always stores up the oldest garments of her children and herself for the whortleberry-picking season, for the prickly furze bushes are not exactly conducive to the beauty of smart frocks, and the quaint costume of the old ladies and the damsels add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. At noon all the workers meet to dine and rest by a sparkling stream that has just risen from its ferny cradle in the heath. Then they compare notes as to the quantity they have gathered that day, and calculate what they will buy with the proceeds of the harvest. Strange stories handed down from generation to generation drop from the mouths of old women, and young ones whisper of their hopes and their loves, and little jokes pass round like chimes.

Val was charmed with the new employment and the merry freedom of the pretty scene, and, charmed most of all with his sweet new playfellow, who, in her broad hat, with her bright print dress tucked up a little, danced over the heather, and stained her pretty fingers and little white teeth with the purple berries, and chattered with the old women, and showered smiles like flowers down on the children.

At midday the two rested a little apart from the other pickers in a sheltered combe, to eat their simple meal with old Tory, the most distinguished worthy of the scattered Exmoor village. Tory received her appellation, not on account of her having any special political proclivities, but because it was a sportive abbreviation of the name of Victoria.

"I should like to have you for a playmate for ever and ever and ever!" cried Val, as, the keen appetite which the moorland air had given him satisfied, he bent over Harts, while she reclined on an elastic cushion of heath and fern, and ornamented her hat with stag's-horn moss.

"Ever's a long day," laughed Harts, her merry eyes resting on her little lover.

"I should like you to live near us when we are at home, and then I should be able to see you very often."

"Ah, my dear," said old Tory. She had finished her mental calculations as to what she should buy with the produce of her whorts when she should have disposed of them to the jowder—as the man is called who purchases the fruit—and was now ready to take lively interest in her companions. "Ah, my dear, you wouldn't keep Miss Harts long, I can tell 'ee; not even if you were living next door to her—she be a bird that will soon fly away from the nest. Rags and pretty maidens be always a-catched at, and there'll be some one very soon to catch at her, I'll wager. Last night I dreamt of a grand funeral, and that be a token sure and sartain that there'll be a wedding soon."

And Tory put on the air of a Cassandra.

"But is it quite sure that your dreams come true?" asked little Val, in an awe-struck tone, while his blue eyes grew larger and rounder with terror and wonder as they fixed themselves upon the old woman's face.

"As sure as eggs be eggs. I dreamt once I saw my sister Mary Jane walking at a funeral with Jack Clatworthy, and they was married in a twink, though before that they thought as little of each other as January does of June."

"What nonsense you are filling the child's head with," said Harts, shaking her head at the old woman, yet blushing a little and smiling in spite of herself, because she was thinking of a certain luckless one of the neighbourhood, who would be more than willing to make true Tory's prediction, if only she, sweet Harts, was willing to be of the same mind with him.

Then to hide both the blush and the smile which were growing too apparent, she turned away, and busied herself in packing up the basket which had contained her and Val's simple lunch.

"Please then, Mrs. Tory," said Val, "dream that some good fairy should make Harts my sister. I have often thought it would be so nice to have a grown-up sister, and if you dream it it will come true."

"If our Miss Harts and that fine, handsome parson chap, his brother, could only take a fancy to each other, and marry up comfortable-like, the dear little fellow would have her for a sister sure enough," said Tory in a whisper, aside to one of her companion gossips who was hard by, and she made a

little shower of winks and shrugs directed to Harts' back, but designed for the private benefit of her friend alone, for she was not quite sure how Miss Harts might take this suggestion. Little Val, however, had overheard the words which Tory had spoken to her neighbour, and they had opened a new and wonderful possibility to his young imagination; Cyril might marry Harts, and then she would really be his sister. The notion filled his whole busy little mind throughout the rest of the day, but he said nothing about it to any one, as he knew that the talk of the two old women was not meant for him to hear.

"Cyril, do you think you shall marry?" he said gravely to his brother that evening.

"Marry?" repeated Cyril, staring at him in great surprise, "who could have put marrying into your head, Val?"

"But wouldn't you like now to be married, Cyril?" persisted Val, in an insinuating tone, while he adroitly passed over the question put to him.

"I'd rather be burnt first!" responded the rector with considerable energy.

"But if it was a very nice wife," suggested Val pleadingly.

"Your new playmate must be a great muff, Val, to be cramming your brains with such sentimental stuff as this. He had much better be teaching you how to play leap-frog," said Cyril scornfully.

Fortune did not seem to smile on the schemes of the youthful match-maker certainly.

Val was a good deal daunted and chagrined at first, it must be owned, when he heard his brother's opinions on matrimony thus openly and plainly expressed; he had never comprehended them before; still the idea of Cyril marrying his Queen of Hearts was by no means driven out of his head. If Cyril could only be got to see Harts, Val had a firm conviction that the charms of his Queen of Hearts would subjugate him. He determined to bring about a meeting between them, but he felt it must be diplomatically.

"Cyril," he said one day soon after his last talk with him, going up to him with an air of studied indifference, "I should like to take you to see my new playmate."

"I shall be much pleased to make his acquaintance," said Cyril, laughing.

"Let's go together this afternoon," said Val.

"With all my heart!" said his brother. "I suppose I'm going to be introduced to a great lubberly boy a few years older than yourself that you make a hero of," said Cyril, as they went along.

A roguish gleam sparkled in Val's blue eyes as he heard this remark, but he said nothing in reply. Up the steep lane they went, and across the moor, Val running on in front as guide. They reached the pretty house on the moor's edge, and Val led the way into the garden. An instant more, and the astonished and abashed rector was standing before a lovely young lady, who rose in some surprise holding a piece of delicate fancy-work in her dainty hand.

"I beg your pardon, there must be some mistake," he stammered.

"No, there's no mistake," said Val, with a jaunty little swagger. "This is my new playmate."

(*To be concluded.*)

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER X.

MISERABLE COMFORTERS.

MIRABEL found her way home mechanically, unconscious of aught that she passed. Her mind was swept by a whirlwind of keen and vivid emotion. Sudden and cruel enlightenment had come to her with Mrs. Armitage's light, mocking words and scornful glances. The scorn was for her, the playful mockery for Mr. Collier. He might "amuse himself" if he would and no one think the worse of him, but the girl whom he made his plaything was beneath contempt, a being of another order, whose experiences could at no point touch the consciousness or move the sympathy of the fine lady who glanced at her with such cold, careless eyes

Did she deserve to be so regarded? Mirabel asked herself, with a throbbing heart. Had there been any harm in her telling her troubles to Mr. Collier, and accepting the help which he so kindly gave her? Then, as she recalled his tender tones and the look she had seen in his eyes scarce an hour before, a sharper pang smote Mirabel than she had as yet experienced. What did it mean? Was he trifling with her when he professed to be her friend? Was he only "amusing himself," as that lady had said? Mirabel felt that if she could believe that of him, she must and would hate him for ever.

Mirabel strode along rapidly under the stimulus of her passionate thoughts. She was soon in Providence Street. Mrs. Lovell stood at the door of their house, gazing up the street. She made a gesture expressive of relief when she perceived Mirabel, and came forward a few steps to meet her.

'Oh, thank God you have come, Mirabel!" she cried.

"What is the matter?" asked Mirabel, at once fully awake to the life of the present. "Why do you say that?"

"Jenny is very bad. She was seized with awful agony about an hour after you left. I should have sent for you if I'd known where to seek you. But I got a doctor, and we've done what we could."

In an instant every vestige of colour fled from Mirabel's face. Without a word she passed into the house.

Jenny lay on the bed in the small back room. The pretty baby face that had smiled a bright good-bye when her sister left her that morning had now a livid, purplish hue and bore the marks of struggle and anguish; the swollen eyelids were closed and she was breathing heavily.

"He has given her morphia to deaden the pain," whispered Mrs. Lovell.

"What is it?" asked Mirabel.

"I don't rightly know—something internal. He says it may have been coming on for some time. I don't think she'll get over it."

With a sharp cry Mirabel threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny," she sobbed, "she must get well! I cannot bear to lose her! And I promised mother I would always take care of her! Oh, why did I leave her this morning?"

"She'd have been took just the same if you'd been here," said Mrs. Lovell, believing, however, that Mirabel had some cause to reproach herself.

"I ought never to have let her out of my sight," moaned Mirabel; "and yet, what could I do? I went there to earn money for them. There's no one but me to work for the children."

"And you've done your best for them, Mirabel, that I *will* say," remarked Mrs. Lovell. "No one can say that you have not looked after them well. It's not your fault that Jenny's ill. Whatever wrong you've done, you've not neglected the children. Now, don't take on like that. See, you disturb the poor little lamb."

For Jenny was moving uneasily and muttered words escaped her. In a moment Mirabel was bending over her and uttering fond endearments. But Jenny heeded them not. She was unconscious. Once or twice she murmured "Mia, Mia," her nearest approach to her sister's name, but she made no response when Mirabel spoke to her.

The doctor came in later; but he could give Mirabel little hope. He was a young man and he was touched by the girl's deep grief, and would have done anything to save the little patient; but he knew that her illness could end but in one way.

It was growing dusk in the back room. Jenny still lay in a stupor. Mirabel had carefully attended to every instruction given her by the doctor; but no such result as she had longed and prayed to see had followed. She was sitting watching the child when she became aware of a strange commotion in the passage. The next minute Mrs. Lovell opened the door of the room and said in tones which betrayed considerable excitement, "Here are two ladies to see you, Mirabel."

"Two ladies?" repeated Mirabel, in bewilderment, "to see me! What can they want?"

"Oh, something good, you may depend on it," said Mrs. Lovell in a whisper; "p'r'aps they've heard that

you're in trouble. Come, my dear, don't keep them waiting. They're real ladies, I tell you. They've come in their carriage; it's waiting at the bottom of the street."

More bewildered than before, Mirabel went into the passage. It was blocked by two elegant forms, and a breath of delicate perfume was wafted to her as she advanced.

"Well, Mirabel?" said a clear, sweet voice, and Mirabel recognised in the first lady young Mrs. Leslie. Gay, bright, and exquisitely dressed, she beamed on the girl whose lot presented such a contrast to her own. Behind her stood an older, much bedecked dame. With a stab of pain Mirabel saw that it was the lady who had appeared in Mr. Collier's studio that morning.

"Please walk inside, if you wish to speak to me," said Mirabel, opening the door of the front room.

In the waning light it was impossible to observe the good order and cleanliness of the room into which she invited them. The elderly lady stepped in with a hesitating air, drawing her skirts closely about her. She appeared afraid to take the chair Mirabel offered her.

"How are you, Mirabel?" asked the young lady with gushing condescension, "it is quite a long time since I saw you. I only returned to town yesterday. Have you been well?"

"Oh, yes," said Mirabel indifferently; "but," she added after a moment, "I am in great trouble. You must excuse me if I do not seem myself. My little sister is very ill."

"Oh, dear! That is a pity!" said Mrs. Leslie quickly. "What is the matter? Nothing infectious, I hope?"

Mirabel quickly set her fears at rest. Mrs. Leslie uttered some easy expressions of sympathy, while the elder lady stood watching the girl with keen eyes.

Their backs were to the light, and Mirabel could scarcely see their faces in the gathering gloom; but all the light that entered the window fell full on her face as she stood before them and showed it, pale and worn though she looked, invested with pathetic beauty.

When Mrs. Leslie ceased speaking about Jenny an awkward silence ensued.

Mirabel wondered greatly what could be the purpose of the ladies' visit.

"Mirabel," said Mrs. Leslie at last, speaking with considerable constraint, "I came to speak to you about your coming to the studio. I did not know—I was quite surprised to learn that you were again sitting for my brother as a model. I hope you won't think me unkind, but I have come to say that I think you had better discontinue your visits."

"There is no need for you to say it," said Mirabel with quiet dignity; "I have already made up my mind not to go to the studio any more."

"Then you are a sensible girl," said the elder lady, bluntly. "I was afraid you were one of the dangerous kind; but Mrs. Leslie tells me you are good and modest, and, if you are so, you must see that it won't do to risk the repetition of such a scene as I chanced on this morning. Of course, Mr. Collier was very much to blame, but men are not always prudent where pretty girls are concerned."

"Mr. Collier would never be anything but good and kind!" exclaimed Mirabel with kindling eyes; "I owe a great deal to his kindness. I went to the studio because I needed to earn money, and that was the easiest way open to me."

"Of course. We understand that," said Mrs. Armitage; "but—you are young and ignorant, or you would know that to be an artist's model is not a nice calling for a girl like you. If I were you I would learn dressmaking; that is suitable work for a young woman, and then in time you might become a lady's-maid."

"How could I do that and take care of the little ones, and keep the home in order, as I promised mother?" asked Mirabel.

"Oh, to be sure, that is a difficulty," the lady admitted; "but you might learn dress-making and take in work at home."

Mirabel could easily have shown that this too was a practical impossibility: but she had no desire to discuss her circumstances with this fine lady, who appeared to know nothing of the real life of the poor. Her heart, heavy enough when she greeted them, had grown many degrees heavier as they talked to her. There was one thing which she felt she must know, and almost involuntarily her lips uttered the question——

"Does Mr. Collier wish me not to sit for him any more? Is it by his desire that you come and say this to me?"

The question seemed to take them both aback. Mrs. Leslie made a hesitating attempt to answer it.

"Well, no," she said, "I cannot exactly say that my brother authorised my coming here but——" She looked appealingly at Mrs. Armitage, who proved equal to the occasion.

"Mr. Collier knows nothing about it," she said. "If we had told him, I daresay he would have raised objections. He has the tenderest heart in the world, has my god-son, Bruce Collier, and he would be afraid of hurting your feelings, or giving you trouble in some way. Of course you know that he is interested in you. You are a beautiful girl, and it may be you have fascinated him. So much the worse for him and for you. No good can come of such feelings for either of you. He would never tell you not to come; but we, who love him and have his interests at heart, know that it is best for him and for you that you should not meet again."

She paused and seemed to await some response from Mirabel. But the girl said not a word. She stood motionless, as if turned to stone, and the light shining on her face showed it strangely wan.

"Perhaps you think that he loves you and will marry you?" said Mrs. Armitage, relentlessly.

A crimson flush dyed the girl's face.

"Oh, no, no," she exclaimed with a catch in her breath. "I never thought such a thing. How could I?"

"Well, of course, it is out of the question," said the lady; "but Bruce is so absurd and quixotic when he takes anything into his head, that there's no saying to what lengths he would go."

The latter part of her remark was addressed to Mrs. Leslie rather than to Mirabel, and the young lady replied by a significant gesture.

"I daresay you have read stories of lords marrying factory girls, or things of that sort," continued Mrs. Armitage, turning her eyes again on Mirabel. "I believe such romances are very popular with young people of your class. But there is nothing like them in real life. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid are all very well as a myth; but in real life such a pair would have a sorry time. A gentleman commits the grossest folly when he marries a girl beneath him. The result can only be misery for them both."

She spoke in a cool, contemptuous manner, which suddenly stung Mirabel into response.

"Why do you say such things to me?" she asked in tones sharp with pain. "Do you suppose I do not know them? I have already told you that I have never cherished such a thought as you suppose."

"Of course not, Mirabel," interposed Mrs. Leslie. "You are too wise a girl. Now I think we quite understand each other. You wish me to tell my brother that you think it better not to sit for him any more?"

"Yes, please tell him that," said Mirabel. Then she added wistfully, "And please say that I am very sorry if it causes him trouble. I should not like the pictures to be spoiled."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the artist's sister, lightly. "Now good-bye, Mirabel, I hope your little sister will soon be better. Would you like me to send her some grapes? You are a good girl, and I won't forget you."

"Accept this—towards the expenses of her illness," said Mrs. Armitage, trying to put a sovereign into Mirabel's hand. But the girl with an angry gleam in her eyes, pushed the lady's gift aside and clenched her hands.

"No, thank you," she said proudly, "I do not want your money. I can manage very well, thank you."

Mrs. Armitage walked out of the house, feeling amazed and discomfited. Her fixed idea respecting the lower orders was that they would do or suffer anything for money. She had felt so sure that the gold coin would "make everything right," and lo! it was thrust back into her palm!

Mirabel returned to the sick room, and what she saw there arrested her passionate indignation and swept it away in a deeper flood of pain. The unmistakable shadow of death lay on the childish countenance. Mirabel recognised it and all hope died within her. Jenny never spoke again and at midnight, after a pitiful struggle, she passed away.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO RENOVATE A VEST.

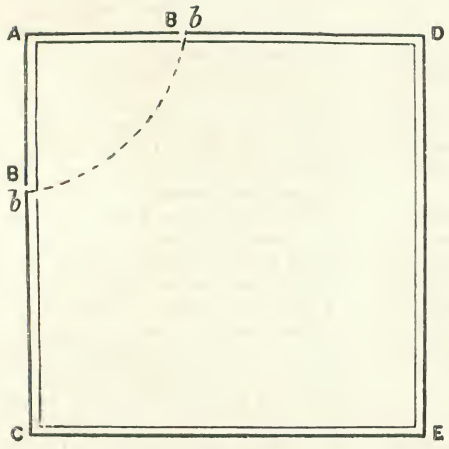


FIG. 1.

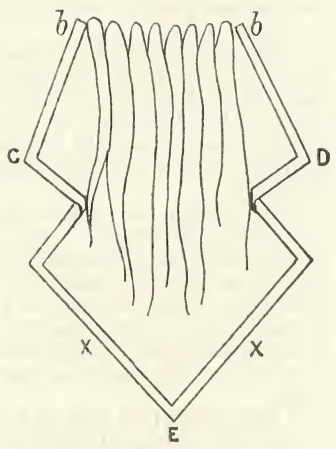


FIG. 2.

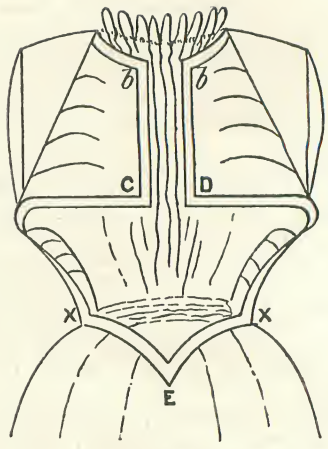


FIG. 3.

PURCHASE a silk handkerchief (bordered by preference) of about twenty-one inches square (price 6½d. upwards) and a quarter of a yard of narrow sarsenet ribbon. Place the handkerchief flat on the table. Measure nine inches from A to each B—see Fig. 1. Then cut that corner off, slightly curving towards the centre. Take the corner and pin A on to the collar-band, just below it in the exact middle of the band, as in Fig. 4. Turn the cut edge in from B to B, and lightly run it along; then sew A in place.

Now take the ribbon and reduce it to six inches, making it strong at both ends. Fold over about an inch and a quarter of the cut edge b to b of the silk, see Fig. 1, and, beginning well within the border, gather it

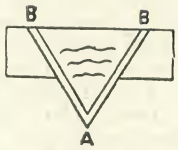


FIG. 4.

neatly on to the ribbon, leaving the frill upright as in Fig. 2. Sew one end of the ribbon to the lower edge of the collar-band, three inches from the middle, and attach an eye to the other end with a corresponding hook on the collar. When it is in place, take hold of the lower part at X and X, measuring about seven inches from E, and pull it neatly across the waist, leaving the point E to fall below the waist. Attach eyes to the silk at X and X and corresponding hooks on the vest. Now pull C and D over, as in Fig. 3, letting b and b fall into position, and the vest is complete.

B. M. S. P.

WHAT ARE PROVINCIAL COUNTY COUNCILS DOING FOR GIRLS?

AN article on the educational work of the London County Council, which appeared in the March number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, seems to have awakened much interest, to judge by the letters received, and it was thought that a similar article on the work of provincial county councils would be useful. I therefore wrote to all the provincial secretaries asking for information. Their kind and courteous replies and the pamphlets received, tower into a mighty pile, almost overwhelming one who wishes to compress and condense for her readers.

The nation, within the last few years has recognised the fact that it is desirable to teach boys and girls alike, not only the elements of education, but how to do things, and has taken up "technical" and "secondary" education. Technical, as I have before explained, comes from the Greek word τέχνη, art or craft; secondary education is that education which comes next to "elementary" education. All over England machinery is now set to work for this sort of teaching. Opportunities abound. "Let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you," says Professor Blackie. "Opportunity, mother of all things," says a Greek writer.

But how do these "opportunities" apply to girls? To a great extent they lie in the direction of domestic economy. Training is given, scholarships are offered, in the arts of dairy and laundry work, cooking, needlework, nursing, and so on.

This fact strengthens a hope I have long cherished, that a day will come when girls who need employment will not rush into the overcrowded ranks of governesses, but will take up some branch of domestic work; not performing it ruefully as a degradation, but turning it into a fine art. Alteration might be needed in the present system of kitchen arrangements, but that need surely not be an insuperable difficuly. Why should we not, also, have "visiting cooks," as we have daily governesses? There seems no intrinsic reason why a girl who loves and understands cookery should not undertake the whole management of the food in another person's house; and we remember that the meaning of the good old Saxon word "lady" is loaf-giver.

But I must not be led astray from my purpose, which is to offer a general survey of the work that is being done in technical education over the kingdom. For this purpose I shall take one group of counties at a time, not attempting any exhaustive account, but giving an outline merely, and in every case adding a clue which my readers may follow up for themselves.

First then comes Northumberland. Here we find the chief benefits for girls consist in the teaching of cookery and domestic economy generally, including dairy and laundry work. There is in Newcastle a school of cookery and household economy. Of this school the report says:

"Eleven girls held scholarships tenable here; the girls entered the school on September 23rd and finished their training of twelve weeks on December 13th. Several ladies were anxious to bespeak their services directly their training was completed, but none of them had ever purposed to leave home for domestic service. If the chief wish of the council is to produce good household servants, it would be well to select girls in a lower social scale than those to which these belong. On the other hand the girls just trained carry their knowledge into their own homes and raise these to a higher standard. During the training, in addition to instruction in cookery, each scholar completed a dress and a hat."

We read also of cookery classes at Hexham, and of a "migratory dairy school," where exhibitions seem to have been plentifully gained. In the "Evening Continuation Schools" aided by the County Council we observe that a girl is the prize winnner in algebra, another the prize winner in drawing.

The northern town girls therefore excel in other things besides domestic economy. But the remark in the report, about the eagerness of ladies to secure these accomplished cooks lends point to my suggestion above. Why should cooking in another person's house necessarily be done by those of "a lower social scale?"

Further details of technical or secondary education in Northumberland can be obtained from the secretary, Charles Williams, Esq., County Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In the county of Durham the County Education Committee seems active. It has "maintained a complete system of scholarships, free studentships and exhibitions from the elementary schools, to the University Colleges." That is to say, it is possible for a child at the Board School to obtain the best of education by its own efforts. Much has also been done to aid the art schools of

the county, the Public Secondary Schools, and the Evening Continuation Schools.

We note that leather work "furnishes a pleasing occupation to many female students" in the classes regularly held; that cookery, dressmaking, laundry work, and domestic economy generally are taught. Ten scholarships are annually offered by the County Education Committee to young women who have been in domestic service, entitling them to attend at the "Northern Counties School of Cookery and Household Economy" for twelve weeks from April to June. An extract from the report may be amusing.

"Nine young women entered the school on April 13th, the tenth arriving a week later. After twelve weeks' tuition in cookery, scullery-work, laundry-work, and home dressmaking, they left on July 3rd. They have all done well, and the examination results are specially praiseworthy. Their conduct has been entirely satisfactory. Of course, among so many, there has been variety of character; the pretentious girl who, though capable, will only do to enter a situation where the work is put out; the eager assiduous girl, with no gifts, who by dint of effort does very well; she would rather sit in the oven with the pastry than let it burn; the spasmodic worker, excellent one day, indifferent the next; the slow thorough plodder; the smart superficial dasher; and the thorough, thoughtful and steady, yet keen and observant well-trained servant, who is a pleasure to her teacher and a treasure to her mistress."

We may also add that "Saturday Free Studentships" have been offered to teachers to enable them to attend classes on Saturday mornings at the Newcastle colleges and institutions. One lady through attending classes at the school of Domestic Economy, mentioned above, has been able to win, on the results of the "City and Guilds of London Institute Examination in Dressmaking," the second place in the United Kingdom, a bronze medal and £3. Several scholarships have been awarded to girls, from elementary or high schools, enabling them to continue their education. There are three classes of scholarships marked A B and C. The C scholarships awarded on the results of the College of Preceptor's examinations, convey a sum of £30 for books, fees, and maintenance, and I observe that one girl scholarship holder is studying at Cologne, Germany. Space forbids further details, which can, if needful, be obtained from the County Education Secretary, J. A. L. Robson, Esq., Education Office, Old Elvet, Durham.

We turn to Yorkshire, and here the first note that reaches us from the North Riding County Council is one of cheerfulness. Mr. Brennell (County Offices, Northallerton) says, "I beg especially to draw your attention to the praiseworthy manner in which the girls of the North Riding appear on the list of scholarships." Bravo, girls of the North Riding! There are "boarding scholarships of the value of £31 per annum." All five of these have been won by girls and are tenable at the Middlesborough High School. A girl also stands first on the list of "local exhibitors." There are seventeen of these, and seven fall to the lot of girls.

The reports on the classes in dress-cutting, sick-nursing, cookery, and laundry work, are highly satisfactory. Courses of teaching are given at different centres up and down the N. Riding. Dresses are made, dishes are cooked, shirts are polished, all with admirable results. Classes in art are held on Saturday for elementary school teachers, and we notice the names of women as having received certificates.

In the West Riding a new departure appears, in the "summer vacation courses." We read of language courses at Caen and Jena, for the summer of 1896. Teachers' exhibitions were offered for these courses, of the value of £10 at Caen or Jena, £5 at Leipzig or Nääs. The description of the proposed courses reads most delightfully. "The holiday side of the meeting will not be forgotten, and excursions to places of interest will be arranged under the guidance of French professors. As a means of making acquaintance before the commencement of the courses, it is proposed that students meet one afternoon in August at 5 o'clock. Tea will be provided."

We hope that this charming programme was successfully carried out. Manual training courses at Aberystwith or Ambleside (in Woodsloyd, drawing, etc., etc.) sound likewise inviting. And with regard to the rest: "Women and girls participate in the instruction given at schools of science and art, science and art classes, and other institutions, and the County Council makes grants for dressmaking, cookery, laundry-work, and other subjects of domestic economy." For further particulars address, The Clerk, Technical Instruction Committee, West Riding Offices, Wakefield.

The Hull Municipal Technical School offers instruction in "Women's Industries" at very low fees. The secretary, J. T. Riley, Esq., 7, Albion Street, Hull, says, "With reference to the instruction of girls from various schools, I should say that we have some hundreds in attendance throughout the year for short courses at a fee of three shillings per course."

Truly the standard of cookery, dressmaking, millinery, laundry-work, ought to improve throughout the land, and the most loyal British subject must be driven to confess that there is room for improvement, at least, in the first three of these departments.

It is almost a relief to turn to the beloved county of Westmoreland, and to find that "domestic subjects are for the present deleted from our scheme," while in other branches of technical instruction, the Secretary, J. Bateman, Esq. (Kent Street, Kendal), reports, "All our classes are open to girls, and a large number avail themselves of the opportunities offered. I may add that in our Botany (Biological class) and Physiology classes, we regard the girls as our most earnest and painstaking students." Well done, girls of Westmoreland! We read also of a midsummer holiday course at Ambleside, for wood-carving, etc.

In Cumberland we observe that one girl from the Carlisle High School for girls has taken a "Major Scholarship of £50 and holds it at the Royal Holloway College, Egham; one holds a scholarship of the same amount at the Durham College of Science. Other girls hold scholarships of £25. Classes in the usual subjects of domestic economy,' also in science, art, music, are held throughout the county, and a considerable proportion of the pupils appear to be girls. There is a School of Art at Tullie House, Carlisle. Further information can be obtained from the organising secretary, "The Courts, Carlisle."

As may be expected, the county of Lancashire is well to the front in its provision for technical education. First comes the city of Manchester, with its Municipal Technical School and Municipal School of Art. The following scholarships are open irrespective of sex:—

Manchester Corporation Technical Scholarships.

Scholarships and exhibitions are offered as follows for two years, the examinations being held in the month of June:—

Day Scholarships.

Four of £60 at the Owens College (three years).

Fifteen of £30 at the Municipal Technical School.

Five of £25 at the Municipal School of Art.

Six of £25 at the Manchester Grammar School.

Forms giving all particulars may be had on application.

Attention is also called to the scholarships and exhibitions offered by the Lancashire and Cheshire County Councils, and in examining the Report we find that girls hold those of the highest amount. The director and secretary, J. K. Reynolds, Esq., says—

"All the classes and courses of instruction are open alike to both sexes without restriction, save that which may be inherent in the subject itself.

"There are special courses for women in dressmaking and cutting-out. Special lectures are also arranged for women seeking to become sanitary inspectors. There are also classes for women in modern languages and in wood-carving. Women may be found in a considerable number in the classes working alongside with the men students.

"The courses at the School of Art are attended by as many women as men—say about two hundred and fifty.

"I may be permitted to say that throughout my long experience here I have never found any difficulty in the mutual co-operation of students of both sexes in their studies."

"Womens' Institutes" are a remarkably successful feature of the Manchester School Board.

It is tempting to study the long Report and observe the facilities of every sort open to women in Manchester, but we must hurry on to Liverpool. Here we think we cannot do better than reproduce the information courteously given by the "Director of Technical Instruction," William Hewitt, Esq., B.Sc.

City of Liverpool.—Technical Instruction for Girls.

Scholarships. All the scholarships offered by the Council are open to girls; and there are several cases of girls having taken the higher Science and Art Scholarships and Studentships and proceeded with them to the local University College or the School of Art. There are in addition two special Scholarships for girls in Elementary schools to take them to approved Secondary Schools.

There is an Organised Science School under the School Board attended by an almost equal number of boys and girls.

Assistance is given in the form of Annual Grants to two Public Secondary Schools for girls; special aid has been given to those schools to provide chemical laboratory, lecture room, drawing apparatus, etc., and to develop the Science and Art teaching generally.

Classes in Domestic Subjects are organised in several centres under the Liverpool Training School of Cookery. Last year a fully equipped housewifery school was opened under the same Committee, for girls just leaving day-schools, and a number of entrance scholarships to this school are provided.

Aid has been given to the Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association, to enable them to provide a course of training in Sanitary Science.

At Birkenhead also there are "Municipal Schools of Science and Art," and the secretary (A. H. Crosby, Esq.), writes that "The majority of the students attending the Physiology, Hygienic Physiography and Art classes are females. In awarding our prizes and scholarships, etc., women have equal rights with men."

Free Studentships are offered at the "Laird School of Science and Art," and we observe with pleasure many women's names

in the "List of successes in the Examinations held by the Science and Art Department" in 1896.

At St. Helens Municipal Technical School women attend not only classes in Domestic Economy but classes in Art and Commercial subjects. Ten scholarships have been founded to assist girls, at present in the Elementary Schools, to spend two years at the Local Grammar School. The secretary is J. J. Brownhead, Esq.

The report of the Blackburn Municipal Technical School, which next claims our attention, attracts us by the generous list of scholarships for Art Students; some of £52 to £90 at the National Art Training School, South Kensington; two Princess of Wales' scholarships of £25 and £11 for women; a Gilchrist Scholarship, tenable for two years at the Royal Female School of Art, London, of £50, and others.

Lastly we glance with pleasure at the syllabus of the Stockport Technical School, which comprises a day school for boys and girls, a school of art, classes for teachers, and evening classes. Among the latter we note, under "domestic subjects," a class for Art Needlework. There are many scholarships to be competed for by boys and girls alike. The art training, in connection with South Kensington, seems admirable, and the view of "Corner of one of the Art Rooms" is tempting. We began with domestic economy, we may end, for the present, by saying that the opportunities for girls to study art appear to be increasing by leaps and bounds.

LILY WATSON.

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART III.

MY FIRST ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY.

IT must be admitted that one garden-party is very much like another, but still there is something about a royal function of the kind which marks it out from the common run. At least, I know I thought so when the invitation came one morning, and for once in my life I felt really quite anxious about the weather.

It was one of those capricious summers in which no two days—one might almost say no two hours—are alike, and though, of course, in case of wet we should retire under cover, still a garden-party indoors seems rather Irish and neither one thing nor the other. Besides, diaphanous dresses and flowery hats look forlorn on a cold damp day, and I naturally wanted to appear at my best, so altogether I suddenly woke up to an extreme interest in the weather-chart and interpreted it according to my wishes.

The day before was dull and varied by a thunderstorm, while the eventful morning itself dawned cool and cloudy, turning after the first few hours into unmistakable rain.

Alas, for my first royal garden-party!

However, to my joy, the sun graciously consented to shine after twelve, and by the time we were dressed and ready it was a very fair specimen of an English June afternoon.

Most girls like to hear about other girls' clothes, and those who do not can skip this paragraph; but for the benefit of the former species, I may say that my dress was white with suspicions of pink about it, and a big white hat in which appeared my favourite lilies-of-the-valley with their own tender green leaves. Mamma was in black-and-white silk with white lace, as she rarely appears in colours except sometimes in the evening or at the drawing-room.

As we drove along there was plenty to look at, for it was the height of the London season, when even a mere drive through the West End is in itself a pleasure, and one that never palls on people who take an interest in their fellow-creatures.

Soon, however, there was something else to look at, for, as we approached the scene of the function, the stream of carriages all going in one direction increased until we found ourselves in a *queue* of them and could only go on at a snail's pace.

Even this phase of the afternoon was enjoyable, for an interested crowd had gathered along the line of route, and it is always amusing to watch faces and hear the remarks made.

When we finally drew up at the gates, the sun was shining in all its splendour, and the scene (as novelists say) "could be more easily imagined than described."

The lovely gardens were in all the prime of their summer beauty, refreshment tents were dotted about here and there, a military band was filling the air with lively music in one quarter, while a second nobly fulfilled its duty in a more distant part of the grounds, and a company of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were strolling up and down the paths, giving that touch of human interest without which the scene would not have been complete.

Considering that every person present, with but few exceptions, was noted for something or other, you may imagine that I used my eyes with all my might as we advanced up the centre path, for celebrities were numerous and I did not want to miss anything; but, as we approached the daïs, I had to bring my mind to bear on the important task of greeting my royal host and hostess and such of their relatives as were supporting them on this occasion.

After all, these things are not actually so formidable as they sound, and I accomplished the proper number of court curtsies without any mishap, after which we were free to greet personal friends, wander about the lovely grounds, visit the lake, or take refreshments, as one would at any ordinary garden-party.

There was a quartette of male voices in one of the conservatories besides the two bands on the lawn; but, somehow, one did not want any more amusement than was to be derived from watching the aristocratic crowd around, and again noting, as often on previous occasions, how nervousness and self-consciousness frequently ruined what might otherwise have been a very graceful manner. Some people seemed quite to lose their heads at the crucial moment, and stood stock still until gently recalled to themselves by royalty making a move to greet the next comer.

Of course, I am speaking now of the younger guests to whom this was the first plunge into Society (with a capital S!) and not of the leaders of the world of fashion who have perfectly acquired that most difficult art of knowing exactly what to do and how to do it in every position of life.

Naturally the knowledge that a formidable array of eyes and glasses is narrowly watching your every movement does not help you to overcome your panic, and the further knowledge that the criticism you evoke will certainly not be unduly prejudiced in your favour completes your discomfiture.

Society is not by any means all unmixed pleasure, for the home-atmosphere of loving appreciation and considerate correction is wholly wanting, and the correction, when it comes, does not spare your feelings.

I have wandered a long way from the garden-party, and yet not so far as you might think, for all this time I have been remembering a remark I overheard soon after I had "run the gauntlet" myself, which was, "Why, there's a girl in a macintosh! Whatever could she be thinking of to come such an object? Just see how awkward she is!" and so on.

Looking up, I noticed a girl just making her curtsey, clad in a silvery-grey silky material made quite plainly, with an accordion-pleated cape, which certainly offered a great contrast to the elaborate and fashionable costumes by which she was surrounded, added to which, she was evidently suffering agonies of nervousness.

One felt sorry, however, as one thought of the probable care and pains with which loving hands had dressed her for this great occasion, and besides, I do not believe it was really a macintosh at all.

I only hoped she would not hear any of the unkind comments freely made on her appearance, but one learns that people are often utterly indifferent to the pain caused by a careless remark, for

> "Evil is wrought
> By want of thought
> As much as want of heart."

There were amusing incidents too as, for instance, close by us were standing a tall, elegant girl and an aristocratic old lady, evidently only just come, for the girl was dragging at her relative's arm in a great state of excitement, whispering eagerly, "Are we going up to the daïs now, granny? Do let us go!" apparently with no nervous qualms to spoil her anticipations.

We did not see her make her curtsey, but we feel sure she did it well, for the less you think about yourself and wonder whether people are admiring you, the better you get on.

All this time the royalties had been smiling

indefatigably, greeting their more intimate friends with marked favour, the princess and duchesses kissing the ladies and motioning them to the places of honour near them, while the less distinguished company hovered about like so many human butterflies.

It would certainly give the crowning touch to this paper were I able to say that I personally was one of those singled out for special notice, and nothing would be easier if this were imaginary, but truth compels me to admit that I have no exciting or flattering experiences to relate as this is all sober fact and not fiction.

After a time the royal host and hostess, with their relatives, descended from the daïs and mixed freely with their guests, dispensing gracious words and smiles, as our royalty well know how to do, so that no one could feel neglected or out in the cold.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a happy mixture of merry talk, light-hearted laughter, music, sunshine and flowers, and forms one of the many bright pictures hung in the mental picture-gallery, which is one of my favourite apartments in my castle in the air.

When at length we took our departure I felt that the third important social event in my life had been as unqualified a success as the others I have already described to you.

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

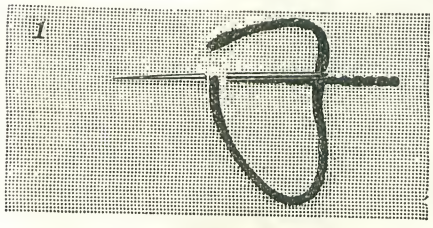
By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Beautiful Sewing," "Winifred's Home," etc.

PART V.

STITCHING AND BACK-STITCHING, ETC.

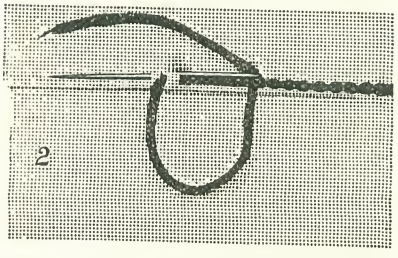
Plain Work.—It is interesting to note what Lady Marion Alford says *re* plain work:—

"Plain work is that which is necessary. As soon as textiles are needed for covering and



clothing, the means are invented for drawing the cut edges together, and for preventing the fraying where the material is lacerated by the shaping process. Hence the 'seam' and the 'hem' and all the forms of stitches that bind and plait. These necessary stitches constitute plain needlework, and are closely followed by decorative stitches, which in gradation cover the space between plain work and white embroidery.

"Semper has given us his archæological theories for the origin of needlework and its



stitches. These are his arguments if not always his words. He says:—

"'The seam is one of the first human successful efforts to conquer difficulties.'

"A string, a ribbon, a braid may serve to keep together several loose things; but by means of the seam, small things actually become large ones. For example, a full-grown man can by its help cover himself with a garment made of the skins of many small animals."

Stitching.—In Fig. 1 you will see how stitching is done. Do your stitching, if possible, on linen or cotton that has been well scalded, rubbed and soaped so that the dressing has been removed. In the case of very fine linen, where drawing the thread is not easy to do even when the above process has been gone through, it is well to soap the place where you wish to draw the thread, as that very much facilitates your doing so.

When you have to do stitching on material which does not permit of your drawing the thread, or if you have to stitch in a diagonal line, run a coloured tacking thread all along the line, which must be measured accurately and be very straight.

Stitching must be done most accurately, each stitch being the same size, and the line on which it is done being kept quite straight.

Stitching is always done upon double material.

Count your threads and make each stitch over the same number.

You can only make one stitch at a time, and you must put your needle in at precisely the same place as where it was drawn out. This forms the preceding back-stitch, and then your needle must come out as many threads in advance as you took in the last stitch.

Thus it is obvious that every stitch meets each other.

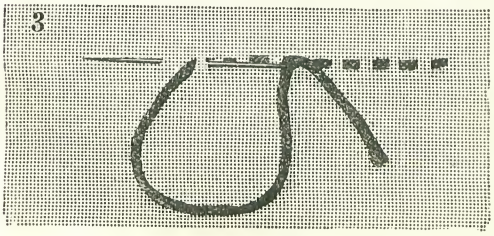
Stitched Hem.—In Fig. 2 you will see a stitched hem.

Turn over two folds, a lesser and a greater, just as if for a hem.

Draw your thread two or more threads above the edge of the first turning, and then take your stitches through all the three layers of material.

When your stitched hem is done, you will remember that the side on which you have made your stitches is the right side.

Back-Stitching.—So many people confound stitching and back-stitching that I have given here an illustration of both, and in Fig. 3 you will see how back-stitching is done.



Put your needle in and draw it out six threads further on. Take your thread back, turn your left to your right, and put the needle in three threads back from the point at which you drew it out, and bring it out six threads beyond.

Strengthening-Tapes.—These tapes are often put on different parts of underclothing instead of gussets. They are to be found at the end of slits and seams, more often in flannel under-wear than in any other.

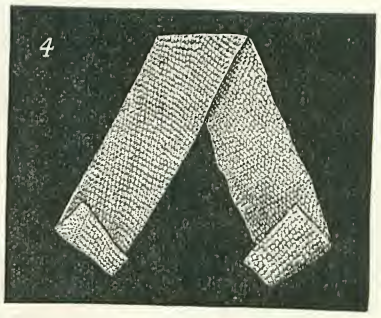
Shaped tapes are also used at the corners of shirts worn by infants, and at the bottom of armholes on pinafores, etc.

Look at Fig. 4 and you will see how the tape is folded for putting on to any of the aforenamed articles.

In Fig. 5 you will see how it should be sewn on, the article being flannel as is obvious by the herring-bone stitch on the edges.

You will have noticed in Fig. 4 that one turned-down end is on the wrong side and the other on the right side, and that the tape is crossed at about half its length.

Pin your tape in position, and then fell



it down as you see in Fig. 5. Always fell the part you see is already done first of all before you go on to the sides and the crossing of the tape where the needle is now left in.

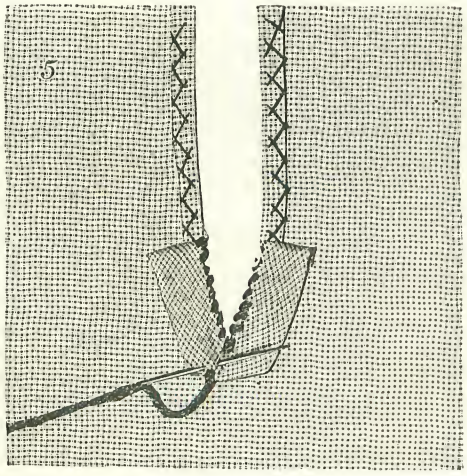
Straight Tapes.—Tapes placed at the bottom of a placket hole, the front folds of shirts, etc., are not shaped at all. Place them thus—

On the wrong side of the tape turn down a narrow fold of the tape.

Double your tape and press down a crease half across the width.

Put the selvedge edge on the wrong side of the article over the end of your slit, and see that the line of creasing goes quite over the middle of it.

Fell the tape very neatly to the article and let the corners be carefully done.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

IRIS.—Dr. Limmi's *Italian Grammar* is by no means a new book, so that we should have hesitated to recommend it, did we not see that it still holds its place in the catalogues of London booksellers. Our own copy bears the names of these publishers, "Edinburgh: Oliver Boyd, Tweeddale Court; London: Simpkin Marshall & Co." The published price is 5s., which, with the discount, would be 3s. 9d. Tell these particulars to your local bookseller, and ask him to get the book for you. If he will not, write to any London firm, asking what you must send them for postage besides the 3s. 9d. We know the grammar to be admirable. It contains exercises, and all you need.

ROUMANIAN PRIMROSE.—We are very glad to hear from another Roumanian correspondent. Your handwriting is clear and pretty, your English is good, and you only mis-spell one word—"address." Thank you for telling us we "help you to pass delightful hours." We insert your wish here:—If any girl would like to exchange letters in English and French with our Roumanian correspondent, will she send to us her address for insertion in this column.

CONSTANCE.—1. You do not say what period of history, or history of what country, you wish to study. If it is English history generally, read Green's *Smaller History of the English People;* if it is any one period, there are good shilling primers on each that you can obtain through any bookseller.—2. There are many substitutes now sold for the regular corset, in the shape of stiffened bodices, but we cannot advertise any special one. Write to a good draper or outfitter, and you will probably receive sketches and particulars.

HARMONY.—1. Your extracts from the exercises are too scanty. Much depends upon the context, and it is impossible to answer your question as it stands.—2. If you study Dr. Stainer's "Harmony" thoroughly, you should be quite ready for "Composition" by the same writer, which is an admirable work.

VERA, L. H. A.—Thank you for your very pleasant letter. We will see whether we can comply with your request concerning an outline of the rules of punctuation.

STORY.—By all means send your story for us to read and criticise if it does not fill more than a few pages. You can never expect an answer confidently by any given near date, as we go early to press, and have many replies waiting publication.

VIOLET.—We fancy that you must be very young, and therefore we do not like to criticise your poem too severely, but it is not written in any metre. The lines are irregular; *e.g.*, take these first lines of verses—

"'Mamma,' said a little child."

"A few years have past, and now on a little bed we look."

If you wish to occupy yourself for your own amusement by your pen, try to tell a little story in prose.

COMMIDETTA.—There is a book entitled *Duologues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen*, arranged by Mrs. Dowson, and published by J. M. Dent & Co. (2s. 6d.), which might be of use to you. It is also a good plan to learn a poem in which two personages are concerned, and recite it alternately. We have heard "The Walrus and the Carpenter" (Through the Looking-Glass) very effectively done by two girls in this way. Or if you are more ambitious, why not learn a scene from Shakespeare, *e.g.*, the scene between Arthur and Hubert from "King John"? We are sure you will find something of this sort please your friends. Owing to the number of letters we receive, and the need for going to press early, we can never reply immediately to our correspondents.

A. M. FRYER.—The birds are well outlined for the first attempt of a child of eight. She should certainly be taught drawing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURLIE.—The name "Gladys" is the English form of the Latin name "Claudia," which means "lame." When England was conquered by the Romans it became customary to have a British and Latin name for both sexes, and then Claudia was changed into Gwladis or Gladys.

DOT.—We believe that the leaves that decorate a ducal coronet are only conventional, and were not originally designed to be strawberry leaves, and were very unlike such in the first instance. See *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1879. In course of time they were more or less changed from their ideal into a realistic character, and we do not know of any special or significant origin connected with them.

A. F. P.—We are told by glass manufacturers that the mysterious breakages of the chimneys of lamps are due to the uneven cooling of the glass. They happen chiefly when the chimneys are of a very cheap kind. You can obtain some that are fire-proof.

LADY SELINA.—There were two Augustines known as saints, namely, the Bishop of Hippo, famous for his sacred disquisitions, and Augustine, the missionary to this country sent by Gregory. It would have confused you less had Ary Scheffer's picture, in our Summer Number, been printed on page 43, where we describe the conversion of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, and the consequent joy of his mother Monica. Of course most representations of saints in stained glass and in books are to a certain extent imaginary, the symbols connected with such representations giving the clue, such, for instance, as the wheel and St. Catherine, the gridiron and St. Lawrence, etc.

INQUIRER.—Do not imagine that, at the great day of account, you will have the excuse to urge that you were only an automaton, and had no freedom of will. God does not "gather where He does not straw," nor hold you responsible for what you could not help. He bids us "choose whom we will serve." He inquires, "Why will ye die?" If you were coerced by the Divine Will you would always do right in thought, word and deed; and if coerced by the Evil One you would always do evil. But, in point of fact, one day you yield to evil counsels and evil desires, and another day you ask for Divine assistance, and you "resist the devil," and he flees from you; and this demonstrates the fact that you have the gift of free will, and are a fully responsible being. St. James says that where a man does evil, he is led away of his own lust or desire. The Divine Spirit is ever ready to help, if you choose to ask for assistance. The choice lies with you.

STAY AT HOME.—Of course, if so much devolves on you, with an invalid and little children in your charge, you must endeavour to supply at home the spiritual instruction you need by private study. Get a "concordance" (we have published one), and look out and make a list of all the passages in the New Testament that speak of our need of an atonement for sin, and of the sacrifice provided for it in that of our Saviour. All those passages also that tell us what Christian graces we must cultivate, as the "fruits meet for repentance;" all those that speak of the love of God, and our Blessed Redeemer; all those that prove that Christ was "God, manifest in the flesh" for our redemption; and all that tell of the kingdom of everlasting peace and joy prepared for the "blood-redeemed" in the world to come. Then learn them all by heart and teach the little ones in your care, and read them to your invalid mother. This is the best advice we can give you.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 913.] JUNE 26, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



A LESSON IN DEPORTMENT.



A SCENE IN THE ZOO.

All rights reserved.]

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



THE water system in the neighbourhood of Weir Bend is so intricate that, despairing of any good result, I have hardly made a serious attempt to impress it upon the vision of my readers. Not only is the Blackwater itself just at that point singularly involute, but the Crana winds in to complicate its coils, while the great canal conducting to Dublin plays hide and seek between the two.

All that I can expect from the imagination of those whose eyes have never dwelt upon the scene is the realisation of a watery tangle, fringed with white villas and white cottages filled with the sound of weirs and cataracts.

About a mile above the Great Weir the ravelled water untwists itself and flows in a broad straight reach for twelve or thirteen furlongs, after which its course again becomes broken until it culminates, four miles nearer its source, in the famous rapids of Caherass.

Now just where that straight reach begins, the rich-wooded land—backed in the distance by a horse-shoe of blue mountains, which has been the distinction of the scenery hitherto—suddenly gives way to a tract of country as uninviting as country well can be: bleak, marshy and desolate.

Half a mile or so from the water's edge, there stands a ruined house, through whose window spaces one may see as in a frame squares of blue Irish sky. Decay has achieved something towards beautifying a building which the architect certainly had endowed with little of dignity or of grace. In spite, however, of wall-flowers that in spring make a very garden of the stones and seem to give a tender sanction to the place, this house has an evil name. Strange lights have scared late-strolling lovers, and even fishermen and water-bailiffs.

It is said that the dead whose bodies the Great Weir will not give up are wont to gather there of moonless nights, mourning their changing clay or their imprisoned bones. The general sense of Buncrana holds that there is no harm in being a little delicate about approaching the house where the Folk Sit.

Now it was the third day after his parting with Edgar that Docker—finding, perhaps, this dreary tract fit scenery for his thoughts—crossed the river below the Great Weir, and, having drawn his boat up on the bank, set his face for the haunted house. Gloomily he strode on, making no attempt to pick his way, pleased to feel the swish and suck of the marsh and to see the brown stains that rose above his boots.

He stepped right into the shell of the ruined house. Then, sheltering the flame of his lucifer under the wall, he lit his pipe—which blusterous winds had hitherto interdicted.

Having got his tobacco well alight, he flung himself down on a little hillock crowned with a few fallen stones and gave grim thought the rein.

Suddenly he heard a voice.

"Really, Mr. Docker, you are not a nice person to meet in a haunted house; you look so particularly murderous."

The young man slipped his lighted pipe into his pocket.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Haydn," he said; "I hardly expected to meet you here."

"No," said Hildegarde, "or you would not have come. But, as a matter of fact, I am here quite often. I am interested in ghosts. Don't you think a ghost's friendly society is badly wanted? They seem to be the only class that is without some kind of organisation."

He took no notice whatever of her little bit of fun.

"You know?" he said, lifting up a pair of hollow, woeful eyes. "She told you, of course?"

Hildegarde had not heard a syllable about the interview between Edgar and Docker. She recalled, however, instantly—indeed the thought had been in her mind at the moment the lawyer entered—those words of Mary denying that she cared for him. Straightway she jumped to the conclusion that, in some way or other, that feeling had been communicated to him by Mary herself.

"Well, yes," she said.

"She has treated me scandalously!" he burst out. "A man would be horse-whipped for half what she has done."

"Please to remember," said Hildegarde, rising and looking at the wretched lad with eyes in which pity strove with anger, "that she is my sister; my dear, sweet sister."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Do sit down again. It does me good to talk to you. Miss Haydn, my mind is a chaos. I can't find anything—I don't know what I think or feel."

"I am so sorry for you," Hildegarde said.

"One more word like that," he answered, flinging his pipe away in desperate sacrifice to his tortured nerves, "and I am off. I won't have your pity."

"Then," said Hildegarde, "I'll keep it for some more deserving case."

"I didn't think that of you," he said, almost in a moan; looking up with canine appeal in his eyes; "I didn't think you were cruel."

"I am sure I do not wish to be cruel," the girl said very gently.

At the kindness of those words the tears rushed into his eyes. "I have not slept for three nights," he said. "Last night I paced the streets from twelve to six." Then he burst into a jarring laugh. "I have everything badly—whooping cough, scarlet fever, and the rest—but I get the attack over pretty soon. Let her play fast and loose if she likes—I suppose she thinks it is the right thing to do. But you would not behave like that, would you? and you are ten times as beautiful. Miss Haydn, I don't know what you will think of me, but I must tell you now or I shall go mad. Hildegarde"——At that word he felt the girl's hand make a leap as if to break away. But he caught it and brought it back—"You said you would be kind," he urged; "that is not kindness, is it? Dear Hildegarde,"—again the hand leaped and was brought back—"you must hear what I want to say. I was in love with her at first, but every time I came, since that night when you almost drove me wild, I have loved her less, and you more."

There had been in his voice something of the passionate defiance of a child. But when he came to those words "I have loved her less," he made a just perceptible pause, as though their sound moved him with wonder and fear; as though he half expected something within him or without to speak in indignant contradiction. But the words "And you more," were spoken with confidence, and were repeated.

At their second utterance Hildegarde looked up with moistened eyes. If she had noticed that momentary hesitation she had failed to grasp its significance. She was a woman whose intuition was not a lantern shedding an equable light, but a sun rolling under clouds, sometimes almost an intolerable flash; and sometimes darkness. In the strange inwardness of her life, most things came to her coloured, presented, interpreted.

"Was it my insolence, then," she said, "that made you care for me?"

"No," he answered, "not that altogether; though I do think yours is the most charming rudeness in all the world. It was something when you called to me to drop into the boat—something I thought I heard in your voice."

"Yes, yes," she said; "it was then that I knew."

"You knew!" he cried; "you knew! Oh, my beautiful Hildegarde! to think that you could care for me!" He drew her face up, and she suffered him to

kiss her. And, at that moment, if he would have hearkened to the deepest voice of his heart, he would have known that this sudden love was made up of jealousy, pain, pride, the swift reaction of feeling overcharged, and wistful longing that must needs be near the girl he truly loved, though she could never care for him.

He took her hand, and they went out of the haunted house, moving as those that walk in a dream.

"How happy we are, dearest," he said at length; "how happy we will always be."

"Yes, yes," she said, very faintly, very musingly. And then she lifted her hand, and they both stood and listened.

"The calling of the weir," he said, drawing her closer. "It is saying something to us, if we could only make it out."

"Yes," she said, with a shiver. "I don't like it. Come away."

* * * *

When Edgar broke to Mary—as finally as one breaks an egg, but less delicately—the news of the engagement, Mary spoke not one word.

Edgar waited a little while, diluting the silence with a small, confidential whistle; then his overtried temper gave way.

"I don't mind a donkey," he said, "but I do hate a dumb donkey."

And still Mary held her peace.

Edgar caught her rather roughly by the arm. "Look here, Molly," he burst out, "I didn't throw up my prospects in Johannesburg for this."

Then Mary spoke. "Your prospects?" she said. "I never heard of any prospect but one, and that was a view of the workhouse."

"Thank you, Mary," said Edgar, reddening and darkening together; "thank you very much for that kind and sisterly remark."

"Oh, Edgar," sobbed the poor girl, rejoiced to be able to open the gates to her hard-locked tears, "forgive me, I hardly knew what I was saying. It is all so strange and unlikely; and I think I am a little over-wrought."

"I daresay," he answered. "Overwrought is the feminine of over-eaten. I watched you tucking in. But never mind that. Do you believe that that precious pair of paupers"—he pronounced the word "paupers" as though it embodied a vice of which he was constitutionally incapable—"has agreed to make a bank of their two ciphers?"

"If you are referring to Hildegarde,"—Mary began.

"For the love of sanity," Edgar cried, putting his hands up to his ears, "don't come the gee-gee now. This is no time for high-horsing and quiet dignity and all that nonsense. I can't hear a word you're saying," he continued, shutting off his hearing, as soon as Mary's lips began to move. "Yes, you are quite right, it is lovely weather for the oats, but bad for the turnips."

He had turned his back upon Mary, and stood with his eyes shut and his shoulders shrugged up in the attitude of a musician outraged by a more than German band. "And now," he said at length, thinking that by this time irrelevancy was duly snubbed, "listen to me."

He turned round to face Mary. Mary was gone. Edgar said something to himself. It was very soft, but not nearly so sweet. He thought he would have one cigarette, and then go in and darn Miss Westropp's muslin. It was a nasty, jagged, three-cornered tear, exacting all the resources of the artistic mender. "The girl would make an awful botch of it herself," he said, as he lit up. "Women's fingers are all toes."

Next evening about ten he found Mary sitting alone in the little octagonal turret drawing-room.

"Molly dear," he said sweetly, coming behind her and giving her hair a little touch, "I'm sorry you were cross and rude yesterday. But perhaps it was partly my fault for trying to speak reasonably to a woman. Now don't begin to gee-gee again, and please don't cry; all of us haven't your cast-iron nerves. Just read this," he concluded, as he tossed a letter on to the table beside her, "and tell me your impressions.

"Molly," he suddenly began again, pointing to a flower-pot that stood at the girl's right hand, "they send out missionaries to Tierra del Fuego and Chota Nagpore, and we have that at home!"

He thrust out his fore-finger in a savage stab, and sank back, broken. His emotion was not without justification. The flower-pot was tied up, like a swollen face in a handkerchief.

If Edgar's sensitive nature had permitted so much distraction, he would have noticed that his sister had grown very pale.

The letter was from Hildegarde, and it was in these words:—

"You will hardly believe it, Molly, and I hardly believe it myself. Yet on the whole I believe (dear me, another believe) it is true. I have made it up with your old friend and my old enemy, and——

"It was tremendously abrupt, but like thunder, and other sudden things, I daresay it had been in the air longer than we knew. Do you know, Molly, I thought once that I was likely to have him for a brother-in-law! and in that capacity I did not (as my manners may have faintly indicated) like him at all. Was this the reason? Who shall say? Motives are moles; we know vaguely where they are by the earth they have thrown up, but we don't often get a glimpse of them till their poor little toes are turned up. (Another up. Never mind.) Dearest little girl—good little Molly (I shall never be good, but perhaps I don't want to be, very much), sweet little sister, write and say that you are glad. I think I am—yes, I am sure I am. Only, only, only would he were fatter! Richer that is. I don't think I was meant for a poor man's wife. I hope Reggie won't look at me and say 'Butter AND jam!' Not that the observation would make any difference.

"Oh, Molly, that reminds me! Things are very queer here. I don't think mother has found out anything, but I am dreadfully afraid. There has been something in the paper; what, I cannot discover, and Reggie will not tell me; but I have received a most disagreeable impression. Father is very gloomy. Yesterday he was talking to himself, and I heard him say, twice over, 'De Vesci Hennessy, De Vesci Hennessy.' It gave me the idea that Mr. Hennessy was in some way connected with—I am afraid I must call it so—the coming trouble. I see he is one of your party. What sort of a man does he seem? I think, Molly, that it would be well for you to come back as soon as you can. Dear little girl, I am so sorry that you should have your little pleasure dashed with trouble; but I thought it was kindest to give some preparation.

"But then, it may not be much after all. I think, Molly, you ought to marry Mr. Hennessy (!) and make everything come right (!!). More notes of interrogation.

"Good-bye, dearest. Don't miss the chance of sending one word before you, saying, 'I am glad.'"

So far all was plain as print, for Hildegarde's big masculine hand was a model of legibility. Then there came something that had been laboriously ruled through and through with ink.

"Never mind that," remarked Edgar, returning to consciousness; "that is something she thought better of—— Don't!" He rose to intercept her reading, but was a moment too late. Mary had almost deciphered the words. "Edgar has been borrowing money of poor Keogh. I fear that he is a mean——" At that point the letter leaped out of her hands.

"Well, Mary," said Edgar, with noble scorn, "I did not think that a lady would descend to read what had been repented of and erased."

"Nonsense," said Mary. "You have been opening my letters."

"No, Mary," Edgar answered, "the letter came open in my hands, and when accidentally I discovered what Hildegarde had written, in order to screen her, I erased the words. I am sorry to find, Mary, that we have a very rude young woman for a sister."

"Edgar," said Mary, "I am very tired and not very well, would you mind leaving me alone?"

"My poor child," the young man exclaimed, "let me make you comfortable first, and then I will go. Lean back against this cushion, now put your feet up here. I'll take care of you, Molly. Mean hound or no, Edgar isn't a bad sort. He's fond of Molly anyhow." He leaned over and kissed her. "Do you remember that awful concoction we used to make together?—licorice and orange and——"

"Old man," said Mary. "And we stirred it with a tooth brush." Her eyes were already dim with mists of remembrance. "What queer little wretches we were!" she said.

"Yes, indeed; but, whatever our eccentricities, we were good pals and true. I took many a walloping for you, Molly."

"Did you?" she said, anxious to see square with him, but failing to corroborate his recollection at that point. "I thought it was rather the other way."

"No matter," said Edgar, "we were the dearest of chums. 'Neddy and Molly.' Do you remember the old yarn:

"'Molly and Neddy,
Be jolly and steady,
Not, Neddy and Molly,
Ready in folly'?

That was the poor old governor's, the only poem he ever made, I suppose."

"Dear Edgar," said Mary, moved by that hunger of the heart which makes us eager for self-sacrifice, "I would do a great deal for your sake. I think I would take a whipping for you to-night."

"Then take Hennessy," he said, with a strange husky eagerness, unobservant of the humorous implication of his words. "Take him, Molly, and pull the lot of us out of the mud. Things are queer enough at Weir Bend anyone can see, and I, Molly—poor old Eddy's in a bit of trouble, too."

"Edgar," said Mary, raising herself in her chair, "let us understand one another. I wouldn't marry a man I did not love to save you from the gallows."

Edgar gave a jump and shut his two hands hard, as a man struck by a bullet might do.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said, looking uneasily behind him. "Who's talking about gallows?"

"I beg your pardon," Mary said, "I meant nothing. I think we are both upset."

"I suppose we are," he said with a laugh. "I think I shall go and have a smoke outside."

He left her, stopping at the door to nod through a careless yawn. A few seconds later Mary heard him step out on to the gravel.

Then she let her forehead sink upon the table and wept forlorn, defeated tears. At last pride came to her rescue. What, was she crying for a man who did not care for her—a man either incredibly fickle or altogether heartless? The sting of that thought roused her. She caught up a pen to write—she knew not what—something that should demonstrate to the would-be heart-breaker how sound and gay her heart remained.

And then her deeper nature conquered. Never yet had Hildegarde summoned Mary's sympathy in vain. Should it fail her now in her new great happiness?

"Oh, let me forget myself!" Mary prayed. Many, many times over she repeated those same words. And the rebellious turmoil of her spirit calmed down, till at length it was like the noise of a crowd in some far-off street. Then she clasped her hands upon her breast, outwardly tender, it seemed, from the inward pain, and closed her eyes, gathering into her soul's deep places that hard-won strength and peace.

And then she took up her pen again and wrote a loving, self-effacing, sisterly letter—a letter that was very balm to Hildegarde, upon whose musings, in spite of all her efforts to scare or to ignore them, certain undefined fears would creep and peep, throwing a very sinister shadow. And so that following night while Mary lay awake praying and weeping (for it is only after a long war that stable peace is won), Hildegarde slept with a smile of heart's-ease upon her face and with her sister's letter under her pillow.

(*To be continued.*)

A BUNDLE OF HINTS ON BEAUTY.

By "MEDICUS."



HEN in good form I usually do a day's work in thinking and making pencilled notes, before I go downstairs to my eight-o'clock breakfast. That is an ordinary man's day's work, for of course I am an *extra*ordinary man. Well, it was the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who were the subjects of my learned thoughts this morning. With such a very, *very* large family of girls as I have, all healthy young and bonnie, it is sometimes truly puzzling to know what to serve up to them as their monthly meal. There were a score of suggestions running through my erudite brain at the same time. Something solid such as Rheumatism, Inflammation, or Impediments of speech? But the morning was so beautiful with birds singing on the lawn and a summer's breeze making melody in the splendid trees as if every branch were a harpstring. No, solidity was out of the question. Something that would appeal to the appetites of the jaded and weary? This was better but not exactly the thing. Something that would be extremely useful and should read like a semi-severe sermon? No, no, no, I hate to seem overwise and grandmotherly.

Ha! I had it: hash! But it should be a nutritious, delicate, piquant hash all the same. And so I am going to give you a hash of hints which if taken will help to improve your good looks, and make you look far prettier even than you are at the present moment, and I feel sure that, in a large number of instances, that is saying a great deal.

As I have said before somewhere, I deem it the duty of every girl to look her best outdoors or in, keeping within due bounds, of course, and not being carried away with false pride. And so I had at first meant to give some hints as regards dress. But second thoughts are best, I believe I had better not. Unless one feels sure one can jump over a deep stream, one ought not to attempt it. And I should be certain to trip myself over the dress material, folds and falls and trifles of that sort. Once about two years ago I attempted to report a grand party. I was staying in a town in romantic old Scotland, where the parties are always successes. The editor of a local paper buttonholed me one day as I was coming across Castlehill.

He looked hurried as, on rare occasions, even editors may be.

"You're going to the party to-night, Gordon, I suppose?" he said.

"Would it be complete without me?" I modestly asked.

"Well," he continued, "I'm called hurriedly out of town; just jot down a few notes for me, will you. Something that ladies shall enjoy. You know?"—I knew.

And away he went with a light heart.

I was away too before he came back, for between you and me and the binnacle yonder, I fear I made a hash of that report.

"I hope," I said to myself that evening as I was dressing, "that Mrs. A. will be there." Mrs. A. I may tell you is the Society Correspondent for the London G——.

"If she isn't I'll just generalise and not go too deeply into the dress department.

So I hummed an air to myself as I stepped into my carriage, hoping to have a real good time of it.

And I had, as far as that goes, *but*—— Well, let me tell you. Mrs. A. was there, and I soon found her out.

Yes—she would be delighted to write me a few notes later on.

"Oh no," I said, "I positively refuse to let you bother writing. You know everybody. Well, we'll just get away into a quiet corner, and you shall do the talking and I'll take it down in shorthand."

The music was very grand, and that I think is half the battle at a party. The whole affair was a brilliant success. Mrs. A. knows everybody everywhere, and chaperoned me and made it very nice for me indeed.

I didn't feel like singing that night. I had a happy quiet feeling all over me. But I was dressed in my clan tartans and couldn't refuse when she asked if she mightn't give me an introduction. The press is always virtually master of ceremonies, and Mrs. A was mistress.

Lilian D—— was a beauty, and in every other way, the belle of the party, and as I am not at all an ambitious man I permitted myself to be introduced.

Mrs. A. has that rather obsolete Scottish stateliness and grandeur of speech, which, however nice they may read in book-form, are hardly suited for everyday life. She introduced me as "Dr. ——, Royal Navy, one of the brightest stars on the staff of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

Of course I knew she was right, but being a sailor I am naturally shy, and felt sorry at that moment I hadn't taken a rat's hole in my pocket to hide myself in. When people want to praise you they should do so behind your back, only—— just loud enough for you to hear.

Well, Lilian was very sweet, naïve and just a trifle gushing. She said she loved literature, and even harboured some aspirations in that direction herself. But I must hurry to my denouement. There was to be a "festivity" at Lady L.'s Castle the next afternoon but one, to which both of us had been invited, and I promised to look at a short story Lilian had had accepted in a parish magazine and comment on it. Meanwhile I had my interview with Mrs. A. and took my notes from her dictation, with the speed of a practised reporter.

I did not get up at six next morning, but as soon as I did, wrote my report, and hurried

down to the office with it. The sub was very busy, as the paper came out early next morning, so I stopped to do what little I could and correct my own proof. That was handed back, and I even saw the revise.

I regret even yet I did not let Mrs. A. write the words that she only spoke, else my report might have been even more elegant than it was. Perhaps the embellishments of my own, which I had added, hardly improved it. My adjectives of admiration were sprinkled in with a pepper-box, so to speak. Here are a few specimens taken at random from my report. "Miss B., an angel in black Bengalese, wide berth and sleeves of white. Miss McD. was dinked out in cinnamon satin fixed up with pink. Mrs. D. was a perfect combination of terra-cotta, white glacial silk, and pale-bue garnishings—*very* attractive. Mrs. R. was richly brocaded in silk gardened with pink tool. Miss Y. looked charming in a white cockaded skirt and tool, etc." But I kept Lilian to the last to give her an extra bit. "She were (? wore) more antique in a costly corslet of cochineal silk, with yellow skirt gardened with heliotropes. She also wore a chiffon, and was the cynosure of all eyes."

I was told next morning that I had made a few trifling errors in my diagnosis, so I concluded not to go to the party that afternoon.

And now, after this long prelude, I want to get to business proper. When my foot is on my own quarter-deck, I feel all there.

Well, I may tell you at once, that without purity of skin there can be no real beauty of face. You will readily understand that, but it may be new to you to learn that there can be no purity, softness, and freshness of skin unless there is beneath it wholesome, healthy flesh. The girl then, who desires to be really pleasant and bonnie, must go the right way to work, and endeavour to build up some muscle for the skin to lie upon. It is small good "beautifying" by cosmetics, powder, and all that. In some portions of the far East where I have travelled, they like to adorn their sepulchres. These look very well from the outside, *but*——

Well, then, I maintain that the first aim should be to obtain hard substantial muscle. Plenty of exercise (the more the better) will help a girl to do this if it be supported by good food temperately partaken of, fresh air, a reasonable amount of sleep, a sufficiency of recreation, and the bath.

But a life of this kind assists the building up of beauty indirectly as well, for it gives you a contented happy frame of mind, pretty lips because they get plenty of exercise in smiling, and a clear sparkling eye. Yea, more; it gives you a good carriage and a light step, and mind you, there is much more in these than you might imagine.

Then, if you have all that, you might well rest contented; but I shall now give you a few recipes for the skin to protect it against high winds, etc., and knowing, as most of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER do, how much averse I am against anything that savours of artificial beauty, I think it is very good of me to do so. But these recipes are all reliable. There is nothing harmful or poisonous in any portion of them, and they are also simple and more to be depended on than the elegantly got-up catchpennies you see advertised in every odd corner. They can be prepared cheaply at any chemist's shop, or you can put them up yourself. To do this, however, there are one or two little articles you need, and they don't cost much; first a filler or funnel of glass, and of medium size, with a piece of thick blotting-paper, to make a chemist's filter; a glass pestle and mortar to hold about half a pint; a small spatula and delf slab, a tiny pair of druggist's weighing-scales and weights. I think these are about all.

1. *Violet powder* may be made by rubbing together in the mortar an ounce of orris powder, half an ounce of powdered starch, and about five drops each of essence of ambergris and bergamot.

2. *Toilet vinegars* may be made by infusing or macerating for ten or twelve days beautifully scented flowers in dilute acetic acid to which it is usual to add some rectified spirit. Take, for instance, of lavender flowers one quarter of a pound, four pounds of dilute acetic acid (white vinegar), and infuse for ten days. Draw off only the clear. It may be filtered. To make the filler, after standing the glass funnel or filter in its receiver, take a piece of square strong white blotting-paper and fold it four times on itself, then insert it, point downwards, in the funnel, flat all round against its sides. This blotting-paper will have three thicknesses of itself at one side, and only one at the other. But this doesn't matter. Only don't make a mistake and snip off the point.

Eau de Cologne mixed with this white vinegar is very refreshing in hot weather. You may damp the brow with it, the hands or even the top of the head, if it aches.

3. *Pot-pourris* for sachets, etc., every girl who lives in the country and has access to a rose-garden can easily make. Take the petals of the best-scented sorts, and spread them out till dry in the sun, or a warm room if you cannot find enough sunshine, and then put a dust of salt and a little orris powder over them and jar them up till wanted. But a combination of any sweet-scented petals may be treated in the same way, and it is really surprising what delightful effects you get. You are really thus taking summer gently by the hand and leading her with you into winter.

Mouth pastils or cachous are compounds for sweetening the breath. I don't like them because I want my little family of GIRL'S OWN PAPER lassies to be sweet in that way without any such artificial aid.

4. *Toilet soaps.*—You are not likely to take to making these. But I may tell you that there are good and very bad. Never buy cheap soaps, anyhow. They are either carelessly made or too alkaline, and you might as well use salt water wherewith to wash your face. Remember, by-the-way, that filtered rain-water is best for the face.

5. *Tooth powders.*—These cannot be too simple. I mentioned in this paper before about meeting a shepherd lassie heading her sheep among the high Highland heather. Her teeth were certainly very beautiful, and I couldn't help asking her how she kept them so. Her answer was characteristic. "Oh, sir," she said, with a bonnie laugh, "I just wet the point o' my finger and rub it up the lum (chimney)!"

But prepared charcoal, added to three times its bulk of chalk, is a useful toothpowder and preserves the teeth from decay, and I need give no other.

6. However, tooth-pastes are best when travelling, because powders then take the advantage and spill themselves, and an ounce of charcoal would hardly improve the appearance of a "Bengalese" dress. This paste is then better than any powder: Chalk two ounces, a dram or two of borax, and enough honey to give it consistency. Scented with a drop of any essence you may fancy.

7. But a paste may ferment and declare itself in a hot country, so in that case I recommend simply tincture of myrrh, a little borax, and eau de Cologne.

8. A good skin face wash or cosmetic is made by adding two and a half drams of tincture of benzoin to ten ounces of rose or orange water.

But my worthy Editor warns me that my space is up. I know what that means: he wants to go to luncheon and take me with him. Well, the first duty of a British sailor is obedience to his captain's orders, and so I obey. *Au revoir!*

VAL'S PLAYMATE.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the opening-meet of the season of the staghounds. In the neighbourhood of Exmoor, where the red stag is hunted, this meet is regarded as a universal holiday throughout the West country. The lonely hill-country farmhouse, where the meet generally takes place, has on that day thousands of people flocking to it. They come over the heather-clad hills, they come through the sheltered valleys, where the petulant, singing, dancing little West-country streams wind their way; they come along the rough stony tracts which are the apology for a road, and the deep lanes paved with genuine, liquid, red, West-country mud. It is a most mixed multitude which assemble there, for people come from hundreds and hundreds of miles to be present at this opening-meet, the fame of which has travelled into foreign lands, and even to the shores of another continent. The dandy from Oxford Street jostles against the hill-country farmer; the elegant lady in her glistening silk, perfumed with opopponax, with her hat just come out from a fashion-book, is side by side with the ancient West-country dame, who, from her cottage smelling of the turf smoke, has issued at dewy dawn to trudge over the hills to her one great yearly holiday, which for worlds she would not omit. The literary man, come to write an article for the Press, finds himself face to face with the day labourer. The girl of the period can compare notes as to beauty with the West-country damsel, with her native roses on her cheeks, and her fine, well-developed figure, guiltless of steel and whalebone. The gentleman got up in scarlet has for his near companion the old hobbling cripple from the workhouse.

Cyril Blandford, when he was staying near Exmoor, naturally wanted to see for once that great wonder of the West country, a first meet, which he had often heard of in his home, near Bristol. He had somehow slipped into quite familiar social relations with Harts Siderfin and her uncle, after that afternoon when Val gave him that unceremonious introduction to the young lady. He was always crossing and recrossing the moor between the farm where he lodged and old Mr. Siderfin's house. In some unaccountable manner he had grown quite idle about that precious MS. of his, which, but lately, had been all his joy

and pride, and he had developed a wonderful taste for flowers, which he was always talking about in the garden of old Mr. Siderfin's house. A few weeks ago he hardly knew a rose from a cabbage, now he seemed inclined to be going in seriously for botany.

Little Val silently made his own boyish comments with regard to Cyril's visits to the house where his Queen of Hearts lived; not one of these comments, however, did he impart to Cyril, only now and then did a sly smile play about his mouth. Old Tory, too, watching stealthily from the window of her cottage, that cottage-window which looked upon the garden-gate, made her own observations, and in default of company made them aloud to the cat.

"Pussy," she said, "her be a going right in flouse, as sure as ever you would go right flouse into a cream-pan, if only you could have the chance."

The day preceding the opening-meet of the staghounds, old Mr. Siderfin had asked the young clergyman and his little brother to join his party going to the meet; only he and his niece were going, he said, and Cyril and Val should be "kindly welcome," he added, using the hearty old West-country expression, to fill the vacant seats in his waggonette. His two spirited little horses, half Exmoor ponies they were, and only styled horses by courtesy, would take the whole party and dance over the journey, though, to say truth, the road which they had to go over was not exactly suggestive of dancing, unless it was to a troop of monkeys or a flock of Exmoor sheep. Mr. Blandford willingly accepted the offer, joining in the expedition, of course, purely in pursuit of the picturesque. Had anyone suggested to him that he was falling in love with Harts Siderfin, he would most assuredly have rejected the notion with scorn. The fact was his pride, which still clung tenaciously to his old opinions with regard to marriage, would not allow him to own his love, even in the inmost recesses of his heart.

Cyril might well have made the picturesque beauty of the scene his excuse for going to the meet, instead of love for her who sat at his side, when he gazed down from the upland field, where many of the carriages were drawn up. The scarlet coats of the huntsmen, the rainbow tints of the ladies' dresses, the purple heather and gold gorse on the steep hill-side above, the rich green foliage of the neighbouring woods, all combined to make a mass of varied colouring which might have delighted any painter's eye. It was the luncheon-hour, always a very important hour at staghound-meets in the West country, and graceful girls in riding-habits, old country dames in quaint bonnets, sportsmen, authors, tourists, fine ladies, and village-belles were reclining on the grass, or were stretched upon the heather, or were mounted on the boxes of every description of vehicle, from the nobleman's drag to the tax-cart, or were perched on gates, or were gathered in little groups in the shade of the high hedges, all draped with feathery ferns. Hampers were unpacked, in which the most conspicuous delicacy were jars of clotted cream, *al fresco* meals were spread, the air was full of merry jests, and flirtation and laughter.

Old Mr. Siderfin had taken Val to see the hounds, which are always shut up in some barn or linny, while two or three couple of the steadiest old dogs, called the tufters, go with the huntsman to find the deer. When the stag has broken cover, the whole pack is put on. Left thus alone, Cyril and Harts necessarily had a somewhat lover-like appearance, as they sat in the waggonette and unpacked a goodly hamper, and laid out the luncheon together. Cyril was a little conscious and awkward in his position, there were so many pairs of eyes around them, but Harts was charmingly cool and composed and unconcerned. She wore a close-fitting blue dress, which displayed the active grace of her figure to perfection, and looked distractingly pretty in a hat trimmed with little pink roses. Cyril could not help feeling the spell of her sweetness and beauty, but his pride still had the upper hand of him, and prevented him from speaking any tender word, though he could not help the silent language of his eyes.

"In go'th he, deeper and deeper," said old Tory, who had trudged over the hills with a neighbour to the popular holiday, and was now observing the pair in the waggonette from a coign of 'vantage seated on the shaft of a cart. "I've a gort acquainted with un quite friendly-like since her have been in our parts, and her be a very suval-spoken gentleman, and one day I joked to un about being married, and her said, said her, her should never be married, but that be old banberry nonsense. He'll be a lucky chap, I can tell un, if he do get our Miss Harts. She can play the music like an angel, and sing like a skylark; and yet she be a reg'lar business 'umman; and to see her with a sick baby, why, she can quiet it better than twenty drops of daffy."

Mr. Siderfin and his party stayed to see the stag break cover with the hounds in full cry after him, and followed by a large field of horsemen and horsewomen. Then they started on their homeward way. The two spirited little horses were put into the waggonette, and Val mounted with much pride to the box at the side of the old coachman, "Jan," as he himself pronounced his name, while Harts and her uncle, and Cyril Blandford walked down the hill, which was very steep and rough. The three lingered on their way, for old Mr. Siderfin was pointing out the country to Cyril as they went, and the waggonette was soon out of sight in the windings of the road. Suddenly a cry reached their ears, and an instant after a man came hurrying up the hill calling out—

"There has been an accident, Mr. Siderfin, and your carriage is in it."

Terrified for Val's safety, Cyril sped on in front of his two companions. He arrived to see a confused mass of struggling horses, and men, and carriages; a few moments more, which seemed to Cyril as ages, and old John emerged unhurt from the wreck, holding Val in his arms, but the boy's head lay motionless on his shoulder.

"My little Val! my little Val! poor Aggy's boy!" exclaimed Cyril in an agony of despair, as he gazed into the white, still face, and the remembrance flashed across him of the boy's mother's face when he saw it first—when they brought her home dead. There was a terrible likeness between those two faces—head and heart turned sick with the thought.

"Poor little chap, hers gone, I be afeared!" said old Jan, using the dismally consolatory tone peculiar to west-country people in any misfortune.

Jan had been flourishing away down the hill displaying his coachmanship before the eyes of admiring beholders; this coachmanship had been more energetic than skilful. The horses had been excited by the hounds and had become unmanageable, a collision had occurred with another carriage coming from the meet, and from thence proceeded the accident. Mr. Siderfin generally drove his spirited horses himself; had he been on the box the accident would probably not have happened.

"My little boy was thrown out of a hay-cart and killed twenty years ago, and he looked just like that," observed another true west-country Job's comforter.

"My first husband broke his neck; don't 'ee drow yourself away, sir; you see I didn't," chimed in a stout dame.

The throng of bystanders grew denser and denser, and every one talked at once. It was just then that Harts Siderfin came in among the crowd.

"Stand back," she said in her clear, sweet voice, and the people almost involuntarily gave way before her on either side. She and her uncle were known, and loved, and respected throughout the west country; and, moreover, she looked almost queenly, with her graceful, erect carriage, and her tasteful dress, and her gleaming gold ornaments on her wrists and at her white throat—for like all thorough west-country girls she dressed herself in her very best for the great annual festival. She went up to Jan and took the child out of his arms. Cyril Blandford's eyes hung upon her movements as if all his soul was concentrated in that one sense of sight. He had been so stunned and bewildered by the suddenness and greatness of the calamity, that in those first moments his presence of mind had forsaken him. Now, however, when he saw her near him, hope woke within him. With steady, skilful hands she began to examine the child. She had attended a course of ambulance lectures lately, and the knowledge thus acquired stood her now in good stead.

"Mr. Blandford," she said, in a few moments, turning to Cyril, while her eyes beamed comfort and hope down on him like twin calm stars, "the darling is not dead, he is only stunned; with God's blessing I believe he will be restored to you."

The moon was shining softly into the chamber of the farm-house, whither little Val had been transported after the accident. A doctor, who had been at the meet, and had appeared on the scene of the misfortune soon after, declared that the injuries sustained by the child were not very severe, but he had advised his not being taken home till the next day. He was filled with admiration at the manner in which the young lady had managed the child before his arrival. Old Mr. Siderfin, obeying his natural kindliness of disposition which drew him towards all those in trouble, had said that he and his niece would remain for the night with Cyril and his little brother. Harts had stolen up to look at him while her uncle dozed in the farmer's parlour below, and had found Cyril watching by the child. A faint flush rose upon her cheek when she found him thus alone in the moonlight, but she sat down beside her little patient with a very composed air. There was no sound in the room for a few minutes, save the even breathing of the sleeping child and the tinkle of a little natural fountain in the court-yard below.

"Harts, dear Harts," he said softly, at length, for the whirlwind of trouble which had suddenly swept over his life had swept away in a moment all his pride, and he knew how he loved her, "Harts, dear Harts, come to me to be my light, my 'Queen of Hearts' in very deed and truth."

And the "Queen of Hearts" did not say no.

"Cyril, didn't you say that you'd rather be burnt than be married?" asked little Val, suddenly speaking from his bed.

The newly-plighted lovers started, and half thought that the child was wandering a little after his late accident, but there was such sly meaning in the blue eyes when they glanced at him, that they quickly comprehended that the little rogue had been awake all the time, while they believed him sound asleep. Then drifting softly into slumber, he added drowsily—

"I dreamt mother was here just now, and she was looking so beautiful, and she said, with oh, such a bright smile, my 'Queen of Hearts' was to be always my playmate."

[THE END.]

Odds and Ends.

STILL another occupation for women; and to Miss Campbell, sister of Sir Guy Campbell, belongs the honour of its discovery. This is the selection of wedding and birthday presents. People who live in the country sometimes find it very difficult to run up to London, or to their nearest large town in search of presents, and it is for these people, and for those who would rather delegate the bewildering work of choosing presents to another's taste, that the ladies who take up this new occupation will work. A certain amount of knowledge and taste are required.

"ARE you aware that life is like a railway? One gets into deep cuttings and long dark tunnels, where one sees nothing, and hears twice as much noise as usual; and one can't read, one shuts up the window, and waits, and then it all comes clear again. Only in life it sometimes feels as if one had to dig the tunnel as one goes along, all new for oneself. Go straight on, however, and one is sure to come out into a new country, on the other side of the hills, sunny and bright."

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE gentleman is the owner of a watch of great historic value. It is one hundred and seventeen years old, and was carried by members of his family at the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar, as well as through the principal battles of the Peninsular War. It also indicated the time to later descendants at Chillianwallah, and during the whole of the Indian Mutiny. Its owner generally wears it at the present time, and it is still in excellent preservation.

THE following is a little bewildering at first sight, but its truth is self-evident.

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—hear him."

"He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is a child—teach him."

"He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a king—follow him.

A LITTLE time ago the governor of an English county prison was much perturbed by the discovery that the female criminals managed, by some means that he could not fathom, to ascertain the presence of every individual male prisoner sitting on the other side of the high wooden barrier that separated the two sexes in the prison chapel. One day one of the women made an exclamation, showing that she had suddenly become aware that her husband was in the prison, although, according to all established rules, his presence should have been utterly unknown to her. This incident caused considerable dismay amongst the officials, who were quite at a loss to account for the means by which the recognition had been made. Then a most careful examination of the chapel was made, and the mystery was solved. Although the men and women sat apart, and were divided by the high wooden barrier over which it was impossible for them to see, they all faced the communion-table, above which was a large brass ornament. This was so highly polished that it formed a mirror, and consequently the women saw the reflection of every man's face as he passed to his seat. Needless to say the ornament was at once removed.

"GOOD-NATURE gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows beauty in its fairest light, takes off in some measure the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable"—*Addison*.

CRUDEN, the maker of the famous Concordance to the Bible that bears his name, spent nineteen years in this gigantic undertaking, and so great was the strain that upon its publication he was removed to a lunatic asylum suffering from a mental disease from which he never entirely recovered.

CLEAN linen seems to be one of the difficulties of life, both at Cape Town and Johannesburg. Some time ago a laundry firm in Cape Town imported a number of laundry-maids, and their handiwork was at once the joy and pleasure of the inhabitants. Johannesburg, however, suffered acutely from the lack of good washing, and the laundry-maids, attracted by the high wages offered them in the city of gold, have departed to the Transvaal. English girls, anxious to go to the Cape, and equally anxious to work, might do worse than take up laundry-work.

APPLES are amongst the most health-giving of fruits, since they contain more phosphorus than any other, or than any vegetable. An apple should always be eaten before going to bed at night, as it induces a more quiet sleep than either chloral or opium. The fruit also gives relief in cases of neuralgia and muscular rheumatism.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to cultivate tea in Brazil. Experiments have been made on a very large scale in that country, and it has been found that both the soil and the conditions of labour are peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of the plant, three of the provinces producing tea equal in quality to that of Ceylon.

"WE should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness, then they would unquestionably become good."

"I AM convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial."—*Thoreau*.

"SELF is the point from which all our power must be drawn; but its effects are beyond our sight or ken, reaching to family and friends, to all those who profit by our abilities and labours, to those whom we influence consciously or unconsciously, both near and far away."

IT is very satisfactory to learn that the number of seals slaughtered last season is considerably less than it has ever been before. The cruelty and brutality of the sealers in obtaining the skins upon which so many people set a high value as an article of dress are being perpetually exposed, and it would seem that the efforts of those who wish to put an end to this barbarism are taking effect. It is a matter for marvel that any woman, knowing the real facts of the capture, should be willing to clothe herself in a cloak or jacket that is made up of the skins of harmless animals that have been ruthlessly butchered. This decrease is a good sign, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will continue until it is no longer worth while for ships to ply this trade.

MRS. MARGARET HOBBS, who died recently at the age of 103 years, married a Captain of the 92nd Highlanders, by whom she had fourteen children. Following in their father's footsteps, many of these became soldiers, and at the present time five of her sons are still serving the Queen. Mrs. Hobbs had forty-four grandchildren, four of whom are officers in the army, and two others are preparing to join it. And it is more than probable, seeing the military bent of the family, that out of the thirty-two great-grandchildren and the two great-great-grandchildren that the old lady left behind, some, at least, will enter the service, and so maintain this curious family history.

IT is not generally known that Queen Victoria escaped absolute financial ruin by the merest chance some years ago. A Scotchman dying, left some shares in a great banking concern to the Queen, and the matter was brought before Her Majesty's advisers, who, after considering the question for a long time, decided that it was incompatible with her dignity for the Queen to hold shares in a commercial undertaking. Very shortly afterwards the bank, which was of unlimited liability, failed for a sum of between six and seven millions of money. This unlimited liability meant hopeless ruin for every shareholder, as each one was liable to be called upon for money until the entire debts of the bank were paid off. The first call swept away the smaller shareholders; then came those slightly richer, and finally the great capitalists and millionaires holding shares were left penniless. It is impossible to imagine what would have happened had the Queen's advisers counselled her to accept the legacy of the loyal Scotchman.

SPEAKING of age, an ingenious person has invented a means by which elderly people and invalids can be saved the fatigue of climbing stairs where there is no lift. It is really an electric stair-climber, consisting of a car running on two rails fixed at the top and bottom of the balustrade of the staircase and a box upon which the person stands. The car is moved by an electric windlass through a steel cable which is guided by rollers, and only occupies about twelve inches of the breadth of the steps. It is controlled by the person standing upon the box by means of a lever, going either up or down as may be desired, and stopping automatically at each floor; but it glides on again directly the lever is moved.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

NEVER, I think, was dress so pretty and becoming as it is this year. And although many of our fashion writers tell us that it was at no time more extravagant, still, at no time, either, have we had a better chance of dressing ourselves well and cheaply. Silks, for instance, were never so moderate in price as they are this year, and never were there such pretty varieties. A walk through any large shop will show hundreds of charming thin materials of cotton, woollen, and silk; all of them comparatively inexpensive. Thus it is possible to be well dressed, and at a moderate expense, if we be sufficiently clever to know our wants; and in this last sentence lies the key to the situation. For so many women do not know what to buy, nor how to replenish their wardrobes to the best advantage. And most of them buy too much and imagine their requirements are far greater than they are. In order to look well always, very few gowns are really needed. A coat, and skirt of serge, or summer cloth, a black satin gown with two bodices, an ordinary every-day gown of anything fresh and pretty, and a certain number of blouses, cotton, silk, and *chiffon*, for use at all and any seasons, with the coat and skirt or the black satin skirt. This is a rough outline of present day needs in dress, which every woman and girl can modify and change to please herself.

An example of a pretty gown is given in the "Dress of Thin Material." This is made of black grenadine, over a mauve, or heliotrope silk foundation, which has a flounce at the edge of the skirt, put on the side next the overskirt, as can be seen in our sketch. The overskirt of grenadine is plainly hemmed, with an inch and a half hem of the material itself; the bodice is trimmed with satin ribbon, and the sash is of the same, in heliotrope. The front is of *chiffon* and lace. The manner in which these skirts are made up shows at once the work of the second-class or the inexperienced dressmaker. If sewn in with the lining, and hemmed-up with it at the hem, we may declare the skirt her doing at once; the aspect of the whole is altered, and the style gone out of it. The flounce at the edge prevents the skirt from falling in, as it certainly would do without it, and a certain amount of stiffening. For though we are said not to stiffen our skirts any longer, I have not seen one without it this year. But it is no longer obtrusive, and only pretends to be useful in avoiding that very objectionable "flopping" of a skirt round our ankles. Most skirts are, I think, plain; many are trimmed below the waist, and a few have some kind of *ruche* or frill, round the edge. But I saw only one regularly flounced skirt in the park the other day. To tell the truth, most women have the conviction that flounces to the skirt make them look short, and there is no doubt that in this present jubilee season all women and girls aspire to be tall.

In "A Summer Mantle" is seen one of the very prettiest confections of the year. The bolero portion is of black satin, embroidered with jet. The design of the embroidery is clearly indicated, the sleeves are of lace, and there is a high collar of jet and lace. Satin ribbon forms the chief trimming in addition. The front of this mantle is seen in the next sketch, called the "Bolero mantle," which shows what an exceedingly pretty mantle this shape may be made, when treated with taste. There are



BOLERO MANTLE

AND

VICTORIAN GIPSY BONNET.

others to be seen which set quite loosely, and are not cut in to the figure, but this style is the prettiest.

During the cold winds of May, we have been only too glad of some slight covering, but the cloth mantles and small capes seem too heavy for the season.

The Victorian gipsy bonnet, or perhaps more truthfully hat, is extremely pretty for young faces; but, so far as I can see, it has not proved as popular as we were led to expect. Although graceful, there is a certain air of undress about it, which does not suit London. If we were all rich, and could have a number of head coverings it might be chosen as one of the many, perhaps. But the small hats, or the graceful toque, seem more suitable to the many occasions on which we need to look smart. All the hats I see have flowers under the brim at the back, what is called a *cache peigne*, but lately I have noticed that the flowers have grown into a half wreath. In compliment to the Queen, roses seem to be the popular flower this summer; and certainly they are beautiful enough to make every one want to wear them; I do not know whether the suggestion for the adoption of a Rose Day will become fact, but if so, it would be a very good idea. June 22nd, the day of Her Majesty's Jubilee, would thus become Rose Day, and would serve to remind us of our Gracious Queen for ever. If we are all of us to wear roses on the Jubilee Day, what a quantity will be required. It is fortunate that the imitations are so excellent.

There are so many opinions about the fashionable colour of the year, that it is really difficult to pronounce upon it; but green is certainly in high favour for coats and skirts; blue and green for some of the summer dresses; and the union of black and white appears to be a very general favourite. As we watch the crowds of well-dressed women at any resort of society, we are struck with the fact that all styles and fashions seem worn. Nothing appears to be obsolete, that has been worn for the last two seasons. So those who have to be content with old gowns, can take heart of grace, and be happy in them. The greens worn are of all shades, from the freshest lettuce hue, to a very dark myrtle. I am told that the fashionable preference for green arises from the fact of its going with every other colour, so that our vestments need not "swear at each other," as the French phrase has it.

One of the popular colours is certainly grey, especially a dove-grey, which seems to take the lead. Last season it was much trimmed with white satin, but now I notice that ruchings of *chiffon* of the same colour are used. Next to this in popularity come violet, yellow, and the brightest shade of bottle-green. Of all these I find yellow the most becoming. Fawn is another popular colour, for canvas gowns especially, when it is made up over blue and green, and more rarely over dark-red.

In the way of thin materials, I must mention the lovely flowered Organdy muslins, which are going to be worn during the Jubilee festivities. It is a long time since Organdies were in fashion, and one reason why they will probably fail will be the underskirts, which are required to be worn under them, and the expense that their washing would entail. If they were mounted on silk it would be different. The present lace-trimmed skirts would last but a short time in the hands of the British laundress, and no woman who had to consider money-matters would expend a fraction on Organdy muslin. There are so many other and far more serviceable materials from which to select.

The fancy for red and even scarlet hats has not passed away. Masses of *tulle* of several shades of red seems the most fashionable style of trimming, and we have re-introduced the scarlet geranium as a decoration for them. This flower has been so long out of fashion that many of us cannot remember when it was worn, but it was some time in the fifties or sixties. Some hats are entirely pink, and many have no relief whatsoever of either feather or flower of any other colour. The red most seen is really a poppy-red, a very handsome and not too glaring a colour. *Chiffon* is more popular than silk as a trimming, and the three plumes, after the style of a Prince of Wales's feathers, are raised higher than ever. Very high decorations of *chiffon* are wired to stand up like feathers on either side of the hat, and wonderful arrays of red tulips and red hollyhocks are anything but pretty, when used to beautify our hats. The pansy is one of the new flowers, and it has quite taken the place of the more modest violet, which we wore in the early spring. Sweet peas and carnations are also in favour, the latter very much so.

The much be-trimmed parasol is more seen in gala dress than elsewhere; for all ordinary purposes the *en-tout-cas* still holds its own, and strange to say, the flounces of lace and *chiffon*, which form its decoration, are put on in the inside only. I have seen so many red parasols in the Park, that I am inclined to put that down as the prevailing colour, and it certainly looks very picturesque amongst the green trees. Many very smart people have a parasol to match the dress in colour, and even in material, when that is of grenadine, or gauze. For accordion-pleated *chiffon* there is quite a rage.

Foulards are so pretty this year, that I daresay most people will have one, as they are so much more useful than washing dresses; most of them are made with narrow ruffles



DRESS OF THIN MATERIAL.



A SUMMER MANTLE.

at the edge of the skirt, while the bodices are very much trimmed with accordion-pleated white *chiffon*, also Bolero jackets, capes, ruffs, and yokes of all shapes are made of this *chiffon*. White satin ribbon sashes are used whenever the pattern is white, and the ends are generally decorated with *chiffon ruches*, or a wide flounce of accordion-pleated *chiffon* across the end.

So far as gloves are concerned, grey ones are more worn than white, but the black stitchings are as wide and heavy as ever. Most of the good shops have brought out gloves at a moderate price, as they soil so soon, good ones are never worn. I am sorry to see that these gloves are mostly of Austrian manufacture, and one wonders how it is that everything must be "made in Germany." Why cannot cheap kid gloves be manufactured in England?

The last thing that I hear is, that white cloth jackets are to be the most stylish wear, lined with white satin. They are loose-fronted, but tight-fitting at the back, and will probably be used with white chip hats and white ostrich feathers, with trimmings of white satin or *chiffon*.

VARIETIES.

WISE DECISION.—Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.

WHEN WITH OTHERS.—Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly, respecting others as you wish to be respected yourself.

DUTY.—The path of duty lies in what is near and we seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy and we seek for it in what is difficult.

TWO SORTS OF CONTENT.—There are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence; the first is a virtue, the other is a vice.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

Letter III.

Chelsea. London, S.W.

MY DEAREST MARJORIE,—I am so pleased to hear that you are getting on well with the preparation of the strawberry beds, that is, as quickly as it is possible to do so with the unusual amount of rainy weather we are having just now; it is difficult to get on the land at all when it is so soaked with rain.

Speaking of wet reminds me of an old but excellent method for making boots thoroughly waterproof, a very necessary precaution for all gardeners, amateur or otherwise. They should be rubbed well, both soles and uppers, and especially between the welts, with castor oil. You may do them once or twice over, and then leave them to dry a day or two before wearing. They will keep quite soft and pliant, no matter how wet they get, and after a short time will polish beautifully, and will moreover wear better and last longer for this process.

I have ordered the strawberry plants, three hundred and fifty of them, and the grower advises that their planting should be done at the end of February, as the ground will be too cold for them after this heavy rain, and also it is not improbable that a spell of frost will follow. For my own part I would rather have had them planted now, and risk their becoming acclimatised before severe frost, protecting them with a layer of bracken; but I suppose we must follow their advice.

You are fortunate in being able to obtain as much manure as is wanted merely for the trifling expense of cartage. It is often so in country districts. When farmers are not requiring it for their fields they are glad to be rid of its accumulation. So while you are having some in for the strawberries, take the opportunity of getting a half load dropped upon another vacant plot, which you can spare for a time for the preparation of a mushroom bed, and also a load of fresh loam from some disused pasture. Let them stand in two separate heaps, and get a boy to turn over the manure heap every two days for a week to allow some of the moisture and rankness to escape, for if the manure was used quite fresh it would become fiery hot and heat itself so dry that the spawn would not run in it except round the edges. The chief difficulty with inexperienced mushroom growers is in the proper preparation of the manure. It is either used so hot as to destroy the spawn, or else it has been overheated that the nature and strength are taken out of it, so that it will not generate sufficient warmth to propagate the spawn and enable the mushrooms to grow. When the first rankness has passed off, which will quickly be the case in cold weather, the two heaps must be well mixed together, adding double the quantity of loam to that of manure. The soil will steady the temperature and prolong its heating powers, as well as absorbing all amoniacal gases.

The bed must be built up at once. It could be made on the same plot of ground, but perhaps as this is your first attempt at mushroom-growing, it would be advisable to use some old boxes for the beds, placing them in a shed, or under the protection of a wall. Some broad shelves in the tool-house would make a suitable place for your winter crop, but wherever it is, put down a portion of the mixed mould into the boxes and press down very firmly to make it hard, then another layer of mould, also pressing it down, and so

on, until the boxes are full. If they are then to stand in the open air or in an exposed place, cover them with garden mats, old carpets, etc., to keep the heat in.

In another's week's time you may take the covers off and insert a stick to try the temperature. If the stick feels warm, but not hot, you must spawn the bed at once, having in the meantime bought three or four bricks of spawn from a seed merchant or nurseryman. They will cost about sixpence a brick. These must be broken up into pieces about the size of a hen's egg, and inserted six or eight inches apart, just under the surface. Then cover up closely again. If you look again in about ten or twelve days you will probably see that the soil is being covered with tiny white threads running all over it. If so it is all right, but if you do not see these threads, I should water the boxes with a small can of quite warm water, using a fine-rosed can, and then cover up quickly again. But if all seems right you may add a good two inches of nice fresh soil on to the boxes and press it down firmly as before. Leave them thus for another four weeks before you look again, when I hope you will see tiny mushrooms trying to peep through. Perhaps it may take six weeks before they come, so you must keep a watch, and when they arrive remove the old carpet and give a thick covering of nice clean straw instead. They will not need any more water until they have borne for some time, when perhaps if they seem to be exhausted a further dewing over with warm water would revive them for a short time longer.

As I said before, they can be grown entirely in the open, even in mid-winter, but they need much covering of straw and matting, so I think your best plan is to adopt boxes in sheds for the present. Your summer crop can be outside altogether, although, as a rule, it scarcely pays to keep on with them after May. From November to May is the most profitable time for them, when they realise from tenpence to a shilling per pound at wholesale prices.

I will send you down some one pound punnets which I can get very cheaply by the gross at some of the basket-makers round Covent Garden. When there seems to be a sufficient quantity ready to fill several of the punnets, you should write to the secretary of the British Produce Association and say how many pounds you could send up on a certain day. In all probability they will take them, but if not wire me at once, and I will go to Covent Garden and make arrangements with a commission salesman there.

The packing of the mushrooms is a matter requiring considerable care. When you are ready to do it, go to the boxes with a large basket, and cut cleanly all the mushrooms that are ready, leaving the very smallest to grow bigger. Then, covering them up again, take your basket into the house, spread out your punnets, lining each one with a half sheet of the blue paper I shall send you. Place each punnet in the scale, and carefully fill it with mushrooms, laying them lightly one over the other, and as nearly of one size as possible, putting aside any damaged or unsightly ones for home use. See that each punnet weighs just over the pound, then cover them with the other half sheet of blue paper and tie round with bast. The punnets are then placed in a shallow box that will take them without crushing, or if in a deeper box it must be fitted with a tray to hold the second layer.

From the amount of manure you have made up into beds you should be able to cut at least ten pounds of mushrooms a week for about six weeks, or two months from the time they come into bearing. If you only get tenpence *per* pound for them they will still be very profitable, and you may, if they are well grown ones, get 1s. to 1s. 3d. It will depend upon the general supply.

I have given you the whole of the instructions concerning them in this letter because you can then cut it out and paste up the directions in some convenient place, and know exactly what you have to do.

The beginning or the middle of February will be the time for the general seed sowing of your spring and summer vegetables, unless there is frost, and the majority of seeds can be got in then, though many people prefer to wait until March, but I do not think there is much to be gained by so doing, and each month brings its own special work. Peas should be planted upon the plot which happens to have had the most manure dug into it, for they love a rich deep soil. They should be sown in rows, from four to seven feet apart, and if they require protection from the cutting winds of March, you will find that some boards placed edgeways along the rows on the windward side afford capital shelter. A first sowing of peas is often made in November. They appear above-ground in January, and in some parts of the country they do well, especially in the south, but you will not gain much by autumn sowing in your locality.

You will find the varieties known as "English Wonder," "Earliest of All," or "Ringleader," as first earlies to be very useful kinds, and "Champion of England," "Stanley," for second early, followed by "Mammoth Marrowfat," "Ne plus ultra," or "Veitch's Perfection" for a late summer crop. A few of each series of the above will, sown at three weeks' intervals, keep you well supplied with luscious peas all the summer through. The main crop of broad beans can be got in now, and of these "Early Mazagan" or "Green Windsor" will be the best. You can make a second sowing in April if liked, to come in after the first are over. Runner beans are not so hardy, and it is not usual to sow them before the end of April or beginning of May for fear of frost, which cuts them down very quickly.

On one of the sheltered borders you can make a sowing of early carrots, the scarlet short horn, and a sprinkling of broccoli seeds, parsnips, and early salads should also find a place, to be planted out when large enough to handle. The main crop of carrots, turnips, onions, should be sown in March, and amongst them lettuces of different sorts and radishes can be scattered. At the end of the month the first crop of early potatoes should go in. "Early Regents" or "Myatt's Ashleaf" are perhaps the best varieties.

Herbs and garnishing plants should always flourish in a lady's garden; they take up but little space, and besides, their utility give a quaint old-world air to the garden. Of these the most useful are basil, chervil, fennel, marjoram, mint, parsley, sage, sorrel, thyme, and summer and winter savoury. You may grow them along the borders of the path, and they are all very saleable too. Then there are medicinal herbs, such as balm, borage, camomile, horehound, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, and wormwood, from which simple teas and drinks are made, and also washes and cosmetics for the complexion, some quaint recipes for which I may perhaps give you by-and-by, but at any rate they are very useful herbs to keep in a country house during winter-time when one is far from the doctor. They are Nature's remedies for many an ill, and not to be lightly despised. I may as well add just here a word or two about the best way of drying them, lest I should forget later on.

All herbs should be gathered dry, and in sunshine after dry weather (end of July or August, before they run to seed). They should be hung up in bunches and dried in the shade, in a dry shed if possible, and when perfectly dried they must be pressed close by a press or laid under weights. They are then wrapped in paper and the packets deposited in a drawer or dry cupboard, and when opened for use they must always be carefully shut afterwards. This keeps in their flavour, and treated thus they are very different from bunches which have been hung up indefinitely until they have become dusty and their flavour quite gone.

I am glad to hear from your letter to-day that you have planted the strawberries, and hope they are now doing well. They will need a little protection from frosty nights, and I should not yet remove the litter of bracken which was strewn round them when they were planted. They ought not to require any watering unless the ground becomes very hard and cracked, which it sometimes does in March, from the effect of the drying winds. If this is the case you had better give them a good soaking now and then with weak manure water. Some sheep droppings placed in a barrel full of water and allowed to stand a few days is excellent. It will help the crowns to swell, which is our object just now. They need this extra care because they were planted in spring instead of last autumn, and have not had the rain of the winter to help to swell them, so they must be assisted to make fine trusses of bloom if we are to secure a good crop of strawberries this season.

The other seeds may need watering at times too, but it should be done with a fine-rosed can, and early in the morning is a better time than evening for them just now, as they do not get so chilled, and the moisture practically evaporates before nightfall. When you have any particularly fine seeds to sow, such for instance as lobelia, or begonia, and want to scatter them very evenly over a small surface, it is a good plan to mix the seed with a little silver sand, and then place it in a tin pepper pot and dust over the prepared surface. In this way they will not require further covering, and will come up very evenly and regularly.

I have not given you any special instructions with regard to the flower garden this year, for I think you have quite enough to do at present with the entire management of the kitchen garden. It is not possible to do everything well at one time, so for this season it will be better just to keep the flower garden neat and tidy, transplanting and dividing such of the roots as may specially need it, and fill vacant spaces with annuals, nasturtiums, mignonette, sweet peas, morning glories, Iceland poppies, etc., but not attempting anything that will take more time than the odd half hours you may have to spare from the kitchen garden crops and your other duties. Another year, if our crops do fairly well, and your father is able to help you again, or can afford to get you a little regular help in the shape of a boy to do the rougher work, we may perhaps include flowers and perchance also poultry in the scheme of our operations. But for the present, dear, "Sufficient unto the day is the work thereof;" otherwise we should surely become discouraged. I am going away for a little visit to some friends in the south, so shall not have opportunity to write you such a long letter again for a few weeks, but I shall hope to hear of the success of the mushrooms and of the strawberries being in full bloom before I return to Chelsea.

Read all the directions over again very carefully, and above all do not forget to give copious draughts of manure-water to the strawberries, unless indeed the dry winds of March are followed, as they should be, by the gentle showers of April, when of course your labours will be lightened considerably, or as Chaucer quaintly puts it—

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote."

Ever your loving
AUNT AMY.

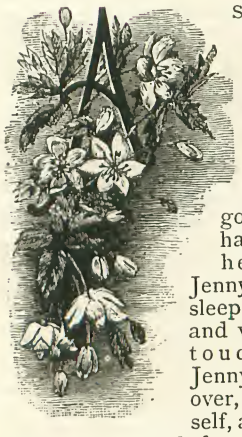
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XI.

A RENUNCIATION.



ASSISTED by Mrs. Lovell, Mirabel performed the last offices of affection for the child she had loved so tenderly. Robed in a snowy nightgown, with her tiny hands crossed upon her breast, little Jenny lay in her last sleep. Pain and cold and want could never touch her more. Jenny's troubles were over, Mirabel told herself, as, with streaming eyes she turned from gazing on the pale, waxen form.

"She'll be buried by the parish, I suppose?"

Mirabel started as in matter-of-fact tones Mrs. Lovell put the question.

"Oh, no, no," the girl cried, her voice quivering with pain, "I could not bear that. Jenny must have a proper funeral."

"Have you got the money for it?"

Mirabel was silent. Liberally as Mr. Collier paid her for the time she gave him, she could do little more with her earnings than feed herself and the children and pay the rent of their rooms. She seldom knew what it was to have money in hand. When the medicine and other things which had been procured for Jenny were paid for, she would have nothing to spare, even for the doctor. Yet Mirabel shrank with dismay from the thought of Jenny's being buried by the parish. The idea would have been so repugnant to her mother's feelings that for her sake as well as for the child's, Mirabel, accustomed to attach the utmost importance to funeral ceremonies, felt that she must arrange otherwise, if possible.

"Did those ladies give you nothing last night?" asked Mrs. Lovell.

Mirabel coloured and shook her head.

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell indignantly. "What a shame! To come into this house, where a poor child was a-dying and never to give you the least help towards the expenses of her illness, and they so rich and grand a-coming in their carriage! But there! it's just as Jem says—the rich are hard-hearted; they don't care what the poor 'as to suffer. It's always the poor as helps the poor."

"Oh, you must not wrong them," said Mirabel quickly. "They would have given me money; the old lady offered me a sovereign, but I would not take it."

"You would not take it!" repeated Mrs. Lovell, as if she could scarcely believe her ears; "she offered you a gold sovereign and you would not take it!"

"Yes," said Mirabel defiantly, "and I'm glad I refused it. She's not one as I would be beholden to. I would not like her money to help to bury Jenny."

"Well, I never! You are an extraordinary girl!" ejaculated Mrs. Lovell. "What are you going to do then?"

"I don't know," said Mirabel wearily, "I must think about it. Thank you very much for the help you've given me, Mrs. Lovell; but—you'll excuse my saying it—I should like to be alone now."

Mrs. Lovell took herself off, not altogether pleased at her dismissal. Mirabel sat down beside the bed on which lay Jenny's still form, its outlines visible beneath the sheet that covered it. Mirabel held her aching head between her hands and tried to think what she could do. She had no money to pay for Jenny's funeral. Yet there was one who would gladly give her the money if he knew that she needed it, one who had called himself her friend and who, she was sure, was her friend at heart. Nothing that anyone might say could shake her faith in his friendship. But she could not ask his help; she had promised that she would never see him again. She had been assured that this was desirable for his sake. Well, she would be true to him and to her promise. But Jenny must not be buried by the parish. What could she do?

At this moment, as if in response to her query, Mirabel's heavy coil of hair, which had been slowly unwinding itself, suddenly fell upon her shoulder. As Mirabel took hold of it and tried to roll it up, the silken mass suggested an idea to her.

What was it Fanny Lovell had once said to her about selling her hair? Had she not declared that a hair-dresser would give her five pounds for it? Here then was a way to meet her need. There was a hair-dresser in the Uxbridge Road, whose window presented a fine show of wigs and strands of hair. Should she go and offer her hair to him?

Mirabel rose as she thought thus and walked across to the little square of looking-glass which hung against the window. Then she loosened her hair again and shook it over her shoulders. How thick and soft and silky it was! She began to brush it, and as it grew prettier and glossier under her treatment, Mirabel's pride in it increased. Few girls could boast of such hair. How proud her mother had been of the bright tresses which she had tended with such care, and what pleasure they had given to the eye of the artist as they swept the neck of his Fair Geraldine! Mirabel's face glowed as she recalled some of Mr. Collier's words concerning her hair. She remembered that once his hands had touched it with a light, caressing touch. Oh, she could not part with her hair. It was too great a sacrifice.

But when Mirabel turned to the bed, when she lifted the sheet and looked on the white, still face, on which the shadow of pain still rested, though it was hushed in blessed sleep, her feelings changed. For Jenny's sake she could do it. Jenny must have a well-made coffin, with flowers placed upon it, and an open hearse. Her brothers and sisters in decent black must follow her to the grave. Rather than her funeral should lack these proper signs of woe, Mirabel would gladly sacrifice her hair.

"And what does it matter?" she said to herself as she went out. "He will not see me again. He will never know that I have lost my hair."

In less than an hour Mirabel returned home, shorn of the locks which had been her pride. The hair-dresser had not given her so large a sum as Fanny had suggested; but she had enough to meet the cost of a simple funeral, though there could be no open hearse or profusion of flowers.

Mirabel was fairly pleased with her bargain; but when Willie met her with cries of—"Oh, Mirabel, what is the matter with you? How horrid you look! Who has cut off your hair? It does make you look funny! You're not a bit like yourself," her heart sank.

It may be forgiven her that when she looked at herself in the mirror, she burst into tears.

But she had given the order for the funeral and at night the little coffin arrived. When Jenny had been laid within it, with a white chrysanthemum in her hand and some more at her feet, she looked so beautiful and so at rest that Mirabel could not regret the sacrifice she had made. The children were brought in to look at their little sister. They were much impressed by the coffin and the flowers, the candles which Mirabel had lighted at head and foot, and the still, marble form to which all these things were nothing.

"Will Jenny go to heaven in that box?" asked little Willie.

"She is in heaven now," said Mirabel. "I daresay mother has her in her arms." Then, with a quiver in her voice she added, "We shall lie still and cold like that some day. God grant we may be as ready to go as she was, and have hearts as pure as hers."

The children shrank away in awe; even Lizzie was wonderfully subdued. They went back into the warm lighted room and Mirabel, after lingering for a few moments, followed them. As she closed the door of the room she saw some one standing at the end of the

dim passage. She could not distinguish the features of the man who stood there; but her heart gave a sudden throb and a trembling seized her. The next moment a voice, to her like no other, said "Mirabel!" and her hands were clasped in those of Bruce Collier.

She was too surprised and, truth to tell, too happy at seeing him to ask him why he came. He held her hands for some seconds without speaking again. Then Lizzie, conscious of some movement in the passage, opened the door of the front room and looked out. She was astonished at what she saw. But there was other astonishment than hers. As the light from within the room fell on Mirabel, the artist saw with dismay her cropped head.

"Why, Mirabel, what has happened to you?" he exclaimed. "Have you been ill?"

For he could only imagine that some sudden and alarming seizure had rendered it necessary for her hair to be shorn off.

"No, I have not been ill," she replied, colouring painfully and shrinking from his gaze. "I have had my hair cut off; that is all."

"Your beautiful hair cut off!" he said, in tones full of regret. "How could you? You do not look yourself without it. Why did you do such a thing?"

"Oh, I know," faltered Mirabel, tears starting to her eyes, "I know I shall be of no use as a model now; but I do not mean to sit for you again. Did not Mrs. Leslie tell you?"

"Yes, she told me that and other things which I would rather not have heard," said Mr. Collier. "That is why I have come here this evening to speak to you."

"Please come in," said Mirabel, warned by a creaking from above that some member of the Lovell family was listening on the landing over her head. She pushed wider open the door of their living-room as she spoke. Mr. Collier advanced a few steps into the room. Lizzie and the two boys were there. The remains of a meal were on the table. A cheap lamp emitted a disagreeable odour. The close atmosphere, the poverty of the room, the curious, open-mouthed faces of the children, the sharp eyes of Lizzie, who was engaged in re-furbishing an old bodice with a trimming of common crape; but looked up, full of interest, as he entered, jarred painfully on Bruce Collier's sensitive nerves.

He recoiled a step or two and said to Mirabel, in an imploring tone, "I have something to say to you. Is there no place where we can talk together quietly?"

"There is the next room," said Mirabel, after a moment's hesitation, and he followed her to it.

She opened the door and stood aside for him to enter. The first thing that met his gaze as he entered was the little coffin, supported on two chairs. The sight arrested and thrilled him.

"Mirabel!" he exclaimed, "what is this?"

"It is—Jenny," she faltered.

"Jenny!" he repeated, "your little sister? Do you mean that she is——"

"Yes, she is dead," said Mirabel quietly, as he hesitated.

"Oh, Mirabel," he exclaimed, "you do not mean it? They told me she was ill; but I never thought——. Oh, my poor Mirabel, I am grieved for you!"

The sympathy in his voice and look was more than she could bear. Her lips quivered; tears sprang to her eyes. In vain she tried to control herself. In another moment she had thrown herself on her knees beside the little coffin and her slight frame was shaken with sobs.

"Mirabel, Mirabel, don't," he implored her. The sight of her grief moved him intensely. The beauty of her bowed form made a powerful appeal to him. The loss of those heavy masses of hair rendered visible the beautiful shape of her head, her perfect ears, and the exquisite curves of her neck. She was changed, indeed, but more beautiful than ever. It was all he could do to keep from clasping her to his heart. He knelt beside her and gently tried to draw from her eyes the hands through which the tears were forcing their way.

"Hush, Mirabel, dear. It breaks my heart to see you cry so. Come, come, try to calm yourself and tell me about it. She was taken ill very suddenly, was she not? You were with me only yesterday morning and, though anxious about her, you did not think her so very ill then."

"She was taken ill while I was away," murmured Mirabel, "and then gradually, between her sobs, she told him about Jenny's brief illness. It was inexpressibly soothing to open her heart to such a listener.

"May I see her?" he asked presently.

Mirabel rose and removed the covering from Jenny's face. They stood and looked together on the wee, waxen face, wearing an expression of perfect repose.

"How peaceful she looks!" he said. "Her troubles are over, Mirabel."

"Yes," she replied, "that is the thought that most comforts me. Poor, little Jenny! She would never have been strong and it's a hard world for the weak."

"When is the funeral?" he asked.

"To-morrow afternoon," she replied. "It seems soon to part with her; but they say it is right that we should. She will not be buried by the parish. I could not bear to think of it, so that was why I sold my hair."

"You sold your hair to get money to pay for the funeral?" he exclaimed. "Mirabel! why did you not come to me? You know I would gladly have given you the money."

"I know you would," she said simply, "but I could not have taken it from you."

"Mirabel, that is not right; that is not treating me like a friend," he protested. "Do you not believe that I am your friend?"

"I know you are very kind to me," said Mirabel; "but it is not possible for us to be friends. Our lives lie too far apart."

"Nonsense, Mirabel," he exclaimed warmly. "Who has been putting such notions into your head? We can and we will be friends. Listen to me. I mean to be your friend, because I love you like my very life. Nay, do not shrink from me. God knows that I have no thought that is unworthy of you. I want you to be my wife, Mirabel. That is what I have come here to-night to say to you."

She heard his words with amazement, then as she realised that he spoke in earnest, a flood of warm colour dyed her face. For a moment her heart throbbed with joy and pride; but it quickly sank.

"That could never be," she said quietly. "It is quite impossible that you should marry a girl like me."

"Why?" he asked eagerly, "because you are poor?—because you are a working girl? These things can be got over. Your ignorance leads you to exaggerate the importance of class distinctions. People think far less of them than they used, and my position as an artist is sufficiently secure to allow me to marry whom I will."

"Ah, but it would be a mistake," said Mirabel gravely, "You would be ashamed of me perhaps. It would not do."

"You are quite wrong," he said, "you are a lady at heart, my darling, whatever the circumstances of your life have been. You are naturally quick and bright; you could adapt yourself to any position. I have a friend, a lady living abroad, who I am sure would be happy to receive you for a while into her home, and coach you up in the customs of society, so that you might feel at ease in your new circle. If you can love me, Mirabel, you will not hesitate."

If she could love him! Ah, if only it were as simple as that! But there was in the character of this girl, reared in the slums, a fibre of nobility such as he could not have expected to find there. She had a high sense of duty and a clearness of vision which self-love could not blind. Though the prospect which he offered her, dazzled her like a vision of Heaven, she dared not step aside from the right path in order to enjoy it. She shook her head and said mournfully—

"You forget—there are the children. I could not leave them."

"Of course I have thought of that," he said quickly; "I would look after them. They should be sent to good schools; they should have every chance of making a fair start in life."

"But they would be separated from me," said Mirabel, "and I promised mother I would always look after them. Poor little Willie needs me. No, it can never be. Please do not say any more about it. Shall we go into the next room?"

She moved towards the door as she spoke, as if impatient to put an end to a scene which was growing too painful.

"Hear what I have to say, Mirabel," he pleaded, "and then I will go away. Do you not think that if your mother could have foreseen all that has come to pass, she would have urged you to a step, which will be as much for their

advantage as your own? The life you lead here is too hard for you. It is intolerable that you should live so. I offer you freedom from care, love, and a home worthy of you. I promise to do my best for your brothers and sister. Is it right for you to refuse? But if not for your own sake, will you not look at it from my point of view. Think of me, Mirabel."

"Ah, I do think of you," she responded sadly, "and that is one of the reasons why I cannot say 'yes.'"

"Then it is because you are under an utter illusion," he said, "your love would be the greatest blessing of my life. Without it I care not what becomes of me. My life will be a failure. You condemn me to misery by your refusal."

She shook her head. Had not Mrs. Armitage said that nothing but misery could come of such a marriage? The influence of that lady's visit was potent with her. She believed that the ladies knew what they were speaking about, while, inexperienced girl as she was, she felt instinctively that he spoke at this moment under such strong excitement as lessened the value of his words.

"I am sorry, but I cannot help it," she said firmly, her hand on the handle of the door. "If you mean kindly by me, you will say no more about it. Don't you remember telling me once that duty was often hard and painful? I understand that now; my duty is hard, God knows, but I will not forsake it."

The firmness of her words contrasted vividly with her appearance, for she was pale and tremulous and full of sorrow. The pathetic look in her eyes appealed to Bruce Collier's nobler self.

"I will not urge you further now," he said, "though I cannot give up hope of winning a different response from you when you have thought over what I have said. Good-bye, Mirabel. Forgive me if I have only given you pain by coming. That was not my intention."

He pressed her hand, and passed quickly along the narrow passage and out of the house. He was unconscious of a pair of eyes that followed him from the top of the stairs, though the fire of their glance might have scorched him, so fierce was the wrath and jealousy which kindled it.

Mirabel did not join Lizzie and the boys. She remained in the back room and knelt again beside the little coffin in an anguish of grief.

Early on the following day a basket of choice white flowers was left at the house for Mirabel. So Jenny was borne to her grave covered with snowy blossoms, and to one heart at least the flowers were a source of sad satisfaction amidst its mourning.

(To be continued.)

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

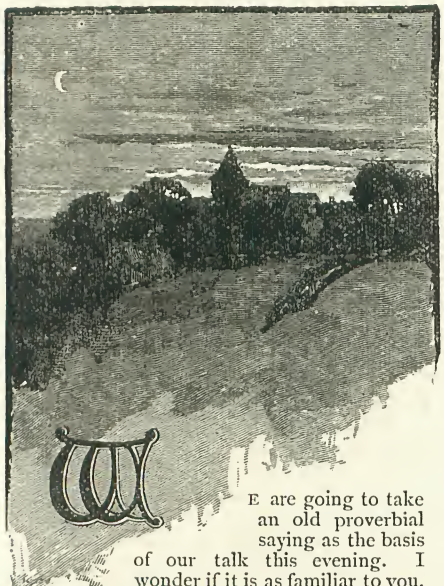
By RUTH LAMB.

PART IX.

WEARING OR RUSTING.

"For thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxvi. 16).

"To everything there is a season" (Eccles. iii. 1).



WE are going to take an old proverbial saying as the basis of our talk this evening. I wonder if it is as familiar to you, my dear girls, as it is to me. "Better to wear out than rust out."

You may have heard the saying often enough yet without giving a thought to its meaning which, by no means, lies wholly on the surface. When we have spent a little time in considering it together, you will agree with me that it conveys a deep and solemn truth.

I, as an old house-mother, know how important it is to guard against the stealthy, silent destruction wrought by rust on our metal utensils.

You are not old housewives, but you have had some experience in regard to your personal belongings. You have perhaps come in tired after a day's skating, and feeling too weary to wipe and oil your skates, have hung them up, thinking, "I will see to them in the morning."

Night has changed the aspect of things. The frost has given way. The skates, seldom needed, have been forgotten, and when long afterwards they are wanted, they are in a hopeless condition, or much labour has to be expended, where little would have once sufficed. Your pretty steel ornaments have been left exposed to damp perhaps, and found ruined in appearance by the silent destroyer, rust.

The husbandman and gardener must see to their tools and implements, or scythes and mowers will have their keen edges eaten away, and wheels will be rendered immovable by rust.

The owner of such things will look sad at thought of needless loss, and angry if it be the fault of careless servants. "If things come to an end through fair wear and tear, there is nothing to regret," he will say; "I have had my money's worth out of them; but if they are lost through carelessness when out of use, I have a right to be angry, for that means waste and unnecessary cost and loss to me."

So with the huge engines and machinery in mills and factories. Outsiders would never guess the cost of keeping them in good working condition, when spindles are not whirling and the workers are absent.

I was going through some huge works one day with the owner. It was during a season of trade depression, and he told me that every day's work entailed loss.

"Would it not be better to stop the works till better times?" I asked.

He shook his head and answered: "In a place like this, stoppage means loss. Machinery deteriorates when standing, and there are so many expenses that must be met, even if the engines are still and the hands absent, that we have to ask ourselves whether it is better to work or stop, since each means cost and loss. It is only choosing between two evils and trying to find out the less."

"Better wear out than rust out."

There is always satisfaction in thinking that a thing has served its purpose and left behind a record of continued usefulness, before it was finally laid aside, because it was worn out.

You look at each other, dear girls, with a sort of inquiring smile. You wonder what you and I have to do with factories and workshops, and questions of profit and loss. I am just coming to that.

Your work and mine may lie far outside the engine-house, and far beyond the sounds made by whirring wheels or clattering looms. But we have charge of still more precious possessions which may be ruined by rust.

Not, truly, of the kind whose ravages we have been talking about, and which are visible and tangible. Neither am I thinking of gold and silver, though it is to such earthly treasures allusion is made in the Bible when the word "rust" is mentioned, as in these verses.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." "Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you."

The words are addressed to those who set their affections on this world's riches, forgetful of heavenly treasures, which are eternal; and to those who hoard their wealth, and neither use it for God's glory nor the good of their fellow-men; though the Great Creator has said, "The silver and the gold are Mine."

I cannot see your faces in the dim light; but I can picture on some of them a look which seems to reply, "There is little fear that silver or gold of mine will rust for want of being scattered. My store of such precious metals is small, at best, and my every-day needs are such as to forbid hoarding, or even the prudent laying by of a little, in case of that rainy day so often quoted.

Oh, my dear girl-friends! believe me that gold, silver and jewels are of small value in comparison with the precious things you hold in trust and which may become rusted and spoiled for want of being steadily kept in use. Let us think of these as three great trusts, for which each of us has to account to the Great Giver.

Bodily powers, mental powers, and that highest trust of all, the spiritual part of our

nature, which links us with God. I use these last words with deepest reverence, and an exultant joy which no words can fitly express.

Who, that realises, in the smallest degree, the privileges bestowed with this spiritual part of us, can help rejoicing?

To think that you and I may hold communion at any time with the King of kings. That we may come to Him as a Father, walk with Him as a Friend, work for Him and with Him for His glory and the good of those around us. More than this, Christ says to us, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." We read this command, and we say to ourselves, "The distance between our faulty, sinful nature and the glorious perfection of our God is immeasurable. How can we attain even to the faintest resemblance of that perfection?

We may well ask ourselves this; but, if we are in earnest in wishing to be like our God in ever so little a way, we must not content ourselves and soothe our consciences by saying, "It is useless to strive after that which cannot be reached."

We can all do something, little by little. Those who aim high will reach a higher level than those who aim low; and, if we determine to set before us the Divine example, we shall be cheered at every step of our way, thorny though it may be. We shall take to ourselves the precious promises: "As thy day so shall thy strength be," "I am the Lord thy God which leadeth thee," and repeat to ourselves the sweet words of confidence, "Because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved," "Thou wilt show me the path of life."

I have gone aside, dear ones, from what I meant to be our starting-point in considering our text for this evening's talk. I meant to look first into the mischief we do to our bodily powers, by not keeping them in regular exercise; but, when the thought of the still grander theme, our spiritual powers, came to mind, I was carried away for the moment by the idea of their vast possibilities. Let us go back for a little while. If we want to keep our bodies active and vigorous, even to a very old age, we must keep them in full use, or they will rust and a large share of their power will be needlessly lost. I am, of course, assuming that we possess a fair measure of health, and this granted, the right use of our bodily powers will help us to preserve it. We have several enemies to contend against that may be classed as rust. Ignorance, want of thought, indolence and self-indulgence are amongst them.

In the days of youth and strength, when we only need to will, and then to rise and act, we seldom trouble ourselves to look across the gulf of coming years and ask ourselves, "How shall I best preserve my powers of work for middle age? How may I hope to resemble those who, though old, continue their lives of usefulness, and are active in body and mind?"

Let me answer this question, whether you, dear girl-friends, ask it or not.

I say, "Work now, that you may keep the power to work; whilst it is called to-day. Is it not always to-day with you and me, whilst life lasts? Yesterday is gone, to-morrow we cannot count upon. *Now* is our time."

I was speaking, one day, to an old clergyman, and he spoke of having been at certain villages, several miles apart from each other, on the previous day.

"You drove, of course," I said; for he was in his seventieth year.

"No—I walked every step of the way," he replied, in a tone and with a look which seemed to say, "Do not imagine that I am an old man, if I do show the marks of threescore years and ten on my head," for his hair was white as driven snow; yet his face was ruddy, his step firm and active, and his eyes clear and bright.

I expressed surprise at his being able to walk so far.

"Ah," he replied, "I have learned that if I once give up the habit of walking, I should soon be unable to walk."

Another day I met in Cumberland a fine old man who was close upon ninety, a "statesman" or farmer, who farmed his own land. He was well-to-do, and, after many years of hard work—not by any means a matter of necessity with him, well entitled to rest if he chose to do so. But no: "I could not be idle," he said. "Work is part of my life, and I work because I love to do it, not because I must. Besides, whilst the power lasts so does the responsibility. I have to give an account, you know."

I could not give the Cumbrian dialect in which he spoke, but I can recall to-day the tall, upright figure with the shepherd's crook held firmly in hand. The fresh face, the vigour manifested in every movement made it hard to imagine that man close on ninety years old; but he was one who would rather wear out than rust out.

I picture another man of near four-score years, who would never be coaxed into a friend's carriage, or ride when he could possibly walk the distance. He was a sample of beautiful old age, and to the very last his mind was clear, his writing firm, and he lifted the medicine glass to his lips without any trembling of the hand which held it. But this man had kept mind and body in regular and useful exercise. It was from his lips I first heard the words, "Better to wear out than rust out."

Again I picture an aged lady—my oldest friend. She is now eighty-seven, and has only within a few months given up a life of the most active usefulness. Active still, in a sense, for though confined to two rooms on the same floor, her kindly thought for others is as far-reaching as ever. Her sons and daughters—though she has long been a great-grandmother—are still her children, and it is touching and beautiful to see how she thinks and plans for them in a hundred little ways, as if they were still round her in the old home.

One daughter said to me, "It seems as though we could never do without our mother;" and well I know, that, whenever she is called hence, there will be a void left which no other presence can fill. I look back as far as memory will carry me on that beautiful, self-devoting life, and I thank God for its example. Her powers will be in use to the very last, and when they cease to be it will not be from rust, but because they have been expended in helping and blessing others.

That grand treasure, health, is best preserved by steady, bodily exercise, and the needs-be for work is often the blessing which, by compelling it, helps to preserve our powers against the rust of indolence and self-indulgence.

I would next warn you, my dear girls, not to think lightly of, or to lose carelessly, the treasure of knowledge which you have won by years of study at school. There are many young people who seem to think that, having said farewell to school-life, they may pack away their books and make no effort to keep what has cost their parents much money, and themselves much time and labour.

Let me urge you at least to keep what you have gained, and to add to it, if by ever so little from time to time. I can truly say that I never added the smallest item to my own store of information, without finding it of use at some after time.

You know how often girls will reply when asked some simple question: "Oh, I learned all about it at school; but I have forgotten it now. I am sorry I cannot tell you; but I only learned it then because I was obliged. I never really cared about it, you know. One does not care to keep on school work after one has left it."

In such cases indolence and indifference have stolen a treasure already in possession, and one which might have been constantly increased at comparatively little cost.

I will quote a few lines from a memorial notice of a great French writer, who died in 1895, as they bear on our subject to-night. "Saint Hilaire seemed to have discovered the secret of preserving a green old age, and the full use of his faculties. For years he rose at five, and was hard at work at his desk at half-past, never moving from it till eleven. It was only when he had passed the four- (*not three-*) score years and ten, that he consented to add another hour to his rest. Then he rose at six, and on the day of his death reproached his old servant for having allowed him to sleep till seven. He was asked the secret of his splendid health and intellectual strength, and replied: 'The one *régime* of my life has consisted in working as hard as possible, and that without ceasing,' adding, 'you must first take the measure of your natural force, so as to work just sufficient each day *without undue fatigue*.'"

This last qualifying sentence makes all that goes before doubly valuable. Few constitutions could bear the continuous work of which I have just given an account, but, having taken a just measure of the powers God has entrusted to us, we should resolve to keep them in use always.

It is indeed an essential of the higher life on earth that, bodily, mental and spiritual gifts should be regularly, but not exhaustingly used, if we are to retain them in full vigour.

A wise old man said to a young one, who was ruining his health by over-study, "Remember, dear lad, a candle lighted at both ends may give a brighter light, but it will soon burn out."

A physician whom I knew, sternly rebuked a clergyman who, though in ill-health, overtaxed himself by preaching at great length. "Sir," said he, "have you never realised that it is as wrong to injure, wilfully, the wonderful body God has given you, as it is to harm the soul that inhabits it? Are they not equally His gifts, and indescribably precious?"

I travelled last year with a girl who had suffered terribly in consequence of over-study. She had won the honours on which she had set her mind, but for many months had been prostrate in mind and body, and not allowed to open a book. She was going back to college when we met.

As a mother of girls, I pleaded with her, a motherless girl, on behalf of her health and hopes of continued usefulness.

To you, my dear ones, I say the same as I did to her. "It is the right use, not the abuse, of our powers which will be for God's glory and our own lasting good."

I have not yet touched on our spiritual nature, the most important part of all, but that we will talk of when we next meet.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

J. E. H.—We have heard of the remarkable case of superfluous hairs being removed by the X-rays in Paris. It must be remembered that this curious result only occurred once, and was probably a mere accident. Although we have seen the Röntgen photography often used, it has not been our good fortune to see superfluous hairs destroyed thereby. Even if the X-rays did possess this power, it would not be of much use, for it would be exceedingly difficult to prevent the hair on the head from being affected. Again, in the case you quote, no one can say that the hairs were permanently removed till at least two years have elapsed since the experiment.

W. Hill.—The way which you describe of holding the pen in writing is certainly the best. In writing the hand should rest on the inner (little finger) side of the wrist. Keep the arm as motionless as possible and confine the chief movements to the fingers.

Constance Isabel.—"How to get rid of a morbid temperament" is by no means an easy question to answer. Although our temperaments are much influenced by our surroundings, they are also in a large measure inherent or inherited, and this we certainly cannot alter. Bodily ill-health is sometimes, but not often, a cause of morbid mental inclinations. A far more important cause is reading morbid works, or a generally unhappy condition.

"Mother of a Family."—The condition of your daughter's nose is probably due to "adenoids." Try the following treatment for six weeks, and if the condition is not considerably improved in that time, you had better take your daughter to a special hospital. Ask your chemist to make up the following powder for you:—

℞. Sodæ bicarbonatis
Sodæ biboratis
Potassii chloratis āā ℥fs.
Sachre. abl. ℥j.

Dissolve one teaspoonful of this powder in half a tumbler of tepid water, and thoroughly syringe out the nose and throat three times a day, taking at least a quarter of an hour every time. Then get a camel-hair brush bent at an angle, and thoroughly paint over the upper part of the throat and back of the nose with the following paint:—

℞. Menthol ℥j.
Tarolein ℥j.

Celia.—What you complain of is usually connected with digestive disturbance. Therefore attend to your digestion. Iron is often of service for this condition; but no drug acts like ichthiol for controlling this unpleasant complaint.

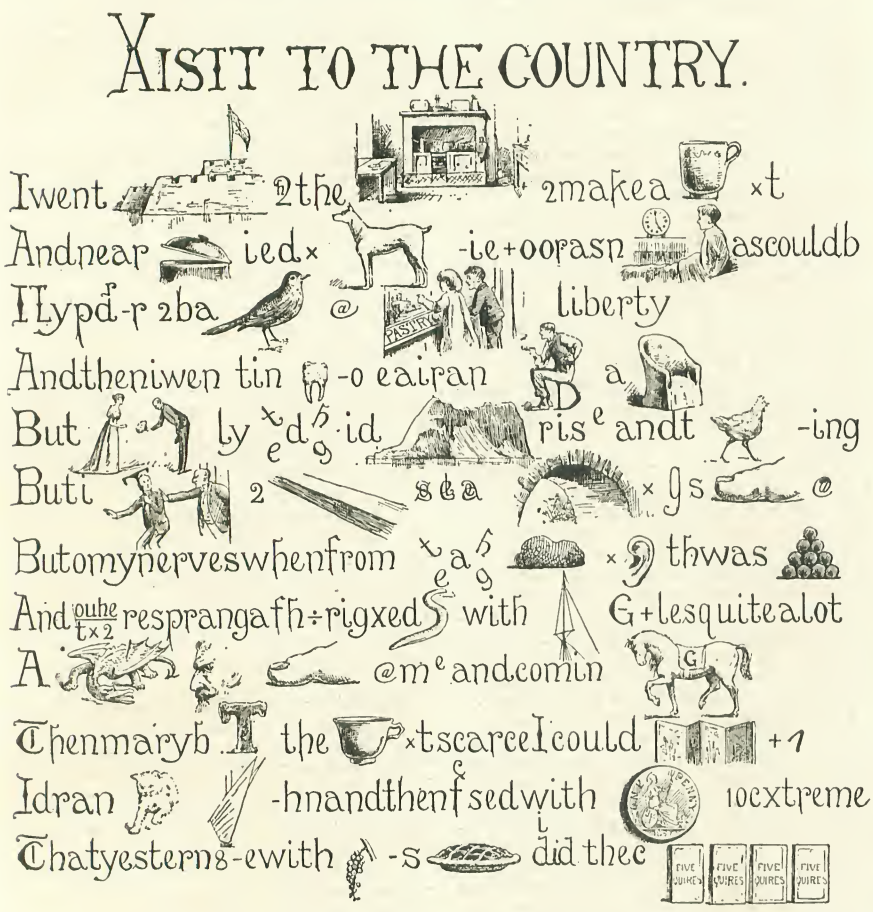
Mater.—Peroxide of hydrogen may be used to remove the spot on your face, but we cannot predict what success will ensue. It is to be applied with a brush or small piece of rag two or three times daily.

Marie.—Rupture can only be cured by operation. It is not always necessary to have it cured, for as long as it can be kept back with a truss it is not dangerous. The truss which "hurts you" is too strong. There is no need for a truss to press heavily, it should feel quite comfortable. You had better show the truss to your doctor and he will tell you how to have it altered.

Lennie.—You cannot permanently remove superfluous hairs on your face. We are afraid that in your case there is nothing to be done except shaving your face regularly.

A. L. I.—It is absolutely imperative for you to give up all work for some time. You had far better go to the country or seaside for a month or so and do no work of any kind. Feed yourself well, eat as much as you can, and take plenty of exercise and you will get over your trouble. However hard this advice may seem you had better accord with it at once else you may be compelled to do so later.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** Prizes to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be August 14, 1897; from Abroad, October 16, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

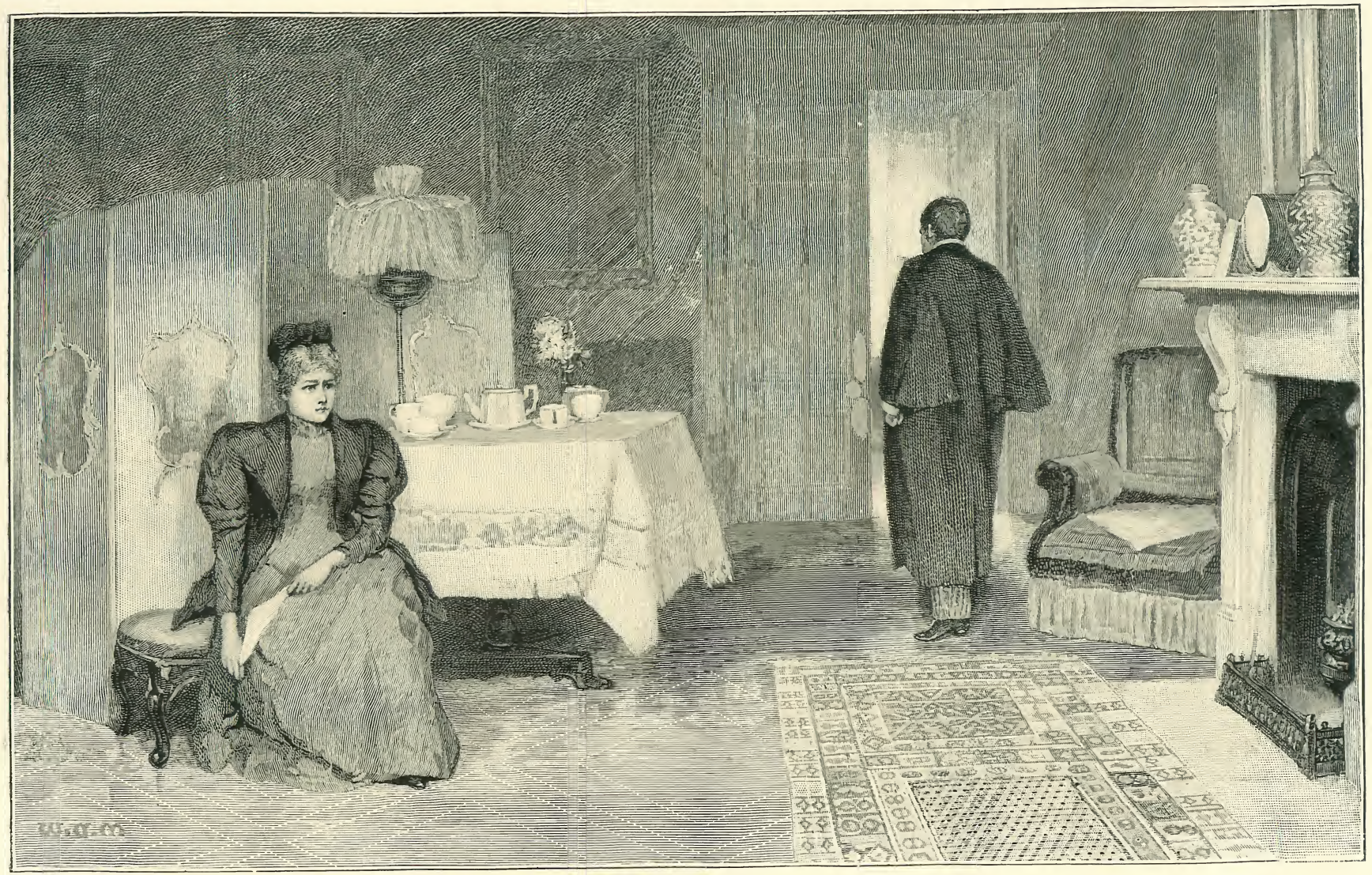
MISCELLANEOUS.

Mary Quite Contrary.—According to Bishop Stillingfleet the Saxons made a practice of giving New Year's gifts amongst the other observances of the day, which was a very festive season. It was derived from the Romans and mentioned by Tacitus and Suetonius. At the beginning of the sixteenth century a present of pins, or more recently, of gloves, was specially in vogue, and acceptable to womenkind. The former, resembling those in present use, were manufactured at an earlier date than 1543, as "An Acte" was passed "for the true making of Pynnes" at that date, fixing the outside price at 6s. 8d. a thousand. "Christmas-boxes" likewise descended to us from the Romans, who made it a practice to exchange gifts one with another at the season of the Saturnalia, corresponding with ours of Christmas. With us the day following (St. Stephen's Day) is the time adopted for demanding or begging for gratuities by tradesfolk and their employés, giving the name to the 26th of December of "Boxing-day." In Scotland these gifts are called "handsels."

Milly.—We have heard that a certain writer has stated that, of his personal knowledge, there were nine widely separated localities in England and two or more in Wales, where the peasant-women wear a distinctive costume. We all may observe that milk-maids are everywhere to be known by their little plaid shawls reaching to the waist or a little below it; their high laced-up boots, short petticoats, their wide white aprons nearly meeting behind, and bonnets or hats decorated with bright flowers. Near Bath the Kingsdown market-women wear a black broad-brimmed felt hat, the crown encircled with loops of black ribbon in close succession; and over their short petticoats a long man's overcoat of black or dark blue thick cloth, double-breasted and with large horn buttons. Every one knows the generally distinctive costume of the Welsh peasantry, surmounted so picturesquely with the pointed high-crowned black felt hat.

Violet.—1. Easter Sunday, 1881, was April 17th.—2. There are numbers of delightful tales and stories in English, suitable for young girls. We are glad you find the "G. O. P." so good. Your letter is very correct and well written.

Jersey, Jamaica, Adeline.—It would be quite impossible to give the value of stamps without seeing them. In the *Exchange and Mart* there is a department for the valuation of stamps, and if you purchased a copy of that paper, issued at 2d., three times weekly, you would find out all about it. The publisher is L. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.



"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I."

From the Painting by W. A. MENZIES.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 914.] JULY 3, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



All rights reserved.]

"'ARE YOU,' ASKED MARY, 'THE BAILIFFS?'"

CHAPTER XV.



IN the small hours of that same night, Edgar and De Vesci Hennessy were alone in the smoking-room.

Edgar could be agreeable enough when he liked, and to the companion of that *tête-à-tête* he made himself very agreeable. Of the seamy side of life in the colonies and elsewhere he had seen sufficient to give him some sort of grip upon problems which interested Hennessy a good deal. Besides, he would have been in the ordinary course of events heir to that estate of which Hennessy felt himself to be the usurping master. To the sensitive kindness of the latter there was something very generous in that spirit wherewith young Haydn had met him. There seemed to be in Edgar's mind no shadow of pique or grudge, nor any touch of the reserve that overgrows even a kindly disappointment. "I couldn't have stood it like this," De Vesci kept saying to himself, "I should have been as rusty as an old nail, or as distant as the pole. It takes a big man to smile like that on the fellow who wears his shoes."

It did not occur to Hennessy that as too far east is west, so there is a moral ground in which smallness and greatness meet. How often has a vacuous smile, the growth of mere poverty of soul, been gathered and worn upon a noble heart, as the blossom of perfect sweetness! Men's feminine saints are often wax dolls.

Moreover, Edgar was Mary's brother.

Those three strands of young Haydn's merits were quickly plaited by De Vesci into a thick rope of obligation.

"I wish I had the chance of doing this man a good turn," he thought as he went softly to and fro in his rocking-chair. And Edgar, sitting by and rolling a cigarette, knew that thought, or guessed it, and wanted money very badly, and forebore to borrow. It was a tremendous sacrifice, and it was not lightly made.

When a city man declines a knighthood it is because he hopes to get a baronetcy by-and-by.

Edgar did not borrow—shall we say fifty pounds?—because he thought that to do so might be to exhaust his claim. And he hoped to make more than that out of his new friend.

"I shall be off in the morning," said Edgar. "When I'm back at Weir Bend you'll come and see me, won't you?"

"I should like to," said Hennessy; "nothing would please me more. Only——"

He stopped, looking down for a moment, doubtful, seemingly, whether or not to make a confidence from which ordinarily he would have recoiled. Then his large humid eyes rose and scanned Edgar's face. That face wore a look of frank, whole-hearted sympathy—a look that had been quite a little revenue to its proprietor. It had paid his hotel bill many a time, and had pulled him out of more than one financial slough.

"Edgar," said Hennessy, and his companion almost visibly purred at the sound of his Christian name, "I'll tell you something. On the day of the wedding I asked your sister to be my wife."

Edgar was on the very verge of being overwhelmed with surprise, when he thought better of that emotion.

"I know it," he said, holding out an impulsive hand, "my dear fellow, I know it." He thought for half a second of letting his eyes fill up, but with a fine artistic reserve he limited himself to a single tear, just one, blinked away on the spring of a smile of deep feeling.

"Molly keeps nothing from me; wrong, perhaps, but inevitable, when brother and sister are what we are. Hennessy"—the surname was deliberately selected—"you were too sudden. A girl's heart must be besieged; you can't rush it."

"I know it," said Hennessy; "but it is not an easy thing for me to speak to a girl. I had to do it when I could."

"There's no harm done," said Edgar. "Personally I am not very keen about the superior sex; but chaps who say they know all about women tell me that when you have got a girl to think about you, the worst of the work is over. She always ends by thinking herself into love."

"Love of somebody else, perhaps," suggested Hennessy.

"No, no," said Edgar, shaking his head. "Don't be afraid, old fellow. She likes you, I know; and——"

Edgar reflected a moment, then rose and laid a hand upon De Vesci's shoulder.

"Old chap," he whispered, "between you and me and the bed-post, she was crying all that night. Don't ask me why—don't ask me what she half confessed to me. Only come over to Weir Bend—come soon—and try again."

* * * *

Mrs. Linton was a lazy woman, blest with a like-minded doctor, who always ordered her port, chicken-jelly, and a soothing novel. Having Mary with her, she found herself quite unable to resist the temptation of being ill. Summoning the girl to her room she explained the heroism that had kept her on her feet so far, and delivered up her keys.

"I know you won't leave me," she said, "till I feel able to crawl up again—and please don't tell me anything. Don't mind Thady giving notice, but try and keep the cook quiet till after dinner. It is such a relief to get a few moments in bed."

Mrs. Linton had never spent fewer than eleven hours out of the twenty-four there, and being now between forty and fifty had completed her recumbent majority. "Good-bye, dear. I shall be better soon."

"Not till that new box of books from Morrow's has been gorged," thought Mary, as she settled the pillows, and administered a large glass of "the tonic"—the portly tonic.

She was right. The operation was completed in four days and four and twenty volumes. Then Mrs. Linton, placidest of worms, began to crawl, and Mary took the train homeward.

The girl flew to her mother.

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Haydn, rising from her sofa, and lifting a face drawn with pain and lack of sleep; "we are in great trouble. Thank God that though I am weak in body, my heart is strong. There will be much to bear, Mary—oh, more than you know—more than you dream!"

Mary's eyes grew wide with a dim vision of the coming evil. Then she fell to her old place of comforter. "Never mind, mother," she said; "whatever it is, we will bear it together."

"You look white," Mrs. Haydn said, as for the first time she took notice of her daughter's appearance. "Mary, you have been crying a great deal."

"You know, mother," the girl said, "India is a long way off, and Milly and I were such old dear friends." And I think the recording angel entered that loving prevarication only in pencil.

"We must not," said Mrs. Haydn, apparently satisfied with the explanation "let dear Hildegarde know more than is absolutely necessary. Darling girl, it would be hard to spoil her new happiness."

For a moment the mother's face grew soft with tender sympathy, and with the shadow of old memories, those memories that keep a little paradise always green in the heart of every woman who has loved; then it fell again into its hunted sharpness.

"A man has been hanging about for two days, wanting to see Edgar; an ill-looking fellow with a strange accent. He was here the day that Edgar left for the wedding. I hope your brother has not been—thoughtless." She paused a second before uttering the last word, and then quickly glanced up hearkening. "Nothing," she said at length; "but one hears so many things now."

Mary consoled and cheered her mother; not the worse, but, I verily believe, the better because of that heavy load which she must take up silently every day. There is strength in every burden that resignation has turned into a cross.

"Dear girl," said Mrs. Haydn, at length, "how kind you are! You have made me feel a great deal better, and perhaps I ought not to have those thoughts about Edgar. He has a kind

heart, I believe. I know he has been helping his father of late, though he does not like to have it talked about, for when Mr. Docker spoke of seeing him come out of the office, Edgar seemed quite annoyed."

Hardly had Mary left her mother's room when she was summoned by Mrs. Mack, whose face was red with passion.

"Two of 'em in the hall," she said, "and not a stir out of the one of them when I bids 'em get out for dirty thieves of the world. Got a screed of paper, they have, and their chat is 'tis the sheriff's officers they are."

Mary went into the hall. "With submission," said a red-faced man, holding out his hands, "and humble apologies. 'Tis that small account of the Buncrana Coal Company."

"Stand aside off of that door-mat," said Mrs. Mack. "Do you suppose we keeps door-mats for the likes of you?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the bailiff. "Is there any reason in being unreasonable?"

"Faith, then," said the other man, "'tis a very belligerent lady she is altogether; and if only she'd receive us in the spirit in which we comes, miss, you'd never know we was in the house at all."

"Are you," asked Mary, trying to keep her poor lips firm, "the bailiffs?"

"Well, miss," said the red-faced man with a deprecatory wave, "that's the name they have for us. But Sam and me is no nuisance at all."

"No, then," said the other man, "but a pleasure."

"Mrs. Mack," said Mary, "please to show the gentlemen in."

"Come in, then," said Mrs. Mack, propelling the red-faced man half across the hall with a sudden pulling to of the door, "and if the likes of you is the sheriff's officers 'tis for ugly faces and dirty ways they gets promotion in *his* regiment."

"Wait till you have the pleasure of our acquaintance," observed the red-faced man, meekly rubbing his elbow. "We had the whole of the last family on the steps roaring crying to see us quit out of it."

"And they named the baby after me," said the other man; "as fine a young son as they're showing in Munster."

"I'll whitewash after them," remarked Mrs. Mack over their heads; "mind you keeps the winders open, Miss Meary."

The two men tip-toed behind their caps into the kitchen, and Mary went back to Mrs. Haydn's room to break the harsh meaning of their rough but not unkindly voices.

(*To be continued.*)

NATURE'S MIMICS.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," etc.



A MOTH exactly like a humming-bird! A beetle exactly like a caterpillar! A spider exactly like an ant! A locust exactly like a green leaf! A butterfly exactly like a brown leaf! These are the anomalies meant by the modern term "Mimicry in Nature." Let us look at an instance or two.

In Nicaragua, a great army of ants (Ecitons) was passing through the forest one day on a foraging expedition. These ants were not particular as to diet; they were ready to eat almost any sort of live creature that they might encounter. Grasshoppers, cockroaches, locusts, spiders, were equally to their taste. All animals fled before them; some climbing trees, whither they were relentlessly followed by a detachment of the foe; some hiding themselves in holes and corners, only to be ruthlessly routed out and slain; some getting away by dint of superior speed.

Among the cleverest in escaping were the spiders. They were not to be deluded by any tempting retreat, but used their long legs to advantage, keeping well ahead of the enemy. Or, if they mounted a tree, it was to hang on silken threads in mid-air from a bough, out of reach.

In the very path of the marching legions was a green-leaf locust; one of Nature's imitations. This locust, in outward form precisely like a green leaf, remained motionless, while thousands of ants walked past, surrounded it, ran over its legs, and never discovered that the seeming leaf was a live animal, which they would have been delighted to devour. The locust did not stir, did not betray itself by a twitch or a quiver.

Nay, even when an observing naturalist picked it up, and then dropped it back among the ants, it made still no sign of life, no effort to get away. Instinct or experience taught it that its only chance of safety lay in a perfect acting out of the leaf which it resembled. Had the locust chosen to spread its wings and fly, escape from the ants would have been easy; but then it would almost certainly have been snapped up by one of the host of birds, hovering overhead on the watch for fleeing insects. By utter immobility it deceived ants and birds alike. Man alone saw through the trick.

That the birds should be so taken in is perhaps not surprising; but the deception of an army of quick-witted ants, careering around and over the very creature they would so willingly have eaten, is far more extraordinary. Ants have keen senses; perhaps even an additional sense which we have not; and some naturalists have believed insects, including ants, to possess a peculiarly keen sense of smell. This story seems to throw some doubt on the truth of such a theory.

Try to deceive your pet dog by presenting to him the most perfect imitation of a cat. He may for a moment be taken in; he may dance round it, barking, and believing that the creature he loves to chase is before him. But let him come close and use his nose as well as his eyes. One long sniff, and the delusion is over. He will turn away with contempt, and you will hardly manage to deceive him a second time with the same trick. No such discrimination-power is apparent in insects—even in ants. Nor, it would seem, in bees. There are flies closely resembling bees in form and colouring; flies which by reason of this likeness can enter the bees' nest, and deposit eggs there; this being their natural mode of providing for their young. Without such resemblance they might have greater difficulty in carrying out the programme.

Suppose one were asked to guess what manner of mimicry a great tropical spider should most successfully attempt. One would hardly suggest "a flower-bud." But the large bright-hued spiders of South America have a curious fashion of folding themselves neatly together, at the base of a leaf-stalk, so as to look like an innocent flower-bud. This piece of imitation is so successful as quite to take in the insects which those spiders wish to eat. It is with them, not a case of web-making, but a case of leaping. No sooner does some unwary creature walk or flutter near, than the flower-bud suddenly transforms itself into a long-legged hairy monster, springing upon its victim.

The two chief cases of mimicry above cited—that of the green-leaf locust, and that of the spider flower-bud—though partly due to shape and colouring, are also partly due to innate cunning; and they are thus to some extent typical instances. Mimicry among insects is commonly due either to form, to colouring, or to action; or to two of these together; or to all three combined. In the case of action, we ascribe it to inborn instinct; and by "action" must be understood also the literal absence of action, as in the simulation of death. This to restless human nerves and muscles is, perhaps, one of the most exhausting kinds of action. In cases of form and colouring, naturalists have fallen into a mode of speech which seems to denote a deliberate intention on the part of the insect or of the insect's ancestors, to copy some other creature or thing, but which really does not denote anything of the kind.

We hear of lichens, mosses, fungi, being "constantly taken as models" by insects; of insects "imitating" this, "mimicking" that, "simulating" the other. Now, with human beings, to imitate, to mimic, to simulate, to take a model and copy it, means invariably doing it of deliberate intention, acting with a conscious aim and with full understanding. But it ought to be generally understood that these expressions, used with respect to insects, are to a very great extent a mere figure of speech. It is, as Mr. Belt says, "only on account of the poverty of our language" that such terms are employed in such relations; and he adds plainly the self-evident truth that "no such idea is entertained" as that it is "a conscious act" on the part of the insect. That is to say, no such idea is or could be

entertained by anyone of cultivated scientific understanding. The ordinary run of readers, giving little thought to the subject, and disposed to take the words used in their common everyday sense, might easily carry away a false impression. Language may be, and is, poor, compared with the variety of ideas which it has to represent; yet one cannot but regret that a better choice of terms was not made in the first instance. The mistake was a natural one, in the enthusiasm of the naturalist; but on the whole the descriptive words savour more of poetry than of science, their symbolical sense needing explanation. Modern exactitude seems lacking here.

When a brown bear first reached glacial regions—let us say, when the original brown bear ancestor first wandered thither—he did not definitely come to the conclusion that his dark coat was out of place, and that a white dress would be more appropriate to his new surroundings. By a wonderful provision in Nature, the needful change came about with no effort on his part. The colour of his hair adapted itself to his new surroundings, it would seem, as easily and naturally as our hearts in beating, our lungs in breathing, constantly adapt themselves to changed conditions of weather or of life; nay, as automatically as the colour of man's skin has adapted itself through ages to diverse climates. The negro did not become black, because his ancestors thought it desirable. The bear did not become white, because some original brown bear craved that tint. The locust did not develop a leaf-like appearance, because his locust forefathers approved the plan. *How* the creature's surroundings in Nature so act upon him as to produce in time these singular results we may conjecture, but we can hardly yet affirm. Here as elsewhere walls of mystery still close in our researches. No doubt the need existed, to ensure due preservation of certain insect-forms; and no doubt that need was met through the gradual adaptation and development of existing forms. In the ceaseless struggle for life, peculiarly characteristic of the insect-world, those insects, best fitted to escape danger and to obtain food, would most plentifully survive; and so the strange imitative forms would be more abundantly perpetuated than any others. But when one has said so much, the real "how" of the matter is not fully fathomed.

The object of this so-called mimicry is twofold. First, it is for the avoidance of peril to life; secondly, it is for the more easy catching of prey. Not always both at once, but almost always the one or the other. The aim of the crouching spider is to get a good meal. The aim of the leaf-like locust was to escape death. In these cases, and in countless others, it seems that with the imitative form comes the instinct to act in accordance with that form; it may be an altogether blind instinct. When the green-leaf locust made believe to be nothing but a leaf, two separate parts went to the mimicry. First there was the outward form of a green leaf; secondly there was the immobility of a green leaf. The leaf-like appearance would have availed the locust little, if he had walked or flown; and the immobility would have availed him little, if he had not possessed the leaf-like aspect. Each seems to be a concomitant of the other. We can hardly imagine that the crouching spider definitely knows himself to present the appearance of a flower-bud. He only knows—at first by instinct, then by experience—that when he so crouches insects come within reach, and not otherwise. The locust can perhaps hardly be aware of his own likeness to a green leaf; but his inborn instinct in danger leads to utter immobility, and he is thus protected.

In Nicaragua many small spiders are found, closely imitative of stinging ants. One kind presents so perfect a copy that it has been killed by a naturalist in mistake for an ant. It has a mode of holding up its two little front legs, and swaying them about so as to look like the antennæ of an ant; and because the ant has a sting, this resemblance means safety to the spider which has no sting. In the same part of the world there are beetles which bear a marked resemblance to wasps; the head being very small and almost hidden away under the thorax, which is painted into a likeness of the wasp's head and eyes. One such wasp-mimic has a trick of fidgeting its antennæ, exactly after the fashion of a wasp, and not at all of a beetle. Here again the mimic is protected from hungry birds and fellow insects by the false supposition on their part that it has a wasp's sting. Such wasp-imitations are found in most parts of the world.

Beside copies of offensive and defensive insects, of those with stings and other hurtful weapons, we have copies of unpleasant ones, of those, for example, which are distasteful for eating.

An enormous Nicaragua beetle is described as "short, thick, hairy," almost the counterpart of a caterpillar which is also found there. Other beetles, in mortal dread of birds, will carefully hide themselves as much as possible; but this one ventures fearlessly out, lying in full view upon green leaves. Only one precaution is needful. It must keep its antennæ folded close to its body, lest those uncaterpillar-like appendages should betray it. Birds have usually a great dislike to hairy caterpillars; and so the beetle gets off scot-free, protected by its imitative outlines and tints.

Certain bright-hued butterflies, in different parts of the world, are almost universally rejected as food by other animals, either from their unwholesomeness, or from an unpleasant taste. No insects, for example, will touch the Heliconii butterflies of Nicaragua; and birds never capture them. A certain tame monkey, devoted to insect-food in general, utterly declined to eat these. He would, indeed, politely accept one if it were offered, but he always rolled it up in his hand, and took an early opportunity to drop it quietly on the ground. One kind of spider, it is said, will dispose of even these butterflies; but in a general way, if they are dropped into a spider's web, they are simply got rid of, not devoured. They have weak wings and are poor fliers; doubtless because they have few foes to escape from, and so have not needed to strengthen their powers of flight by exercise through generations. This distasteful butterfly is "mimicked" in appearance by many other butterflies which are not at all distasteful; and thereby the lives of the latter are often preserved.

The same thing is seen in Africa, where exist "two great families of butterflies, the Danaidæ and the Acraidæ, which are inedible, owing to the presence in the bodies of acrid and unwholesome juices."* Monkeys and lizards, as well as birds and spiders, are all given to butterfly-eating; but from them all these ill-tasting species are safe.

To render them safer, by preventing needless mistakes, they wear particularly lively costumes. No need for them to scurry away, to hide in dark corners, to live in perpetual dread. "They float serenely about the forests in the broadest daylight, leisureliness, defiance, and self-complacency marking their every movement, while their darker brethren have to hurry through the glades in terror of their lives."* These creatures again are closely imitated by hordes of other butterflies, which have not the acrid juices, but which are protected from attack by the lively colouring which seems to imply that they have. Here, once more, we have "mimicry" for purposes of safety.

* Drummond.

How far insects generally possess a certain low order of thinking power, it is difficult to decide; certainly there seems to be in some instances a capacity, on a small scale, to put two facts together and to draw thence a deduction. Occasionally an insect appears to view a difficulty, to appreciate it, and to take counsel with himself how best to get out of it. Now and again an action or a mode of behaviour is seen, which we cannot ascribe to mere blind impulse. But long and patient study of the subject is needful, before definite conclusions can be reached, which shall be worth much.

When, however, we touch upon odd traits of mimicry, such as a spider curling himself up like a flower-bud, or a beetle posing as a caterpillar, or a locust and a butterfly feigning to be leaves, then there can be little or no doubt that we are reviewing purely instinctive and involuntary actions. The creatures cannot so much as will to do otherwise; they simply follow the law of their being. They have no responsibility in the matter of their shape or colouring; and they act in obedience to inherited instincts.

Still, say what one will in explanation, the facts remain the same. Such appearances are "masterpieces of deception" to the deceived birds and insects. It is not a case of immoral cheating, but of successful dressing up and brilliant acting; and it is, in tropical forests, not merely a curious freak of nature, but absolutely essential for the preservation of insect-life in the face of countless hosts of foes.

While a locust will "copy" a green leaf, a butterfly will "copy" a dead leaf. Mr. Wallace describes for us such a butterfly in Sumatra, nearly allied to the Purple Emperor. When on the wing, it is seen to be of a fine purple, variegated with ash tints, and with an orange bar. Not an animal to be easily hidden, one would think; yet again and again the naturalist vainly tried to secure a specimen. After being a little way pursued, it would flutter into a bush among dry leaves, and would instantly vanish. Presently it would start off again, fly another short distance, and again mysteriously disappear. One day, however, Mr. Wallace perceived it actually alight; and though even then he could see it no more, he would not lose sight of the spot, but searched until his efforts were rewarded. There the purple and orange beauty was, among dead leaves, no longer purple or orange, but itself as perfect a specimen of a dried leaf as any around. For the wings were closed; and the under side of each wing was an exact and artistic copy of a withered leaf, correct in colour and in shape, with midrib, veins, and lesser markings, precisely true to nature. The head with its antennæ is, at such a time, withdrawn between the wings, so as to be hidden; and as this species always, when possible, alights among dead leaves, the difficulty of catching it is not to be wondered at.

Among insect-mimics none are more extraordinary than the Mantidæ and the Phasmidæ. Some of them are like mere wisps of hay, or twisted grass-stalks. They are found in long tropical grass; and they imitate in colouring the recurring changes in that grass. When the young green growth first comes up, the prevailing tint of the grass-stalk insects is green. When the grass is yellow, or variegated with red and brown, the insects are yellow or variegated to match. But whether throughout the year they are the same individuals, changing their clothes with the seasons, or whether a year means a whole cycle of grass-stalk insect generations, is still an open question.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

INSTEAD of buying the transparent printed paper, which people stick on to their window-panes to give the appearance of stained glass, I am going to show you how you can paint on window glass with ordinary oil colour and produce a much better effect than can be obtained with this applied paper.

The lead lines themselves can be imitated with lamp black mixed with a little copal varnish. If the colour is found to be too thick to come from the brush, use a drop or two of turpentine, but don't thin it more than you can help, as we want the colour to be solid.

Some little difficulty will be experienced in running the lines straight and of even thickness. A piece of tracing paper cut the size of the window panes and divided up into squares and put at the back of the glass will guide you in this. I am assuming that you are going to paint glass *in situ*; but if you were painting pieces of glass which were either going to be put in front of the existing glass, so that they could be removed at any time, and were going to be puttied in the sashes afterwards, it would be easier work to paint them as you could lay them down on a table having the designs to be carried out underneath.

If you are painting glass in a window, then you must stick your design upon the back of the glass to be painted and follow it in front with your rigger and outline colour, which might be made of burnt sienna and a little black, for you don't want it to look quite so opaque as the lead lines. A flat piece of wood about two inches wide to rest upon the sashes of the window, and upon which your hand may rest, will be of help in steadying your hand.

Your design must not be on paper too opaque to allow of light coming through, or you will not be able to see to work. It might be as well to trace them on tracing paper first of all. Of course you will allow the lead lines to dry quite hard before painting in the patterns or figures, and you will also thoroughly clean the glass with whitening to take away any grease there may be.

A very good treatment of "quarries," as these small squares are called, is to trace on them quaint renderings of birds, animals, fish, etc., as I have shown in the design. But these may with advantage be alternated with some simple design of an ornamental character or with small floral designs conventionally treated. This alternating design could be used throughout and would save you racking your brains to make each quarry different.



The whole effect of these quarries should be got with the outline, though it need not be of the same solidity everywhere. The tint which is seen in the illustrations represents the transparent yellow stain used by stained-glass painters, and could be imitated by aureolin thinned down with copal varnish, and put on after the outlines are quite hard. This yellow should be darker here and there, and the addition of a little Indian yellow would give this effect better than putting a light yellow on thickly. The lines representing water with the frog and two fish quarries should be in yellow and not in the tracing colour. So too should the moon and stars in the owl design.

Designs of this character can be obtained from those books of Japanese sketches which can be bought cheaply at some bookseller's, or a good illustrated natural history would afford much material; but in using such illustrations they should be quaintly rather than accurately reproduced, for a too naturalesque treatment is less effective than a conventional one.

The treatment of Heads on Glass.—The design by Mr. Henry Ryland was drawn for a portion of a stained-glass window; but it can be reproduced in the way I have just described, the lead lines with the black and the outline of the head in the brown. The background of rings should be more transparent, as should the heads and the ornament





on the dress, which is obtained by using the colour thinner. The hair might have a wash of the yellow over it, and the name might also be put in Indian yellow instead of the tracing colour. The face itself I should leave plain, as it would be very hazardous to attempt to put a flesh tint over it. My feeling in all decoration is that it should be kept very simple and too little rather than too much attempted.

Pretty heads painted on pieces of glass to hang up in windows would be a very nice decoration, and as there is plenty of material to work from in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I commend this suggestion to my readers. The glass used for stained-glass windows would be nicer to paint upon and would be more artistic than ordinary window glass. This could be obtained, cut into circles or squares, at any firm making leaded windows. A piece of lead round the edge with copper rings soldered on at the corners to hang it up by would be a pleasant addition and could be put on where you purchase the glass for a few pence.

This drawing of Mr. Ryland's is worth studying as it shows how to treat a head decoratively. Everything you see is simplified, the hair being represented by simple curves, and no attempt made to give the effect such as a painter would attempt. Remember you are not painting a picture on glass, but are decorating a piece of glass. The small head would be suitable if enlarged. Heads of poets, artists and musicians would also be very suitable.

The thickness of glass between you and the design you are following will just at first bother you; but a little practice will soon enable you to follow the design on the glass. A great help will be afforded by a hand-rest made of a flat strip of wood one and a half to two inches wide with pieces at each end one inch or so high. This affords a rest for the hand and enables you to work directly over the glass.

VARIETIES.

TRAVELLING.

"Some minds improve by travelling, others rather,
Like copper wire or brass, but get the narrower by going farther."—*Hood.*

WISE AND UNWISE.—The wise girl thinks of virtue; the unwise girl thinks of pleasure.

REASSURING.

Host: (*a trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor*): "Hadn't you better come on the rug, Major? You might slip out there, you know."

The Major: "Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger. I have a nail in the end of my leg."

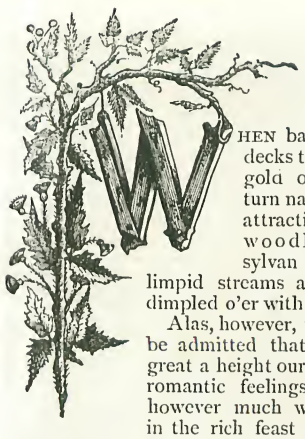
THE ODD FARTHING.

Friend: "Why do you mark things 1s. 11¾d. when you might as well say two shillings?"

Merchant: "Well, you see, customers hate to leave without that odd farthing, and while we keep them waiting for their change, they generally see something else they want."

A MENU FOR A BICYCLE PICNIC.

By AMY S. WOODS.



WHEN balmy summer decks the earth with gold our thoughts turn naturally to the attractions of leafy woodlands and sylvan shades, of limpid streams and meadows dimpled o'er with flowers.

Alas, however, it must sadly be admitted that to however great a height our poetical and romantic feelings may soar, however much we may revel in the rich feast which lavish nature spreads before our higher faculties, our physical nature cannot and will not be satisfied with any "feast of reason" or draught of beauty alone, and the loveliest landscape is apt to grow tame and lifeless when we are—*hungry*. Yes, there is no help for it, though it seems quite "a come-down" to admit it when we have been dwelling in a land of imagination and dreamy fancy; but it is an unavoidable necessity that we should feed our lower nature as well as our higher, and therefore I submit these few suggestions for a picnic menu.

With the bill of fare for an ordinary picnic wherein joints and fowls, champagne and ices, find a place, we will, if you please, have nothing to do. We do not want to turn our sylvans repast into a bad imitation of the Café Veney or the St. James' Restaurant, but simply desire to refresh exhausted nature in as pleasant a form as may be, avoiding on the one hand the tough meat and bread and cheese of the average country inn, or any cumbersome baskets and packages on the other.

Before passing on to the consideration of the menu itself, let me explain that it is intended principally for cyclists who prefer a light weight on their handle-bars or carriers to an elaborate luncheon, but it will admit of extension or modification, according to circumstances.

I have not included many beverages for the sole reason that they are so difficult to carry. Ginger-beer, lemonade or milk and a few bottles of soda-water can be purchased in most villages of any size, or if quite a country place is selected, a hamper of such fragile yet without weighty articles may be sent on by carrier beforehand, or by rail to the nearest station, and thence conveyed to the scene of action.

Having introduced the subject of beverages, I may as well finish with it before proceeding to the menu proper. The quantities provided in the list are sufficient for about fifteen people, if gentlemen share the feast, or for twenty girls. It will, therefore, readily be seen that to provide cups, glasses, or even beverages in bottles for such a number would be a severe tax upon any party of cyclists. The hostess or hostesses, or the arrangers of the party must therefore be guided by circumstances. If the picnic is a very free and easy affair, two or more glasses or cups may be taken and washed as required should there be a "limpid stream" conveniently placed for the purpose; otherwise it would be better to send the glasses when the beverages are sent, or if bought *en route*, to borrow them or hire them where the lemonade and so forth is bought.

In either case, however, a bottle of raspberry syrup and one of portable lemonade, both of which only require the addition of water, simple or aerated, will be found very acceptable, for as we all know, cycling, especially in summer-time, is thirsty work. If tea is preferred to any other beverage, or if it is wanted as well, any respectable-looking cottage will furnish a kettle of boiling water for threepence and probably lend some cups as well, while two of the party can scour the country side for a pennyworth of milk or even cream, though in the case of novices I do not advise them to try milking any stray cows by way of getting it.

The menu itself is as follows—

Pressed Tongue Sandwiches.
Chicken and Ham Sandwiches.
Eggs in Jelly Sandwiches.
Cucumber Sandwiches.
Cress Sandwiches.
Victoria Sandwich.
Cold Plum Pudding.
Shortbread.
Fruit.

If tea is required as well, one or two cakes, a tin of biscuits and some bread-and-butter will need to be added to the list.

You will notice there is nothing that necessitates the conveyance of knives and forks, either for eating or serving; though most people will prefer to take three or four large forks or tablespoons to help the pudding and the sandwiches and fruit. Nor are plates required. Two dozen dessert papers (round) answer the purpose admirably, and can be buried or burnt, not thrown away when done with. Oval dish-papers will hold the various sandwiches, cakes and pudding, and the fruit will look its best on some cool green leaves. It may appear that the cutting of so many sandwiches will involve a good deal of labour, but "many hands make light work," much can be done the day before, and the saving in weight and trouble, both on the road and at the picnic, will be adequate compensation for any trouble beforehand.

For the tongue sandwiches a tinned tongue is best. The Paysandu or Poulton and Noel's are reliable brands. The chicken sandwiches should be made of roast fowl, pounded in a mortar with plenty of seasoning, gravy and three or four ounces of cooked ham. This should be done the day before, and when the pounded meat is a perfectly smooth paste it may be set away in a jar in a cool place. The advantage of pounding meat consists in the avoidance of all waste; there are no crumbs or fragments to drop about, and all the fowl except the sinews and bones can be used.

For the eggs in jelly, stew down the carcase of your fowl, and all trimmings of the ham (not fat) in three pints of cold water, adding a scrap of onion, a small bunch of fine herbs, a sprig or two of parsley and some pepper and salt; a little celery or celery-seed is an improvement. When reduced to two pints strain it off, stir into it a teaspoonful of Liebeg's essence and half an ounce of leaf gelatine, set over the fire till the gelatine has melted. Meanwhile cut ten or twelve hard boiled eggs in slices, pour a little of the jelly into a plain, rather shallow mould previously well wetted, arrange in it a layer of egg; when nearly set cover with more jelly, when that is set add another layer of eggs, and so on till you have used all your materials. The mould should be set during the process either on ice or in a pan of salt and water in a cellar or cool place.

The Victoria sandwich can be made the day before, using the weight of four eggs in flour and sugar, the weight of one in butter, a tablespoonful of baking-powder and some vanilla flavouring. The mixture should be an inch thick when baked. Split whilst hot and spread with a stiff jam.

As every housewife has her own particular recipe for plum pudding, I will pass that over in silence.

The shortbread can be bought, but it is cheaper and more wholesome when made at home.

Beat one pound and a half of butter to a cream, gradually sift into it three pounds of flour, and half a pound of ground rice and half a pound of sugar. Turn on to a board, make a hole in the middle and work in one large egg or two small ones, adding a little milk if too dry. When quite smooth roll out to the thickness of half an inch, divide into triangular pieces, prick them all over, pinch the edges and bake in a good oven for half an hour. Keep in a tin.

For the sandwiches lay in a stock of sandwich or tin loaves twenty-four hours old, and a pound of good butter.

If time is likely to run short on the day of your picnic, you can economise it by cutting the bread-and-butter for the sandwiches the previous evening. Do not put on the butter too lavishly, for a greasy sandwich is an abomination. Pile the slices closely together and pack them in an old biscuit-tin (perfectly clean and dry) and set the tin on a brick floor or in a cool place until the morning.

The tongue may also be sliced the evening before, and a supply of mustard, pepper and salt set ready to hand, also a spoonful or two of mayonnaise sauce for the cucumber sandwiches.

When you commence the work of sandwich-making, let one person arrange the meat, etc., on the bread, another cut into shape, and a third pack in white paper and label. Do not cut the sandwiches too small—four on a round of bread is about the size for hungry folk, and do not remove all the crust.

Make the packages a convenient size for the bicycle baskets or carriers of those who have to convey them, and tie them up firmly. The closer the contents are pressed the less dry are they likely to become.

The cucumber and cress sandwiches should be made last of all as they get dry so soon.

It will be found easy to pack the pudding (in slices), Victoria sandwiches and shortbread in a very small space. If tea is taken do not forget a little sugar and one teaspoon.

The question of fruit must be individually decided, as so much depends upon the kinds in season, whether it is best to take it with one or to buy it at the place where you are going. In the case of the fortunate people who possess a good garden it is certainly more satisfactory to take or send it on before, but in the case of London girls going into the country, I should certainly advise it being bought on the spot. Cottagers are as a rule only too glad to sell currants, raspberries, cherries, gooseberries and apples to any one who will buy them, and in the autumn a blackberry picnic furnishes a delightful excuse for a day in the country.

The recipe for portable lemonade was given in my paper on "Summer Beverages," which appeared in "Summer Spices," the extra Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for 1896; but for the benefit of any readers who may not have a copy of that number I will conclude my remarks by repeating it.

Boil together a pound of loaf sugar and a pint of cold water till clear, then add the thinly-pecled rind of one lemon, and, after the white pith is removed, the fruit itself thinly sliced and free from pips. Boil for twenty minutes, then remove from the fire and add one ounce of citric acid. Strain into a jug, and when cool bottle and cork tightly. Use one tablespoonful in a small tumbler of water.



COUSIN ESSIE.

DREAMS.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.

A LONG low sweep of clouds which trembling lie
  Across the golden-glinted West, and far
  Beyond the twilight gates one lonely star
Waits calm and still to watch the daylight die.

Like to the sweep of God's white garment there,
  The summer moonlight sleeps upon the sea
  Like to a vision of Eternity,
Like to a love that cometh unaware.

A mystic lyre swept by the summer wind,
  A far-off echo in the falling rain,
  A song of joy, a wild deep sob of pain,
A whisper from the years that lie behind.

Is it a dream grown holy, grown divine,
  For all life's toiling, all earth's pain and care,
  Grown perfect by the loving unaware—
Grown tender by the moonlight's silver shine?

Perchance it may be only dreaming; yet,
  When Life's dim twilight angel spreads his wings
  Over the weariness of earthly things,
What shall we then remember—what forget?

Good-night! The glow has faded from the sky,
  Leaving behind a ruddy starlight gleam,
  And in my heart the mem'ry of a dream.
Hush! for the day lies dead. Good-night—good-bye.



COUSIN ESSIE'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. N. CARVALHO, Author of "My First Picture," "Weatherbound," etc.

IT had been a long promise that my cousin Essie should pay me a visit in my new home across the sea—a promise made when we were girls together and I used to spend my holidays at her mother's house—but the fulfilment of it had been put off so often that it was something of a surprise to me when a telegram came from Aunt Bolsover, asking me if I could receive Essie for a few months, as she was sadly out of health and required a thorough change.

By this time I had been married to James Grainger some seven or eight years, and had two dear little sons and a baby-girl. And I had told them so much about my English cousin that they were as much pleased at the prospect of having her with us as I was myself.

That Essie was out of health was true enough, but I soon saw something else was troubling her. Essie who, child as she was when I saw her last, had been the life of the house, the brightest, merriest darling, was now so silent and abstracted that I scarcely recognised her. She was so nervous that the least sound startled her. She would turn all sorts of colours when her English letters were brought to her, and then let them lie unopened for a quarter of an hour. And when at last she did read them, she looked more unhappy than before.

Little by little—for Essie was strangely reticent even to me, who was more like a sister to her than a cousin—she gave me an outline of her story. She had engaged herself to a young man, of whom her parents did not approve, and it was to get her out of his way that her mother had sent her to me. Her lover, a Mr. Hugh Calthorpe, was, I gathered, a younger son with all the expensive tastes that only an heir-at-law can safely indulge in. Old Mr. Calthorpe had made a favourite of Hugh, had sent him into the Guards and supplied him liberally with money—which he spent as freely. Essie did not say he gambled, but I got the idea into my head somehow. Then the father died without making due provision for his younger son, or, perhaps, he could not do so, for the land was entailed, and he had daughters that must be portioned. The brothers had never been on very friendly terms, and soon Hugh's allowance was stopped, so that he was forced to send in his papers and seek employment elsewhere.

Brought up as he had been, this was not easy to find, and the young man's prospects were so gloomy that Essie's father forbade him the house and insisted on the half-engagement he had never liked being broken off. Finally he sent his daughter to me, and made her promise not to communicate with her lover by letter or otherwise.

It was a sad tale, and seemed all the more so as I could do nothing to remedy the evil. I could only trust to time, the novelty of her present surroundings, and, most of all, to Essie's strong sense, to give her a new interest in life if it could not bring back her happiness. We all grew very fond of Essie, and were quite sorrowful when we remembered how soon she would have to leave us. She had only come for a year, and what we should do when she was gone we could not think.

One day Essie and I were sitting in the verandah, the only place in the house where we could breathe in the hot season. I was accustomed to the heat of an Australian summer, but to Essie it brought an intolerable languor. That was a singularly oppressive day. Though the sun was sinking fast, the air was no cooler than it had been at mid-day, and everything was parched and covered with dust.

Essie lay back in a deck-chair perfectly silent. A book reposed on her lap, but it had remained open at the same page so long that I should have deemed her asleep had not her fan, moving lazily backwards and forwards, given evidence to the contrary. But I was no more industrious than my cousin, for, though I had some pretence of work in my hands, my eyes were constantly scanning the vast plain before me. My husband had gone into Melbourne the previous day and had not yet returned. He was late, and I was imagining all sorts of horrors that might have happened to him. At any rate, the poor fellow must have had a tiring day riding about in this scorching heat. His errand had been to purchase a horse for Essie; none of ours being gentle enough to suit her, for she was not much of a horsewoman according to our Australian notions.

At length, emerging from the plantation of pines that bordered the view on the right-hand side, I saw two men on horseback. One of them was Jim, and at the sight of him all my fears vanished. I turned joyfully to my companion.

"Here is Jim at last, Essie," I said; "and see, he has brought your horse with him. I suppose the man riding it is the new groom. Looks rather a queer figure, don't you think?"

"It is too good of Jim to take so much trouble for me," rejoined Essie composedly as she rose at my call. Then she gave a start and said no more.

I am not sure that I remarked the change on her face then, but it came back to me afterwards, and I could recall the sudden wave of colour that had suffused her cheek, leaving it white as her dress a moment later. The pupils of her eyes dilated, her breath came in quick gasps, and she had to grasp the back of my chair in order to steady herself. As I waved my hand to Jim, she turned towards the inner room and left me standing alone. It seemed a little ungracious when he had been all the way to Melbourne on business of hers, but I was too glad to have him all to myself after his two days' absence to find fault with her.

He paused beneath the verandah, according to his usual custom, before going on to the stables, and I bent over the rail to give him a kiss.

"Yes, I'll come directly," he said as he handed me two or three little parcels out of his capacious pockets; "but I must see Baines first and tell him I've brought the horse I went down for and a groom to look after it. I won't be long, Mary. Make me an iced soda while I'm away, there's a dear woman. My throat is all dust."

He was back again before I had crushed the ice at the bottom of the tumbler.

"Nearly done up, aren't you?" he cried as he emptied the big glass at a draught. "There—now I feel a different man. This is the hottest day we've had this season, Mary. There is a storm brewing, I believe. I am not sorry to be under cover before it breaks."

"It is terrible," I rejoined, fanning him briskly. "Poor Essie is almost annihilated, and her languor infects me. You found a horse for her, I see."

"Yes, such a pretty creature. You must both come and look at it presently. She is sure to like it, I think. Where is she? What, Essie, gone inside—you, who are always complaining of the heat? Come into the air, dear girl; you look like a ghost."

"I daresay I do," Essie said as she came forward languidly. "This heat takes all my strength away. I wish the storm would break—it makes me feel so nervous."

"Never mind, you will soon get used to it," I said encouragingly. "I was just the same when I first came out. Why not lie down for a bit, Essie? Your room will be cooler now, and a nap may do your head good."

It was so unusual for Jim to remark on anyone's looks, that I felt a little anxious although I spoke lightly. Essie's cheeks were perfectly colourless, while her fingers were burning hot, and there was an air of suppressed excitement about her I had never noticed before. It was then I remembered her sudden change of colour a while ago. What could have frightened her? For it was not the effect of the heat—of that I was convinced.

With a word of thanks to Jim for the trouble he had taken on her behalf, she went away. The children burst in then, eager to have a game of play with their father and to see what he had brought them from the city. And after that Jim went off to take a bath, so it was some time before he had leisure to say anything more to me.

"Was that the new groom with you?" I asked when at length he had settled himself in his favourite rocking-chair and had lighted his pipe.

"Of course it was. Who else should it be, Mary? George, his name is—so he says."

"I only saw him for a moment, you know. But—but doesn't he look a little——"

"Down on his luck, you mean? Well, rather. Trust a woman to find that out with half an eye."

"Who recommended him to you?"

"No one. The brute I rode took to playing some of his usual pranks when I left him at the hotel, and no one in the stable-yard could tackle him. Then this young fellow came up and brought him to reason in no time—so they told me; I was not present myself. Later I got talking to him, and finding he understood horses thoroughly, I offered to take him on as a groom. He said he was looking out for something to do."

"And you made no inquiry about him?"

"Where would have been the use? He is a new chum—anyone can see that. Besides, we are so dreadfully short-handed just now. But you will never get rid of your English notions."

"He has been a stockman, hasn't he?"

"I rather think so, but I didn't ask. You judge by his dress, I suppose, but a rough shirt and baggy moleskins are not much of a guide."

"Is he willing to assist in the house?"

"He is ready to turn his hand to anything. The fact is, my dear, he is half-starved."

"Can he wait?"

"He says so."

"We shall have the soup in our laps some day, you will see. It is rather a risk, I think, to take a man like that."

But I made no further objection. The thing was done and there was no help for it. It was just like my dear, warm-hearted Jim, to take a stranger on his own showing. But all the same, I was not sure that being half-starved ought to stand a man in lieu of a character.

"George is an Englishman, Mary," Jim resumed after relighting his pipe which had gone out while he was speaking. "That ought to be in his favour with you. And he talks like an educated man. It was that made me chary of putting questions to him. One so often sees that kind of thing out here, but I never get used to it. Perhaps he will be more communicative to you than he was to me. When would you like to see him? Oh, by Jove; the kids have got him in tow. Look, there they are, just by that clump of box-trees. Your sons are democrats, you see, Mrs. Grainger, in spite of all your teaching."

That could not be refuted, but as I did not share my boys' democratic tendencies, I thought it high time to find out what was going on.

With the love of horses that seems inherent in all Australian-born lads, Frank and Davie had escaped from their nurse and made their way to the stables to see Cousin Essie's new purchase. They had found the groom quite ready to show off the mare, let them climb on her back, and even take the two of them in front of him for a scamper round the paddock. But it had grown dark for such diversions, and now, loth to part with their new friend, they had persuaded him to come with them for a walk in the garden.

As I went towards them, the eager fresh tones of my children rose in painful contrast to the hopeless ring of the young man's voice, and I felt Jim was right—this man had a history.

When I reached the group, the boys were proposing to bring him to see me.

"Mamma wants you, of course," I heard little Frank say, "and there is no one with her now. Cousin Essie has gone to bed with a headache. She doesn't like the hot weather. Father says English people never do."

"And who is Cousin Essie?" the young man asked with a touch of interest in his manner it had lacked before.

"Oh, she is just Cousin Essie," my little son explained with great simplicity. "Mamma's cousin from England. Mamma used to live at Aunt Bolsover's when she was a little girl."

"Then it was——" Mr. George began and stopped suddenly. He had turned his head away from the children and so caught sight of me.

Rising in some confusion, he took off his hat. I fancied he was afraid I should be vexed at his talking to the children, and I hastened to reassure him.

"You must not spoil my little boys," I said pleasantly. "They will give you no peace if you do. Francis, my pet, it is too late for you to be out here. Take Davie indoors."

They trotted off obediently, and the young man spoke:

"Can I see Mr. Grainger again to-night," he asked earnestly. "I am loth to disturb him if he is resting, but—but—something has occurred to alter my plans, and I fear I cannot accept the berth he was good enough to offer me. If, in your kindness, you will permit me to stay the night, I will be off at dawn. I regret to put you to inconvenience, but I cannot help myself."

"I will tell him," I replied; and, more mystified than I cared to show, I left him. Like Jim, I hesitated to question a fallen man. And at the same time I was a little frightened. One hears such dreadful tales of bushrangers out here, and there was no saying if this man were one or not.

But Jim, dear fellow, made light of the matter.

"Oh, nonsense," he said when he heard my tale; "is that all your courage comes to, Mary? Can't you see it goes against the grain for him to take a servant's place? Pride is the strongest of all human passions, my dear. But if it will be any gratification to you, I will go round the house and offices before I sleep, and bring my pistol into our bedroom."

My lady friends, the English ones especially, will sympathise with me when I say this proposal afforded me little comfort. Seven years' residence in Australia had not accustomed me to firearms. However, I said nothing, and tried to eat my supper with outward composure. Essie did not come down.

The groom was not mentioned again till after Jim had made the round of the premises, when he said in a tone of annoyance, for he had taken a curious fancy to the new chum—

"I saw George, Mary, and tried my best to make him stay here, but he insists on going off at daybreak. I wanted him to let me frank him by the coach, but he wouldn't hear of it, though I'm pretty sure his pockets are empty. It is a pity, I think."

"It is a pity he doesn't know his own mind," I rejoined petulantly. "I can't say I am sorry he is going."

"No?" pursued Jim. "Why, I took him to be just the groom you would like, Mary. Knows how to treat a lady, is fond of children, and has none of what your ladyship is pleased to call our Australian twang, and are so anxious the boys should not acquire. He is a handsome fellow, too. And such a hand with a horse."

Ten minutes later Jim was fast asleep, but I felt too hot and restless to lie quietly in bed, so I took a book and sat down to read. I may have dozed in my chair, I cannot say. But all at once a scraping noise attracted my attention, and I listened. Was it the wind in the trees? No; the night was perfectly still, with the same hot, suffocating atmosphere we had found so exhausting in the day-time. Perhaps it was some animal tramping past the house. I tried to think so, but it certainly was more like a human footfall than anything else.

Someone else must have heard it, for now a movement in the corridor became audible. I would have called to Jim, but it seemed cruel to disturb him after his long ride in the heat, especially as it might only be one or other of the children. On these hot nights they were wont to escape from their beds and prowl about the house, if they were not watched very carefully.

So I opened my bedroom door and ventured out, with an idea of capturing the youngster and taking him back to the nursery. At the passage window I halted. My heart beat fast, for just beneath it was a man pacing up and down the garden path. Anon he glanced upwards, and as the fitful moonlight played about his figure, I saw it was the new chum. But he seemed to have no evil intent, and I felt glad I had not roused my husband from his first sleep on such a fruitless errand.

It was a very handsome face these straggling moonbeams revealed to me. I had recognised the man at first by his tall figure and his walk, so different from that of any servant about the place, for when I had spoken to him in the garden it had been too dark to distinguish anything. Now I saw he had a high, broad forehead, a classic head with hair cut close, and

features very clearly and delicately modelled. He reminded me of some old picture seen long ago, but when or where I could not say.

I was about to retrace my steps when a faint rustle startled me, and I pressed forward. The passage took a sharp turn there, and a few steps brought me to another window, at which a white-robed figure was standing with a candle in its hand. Though never at my ease in the vicinity of a revolver, I am no coward, and no thoughts of ghosts came to trouble me, though the form was spiritual enough to suggest the idea. At a glance I saw it was Essie. Essie in a long white wrapper; her fair hair falling over her shoulders in silky curls. She never turned her head as I came near, and at first I fancied she was walking in her sleep.

"Essie," I said gently. "Essie darling, what are you doing here?"

She must have recognised me for she cried out in a voice strangely sweet—

"You?"

"Why, Essie, you are as bad as the children," I began, trying to treat the matter lightly, though I was sadly afraid something was wrong. "Come back to your room, dear. It only makes you hotter to wander about in this way."

She paid no heed to my appeal, but only repeated in the same strange tone—"You."

"Yes, dear," I replied, "it is I. Dear Essie, come away. You will catch cold if you linger at the open window."

Then with gentle force I urged her forward till we reached her room, when I laid her on her bed and sat down beside her. She covered her face with her hands and gave vent to a fit of tearless sobbing that was really alarming. I dared not leave her till day was breaking, when she fell into a troubled sleep that allowed me to go across to my room and tell Jim what had occurred.

"We must get a doctor to her," said my practical husband, anticipating my request. "And there is no time to lose. That fellow George must take a message in, Mary. He must be going off now. I will make him travel by the coach so as to catch Fulton early."

So Jim hurried off to make arrangements, and I went back to my patient. She was awake, poor girl, and talking incoherently. Jim came to the door presently and told me it was all right. George was glad to be of use and would look up the doctor before doing anything else.

We passed a strange, uncomfortable day. Late in the evening the doctor came, and to our surprise, Mr. George with him. He was loth to intrude, he told Jim apologetically, but as we were so short-handed he had thought he might be useful. For Dr. Fulton when he read the note had said plainly there was going to be trouble.

We were both very grateful. But Jim vowed that George should not go back to the huts. His right place was in the house, and there he must remain. And Jim would be glad of company as I could not quit the patient.

He consented. As my husband put it, he could do no less, and his host's satisfaction was only equalled by that of the little ones. But we failed to put the new chum at his ease, do what we might. Such a mixture of pride and shyness—or false shame—was very difficult to tackle. Still he stayed on; and strange to say, seemed as unwilling to leave us as he had been anxious to do so the night he arrived.

(*To be continued.*)

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



PART X.

PIRATES AND EXPLORERS.

THAT summer was an ideally happy one. My mother, with a wisdom for which I shall thank her all my days, allowed us to run wild; we were expected to appear at meals with some approach to punctuality, and with hands and faces moderately clean. Sometimes when visitors were expected, we were seized and scrubbed, and clothed, and made to look something like the good little children we were not; then my brothers fidgeted awkwardly on their chairs and tried to conceal their hands and feet, while I nibbled a biscuit or cake in an agony of shyness, not quite unrelieved by a sneaking appreciation of my fine dress, an appreciation for which my brothers would never have forgiven me, had I been foolish enough to show it. But, as a rule, we were left to go our own way, and a very happy way it was. I don't mean that we were neglected; my eldest sister was always a refuge on wet days when a fairy story seemed to be the best thing to be had.

In the midst of all the parties, picnics and gaieties in which our elders were plunged, my other sister found time to read aloud to us, and to receive such confidences as we deemed it wise to make concerning our plans and our plays.

We had gauged the possibilities of the lofts correctly. With trusses of hay or straw, a magnificent fort could be made. I usually held the fort when the boys had built it, and the weakness of the garrison was lessened by the introduction of the two dogs, who defended it with me nobly, understanding perfectly the parts they had to play. We got the black pig up once, but that was a failure. When there was no time to organise a play, when it was not worth while to begin anything because dinner or breakfast would be ready in a few minutes, it was a constant delight to scale the wall behind the stable, and watch the great wooden wheel slowly dragged round the circular stone trough where the apples for cider lay; the old, blind, white horse harnessed to the wheel went sleepily round and round; you could hear the crunch, crunch of the apples as the great wooden wheel went over them, and smell the sweet scent of the crushed fruit as you sat swinging your legs on the wall among the yellow stone-crop and sulphur-coloured snap-dragon; or if you had the time to spare, what rapture to balance yourself on the edge of the stone trough, and walk round it just behind the big wheel, knowing that if you slipped, you might fall on the muddy track outside, but that you were much more likely to fall into the trough itself, in which case your pinafore and stockings (we wore white stockings then) would be richly stained with apple juice to the colour of red rust. If the farmer were in a good temper, he would sometimes take you in to see the apples put in the press; you had to climb up by rough steps cut in the beams if the press was nearly full. At the top, on a little platform, stood the farmer, drawing up the crushed apples from below by bucketsful, and spreading them on their bed of clean straw with a wooden shovel. A layer of straw and a layer of apples, and when the press was full, the big beams screwed down, we hastened below to see the russet juice run out from its stone channel into the great vats.

Though the farm adjoined our house, it was not our property, but as far as we children were concerned, it was just as good as ours, for the farmer allowed us the same privileges that he accorded to his own children; that is to say, if the farmer were in a good temper, we might watch any of the farming operations, if he was not, his own children had to keep out of the way, and so had we.

There was a delightful pond in the field where the farm horses went to drink. It had a trampled muddy shore on one side, and on the other a high bank of yellow clay. We made a raft, of course, out of an old door and two barrels, and successfully sailed across to the yellow cliffs.

"How nice it would be," I said, "if there were a cave in these cliffs; we could have no end of a good time and be pirates and things!"

"You don't suppose," said Alfred scornfully, "that a pirate chief would wait to find a cave if he wanted one—he would make one of course; I shall make one."

"I don't believe you can," said Harry and I in a breath.

"All right," said my brother, "you'll see!"

Next morning when Harry and I went out into the field, there was Alfred, ankle deep in water shovelling out clay from the bank.

"What a big hole you've made," said I. "I believe I could get into it if I curled up very much."

"Ah!" said my brother grimly, "you thought I couldn't do it."

"Do you mean to say you aren't going to let us go shares," said Harry, reading his brother's tone instantly.

"Not a share," said Alfred firmly, "this is going to be my cave, and if I find anyone in it without my leave, I'll throw him to the alligators."

"There aren't any alligators," said Harry, "there are only ducks," and indeed, there were several swimming about the yellow waters of the pond.

"All right," said Alfred cheerfully, sending a large spadeful of clay splashing into the pond, "I'll throw you to the ducks then, I daresay they'll do just as well."

Alfred worked with what seemed to us superhuman vigour, and before evening there really was a hole in the clay bank big enough for him to get into, if, as I said, he curled himself up very much.

"He'll be tired of it to-morrow," said Harry to me privately, reasoning from his former experience of his brother, "and then he'll let us have it." But the next day we found that the roof of the cave had fallen in.

"No one need want to have it now," I said, but I was mistaken. The landslip, while filling up, had enlarged the hole, so that when the loose clay was cleared out, there was a space large enough for us all to have got in, even with the dogs. Alfred twisted some straw into a rope and made it, with string, into a rough mat. This he put at the bottom of his rough cave. I timidly offered to help with this, but my offers were sternly rejected.

"You said I couldn't do it," he said, "and I'll jolly well show you I can."

Harry came to me a little later when I was feeding my rabbits. "He's got it all so nice," he said, "he's roofed it over with a hurdle and he's put a bit of old tarpaulin over it, and he's fastening it down with big stones like the people in the Swiss Family Robinson; I wish he'd let us share in it."

"Look here," I said, "let's walk into town and get him a present, then he'll see we're sorry we said he couldn't do it."

In the broiling sun we walked the five miles into the town and back, returning with a large green sugarstick wrapped in coloured paper which had taken all our half-pence to buy. With this we approached the pond. Alfred was sitting in his cave with the raft moored at his feet; I waved the sugarstick in the air.

"Look here, Alfred," I said "here's a *sucre de pomme* for you; we've been all the way to Dinan to get it, and we're sorry we said you couldn't."

"You little duffers," he cried, "I don't want your *sucre de pomme*, I only wanted you to say you were sorry. You needn't have walked five miles in the broiling sun to do that. You'd like to come over, wouldn't you?" he added, unmooring the raft.

"We really didn't mean to vex you," I said, as he came across.

"Not another word," he said handsomely, and rowed us to the cave.

It was a very soft cave, and we had no means of breaking the *sucre de pommes*, so we took it in turns to suck it; Alfred after some persuasion, consenting to join us in the feast, so as not to hurt our feelings, he said.

That cave was a joy to us for many a day, though there was generally at least half an inch of water in it; and we didn't abandon it till the autumn rains had swelled the pond water, and raised it above the level of our cave.

* * * *

It was a grand day for us when we first discovered our stream; it was three or four fields from our house, and ran through a beautiful meadow with sloping woods on each side. Its bottom was partly of shining sand and stone, and in some places of clay. We built dams and bridges with the clay, we caught fish with butterfly nets in the sandy shallows; we called it the Nile and pretended that there were crocodiles in it, and that the rocks among the woods were temples and pyramids.

One day Alfred proposed that we should try and find the source of it. "We shall have to travel through a very wild country," he said, "explorers always do, and we shall want a good lot of provisions, for I don't suppose we shall get back before dinner-time, so you kids had better sneak as much bread-and-butter as you can at breakfast, and I'll sneak what I can out of the larder, and we'll start directly after breakfast to-morrow."

We secured a goodly stock of provisions in an old nose-bag which we found in the stables, but it was so heavy that we were glad to hide it under the second hedge that we passed and go on with only what we could carry in our pockets. We struck the river at the usual point.

"I think we ought to wade up," said Alfred, "there are no crocodiles in this part of the river, but the lions and tigers on the banks are something awful."

So we waded up stream, which is tiring work, let me tell you.

"I don't see a single lion," I said presently, "but I'm sure I saw a crocodile just now under that bank."

So we got out and walked by the stream's edge on the short, fine, sun-warmed turf. But presently we came to the end of the field; the stream ran through a wood, and we had to take to wading again, but the water was much shallower and it was easy. We ate some of our provisions, sitting upon a large, flat, moss-covered stone, in the middle of the stream. Then we went on again. Harry began to get rather tired.

"We shall never find the source of the stream," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if it's thousands of miles away, somewhere up by Paris, I daresay. I vote we turn back."

But his suggestion was howled down by the exploring party, and we went on. Through a meadow where the flax was drying in stooks, then through another wood we followed the stream, and then with a thrill of delight, we saw that the water ran from a little brick tunnel, the mouth of which was draped in a green veil of maiden-hair. I suppose it was about four feet high.

"You'll turn back now," said Harry triumphantly.

For all answer, Alfred stooped and plunged into the darkness of the little tunnel. I followed, and Harry brought up the rear. It was back-breaking work, but the floor was smooth. If we had had to pick our way, we could never have done it, for Alfred had only a few matches, and lighted one very occasionally.

At last we found ourselves again in the dazzling sunlight, and behold our stream was meandering through a wonderful swamp full of grasses and curious flowers, whose like I have never seen elsewhere. Our stream got narrower and narrower, but we followed it faithfully, and at last, crashing through a hedge, found ourselves in a roadway. Opposite us in the high bank was a little stone basin into which water trickled from above. From this basin a narrow stream of water, not more than a foot wide, ran across the road and under the hedge. This was the source of our stream—this, a wayside well we had passed a thousand times!

We finished our provisions, and knowing now where we were, went home by road. The swamp had coated us with black mud almost from head to foot, and in this condition we marched gaily into the garden where my mother was entertaining a company of rather smart friends at afternoon tea.

The sequel was bed.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NOTHING is so good for toothpowder as simple precipitated chalk costing about threepence a pound. It is the foundation of nearly all tooth-powders, and additions are often injurious; but if it is objected to in its simplicity a piece of orris root can be laid amongst it, or a little of the powdered root can be procured to mix with the chalk.

FOR washing woollen materials prepare a soap lather with boiling water, and when it is cool put in the garments and work them about in it, but do not rub them. Do not let them soak in the water but squeeze them out in two sets of tepid water (neither hot nor cold should be used as they shrink and discolour them); the soap must all be well rinsed out, and dry the garments in the open air if possible and as soon as they are rinsed. Never dry them at a fire or in a hot sun, and they should be ironed before quite dry with a moderately hot iron.

SOME people think that cats will only drink milk; this is a great mistake, for where both milk and water are at hand, cats will often choose the water. Indeed all animals should have free access to this necessary of life, and great suffering may often be entailed on pet rabbits by acting on the common belief that they can do well without drinking.

A SIMPLE and very nice supper dish is made by first cutting a rather thick slice of bread—cut off the crusts. Butter it well, then spread on it potted ham or bloater paste and put it in the oven or in front of the fire till quite hot, but not crisp. Have a hard-boiled egg ready and lay it in nice slices on the top and serve it, or the yolk only can be used, finely chopped.

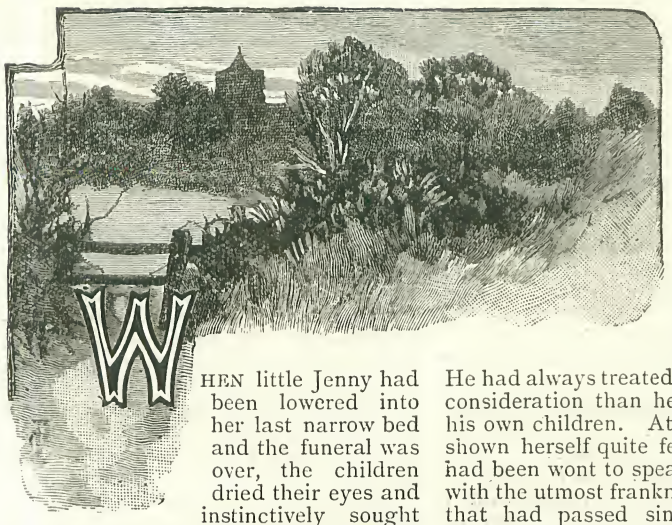
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XII.

A WANDERER RETURNS.



WHEN little Jenny had been lowered into her last narrow bed and the funeral was over, the children dried their eyes and instinctively sought to get rid of the gloomy feelings which oppressed them. The drive home from the suburban cemetery was an enjoyment to them. Lizzie and Harry peered out of the carriage with quick, curious eyes and chattered freely of the things they saw. Little Willie's voice chimed in, as he sat between Mirabel and Mrs. Lovell on the back seat. Mrs. Lovell was looking about her with interest. Only Mirabel, shrinking back in the corner of the carriage, felt utterly heart-sick and miserable.

Soon, very soon it seemed, the fields and gardens and trees were left behind and they were back in the dreary, ugly streets again. Providence Street looked more dismal than ever.

Fanny Lovell came to meet them as they alighted from the carriage at the door of No. 48.

"There's somebody come for you, Mirabel," she said.

Mirabel flushed and a startled look came into her eyes.

"It isn't a fine gentleman," said Fanny, eying her curiously. "He looks rather down on his luck, to tell you the truth; but he says he's your father, so I've let him sit down by your fire."

"Father!" exclaimed Mirabel, and her face grew white and troubled. With a sinking heart she opened the door of the front room and entered, followed by the others.

A man sat in front of the fire with his broken shoes resting against the hob. His clothes were deplorably shabby; he wore no collar, and the front of his shirt showed dirty and ragged. He looked up as the door opened, and the face he raised was singularly disagreeable, for it was dirty and disfigured by several days' growth of beard, the chin retreated, and the eyes were weak and furtive in their glance. But, changed for the worse though it was, Mirabel could not fail to recognise the countenance of her step-father, Harry Dean.

"Yes, it is I, Mirabel," he said; "I have come back to you at last." Then, as he met her eyes, in which there was no welcome, he rose and stood humbly before her, for there was that in the appearance of the tall, beautiful girl which inspired him with awe. He had always treated Mirabel with more consideration than he had bestowed on his own children. At fourteen she had shown herself quite fearless of him and had been wont to speak her mind to him with the utmost frankness. In the years that had passed since his departure, Mirabel had not only developed physically, her mind and heart had grown with the fuller experiences of her life, and she was to all intents and purposes a strong and capable woman. No wonder that Harry Dean was dimly conscious that she was his superior, and that it behoved him to sue humbly to her, instead of assuming the braggart bearing he had resolved on as he made his way to the house.

"You won't turn me away, Mirabel?" he pleaded.

"Where have you been all this while?" she demanded.

"I've been in America," he said. "Some chaps persuaded me to emigrate. They said there was a lot of money to be made out there."

"And you went off without telling mother!" said Mirabel. "You let her seek for you in vain, till she thought that you were dead."

"I don't suppose she mourned for me much," said Dean, "and I meant to come back for you all when I had made some money."

"Which of course you never did," said Mirabel bitterly.

"No," he said calmly, "I've had the most wretched luck. The silver mines were nothing but a snare. There was no money to be made out of them, and what work there was was too hard for me. I've been starving out in California, Mirabel."

He spoke as if he expected to awaken her pity, but Mirabel's glance did not soften. She could not help thinking it a pity he had not remained in California.

"How did you manage to get back, then?" she asked.

"I met with good, kind friends who helped me, and I worked my passage."

"You *worked*?" said Mirabel incredulously.

"Well, I sneaked on board and kept out of sight till they were well on their way. Then they had to keep me and make what use they could of me, for they couldn't pitch me into the sea."

Mirabel made a gesture of disgust.

"You are very hard on me, Mirabel," he complained; "and it ain't kind of you, when I've come home to find my poor, dear wife gone and little Jenny too, and you just come from her funeral, I'm told."

And sinking down on the chair, he began to shed maudlin tears.

Mirabel turned aside, as if she could not bear to look at him.

"Come, Lizzie," she said, "make up the fire and put on the kettle. We must have tea, I suppose."

Lizzie's face had been as eloquent of dismay as her sister's. As she moved to do as Mirabel directed, she relieved her feelings by shaking her fist behind her father's back. She and Harry knew too well what their father's return meant to give him any sort of welcome. Little Willie, who was too young to remember his father, shrank from him in terror and clung to Mirabel.

"How they have grown, to be sure," said Dean presently, looking at his children without attempting any greeting. "Lizzie's nearly as tall as you are, Mirabel."

Lizzie tossed her head to show her contempt for the observation. Mirabel busied herself with preparing the meal. When it was ready she brought a basin of water and a towel and insisted on Dean's washing his face and hands before they sat down. He ate with the eagerness of one who has been long without food.

Mirabel watched him with a heavy heart. Here, it seemed, was another mouth for her to feed. What should she do? He was little Jenny's father, her mother's husband, it could not be right to let him starve. Yet, surely she had burdens enough without this last. What had her mother tried to say about him ere she passed away? "If their father should come back," she had murmured, and then her strength had failed, and Mirabel was left to conjecture what the injunction might have been.

When the meal was over, Dean seated himself once more by the fire. He drew a clay pipe from his pocket at looked at it wistfully.

"I suppose you ain't got such a thing as a bit of baccy anywhere, my dear?" he suggested. The food had raised his spirit.

"Is it likely?" asked Mirabel scornfully. "When you find work and begin to earn money you will be able to supply yourself with tobacco."

"You needn't talk as if I wasn't willin' to work," he whimpered. "I'm sure I've tramped about enough tryin' to get work. I tried to get some before I came here; but it's no use. No one won't take on a feller that looks as I do."

Mirabel glanced at him and felt there was truth in his words. He did not look a desirable person to employ in any capacity.

"If only I had some decent clothes," he continued, "I might be able to get on. Ah, if only your poor mother had lived she would have contrived some way to obtain them."

Mirabel took no notice of the remark, but busied herself with setting the room in order. Lizzie and Harry had slipped away. They were growing fond of the streets of an evening, much to the distress of Mirabel, who, however, found it impossible to keep them indoors when they chose to go out.

Dean moved restlessly in his chair and longed to be off. He would far rather have passed the evening lounging outside a public-house, in the hope that someone would treat him to a draught. But he was afraid that if he took himself off thus Mirabel would close the house against him. He wanted to assure himself of her goodwill. So he sat on, wearying both himself and her. Occasionally he asked her a question, and Mirabel replied; but she did not address him of her own accord. Once or twice as she glanced at him she felt moved to thankfulness at the thought that he was not her father. And she reflected that it was well he had not appeared on the previous evening. She would have been ready to die of shame if Mr. Collier had seen him.

It was nine o'clock. Lizzie and Harry had not come in. Mirabel remembered that she had better take advantage of their absence to come to an understanding with their father. She moved from her place at the table and came opposite to him.

"Father," she said, looking him full in the face. She had always called him "father" in her childhood, and the name came readily to her lips, although she was glad to repudiate the idea of his fatherhood.

"Well?" he responded, meeting her glance uneasily.

"Where do you intend to sleep to-night?"

"Surely my children will make room for me here," he said beseechingly; "I've nowhere else to go, and I haven't a penny in my pocket."

"You've no claim on us," she said, "I've paid the rent and kept the children, except Lizzie, since mother died; but I'm not your daughter, as you know, and I should have no call to keep you if I were."

"That's true enough," he admitted, "and I'm sure I don't want you to keep me. I'm willin' enough to work if I could get work; but I'm stone broke now as you may see. You may turn me adrift if you will; but it's what your mother would never have done."

Mirabel did not remind him of the difference between her relation to him and that of his wife. She had no wish to argue with him. She had already made up her mind how she would act.

"I can make you up a bed here with the boys for to-night," she said, "but after that I think you must fend for yourself."

"You don't want me to live with my own children?" he protested, "the only beings I have belongin' to me in the world. I wonder you can be so hard-hearted, Mirabel. But anyway, if you chuck me out, I'll take him along of me. He's my boy, and I've a right to him. Him and me'll make a touchin' pair a-beggin' in the street." As he spoke he jerked his head towards the bed against the wall on which little Willie lay asleep.

Mirabel winced at the suggestion and he saw that he had scored a point.

"I don't want to be hard on you, father," she said; "I'd be willing for you to live with us, if I thought you meant to lead a sober, industrious life. But you were never one to work in the old days."

"Ah, but I mean to do different now, Mirabel, I do indeed," he protested; "I mean to be a good father and look after my children."

"Ah, if I thought that," she said.

"Upon my word you may believe it," he replied.

"One thing you must do if you share our home," she said.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Give up the drink," she replied.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid that I shall drink," he said airily. "It's so little that I ever take, and I've not the money for it either."

"Then you'll not mind signing the pledge," she said.

"Nonsense—what's the good of my signing?" he asked. "I never take enough to hurt me."

"Much or little, you must give it up," she said, "or you shall not live with me. You can't compel me, remember."

"All right, then, I'll sign it," he said, with suspicious readiness, "anything to please you."

"There's a coffee-house in the Latimer Road where you can take the temperance pledge," she said; "I'll go there with you to-morrow morning, and if you take it—honestly—I shall believe you mean to be different."

"You needn't be afraid—I'll do it," he said.

There was silence for some minutes and then Mirabel said—

"I think, if you come to us, we had better go somewhere else to live—somewhere a long way off."

She had been thinking of Bruce Collier. Dean's return made it seem more than ever impossible that he should marry her. He would know that it was so if he were to see this relative of hers. None the less, she shrank from the thought of his coming again to the house and finding Dean there. She longed to steal away to some remote part of London and leave no trace behind her.

Her step-father caught at the suggestion. It would suit him well to quit a district where, in the past, he had won an ill-repute, and where he was well-known to the local police.

"By all means," he said briskly, "that's a good idea. Let's go to the East End. There's more work to be had over there, I guess."

"Don't speak of it before the others," she warned him. "I don't want the Lovells or any of the neighbours to know where we go."

"All right, I'll keep it dark," he said, with a wink which disgusted her. The next moment the entrance of Lizzie broke off their talk.

There was no sleep for Mirabel that night. Hour after hour she lay awake beside Lizzie in the back room, trying to form plans for the future, till her mind was in a whirl and she could think of nothing coherently. But, as she rose and dressed the next morning, things gradually shaped themselves in her mind. She remembered that Mrs. Lovell and Fanny had arranged to spend the following Monday with friends at Richmond. They were to start very early in the morning and return late at night. On Monday, therefore, it would be possible to steal away without their knowledge. But she must first secure rooms at the East End, to which to remove her household goods. She knew nothing of that part; but she had worked at the laundry with a girl who came from Bethnal Green, and who had previously been employed in a laundry there, so it seemed likely that she and Lizzie might find work there.

As for her step-father, Mirabel felt hopeless of his getting permanent employment anywhere. One part was as good as another for him.

So Mirabel decided to seek rooms at Bethnal Green, and journeyed thither with that intent the same afternoon. She found her business less easy than she had imagined. Empty rooms were scarce in that neighbourhood, and her heart sank within her as she wandered unsuccessful through the dreary monotonous streets. It was growing late in the evening ere she found a place that would do even as a make-shift. Then she saw a tolerable-sized attic above a rag and bone shop, with a little slip-room in which her father and Harry could sleep. The rent asked for these two seemed out of all proportion to the accommodation they offered, yet Mirabel ended by taking them as a temporary arrangement.

Thither they all removed on the following Monday; Dean kept his own counsel, and Mirabel succeeded in evading the questions of the neighbours, and getting off in the absence of the Lovells without leaving any clue to her destination. Even Lizzie, much to her annoyance, was not allowed to know where they were going.

Little as she had loved the spot, Mirabel could not bid farewell to Providence Street without a pang. It was there she had first seen Bruce Collier and commenced those visits to his studio, which her memory would ever love to recall, although they had brought her such pain. Mirabel found a melancholy satisfaction in tracing a parallel between her sorrow and that of the gipsy, Fedalma, whose story had made a strong impression on her. She fancied she knew what Fedalma must have felt when she was torn away from her lover and carried into a strange country and a new life.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

F. S. W. (*Dress-cutting*).—The association you mention can be cordially recommended. You would do well to take a course of lessons.

A. and E.—You say, "We are both apprenticed to the drapery, but do not want to keep to it all our lives." Was it not rather a pity, under these circumstances, to allow yourselves to be apprenticed to it? Somebody must have been put to needless expense. But are you sure you cannot achieve success in the line you have followed so far? Clever women can rise to become heads of departments and buyers, and can lead both interesting and prosperous lives, if they only stay long enough and work hard enough to rise above the status of the assistant. But if you are neither of you yet twenty, you are not too old to compete for a post-office clerkship, and if you contemplate such a step, we advise you to attend classes at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, or at the Birkbeck Institute, in order to prepare for the two examinations. The fees for both examinations only amount to 2s. 6d. At the principal insurance offices and banks where women-clerks are employed, no examination is held, but employment is contingent on the nature of the personal references offered.

Restless (*Post-Office Clerkship*).—Yes, twenty-five is too old for admission as a clerk.

Poor and Perplexed.—Such advertisements are generally dangerous, and are often merely framed in order to draw stamps from the unwary. In other cases the employment proves to be some kind of touting for orders, which to most people would be extremely distasteful. In the worst cases—and of these you should especially beware—the salary is offered contingently on capital being invested. In the end the capital disappears and the advertiser along with it.

Collars and Cuffs (*Hospital Nurse*).—You ask us to give you "all the particulars as to age, fees," etc. This is a large demand, and to satisfy it we should need to write a book much larger than The Girl's Own Paper; for each hospital has its own regulations, and no two have quite the same. But in general we may say that the age limit is from twenty to thirty, and £25 the stipend paid at the majority of institutions. "May you choose your own hospital?" Yes, you may send in an application to the matron of any hospital you prefer; but you will do wisely not to apply where the competition is greatest, as it is in the large London and children's hospitals. It is much wiser to make choice of some good provincial hospital, or an infirmary. We would suggest the Chelsea Infirmary, Liverpool Royal Infirmary, or Adderbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge. At the first no fee is charged, and a salary is given; at the second some nurses receive a salary, and some, as paying probationers, pay £36 for the first year. At Cambridge no salary is given, but probationers pay a fee.

Trixy (*Librarianship*).—The salaries earned by librarians of either sex are so low that we are not inclined to recommend you to think of such work. At the same time, if you are really drawn to it by fondness for books, there would be no harm in writing to the head librarians of the public libraries in the towns you mention, and asking them whether they could receive a woman assistant. In the Manchester Free Libraries women are considerably employed as assistants at very small salaries. At the People's Palace, London, women enjoy better positions, but there are few of them.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

Amateur Societies.—1. The Editor thanks Miss Grace heartily for her pretty sketch and pleasant letter. The programme of the sketching club already noticed in this paper, at 54, York Road, Brighton, is excellent; and we observe that the annual exhibition of members' sketches will be held in April.—2. "Une institutrice" asks us again to mention her French, German, Music, Practice and Reading Societies: apply, with stamped addressed envelope, Miss E. L. Tangye, The Elms, Redruth, Cornwall.—3. The M.S. Magazine Club, c/o Miss Cosby, Market Harboro', near Peterborough, is now extinct. We notice amateur societies without accepting any responsibility with regard to them.
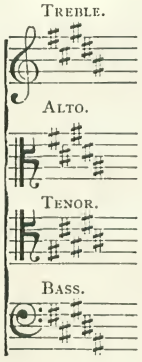
H. E. A.—We sympathise with you in the feelings expressed by the verses to your mother's memory, but they are not suitable for insertion in our columns. We only use the work of well-known writers.

Lil.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. Your verses are fairly accurate in metre and rhyme, but they merely express what is embodied in a vast number of hymns, and we should advise you to attempt a less familiar theme.—2. If you send a stamped addressed envelope we will endeavour to return any drawings sent marked with your name.

A Reader of the "G.O.P."—There can be no harm in using artificially-made osprey wings, and such use cannot encourage the destruction of birds, against which we strongly protest; but we fail to see how wings can be made artificially.

Anfoddlawn.—Perhaps you may find some information to help you concerning scholarships in the article "What is the London County Council doing for Girls?" in our March number. Scholarships are also awarded in connection with Bedford College, York Place, Baker Street, W., Westfield College, Finchley Road, N.W. (Secretary's address, Miss S. M. Smee, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.), and Queen's College, Harley Street, W. Owens College, Manchester, might also suit you, but we have no clue to the part of England you would prefer. We advise you to write to the above for particulars, and applaud your zeal for self-improvement.

Arbor-Vitæ.—1. We annex the answer to your question as to how the sharps should be written when writing out in score for four voices.—2. This question is a little too technical, and we could scarcely explain the process to you intelligibly. Ask an expert.



Either kind of clef is correct, but you have put them on the wrong lines.

Anxiety.—In answer to your questions, (1) Dr. Harford-Battersby regrets that it has been found impossible to admit women to the course of study at Livingstone College. We can, however, tell you of institutions for training lady medical missionaries, if you wish. (2) The Livingstone College is not a hospital, but the students are admitted by courtesy to the wards of certain hospitals. The ordinary course of training extends over nine months, beginning in October, but there is a special six months' course beginning in January next.

Jessie A. Pinker.—At the London National Training School for Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., the training for the post of Cookery Instructor in all branches of plain cooking costs 13 guineas for the full course of twenty-four weeks: in high-class cooking, 20 guineas for twenty weeks. You will find further particulars as to cookery instruction in London in our article, "What is the London County Council doing for Girls?" (March). But we have made further inquiries, and it seems highly probable that you will be able to obtain what you want at the new Municipal Technical School, Brighton, which will be provided with a kitchen and all the necessary appliances for teaching cookery. As the building is not yet completed, things are not in working order. Perhaps your daughter could stay a little longer at school till the classes at this Municipal School are fully established. We are gratified to learn that, having taken The Girl's Own Paper as a girl, you now take it for your own girls, and consider its influence "like that of a sweet and gentle lady."

Perseverance.—1. We sympathise much with you, and are glad you have written to us. Your friend is under a delusion in supposing that we throw most of our letters "unanswered into the waste-paper basket," as the answering our correspondents is a matter of conscientious care and attention.—We should suggest the following pieces of music for you to try:—"English Dances," by Edward German, from incidental music to Henry VIII. (Novello); "Simple Aveu," by Thomé; "Three Eighteenth Century Studies," by Arthur Somervell; and "Am Genfer See," by Bendel (Peters). If you are so fond of music you ought to be able, with practice, to succeed. But if you cannot play the piano, in spite of hard work and instruction, do not fret, but turn your attention to something else for which you have more aptitude.—2. It is against our rules to advertise special toilet preparations. Exposure to sun and air will bring freckles on a fair skin, and in your place we should not trouble about them. Washing the face in buttermilk is said to be a good thing.

L. Borrow.—If the Excelsior Reading Club has been mentioned in our columns, you will find the address by looking through the back numbers. We are sorry that it is against our rules to answer letters by post, so that we cannot help you in time for your needs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Soldier's Sister.—The *sobriquet* by which soldiers are very commonly designated, "Tommy Atkins," was originally that applied to the 91st Foot, now known as the Argyllshire Highlanders, or "Princess Louise's Own." They are said to have got it in the Peninsula. It is not by any means a complimentary name, nor is it fair when of general application, as in slang parlance "Tommy" means "dull" and blundering, while "Jack" means a sharp fellow.

A. L. W.—*Domesday Book* deals with a survey made in 1886. Northumberland and Durham are not included in it, and only a portion of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The book is in two volumes, inscribed on vellum; one a large folio, and the other a quarto. The valuation of land in the time of the Confessor was the first survey made, and the one following was in the time of the Conquerer. According to Stowe, the book derived its name from the place of its deposit for special safety, *i.e.*, the part of Winchester Cathedral (the chief in dignity in those times) which was called *Domus-dei*, and the word was a contraction of *Domus-dei Book*. But it is credited with another origin and connected with surveys made by the Saxon kings, called *Dom-bocks*, every case of dispute being decided by reference to them.

M. A.—The princely family of Battenberg takes the origin of the title from a small but old town in Prussia, formerly Hessian. The marriage of Prince Alexander of Hesse with a daughter of the Polish Major Von Hauke, was morganatic; and on this account she was raised to the dignity and title of a "Princess" of Battenberg, which title was shared by the scions of the family to distinguish them from that of the reigning house of the Hessian Grand Duchy. Although strictly speaking the union was not equal, the marriage was recognised with as free consent in Germany, as in England those of the Princesses Louise and her niece Louise of Wales. The wife and descendants of Prince Alexander of Hesse were styled, in the first instance, "Counts" and "Countesses" of Battenberg, and after a time the reigning Duke raised them to the rank of Princes and Princesses, but these titles (so translated and used by us) mean *Fürst* in German, or a rank equal to our Marquis, as it is next lower in precedence to that of a Duke, or *Herzog*. The Princess Battenberg is called the *Fürstin* Battenberg in Germany.

Eissej Nosnikta.—The quotation is from a poem by Mrs. Barrett Browning, "My Kate."

> "Men at her side
> Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
> The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

Stella Callingham and A Minor.—1. To become proficient, it will be necessary to practise more than half an hour a day; but as you are very young, there may be a reason for short hours. We should think half an hour for each instrument would not be too fatiguing.—2. The Royal College of Music, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, S.W. Fee for students, £40 per annum—scholarships open to both sexes. Apply at college for syllabus and entry forms—Frank Pownell, Registrar. There are fifty-three open scholarships, and nine local ones, which are tenable for three years, and more are to be founded.

A Lonely Maiden inquires, when "you feel as if you would like to vex some one, whom you believe yourself to be very fond of you, just for the sake of making it up again——" We should say that such feelings show you are not very fond of any one, except yourself. You are seeking your own pleasure in making a quarrel. "Love," we are told, "seeketh not her own," and "thinketh no evil." We are sure you will feel ashamed of such unworthy feelings. Of course your friend would resent being experimented upon. Observe, the words are, "Confess your faults one to another," not "your sins." One point is clear, which is, that you should always acknowledge any mistake made, any unjust word or act, any unkindness, loss of temper, or other fault committed against any one, and should make the needful apology.

Bail.—Easter eggs, written pasque, paschal, and pasch-eggs are symbolic of creation, or the re-creation of spring. The practice of presenting our friends with eggs at Easter is Magian or Persian, and bears allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuz and Ahriman were to contend, till the consummation of all things. Not only the Persians, but the Jews, Hindoos, and Egyptians had this custom, and it was adopted by the Christians to symbolise the Resurrection; and the eggs are coloured red in allusion to the blood of the redemption. There is also a tradition that the world was created, or hatched, on Easter Day.

Lavinia.—Newbury, in Berkshire; West Wycombe, Bucks; Saffron-Walden, Essex, might any of them suit you for distance; but you would have to make personal inquiries about beginning a business, of course.



A DEERHOUND.

(From the drawing by the late Charles Jones.)

"And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven."

Tennyson.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 915.] JULY 10, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A RIVER SONG.

By CLARA THWAITES.

THE glittering, winding river
Is whispering to me,
"Forever and forever
I hasten to the sea.

"In bright and jewelled glory
My pathway is arrayed,
And lo! my breast is hoary
With many a white cascade.

"While noontide's glow and splendour
Upon my water's creep,
Or evening's shadows tender
Upon my bosom sleep,

"I tarry not. Though flowers
Caress me as I glide,
Through over-arching bowers
I haste to oceans wide.

"I hear the wild waves falling
On a far-off rocky shore,
The breath of seas is calling
For her streams for evermore.

"With ever-swifter current,
As I near the hidden goal,
From cataract and torrent
My shining waters roll,

"Until they break in thunder
Where foamy billows be,
And haply learn the wonder
And mystery of the sea."

All rights reserved.]



A WHITE CASCADE.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ILL-MATCHED RIVALS.



WHEN Mrs. Lovell and Fanny returned from their day's outing at Richmond, they were amazed to find the passage littered with bits of paper and straw, and the rooms which the Deans had occupied empty. Their surprise gave place to indignation when they heard all their neighbours could tell them of the Deans' mysterious departure. Naturally they were hurt at what seemed to them a gross lack of confidence on Mirabel's part.

"Such a friend as I've been to her!" cried Mrs. Lovell. "She won't soon find another neighbour to do for her what I've done. I've looked after the children for her when she's been out gallivanting about; I helped her nurse poor little Jenny and lay her out for her coffin. I did all I could for them in their trouble and this is her gratitude! She takes herself and her belongings off, no one knows where, without bidding me good-bye and letting me wish her God-speed."

"Ah, but Mirabel's been dreadfully close of late," said Fanny, unable to perceive that it was her own and her mother's suspicion and curiosity which had fostered this "closeness."

"It don't look well when a young girl makes such a mystery of her doings," remarked a neighbour.

"Of course it don't," said Mrs. Lovell, "but I've seen for some time that Mirabel wasn't acting on the square. Well, it's not my fault that the girl's gone wrong. I've done my best for her and given her lots of good advice, for her mother's sake."

"Good advice is thrown away on some folks," replied the other.

"So it seems," said Fanny. "How artful of her to plan it all without letting us know! She must have made up her mind a week ago and given notice to the landlord."

"Do you think their father's coming back had anything to do with it?" asked the woman who had spoken before.

"If you ask me," said Mrs. Lovell, "I should say it's as likely as not they've done it to get rid of him. It wouldn't surprise me if the poor, weak creature were to turn up here again He's a good-for-nothing, sure enough, as Mrs. Dean always told me her husband was. No, I don't suppose he's had much to do with it; but I'll tell you who has, and that's the fine gentleman that comed here to see Mirabel on Tuesday evening and was shut up with her in that back room for ever so long."

"But you don't think——"

"I ain't a going to say all I think," replied Mrs. Lovell sagely; "but it wouldn't surprise me to learn that he was keeping them all, in some out of the way place."

"My! how mad Jem will be when he hears it!" remarked Fanny.

And Jem was mad; the word was not at all too strong. When he heard of the Deans' disappearance and how his mother accounted for it, he was like one beside himself. She was alarmed at the effect of her words. Jem vowed that he would find Mirabel, if he searched all London over. He would learn the truth about her, and if that man had done her wrong he should answer for it to him. "He shan't get off because he's one of the hupper class," Jem declared. "I'll pay him out, if I break every bone in his body."

"I hope to goodness Jem won't come across that artist," Mrs. Lovell said privately to her danghter. "He'll do him an injury if he does, and then Jem'll be taken up and his character gone, and all for the sake of a girl that isn't worth it."

"Yes, and just because she's pretty," said Fanny discontentedly, "that's the way with men. For my part I say—'andsome is as 'andsome does."

"Ay, that's so. Many's the time I've been thankful that you was no beauty," replied her mother.

Fanny maintained a sedate silence. She could not truly have echoed her mother's thanksgiving.

Jem set about his search in a determined fashion; but found himself baffled at the very outset. He made sure of finding the man who had removed the Deans' furniture; but it appeared that no one in the neighbourhood had undertaken the job. Mirabel had indeed made a bargain with the rag and bone merchant at Bethnal Green to send a cart for her household goods, and the driver had been carefully instructed to tell no one whither he was conveying them. So the clue on which Jem had counted was lacking, and in vain he sought for a thread which should guide him through the labyrinth in which Mirabel had concealed herself.

His rage against the artist increased as his search proved unsuccessful, and he began to entertain serious thoughts of confronting Mr. Collier in his studio and demanding to know what he had done with Mirabel.

Three weeks had passed since the Dean family took their departure from Providence Street, and it wanted but the same number to Christmas, when one evening Jem Lovell, coming through the park from his work, paused on the skirts of a crowd near the Marble Arch to listen to an orator, whose opinions struck him as sound, since they closely resembled his own. He had been executing some fine work in one of the large houses on the other side of the Park and had worked later than usual. He carried his bag of tools and was hastening to his lodging to snatch a hasty meal ere he started out to pursue his evening's heart-sickening task of looking for Mirabel, when the orator's words arrested him. The man was an Anarchist of the most pronounced type. He expressed his convictions in the boldest language, though his eyes kept a keen look-out the while for the police. He denounced in no measured terms the rich, idle, and luxurious members of society. They sucked the blood of the poor and fattened on the souls they starved. They thought of the people only to calculate how much they could wring out of them. They had no dealings with those below them which were not prompted by self-interest. Even the clergy were the hirelings of the rich, and would serve the party that paid them best. But men were fools and cowards to endure such a state of things. It was vain to trust in governments or political parties. Men must act as individuals and act promptly, dealing personal justice to every social offender whose sins they knew. The speaker held that there was much to be said in favour of lynch-law.

Applause followed this avowal, applause mingled with hissing. Jem Lovell was one of those who applauded. The speaker's words had stirred his blood. They seemed to justify the passionate longing for revenge that burned within his soul. And as he felt thus, Jem turned and saw Bruce Collier passing within a few yards of him.

The artist was on his way to dine at one of the houses in Park Lane. It was a mild night for the time of year, and he wore his overcoat open, showing his dainty shirt-front with its glittering studs. These were to Jem Lovell tokens of the luxury against which the orator had been declaiming. He knew Bruce Collier as soon as his eyes fell on him, though he had only caught an imperfect view of him from the landing above Mirabel's room. Hate is as quick to recognise as love, and Jem hated the artist with the bitterest hatred. Inflamed by the words to which he had been listening, he hesitated not a moment; but sprang after Mr. Collier as he turned into a side-walk, running parallel with Park Lane.

Bruce Collier's thoughts were of Mirabel as he walked along the gloomy path. He had no idea that she had

left Providence Street. He had refrained from visiting her during these weeks, because he hoped that her loneliness and poverty and need of a protector would plead eloquently for him in his absence. But his purpose was as strong as ever. He loved her as he could never love any other, and he was determined that the accident of her birth should not separate them. He was popular in society, both as an artist and a man; but he held the world's favour lightly as regarded himself, and felt that it would be easy to turn his back upon it for the sake of Mirabel. He had vowed that he would marry Mirabel when his godmother took him to task for interesting himself in her. Her worldly wisdom seemed thrown away upon him, and at last in despair she, accompanied by Mrs. Leslie, had made an expedition into the slums with the hope of frustrating his purpose by appealing to Mirabel. They had succeeded better than they knew. But of this Bruce Collier was not aware, and he was dreaming of a second appeal to Mirabel which should have the happiest consequences, when his mind was recalled to the present by a working man who, passing him, suddenly wheeled round and faced him, saying, "Stop, I must have a word with you."

The artist's first thought was that the man meant to rob him. So he buttoned his coat across his chest and moved on, saying, "I do not recognise the must, my man."

But the man would not let him pass. He thrust himself in his way with the words—

"Oh, of course, it's great presumption for a working chap like me to address such a fine gentleman. But I'm not afraid of you. I know who you are, though you don't know me, and I've got a question to ask you which you must and shall answer."

"Are you mad?" asked Mr. Collier, "have you listened to the lurid ravings of that lunatic, till you have lost your own senses? What have I to do with you?"

"A great deal more than you think," said the other grimly, "but beware how you treat me, for my hands just itch to pay you out for what you have done. If it is as I suppose, I would be glad to kill you and myself too. Now, tell me where you have taken her?"

"You are certainly mad," said the artist, looking round for a policeman who might relieve him of this inconvenient companion. None was visible, and the path was at this hour deserted. There were few persons in the Park, save at the spot where the stump-orator had taken his stand beneath a lamp-post. His voice, still raised in declamation, came faintly to Mr. Collier's ears. He realised that he had done foolishly in taking this obscure path. He would need to shout loudly to bring anyone to his assistance. But he had no fear. He believed himself more than a match for this assailant.

"If I am mad, it is you who have driven me mad," replied the man who had arrested his steps. "But my question is easy enough to understand. Tell me where she is."

"How can I when I do not know of whom you are speaking? You evidently mistake me for someone else."

"Do I? Are you not Bruce Collier, the artist? Then you know well enough of whom I speak. I speak of the girl whom you enticed to your studio to sit for you that you might feast your eyes on her beauty, and win her by your soft words only to blight her life. Oh, I know! A man like you, for all your soft ways and fine raiment, is but a wolf at heart, ready to raven on lambs like her."

"I cannot imagine why you should speak to me in this fashion!" exclaimed Bruce Collier, indignant and bewildered. "Is it possible that your words refer to Mirabel Dean?"

"You 'ypocrite! You know well enough it's 'er I mean. Tell me where she is this moment, or I'll not answer for myself."

And as he spoke Jem Lovell's right hand dived into his bag and grasped his long, ponderous hammer.

"What do you mean?" asked the artist, "Is she not in Providence Street?"

"You scoundrel! you know she's not there. It's your doing that she went off with all her belongings, and never let nobody know where she and they was a goin'. No honest woman would have acted in that way."

"Now look here, young man," cried Bruce Collier, suddenly growing warm, "have a care what you say. You may call me scoundrel, or blackguard, or any choice epithet you like; but beware how you speak of the woman who is going to be my wife."

"Your wife! your wife!" said Jem Lovell, "you'd never make her that; but I did mean to marry her, and a good and faithful 'usband I'd have been to her."

"Really," said Bruce Collier, "it is unfortunate that our wishes should clash; but Mirabel will certainly be my wife some day. I went to her a month ago, on the evening following her little sister's death, and asked her to be my wife. She would not promise then; but she will promise. Oh, yes, and I shall find her, wherever she be. She cannot hide herself from me. I shall find her, and when I find her, my friend, I shall be in no hurry to let you know where she is."

He smiled as he concluded, and that smile was the last straw that broke down the self-control of Jem Lovell, who was maddened by the artist's ironical words and cool, contemptuous manner.

"You villain!" he cried, and rushed madly forward.

Bruce Collier had no intention of fighting with such a foe. He evaded the threatened onslaught by slipping on one side, and missing him, Lovell struck himself badly against the trunk of a tree.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said Bruce contemptuously; "it is well there is not a policeman at hand, or I should give you in charge. Take my advice now and go home, and beware how you intoxicate yourself again by stump-oratory, or any other stimulant."

He turned on his heel as he spoke. But his words had added new fuel to the rage that consumed Lovell, and he was not of the class which fight fair. The next moment he had raised his hammer and, swinging it round, hurled it at the retreating figure of the man he hated. It struck him on the back of his head, and he fell forward on his face, insensible.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Heard at the Zoo.

Little Elsie (*looking at the giraffe*): "Oh, mamma. They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?"

Mamma: "What makes you think that, my dear?"

Little Elsie: "Look at all its freckles."

In Anger.—"We are told," says Sydney Smith, "'Let not the sun go down on your wrath.' This of course is best but, as it generally does go down on our wrath I would add, never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many a folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened."

Happiness Lies in Work.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild was once asked for his views on happiness—whether he thought that riches led to happiness.

"Ah, no!" answered the millionaire. "Happiness is something totally different. I suppose," he added reflectively, "some advantages do attach to money or people would not give themselves so much trouble to gain it; but, believe me, the truest source of happiness is—work."

The Message.

The Sheriff: "You say that fellow who broke out of jail left a message behind?"

The Keeper: "Yes, sir; here it is on this paper—'Excuse the liberty I take.'"

Weak Tea.

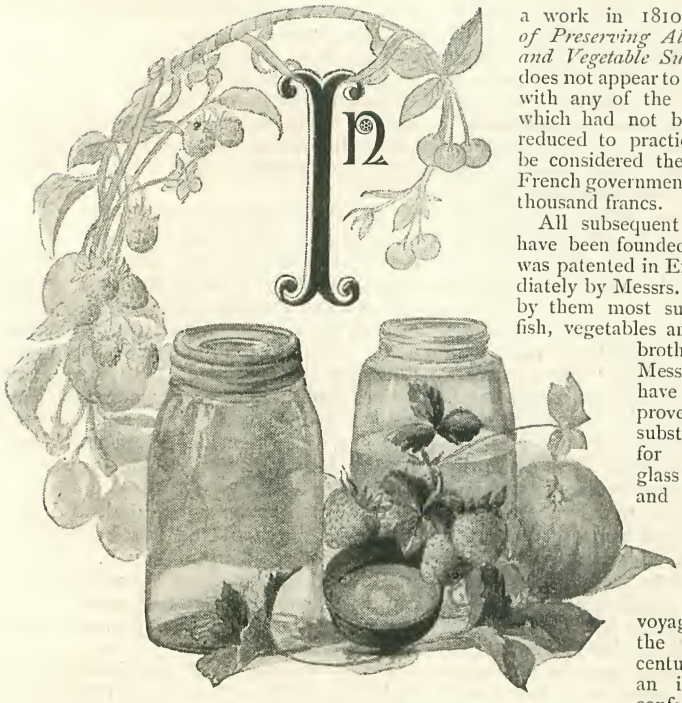
"There's something wrong with this teapot, waiter. I can't get it to pour."

Waiter: "It's not the fault of the teapot, sir, but the tea. They brew it so weak here, it really has not strength to get up the spout."

We have no right to be Dull.—Conscientious girls, who work hard and hold themselves strictly to their ideas of duty, are sometimes satisfied to lead dull, monotonous existences. Such a notion of duty is narrow and erroneous. We have no right to be dull or cheerless or uninterested, and if we find ourselves becoming so, it is incumbent upon us to discover the cause and apply the remedy.

ON CANNING VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



In these days when such large quantities of both fresh and preserved fruit and vegetables come to us in England from all quarters of the world, it may seem needless to give directions for performing these operations at home. There is, it must not be forgotten, a great difference in price between the home-made and the purchased product, especially when there is a good garden or a cheap market from which we can procure our supplies of vegetables and fruits. It is probably true also that, failing the home-made supply, we should not from motives of economy purchase the foreign one; and so the small expense and trouble which the making entails is quite worth our while to incur. If the market be a dear one, it then becomes necessary to make a calculation—adding the price of the fruit per pound to the price of sugar, in order to find whether we shall do well to make preserves or not. The labour we give free of cost, so we need not reckon that.

The amount of sugar used in canning is smaller, or indeed none at all, if we prefer it; and I think, when once we learn how to do it, the trouble is far less than the ordinary method of preserving fruit, with much sugar, labour, anxiety, and frequent failures.

It always seems difficult for us, who live in the end of the century, to realise the enormous improvements that have come about in all ways since the commencement of it. To-day the shops are full of preserved meats, vegetables, and fruits; so much so, that their use has, in many houses, entirely superseded the habit of making the home-made ones. These are all prepared by a process that was only invented in France in the very early years of the nineteenth century. Although it had been in a great degree anticipated by Bagle, in the seventeenth century, and our Society of Arts some years before had given a premium to Thomas Saddington for a similar process of preserving fruit. In France Monsieur Appert published a work in 1810, entitled, *The Art of Preserving All Kinds of Animal and Vegetable Substances*, and as he does not appear to have been acquainted with any of the former experiments, which had not been followed up nor reduced to practice, he is entitled to be considered the inventor; and the French government awarded him twelve thousand francs.

All subsequent processes seem to have been founded on Appert's, which was patented in England almost immediately by Messrs. Donkin, and applied by them most successfully to meats, fish, vegetables and milk; soups and broths, jellies and creams. Messrs. Donkin seem to have made several improvements, and to have substituted tin canisters for Monsieur Appert's glass jars and bottles, and their methods were adopted by the Commissioners to the Navy. We have only to read the histories of our voyages and travels of the last and previous centuries to know what an immense boon was conferred on all those who travel by land and water.

A short explanation of M. Appert's methods may be given here, as it is well to comprehend the principles on which we are acting; especially in cookery. Air appears to be necessary to the process of putrefaction; and if either animal or vegetable substances could be kept out of it, no changes would take place. It is not, however, sufficient that the air should be kept from the outer parts, for that in the interior is sufficient to begin the process of fermentation. All fermentation is due to the presence of microbes, which can only be destroyed by the action of great heat. No fermentation can take place if these living atoms are killed, and no more admitted to the preserved substance with the air. Boiling drives out the internal air, and M. Appert's process accordingly consisted in applying heat, so as to coagulate all fermentable juices, and to put the substances to be preserved in a position where air could not get to them. It is needful to remember too, that the smallest quantity of oxygen gas is enough to produce fermentation, and that process once commenced, goes on, whether air be present or not. Appert's original process was to put the fruit into strong wide-mouthed glass bottles, corked with the greatest care and then covered over with a cementing mixture of lime and soft cheese spread on linen and bound down with wire. The bottles were then enclosed in canvas bags, put into a kettle of water, which was gradually heated till it boiled, and were thus kept till the fruit could be presumed to be boiled in its own juice. The whole was then left to cool, and the corks were examined to see whether they were secure before being put away into store. Amongst the improvements made in England almost immediately was the adoption of the canisters, an excellent thing when travelling is concerned, and Messrs. Doulton also considered that, by leaving a tiny hole during the last stages of boiling, the internal air escaped and a perfect vacuum was made, an idea which had not occurred to the French inventor.

The glass bottles, however, seem to have held their place, as they are far more easily dealt with in the family; and to-day we have the screw tops, which are either of glass or metal, and with careful usage no breakages are likely to occur.

A curious account is given of M. Appert's being unable to procure corks of a sufficiently large size to fill the mouths of his jars; so, in order to make them large enough, he was obliged to join several pieces of cork together. For this he used isinglass-glue, afterwards binding the pieces together, and then letting them dry in the sun, or in a gentle heat, for a fortnight, when he cut them in pieces of the needful size.

The prices of the meat and soups prepared by Messrs. Doulton's method, in the year 1844, were as follows:—

	s.	d.
Soups and bouilli per pound	1	9
Roast beef	2	0
Boiled beef	1	3
Mutton roasted	2	0
Do. and green peas	2	0
Fowls, turkey, and goose	2	0
Salmon	2	3
Carrots, plain	0	8
Gravy with carrots	1	0
Parsnips and beets	1	0
Milk per doz. pints	12	0
Cream do.	26	0
Custards do.	26	0
Milk per doz. half pints	8	0

A comparison with the present day prices will be found interesting.

The term "canning" and "can" is used indiscriminately in America for either the glass jars or the tins, and also glass bottles. One great advantage of both the glass jars and bottles is that fermentation can be seen directly it sets in, while it is not suspected until the ends of the cans bulge out, and, also, the use of tin implies that the contents must be removed immediately that a can is opened, while a glass jar can be partially used and then shut up again.

In the Western States a short method is used. The vegetables, carrots, turnips, peas, beans, or corn is packed into the glass jars, adding a little salted water. They are then placed in a boiler in a wooden rack, or standing on, and separated by, straw. Cold water is then poured into the boiler till the necks of the jars are reached, and it is then set on to boil for about three hours, putting on the covers, but not the rubber bands, when done. Each jar is filled up with absolutely boiling water and screwed down tightly, and while the contents are boiling, not screwed down again until cool. Be quite certain that the jars do not leak, but are quite air-tight, by standing them on their heads. Here, in England, where our climate is of a milder nature, peas, asparagus, and French beans are the chief things we care to use, and this only in the very early spring.

And now I must turn to the canning of fruits, which, after all, is not so very different from the process followed for vegetables. There are two methods of doing it, *i.e.* with sugar, or without it. The amount of sugar used is from two and a half pounds to four pounds of fruit; but I find that most people prefer to use no sugar at all, and certainly, the fruit thus canned is most delicious. If sugar be used the syrup is made first, and the fruit is put into the jars, packed very tightly, and then the boiling syrup is poured on the top

very slowly, leaving an inch of space above it. And then the jars are set into a vessel of water, which should be about as warm as the syrup, and should reach to within about three inches of the top. Bring it to a boil, and as soon as the syrup in the jar rises, showing the contents to be scalding hot, lift the jars out and place on a dry board. Fill each brimming full with some of the extra syrup, which should have been kept boiling in a saucepan, and screw down tightly.

There are several kinds of glass jars for canning fruit, the best being those where no metal comes in contact with it. Some fruit or vegetable acids form poisonous compounds when they are exposed to the air, or continue long in contact with each other, even as in a preserving-kettle; a porcelain-lined one is far better than the old-fashioned brass saucepan.

Small jars, holding about from a pint to a pint and a half, are the best, as the fruit has less chance of spoiling, and they are also far less difficult to handle. I have found that an ordinary large fish-kettle, with a very close-fitting top, will answer for the boiling of the jars. A rack to hold them is, of course, the best; but if you have not got one, you can replace it by putting some hay or straw in the bottom of the fish-kettle, and packing it also in between the jars so as to surround them. Then put in cold water enough to reach two-thirds up to the sides of the jars, and the fish-kettle can then be set into it over the fire, and the boiling should be steadily continued for the proper length of time. Some people use a folded cloth to cover the bottom of the kettle and stand the jars on that; but everything in connection with canning fruit is, to my mind, so much a matter of individual experience, that each one must gain it by their own practice and their own failures. I can only say that the difference between the goodness of the fruit, apparently done by the same methods, when you taste it at your different friends' houses, is enormous. One will produce raspberries and strawberries quite as fresh as if only picked from the garden and cooked that same day; and the next will have hers in a mash, or perhaps even have the slight acid taste, showing that fermentation has already begun. So pray do not be discouraged if you fail once or twice in your attempts.

All fruit should be ripe and sound, not over-ripe, and on the verge of decay. Nor should it, if possible, be gathered after rain, nor windy weather. After you have either canned or preserved it, you must watch it for the first signs of fermentation, and in case its having set in, it should be scalded, putting the jars into a pan or kettle of warm water after you have loosened the tops, to re-heat the contents to the scalding point; or you may take the easier way with both, and turn out the contents into a preserving pan and so scald them without fear of breaking your glass jars. While doing this, have the jars themselves very thoroughly scalded out before you return the boiled fruit into them. An old-fashioned preventive of mould was by means of a circle of white paper dipped in spirit, and some people used a rather thick layer of white castor sugar sprinkled evenly over the tops.

There are three forms of spoiling—First, the bubbles caused by fermentation spoil it, and secondly, the small spots of mould. In both of these cases the fruit must be re-boiled. Thirdly, a thickish film of mould may appear on the surface which does not show that they are spoiling, nor does it do much harm, as it can be taken off without apparent injury to either the appearance, or the taste of the preserves underneath.

Now we must return to our process again; and begin at the point where we left off at, viz., the time occupied in cooking the various fruits, after boiling has commenced, and you notice that the steam has begun to escape freely from it, is as follows:—

For raspberries and strawberries, fifteen minutes; for currants, cherries and grapes, twenty minutes; peaches, pears, plums, apples, twenty-five minutes; quinces and winter hard pears, thirty minutes. This list is compiled from several in my possession, and which seems to embody the wisdom of a variety of clever women.

Pack the fruit into the jars rather closely, without either sugar or water, put on the covers lightly, and then proceed to arrange them in the boiler, as I described a few paragraphs back, and boil for the time specified, after boiling has once commenced. When the time has expired, remove the boiler from the fire, then take out two of the jars and you will find that the fruit will have settled down, perhaps a good deal; so much so that if you have thirteen jars, you will need three of them to fill up the others, and make them quite full as they ought to be. Now proceed to fill up one of your two jars from the other, and use that one till empty for the purpose of filling up. Put on the cover and screw it down tightly; and the next morning after they have stood all night, many people use a small wrench, to give an extra turn to each cover. Remember that boiling-hot fruit, or indeed any liquid, can be poured into glass if the jar be placed on a wet folded towel during the process. A silver spoon also put into the glass vessel will prevent breakage. When the top of a jar will not come unscrewed, a very hot towel wrung out of boiling water will sometimes loosen it at once.

Some housekeepers put in a very little sugar, just enough to make the fruit sweet enough for table use. This would be, perhaps, a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, which quantity is enough for all kinds of fruit.

And now I must say a word to those who cannot procure glass jars for canning fruits. Do not be discouraged, for they are quite as good when done in wide-mouthed bottles, or any glass jars you may have. In this case, corks can be used, and sealed with a mixture made as follows—Eight ounces of rosin, one ounce of beeswax, three quarters of an ounce of beef suet. Melt this slowly and pour over the corks when very hot, but not boiling, as you must melt it only long enough to get the ingredients thoroughly mixed.

An old-fashioned method of preparing plums for making tarts and puddings, is to fill stone jars with the fruit, allowing a quarter of a pound of sugar to the pound of fruit (both to be weighed before putting into the jars). Stand the filled jars in a pot of cold water, as I have described, and allow it to cook till tender. Melt some mutton suet with some water and stir well, then pour both into a basin and allow it to get cold, when the suet will have formed into a cake at the top, and all impurities will fall to the bottom of the water. Melt this suet then in a clean saucepan, and while your fruit is boiling hot, pour enough of the melted suet on the top to make a cake of about a quarter of an inch thick. You will find this fruit quite delicious when opened, and as fresh as possible, tarts and puddings made from it are not to be distinguished from the newly-gathered fruit. You must, however, remember what I have said about gathering fresh fruit, and avoiding both the wind and the rain at the time of gathering.

A SEAMLESS BODICE.

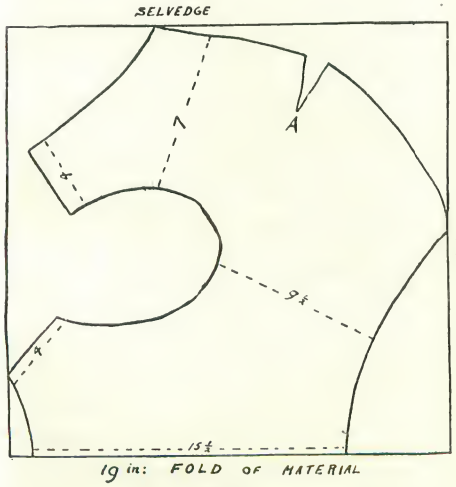


FIG. 1

We think this pattern will be very useful to our "girls." It has no seams except on the shoulders, and requires only nineteen inches of longcloth.

The measurements given in Fig. 1 will fit an average figure, but it can easily be enlarged or diminished. The cuttings that are over amply supply the crossway-pieces necessary for all the edges; they must be stitched on the right side, then turned under and hemmed on the wrong, unless a double row of machine stitching is preferred.

The armholes should be piped, and the crossway-pieces down the fronts are wider on the right side, to allow of button-holes.

As the entire bodice is on the cross, it is not advisable to make any hems.

The small joins A, Fig. 1, are necessary to the fit of the bodice, and should be run and felled.

The neck and sleeves can be trimmed with lace or embroidery, and feather-stitched if desired.

"Cousin Lil."

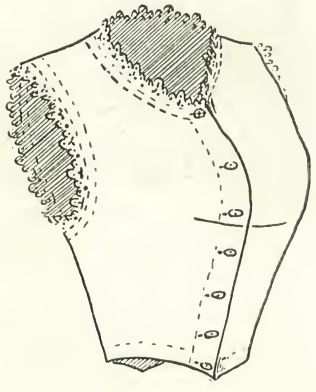


FIG. 2

COUSIN ESSIE'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. N. CARVALHO, Author of "My First Picture," "Weatherbound," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. George told us very little about himself, but from remarks he let fall, we put together a tolerably coherent tale. He had had some disagreement with his people—what about, I would have given much to know—and had come to Australia, like many another before him, to seek his fortune. Here he had been singularly unlucky. He had brought out with him a small sum of money; had purchased a bit of land and tried his hand at sheep farming. But his sheep died, or were stolen, and he had to give that up. Then he went out as a stockman, but could not stand the life. He left his place in a fit of irritation, and went back to Melbourne in order to turn his knowledge of horses to account. On his way down he was robbed, and when Jim met him was absolutely penniless. But of what had made him wish to leave us so abruptly, he never gave us a hint.

He had a couple of hundreds a year waiting for him in England, if he chose to claim them, he admitted once, but he had resolved to hold no communication with his old home. And this puzzled me, for he seemed to me to be of a most amiable nature. In return for his board and lodging, which cost us next to nothing, he was ready to work like a slave. He was better than any overseer, Jim declared, for he always did as he was told, and that is a virtue those gentry are not famous for. And at any time of the day or night he was at my beck and call. He cared neither to eat nor sleep if anything was wanted for the patient that he could procure. Our children positively adored Georgy, as he taught them to call him. And he kept them out of mischief so much better than anyone else, that I was always glad when they were with him.

Meanwhile Essie lay almost unconscious, hovering between life and death. She was always seeking her lover, poor child. His name was for ever on her lips. She would try to rise and go to him, and failing from utter weakness would entreat me piteously to call him in, for she could hear his voice and knew he was near to her. Dear Jim almost broke down when she appealed to him, and as soon as he could disengage his hand from her grasp, would leave the room, his eyes full of tears. He could not speak of Essie's affairs to a stranger, but he used to discuss her case with Mr. George, till the young man must have been weary of it. But Jim assured me to the contrary. George, he declared, was greatly interested, and always made the most minute inquiries.

At length Dr. Fulton said that Essie had taken a good turn, and, truly, in his presence she seemed comparatively calm and collected. But as soon as he was out of the house it was the old story. She must see her darling Hugh, or she would die. He was here, and why did we keep him from her. And so it went on, till I began to fear her brain was giving way.

She was quieter than usual one afternoon, and, taking advantage of the lull, I sat down to write a few lines to Aunt Bolsover, for the letters had to be sent down the next morning. My blotting-book was not at hand, so I opened one belonging to Essie, and took a sheet of paper from it. As I did so, a photograph fell out, and naturally I glanced at it. There was no need to ask whose portrait it was, for the name, Hugh G. Calthorpe, was written beneath it in a bold, manly hand. But it was not on that account I stared at it so long or so earnestly. I had never seen Mr. Calthorpe to my knowledge, yet I was perfectly familiar with the face. I saw it every day. It was that of George, the new chum, and no other.

To say I was astonished is by no means to express my feelings adequately, and yet the discovery made many things plain. Essie must have recognised her lover the day Jim brought him to the house, or thought she did, and the shock was the cause of that sudden change of colour which had given me so much uneasiness. She, too, had heard his step in the garden, and the hope of seeing him had drawn her to the window and kept her standing there. Had she told me what was in her mind, much suffering might have been spared to her, but the attack was already upon her, and she was hardly capable of expressing herself otherwise than by that agonised call to "Hugh," that I had failed to understand. That Mr. Calthorpe had known where she was I do not believe. He had learned her name from the servants or the children, or possibly from Jim himself. Her presence accounted for his quick resolve to fly. No wonder he had come back with the doctor and done so much for the invalid. He was consumed with anxiety for her welfare, and could not tear himself away till her fate was decided. As long as she was confined to her room, there was little risk of his being recognised.

With the photograph still in my hand I resumed my seat beside the sick girl and tried to think the matter out. Essie woke presently, and with a glad cry took the portrait from me. Then she wandered off in her usual plaint—she knew Hugh was there. Why did I keep him from her? Her words had a different ring now, a ring of truth, and they gave me an even sharper pang than they had done yet.

If Mr. Calthorpe had been a bad match for Essie two years before, he was ten times more unsuitable now, and I shrank from the responsibility of bringing them together. Essie's parents had given her into my charge, and I dared not thus repay their confidence. The man might have a few thousand pounds belonging to him, if what he said was true, but even so, what was that for Uncle Bolsover's daughter?

No; on some pretext or other Hugh Calthorpe must be got rid of—that seemed plain. But it was a painful thing to do, for not only did I sympathise sincerely with poor Essie in her trouble, but I had a strong liking for the young man whose acquaintance I had made under such strange circumstances. And I must be the one to send him away, for my tender-hearted Jim, old blunderer as he was, would never undertake anything so cruel.

For three long days I went about trying to gather courage to perform this unwelcome duty, and weakly taking advantage of every trifle that occurred to prevent its accomplishment. But on the fourth day Dr. Fulton directed that Essie should be carried to the balcony for the sake of fresher air, and I knew I must delay no longer. Hugh Calthorpe was always about, and she would see him a dozen times a day.

Very reluctantly I called to Jim and told him I wanted to speak to Mr. George, and he must send him to me. Jim thought it an odd request, for I had never done anything of the kind before. But I volunteered no explanation, and as there is not a grain of jealousy in my husband's composition, he did as he was asked.

A few minutes later Hugh Calthorpe stood before me. I saw at once he had divined the truth.

"I know what you have to say, Mrs. Grainger," he began, without any preliminary. "I have seen it in your eyes for the last three days. You have discovered my secret—you could hardly fail to do so. Are you very angry with me for staying on here?"

"No, indeed," I said cordially. "But, Mr. Calthorpe, now the dear girl is to leave her room, it is no longer safe for you to stay. I—I think you must acknowledge that."

"No need to say it. I must go, of course. I ought to have gone before. And yet, how could I?"

It was only with a strong effort he preserved his control. I was desperately sorry for him, but could find no word of comfort.

"You will let me tell your husband," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "After his wonderful kindness I cannot leave without a word, can I? I won't ask to see Esther—I dare not. Surely that will content you?"

I could not refuse the request, though it was a risk. Jim would never keep the secret from the poor girl. But the decision was taken out of my hands, for here my husband strolled in. He had not imagined I had anything to say that would take more than ten minutes.

Between us we tried to make the matter plain to him, but with scant success. He strode about the room, his hands deep in his pockets, and sheer amazement depicted on his countenance.

"I fear it is a hopeless case, George," he said at last, laying his hand kindly on his friend's shoulder. "Would to heaven I could help you—you and that poor girl upstairs. We will ride into Melbourne this afternoon then, and talk things over as we go along. I don't mean to lose sight of you."

"You had better," Hugh said despairingly, "if only for her sake, Mr. Grainger. Thank you—then I will join you beyond the paddock at three, if that will do. She might see me if I mounted here. And then—though I shall always remember your goodness—you must try to forget me," he added, in a voice that was rather unsteady.

"Nonsense, man," said Jim sharply; "I shall do nothing of the kind. Why, six months hence, Miss Bolsover will be in England, and then we'll have you back again. I am sure I can set you on your legs."

Hugh looked incredulous.

"You must tell me your real name now, George," persisted Jim. "Why shouldn't I know it—my wife does, I'm pretty sure. Don't shake your head, man. You'll have to tell me, else I vow I'll get it out of Essie, I will indeed. Hugh—that is as much as I know. Come, out with the rest."

"He is Hugh Calthorpe," I made haste to say, for a certain dogged look on Jim's face told me this was no idle threat. But I was not prepared for the cry of astonishment with which the news was received.

"Calthorpe?" he repeated excitedly. "Hugh Calthorpe? Surely not!"

"And why not, may I ask?" Hugh said wonderingly. "Yes, that is my name, Mr. Grainger. Hugh George Calthorpe. George is not much of a disguise, I fancy."

"Because," replied Jim, speaking very distinctly, "because, my dear fellow, Hugh Calthorpe is being advertised for high and low. The London dailies are full of him, so are the society papers. I see his name in them whenever I enter my club. I daresay it is there still; only I have never been down since poor Essie was taken ill, and I've never given the man a second thought. I wish I had known who you were."

I was growing alarmed. If a man is wanted in this way, he has generally run off with something that does not belong to him, or, at any rate, done something to be ashamed of. But this one certainly did not look like a criminal. Curious he did look, and utterly puzzled into the bargain, but that was all.

"I wonder you did not light on the name, Mary," Jim went on; "you might have mentioned it."

"How could I," I interrupted eagerly, "when you will never allow a society paper into the house? If it had been in the *Argus*, then perhaps I might have seen it. But I have hardly looked at that for a month and more."

"Then listen, both of you." And then Jim told us that Frederick Calthorpe of Calthorpe Park, Blankshire, had been killed in a railway accident. His only child, born three weeks later, proved to be a girl, and the estate would, therefore, devolve on the younger brother, Hugh. But Hugh had left England, and no one knew where he was, or if he were dead or alive. Failing him, the land would go to a cousin, and it was this gentleman who was making these inquiries.

But it was not pleasure that shone in Hugh Calthorpe's eyes as he grasped the hand Jim held out to him in congratulation. His first thought was for the brother with whom he had parted in anger.

"So he is gone, poor old Fred!" he said ruefully. "And we shall never see each other again."

"Well, it is no fault of yours," Jim said bluntly. And then I was forced to go back to my patient lest she should be alarmed at my absence. I had never left her for so long before.

When I returned the two men were concocting a telegram to the Calthorpe cousin. Jim put it into my hand with a grim chuckle.

"We have got to settle his hash, you see, Mary," he observed comically, "and the sooner it is done the better. I am going to take it into Melbourne myself. Calthorpe will wait here till Dr. Fulton comes and get his permission to see Essie—that is right, is it not?"

I agreed, though it was hard to withstand Hugh's pleading eyes. But the plan was not carried out. That same afternoon Frank and Davie, admitted to see Cousin Essie for the first time, pounced upon the photograph, and, with the unerring promptitude of childhood, informed her it was Georgy, and that he was then in their father's book-room writing letters.

Half frantic, Essie turned to me for explanation, when I, a little over-excited by recent events, broke down. The boys shouted for help, and who brought in Georgy I cannot say; but, when I came to myself, there he was, kneeling beside Essie's couch, and the little ones staring at him with wide open eyes.

It was a risk, of course, to have brought him in so suddenly, Dr. Fulton told us; but his presence was the one thing needful to restore poor Essie's health—or her reason. From that day she improved steadily. Only one thing troubled her: her lover must leave her very soon. He had to go to England to take up his position there and to plead his cause with Uncle and Aunt Bolsover.

Then Hugh Calthorpe—rash young man—vowed there should be no separation, and a succession of telegrams passed between him and Essie's parents that must have cost a small fortune. They were not sorry to give in, I believe, although they said they were. It was nothing worse than extravagance that Hugh Calthorpe was accused of, and some of that may be forgiven in the possessor of twenty thousand a year.

* * * *

It was a very happy Essie that came forward to greet us when we went on board the *Austral* to bid her "God-speed" on her journey. A new Essie, all smiles and brightness, or rather the old Essie, brought back to life by the touch of Love's vivifying finger. She would not hear of our taking a long farewell, and before the steamer started she had made Jim promise—as I had never been able to do—to bring me to England before the year was out.

[THE END.]

INFANT'S FLANNEL JACKET.

THIS pattern, we venture to think, will charm the hearts of all baby-lovers. No troublesome seams at armholes, and so easy to make. Half a yard of Saxony flannel, three skeins of embroidery-silk, and one yard of soft white ribbon are the materials required.

Cut the flannel according to Fig. 1, from A to B on both sides eight inches, from D to C three inches and a half, and from E to F nine inches and a half, slope out the upper portion one inch, as illustrated.

Fold the top over from G to A at the dotted line, fold each A over to meet in the centre, and you have Fig. 2. The sleeve seams are continued right across the front, the edges of the flannel must simply be overlapped and herring-boned with silk or very fine cotton on each side, by this means it will be found that no bungle is caused under the arm.

Iron off some Briggs' pattern, plain scallop and dot looks well, all round the jacket, neck, fronts and sleeves, trace it in flourishing thread, and button-hole it with the embroidery silk; round the neck an eyelet-hole should be worked in each scallop in place of a dot, Fig. 3, to admit of ribbon, and when running this through fold a box-pleat in the centre of back, and put the ribbon through three holes



FIG 3

at once and then back through three more, this makes the back set better, and allows of the fronts being wrapped over. The ribbon is withdrawn for washing, and danger of shrinking is less than if the box-pleat were a fixture.

"COUSIN LIL."

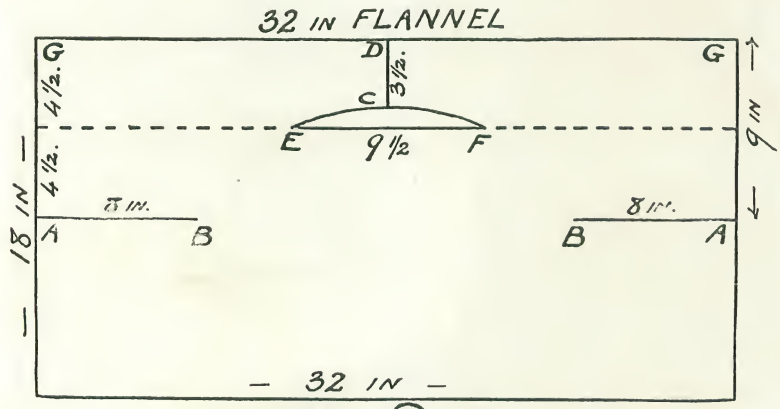


FIG 1

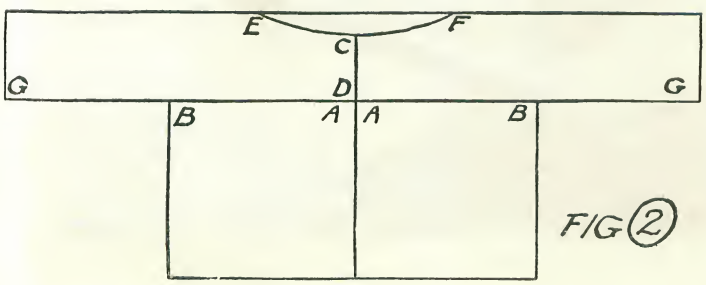


FIG 2

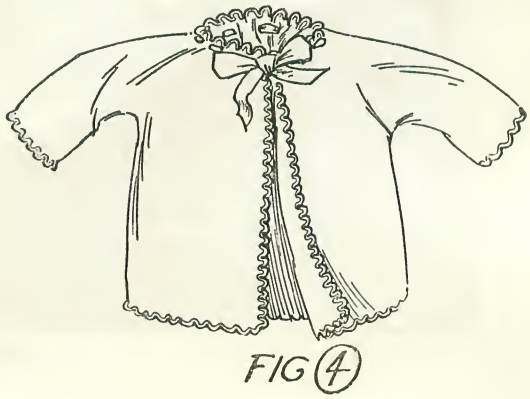


FIG 4



"THE GLITTERING, WINDING RIVER
IS WHISPERING TO ME."

THE GOLDEN GATES.

By ERIC BROAD.

"'Courage,' he said, and pointed towards the land."—*Tennyson* ("The Lotus Eaters").

A QUAINT old legend left to us
  Relates, how far beyond the west,
There lies a region glorious,
  'Tis called "the welcome land of rest";
And there, 'tis said, in raiment drest
  Of purest hue, each dead heart mates
(With life more sweet than e'er confest)
  Within the far-off Golden Gates.

Ah! should the way be perilous,
  And should my footsteps be opprest,
Yet, would I face the hazardous
  To reach that kingdom of the blest;
My barque of life, its sails caress'd
  By gentle winds, or adverse fates,
Should steer its way, howe'er distrest
  Within the far-off Golden Gates.

But I—alas! 'twas ever thus—
  Must drown my clamouring heart's unrest;
My life-tasks are too numerous,
  As doth my conscience now attest;
But some day I will start my quest,
  And launch my craft to sail the straits,
And maybe win a place, as guest,
  Within the far-off Golden Gates.

Oh, ye! who walk this sad-filled breast
  Of mother Earth's, in many states,
One prize remains to win, the best,
  Within the far-off Golden Gates.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE.*

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART I.

A YOUNG QUEEN-CONSORT.

THERE was a young king in England in 1761. George III., who had succeeded his grandfather George II. a year before, was just twenty-three. He was then a comely, rather delicate-looking lad, on whom the hopes of the nation were centred. For was he not the first English-born prince of the Hanoverian line? Had he not, in contrast to his predecessor, borne from his youth upwards a character for manly modesty and virtue. His father was the unlucky Prince Fred, whom nobody except his wife—not his father, still less his mother or his brother and sisters—held in the smallest esteem, with reason, for a more contradictory and insubordinate prince never existed. Prince Fred's wife, who stood by her husband, was a princess of the House of Coburg. She was neither pretty nor witty when she came to England, a simple-minded, well-disposed girl. She was never popular. She was a dutiful wife to a husband, one of whose few virtues was a certain sense of her worth and respect for her character. She was a good mother in a hard, intolerant way. Unfortunately she was also a woman of no liberality of mind, no tact, no grace. She was accused of intermeddling with public affairs in an underhand, unwarrantable manner. Without doubt, so long as she lived, which was for eleven years after her son's accession to the throne, he was, in spite of her early lesson, "Be a king, George, be a king," in spite of his firmness in all matters of conscience, and his naturally stubborn temper, as clay in her hands, and in those of her trusted adviser, Lord Bute, who was for a short time Prime Minister, in succession to the elder Pitt.

The great question of the day was whom should the young King marry. His grandfather had desired an alliance with the royal House of Prussia, but that project, thwarted by the Princess of Wales and Lord Bute, had fallen to the ground. There were many fair and noble English maidens who had aspirations after the Crown-matrimonial, though long centuries had elapsed since a King of England had wedded with a subject—not since Edward of York had married Elizabeth Woodville. There seemed some danger of it in the present case, because of George's honest admiration for the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond and aunt to the boy who lived to become the great Whig statesman, Charles James Fox, and to be a thorn in the side of the King. The kith and kin of this lady did their best to bring about the unequal match. Round Holland House there still exists a remnant of the park in which Lady Sarah was wont to make hay in the summer mornings, when King George rode or drove on his way from Kensington to St. James's and Carlton House. The scene was sufficiently rural and quiet for such haymaking. Holland House was a country mansion, Kensington a village *orné*, with a rough road, which had a bad reputation for footpads, extending between the village and London.

But the Princess of Wales and her councillor would on no account countenance a *mésalliance*. George was too good a son to disobey his mother, while he was too sensible, with all his simplicity of what was due to his rank and office, not to appreciate the weight of the arguments against his stooping to place Lady Sarah by his side. She smiled her sweetest smile, and tossed her fragrant hay in vain.

According to rumour the widowed princess and Lord Bute dispatched a trusty messenger to visit all the Protestant courts of Europe, in order to find a suitable princess to mate with the royal George. She was discovered in a remote corner in the little duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It was a poor little kingdom over which the young girl's brother presided, with a widowed mother and a couple of sisters to bear him company. Charlotte Sophia, the younger of the sisters, had been brought up in wholesome simplicity and quiet economy, and yet with all attention to ducal dignity. For six days of the week she had been content to dress in a *robe de chambre*, on the seventh she had worn full-dress, attended church, and afterwards driven out in a coach and six, escorted by a detachment from a regiment of guards. Notwithstanding this distinction she had not so much as dined at the ducal table, for she was only a girl of sixteen, occupied with her studies, in which she had been carefully instructed. Indeed, she was accomplished for her generation, and the remote duchy to which she belonged. She

* Dr. Doran's *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover*, Thackeray's *Four Georges*, Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Mrs. Delany's *Letters*, Madame D'Arblay's *Diary*, etc.

could play on the spinet better than any woman in England, so as to earn the approval of the great German master. She could speak a little English, French, and Italian, she could draw fairly and embroider with skill. She was not pretty, though she had a good complexion, suiting her chestnut-brown hair, fine eyes, and what was then called "a charming countenance," that is a face agreeably brightened by intelligence and cheerful good-humour. Her mouth was large, so large that, as she was thin, fault-finders said she was "all mouth," but her teeth were white and regular. In spite of her smallness and thinness her figure was well-formed, and she held herself so well that the public, which came in close contact with her, never failed "to praise" her general appearance. She was very genteel (in the original use of the much-abused word answering to the pleasant old French term *gentille petite, svelte* dainty). She was "elegance," or else "dignity itself." Her manners were acknowledged to be perfect for a princess, gracious, and yet free from undesirable familiarity. "How she held her fan!" a painter recalled enthusiastically in one of her sittings for her portrait. Her arms and hands were beautiful almost to the last.

But it was not altogether for mere accomplishments or for such a share of personal attractions as she really possessed, that Charlotte was chosen for her high destiny. The King of Prussia in one of his smaller warlike expeditions, had devastated Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The girl-princess had ventured to write a letter to him in which she dwelt on the scourge of war and the blessing of peace, and pled that her country might be spared further suffering. The composition dealt with a few self-evident truths in stereotyped language, such as might appear in any schoolroom essay. But written as the letter was with perfect correctness and extreme neatness, the epistle was regarded then as a wonderful production for a girl of sixteen. It was so managed that it fell into the hands of the future bridegroom and filled him with respect and admiration. He declared the writer of that letter with its noble and just sentiments was the wife for him.

Thackeray has a pretty little story of the princess strolling with her girl companion in the ducal gardens, and crying out as the chatter turned on marriage, "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?"

And at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, when Charlotte's chief girlfriend said, very much to the purpose, "Princess, there is the sweetheart." Sure enough the postman brought the formal proposals of the King of England.

Young as Charlotte was it is hardly possible that she was so entirely ignorant of the coming event as she is represented to have been, though it might have been true that the Empress of Russia knew of the projected marriage before it had reached the ears of the future bride. Yet a well known account has it that one morning, without previous intimation, the Princess's brother, the Duke, accompanied by the Duchess-mother, entered the anteroom which was free to the Princess and communicated to her what was in store for her. "In a few minutes the folding doors flew open into the saloon, which she saw splendidly illuminated, and there appeared a table, two cushions and everything prepared for a wedding. Moreover the proxy for King George was standing ready." Her brother gave her his hand and led her in, saying in French, "Come, do not be a child, you are going to be Queen of England." A service was performed, after which all present embraced her, calling her "The Queen."

Two English ladies, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, were sent with the rest of the escort to Mecklenburg-Strelitz to represent the Princess's English suite and accompany her to her future home. They were what in that day was called "fine women." The Duchess of Hamilton, though she had been twice married, continued still strikingly handsome. "Are all English women as beautiful as you are?" asked Princess Charlotte naïvely and wistfully, but not without a shrewd perception of the probable acceptability of the gracious compliment to the noble couple.

A cloud came over the rejoicings and delayed the conclusion of the treaty. It was occasioned by the inopportune death of the Duchess-mother. But a bridegroom so exalted as the King of England could not be kept waiting, and a destiny so high as that of his consort could not be met with a doleful face by a silent court. There was bound to be festivity following fast on mourning. "Illuminations, balls, fireworks and salvoes of artillery" in rapid succession. The little bride had to swallow down her tears for her mother and show herself properly grateful and glad for the high honours heaped upon her and the new life stretching out before her. This may be said of her that *noblesse oblige* was a strong principle in her from girlhood to old age. If she exacted much it was because she herself had been brought up to grant to all their due, though she had to trample down her own heart in the process.

On the 17th of August, 1761, the girl-bride left Strelitz never to return, for in those days it was emphatically demanded of a wife in high places that she should forget her people and her father's house. It is an example of the slowness of travelling last century, to be told that it took her nearly three weeks to reach her destination.

George was not so gallant as Charles I. when Prince of Wales, or as Charles's father, James VI. of Scotland. Charles went incognito to Spain to be personally introduced to the infanta, who, as it happened, was not to become his queen. James braved a stormy voyage to Denmark, to bring Anne of Denmark to Holyrood. George awaited his bride at St. James's. Her brother went with her as far as Stade. From Cuxhaven she embarked in the royal yacht, which was convoyed by an English fleet, under the command of the naval hero, Lord Anson. She had a rough passage of a week's duration; she bore the discomfort with courage and cheerfulness. She declined to be ill for more than the first half-hour. She played on the harpsichord which had been provided for her, and sang to her own accompaniment. Doubtless she was anxiously exercising the agreeable talent for which she was distinguished. She counted on it to produce a favourable impression on the King, and to enable her to make her way in a court circle. She arrived on a September Sunday afternoon at Harwich. Not even as far as Harwich did the King go to welcome her.

When the news reached London on Monday morning, there was great excitement as to when and where the coming Queen was to enter the capital, but there was no effort on the part of George—willing bridegroom as he certainly was—to anticipate the moment of the meeting. Probably his mother was answerable for his laggardness. She might cause him to view it as necessary for the maintenance of his kingly dignity. Besides his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, had allowed her to land and tarry for a space at Greenwich, before he bestirred himself. The present bride, on her part, showed no indication of forward haste to complete her journey. She did not land till Monday afternoon, and after she had been received by the mayor, when she took coach, she only proceeded in a leisurely fashion as far as Colchester, where she was entertained at the house of a Mr. Enew with tea and coffee, and a presentation of "candied eringo-root," a local product.

She next proceeded in the autumn evening to Witham, where she halted for supper and a bed at the mansion of Lord Abercorn. His lordship happened to be in London, therefore she came unexpectedly to a silent house. She was received, however, with all hospitality and honour. She supped in public with open doors, where the country-people might gather and look in at her, while Lord Anson and Lord Hardwicke stood one on either side of her chair. It was a severe ordeal for a young foreigner to pass through, but if ever a girl of sixteen could surmount such another, with quaint dignity and grace, it was this little Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

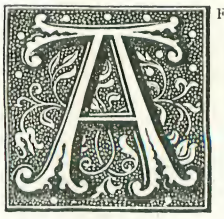
(To be continued.)



QUEEN BABY AND HER TRAINING.

By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART V.



FTER reading over the proofs of my former articles on "Queen Baby and her Wants," I have come to the conclusion that they are rather like the play of *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet left out. I have told the readers of The Girl's Own Paper how to tend the little one in sickness and health, and how to keep the soft white body warm and cosy. But I have said nothing about the *Ego* of which that beautiful body is the envelope, or of how far deadlier diseases than those of lungs and heart and brain may overwhelm our home ruler. I should like to close this short series with a little advice about the moral training of Queen Baby. Now, many people think that all necessary skill and wisdom in dealing with our children comes with the wonderful fact of motherhood? The persons who thus talk are not parents themselves. Nor, generally, are they guardians of these "under-folk." We know, all too well, that the lessons we have to learn are only learned with much patience and care. Manoah and his wife were wiser than the present generation. Their cry to the secret one was, "How shall we order the child, and what shall we do unto him?" The answer comes home to every woman-reader of this magazine. "Of all that I said unto the woman let her beware. All that I commanded her to do, let her observe." It is to you and me, dear sisters, the little ones are given. We have to train them during the first formative seven years of their lives. To each one of us has been said, "Take this child and nurse it for me."

In dealing then with the moral nature of Queen Baby, we must be quite clear in our own mind as to what we wish her to be. How carefully we train a ci-devant clergyman in theology. How we give technical teaching to the engineer. How we provide a classical education for the would-be governess. A modern one for the commercial career! Just as carefully—just as thoroughly, we ought, if we wish our children to be "servants of the Lord Jesus Christ" to have that object always before us. Even from their infancy.

Very early indeed Queen Baby will try to get her own way in everything. But never let passion win what common sense and principle forbids. If a thing is bad for her, it *is* bad for her. A storm of tears will not hurt the little royal one, and she will soon learn that no tempest will loosen the "No, darling," of her guardian. We do not want the excrescence of self-will to mar the shape of the sapling we are planting for the Lord. Baby will be happier in the long run if she early recognises the voice of love saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Almost as she learns to sit up, our queen can learn to obey. "Don't her" as little as you possibly can. But when necessary do not be afraid of enforcing obedience. Some day, perhaps, baby's life may depend on this habit rightly formed. How good when mother's or auntie's word is enough to make nauseous medicines be taken without rebellion, or a hot poultice be fixed without protest. I have seen a little girl, when every drop of nourishment was torture to an ulcerated diphtheritic throat, take the cup unhesitatingly from a loving firm hand. But that habit of unquestioning obedience had not been formed in the sick room. It had grown from babyhood and been nurtured carefully with tears. But ah! the comfort it was when the little one stood before the dark curtain of death! No one knows until they have themselves stood with an obedient child in that dark shadow. The last lesson had been given Noreen only two days before the grey wing of sickness lay over her heart. A disregard of mother's injunctions led to the little one being left in a room by herself. I can see again the white sun-bonneted head at the distant window from the raspberry patch in which I am again working. I can see the door open and a pink frocked figure run into a pair of outstretched arms. I can hear the sweet voice saying with a sob, "I'll never be disobedient again." And then I think with regret and longing of that need of discipline. But Noreen was being trained for time. We did not know she stood on the threshold of eternity. If we had known I do not think we would have dared to do otherwise.

Both the lessons of obedience and submission can be learned by Queen Baby even before she can talk. She may also be taught how to serve when once she can walk. An eighteen months' old child can fetch slippers or gloves or handkerchiefs for another. She can put away a toy or book for herself. I am not theorising in these matters. I am only giving a few hints from downright experience.

Truthfulness is another beauty we would deck our darlings with. Here I would deprecate any attempt at frightening or terrifying a child. Fear is the soil in which falsehood first germinates. And oh! how we need the spectacles of Hans Andersen's wise woman, to see what is an innocent exercise of the imaginative faculty and what is the "lie" proper! Only this morning a young mother remarked to me, "I always tell my children that what is not quite right is all wrong," a well-defined aphorism! but containing a deadly germ. No such hard-and-fast rule should rightly be ours. Every individual case must be decided on its own merits. I do not think children are untruthful by nature. They are made so by environment and example. "Let the woman beware" and the baby will follow.

Perhaps the lessons our baby queen can learn are comprised in the four mentioned. The older girl monarch will need to master many others. But we cannot trench on her province yet.

Mrs. Fry has said, in one of her books, that the bad weather in England is responsible for many of the ills to which her children are subject. If this be true of the foggy atmosphere of Albion, how much more true is it of the environment we give the souls of our babies. The sunshine of love should permeate every corner and fibre of our little girl's life. Tenderness, coaxing, petting (not spoiling), all these help the *Ego* in our tiny queen's body to grow vigorous and healthy. Never be afraid of loving too much. Baby will thrive in such an atmosphere and the fruit of the spirit will ripen in it. May I carry some of the physical hints I have given in former articles into the spiritual life of our beloved charges? Well then, every morning whilst washing the little queen, pray that God may keep her absolutely pure and clean. Whilst drawing on the white robes of infancy, remember to ask that the garments of righteousness may be hers. Whilst rocking her to sleep, add a petition that she may always rest in the Lord. Whilst giving thanks for health, pray that the beauty of holiness and comeliness of the Lord her God may be her crown. Whilst tending her in sickness! remember that it does not matter, really, what happens to the body. But that the soul is all-important in the life to come.

And now a word of comfort for those who have clothed their little queens hygienically, fed them sensibly, tended them carefully, reared them wisely both bodily and spiritually, and yet who have had to give them back to God for awhile.

Has our care been thrown away? Nay! it has but made the little ones more "Meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." And how we cherish the thought that not one hour of preventible pain was Queen Baby's whilst in our charge. Not one unnecessary tear, not one rigor of cold or spasm or ache, except what we could not foresee. She is more fit "to play in the streets of the city thereof" (Zech. viii. 5) than she would have been if neglected down here. More full of keen enjoyment. The baby is ours, either here or there. As Mrs. Browning has beautifully put it:—

"God lends not: but gives to the end
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend
And finish it up to your dream—

Or keep—as a mother will toys
Too costly, though given by herself
Till the room shall be stiller from noise
And the owners more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

And I think all guardians of Queen Baby will respond with a heart-throb to the words—

"Well done of God, to halve the lot
And give her all the sweetness.
To us, the empty home and cot—
To her, the Heaven's completeness."

We would give good things and do well for the bairnies—God can give and do better.

In ending this series of articles, I must just remind you of two cases from the Bible in which children disappointed the expectations of their guardians. In one instance for the worse. In another for the better. Eve called her boy "Cain," and yet he was not "The man gotten from the Lord." The mother of Jabez named her baby "Giving Pain," because she bare him with sorrow. Yet he grew to be more honourable than all his brethren. Instead of pain, he has given an object-lesson of faith for three thousand years.

So we have our hopes and fears about the "trailing clouds of glory as they come" out of the nowhere into the here. They can best be realised and met by careful, prayerful culture of the person inside the clothes and inside the body. We do right in asking for wisdom to train the little ones. We should also buy the gold of experience from others, and lay up the eye-salve of advice. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing in earthly things. The want of a little knowledge is a still more serious thing concerning the soul. I would conclude with repeating the promise so ungrudgingly given—"If any lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH AN AGATE.

Not in the way of such thaumaturgy as our forefathers attributed to the inherent virtues of this beautiful stone, nor yet in the way of cameo and intaglio cutting, for which it is so well adapted; but in that of such works of minor art and decorative work as any girl with fine-fingered hands and good eyesight may accomplish. And when I say fine-fingered hands, I am not referring to beautiful appearance, but to dexterity and delicacy of touch.

And the agate in question is a burnisher, or style, such as is sold by stationers for use with a "manifold writer." You need not pay a large price, such as is sometimes asked by artists' colourmen, for one; but you must see that the stone is long, finely tapered, and perfectly free from any external roughness or internal flaw, and that it is firmly set in a light but rigid handle; ebonite is too flexible, but wood, bone, or ivory will do. My present instrument, the best of many I have used, cost me sixpence.

One generally connects the agate burnisher in amateur hands with the art of illuminating manuscripts. For this, most writers on the art recommend a flat burnisher as well as a pointed one; the former to be used for brightening flat surfaces of "shell" gold, the latter for tracery. In this advice there are two assumptions that seem misleading; first, that

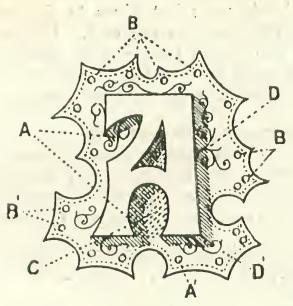


FIG. 1.

flat surfaces of gilding should always be brightened; and, secondly, that when leaf gold is not used, "shell" gold will be substituted. Now, with regard to the first of these, let me advise young illuminators to study the beautiful effects that may be produced by the judicious introduction of masses of matt gilding, especially about initial letters. Fig. 1 gives a suggestion for the decorative treatment of such a mass, which surrounds the letter A. To illuminate such a letter you must proceed as follows:—first go over your traced or pencilled outlines very lightly; those of the letter with its predominant colour, and those of the gilding with a little pale cadmium or other yellow. Then clean off the marks of tracing, as, after the gold is put on, the contact of india-rubber or bread-crumbs would be disastrous. This being done, lay on your gold, not too thickly, but at the same time liberally enough to form a rich, even surface. Many amateurs put their gold on too stingily, and then complain of not being able to produce a brilliant effect. And here, with regard to the second mis-assumption I have noticed—don't buy your gold in shells, but get a cake that will cost four or five shillings to begin with, but will end in a very great saving of money and trouble, besides being cleaner and giving you an even supply.

Having laid on your gold, let it dry thoroughly before you proceed further; if there is any perceptible moisture, it will hinder the burnishing. You may then shade the matt gold (as at A A', Fig. 1) with burnt carmine; and, when this is dry, take your agate, and

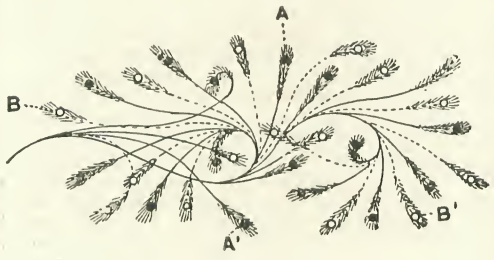


FIG. 2.

holding it firmly nearly perpendicular to the paper, draw the line that is indicated by the dots just within the edge of the gold. To get the best effect, your work should rest on a polished tile, or a sheet of thick glass. The dots (B B') are made by holding the agate quite perpendicularly, and twirling it between your thumb and forefinger, while maintaining a steady pressure; they will shine like tiny fires if properly done. Inside the letter (at C) I have indicated a very effective tooling, consisting of a close ribbing of lines, which you should draw with the aid of a parallel ruler. This ribbing may be carried outside, or, if you prefer it, you may introduce a delicate scroll-work, as at D D'. Do not be afraid of pressing too hard, as the agate will not rub the gold off; and the harder the pressure, the brighter will be your result; though of course violence will tear your vellum or paper. If you use paper for your work, Whatman's hot-pressed will be found the best, if not too heavy. The extra thick kinds are not suitable for brush-gilding, as the substance of the paper does not offer sufficient resistance to the burnishing point.

There is a very pretty and effective style of decoration (represented in Fig. 2), that may be introduced into large illuminations, and will be found most useful for filling spaces that are sometimes a little difficult to dispose of. I have taken the idea of it from a peacock's feather. The unbroken lines should be first drawn (best with an "Owl" pen) in bold, sweeping curves, with Indian ink, the "eyes"

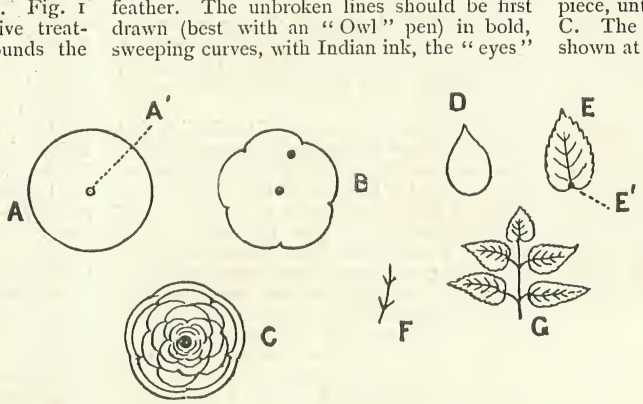


FIG. 3.

(A A') being merely outlined, as at B B'. Next, the dotted lines, alternating with unbroken ones, should be drawn (unbroken, of course) in carmine—still with the pen, and the "eyes" (A A') filled up with the same colour. The "eyes" of the red "feathers" should then be filled with gold, and made to shine in the same way as the dots at B B', in Fig. 1. This peacock-feather pattern is capable of almost infinite variation, and, if very lightly executed, makes a rich ground-work for lines of black-letter writing.

There is another delightful occupation in which the agate point comes into prominent use, namely, that of rice-paper flower modelling, which seems to be very little practised now, but used to be in great favour with our grandmothers. To teach it would, as with illuminating, require a separate treatise; but I may say here that simple flowers and leaves, such as those of the rose, may be easily modelled in this material, with the help of a pair of sharp embroidery scissors, a penknife, a pin, and an agate. Suppose a rose is to be modelled—and these models are only on a very tiny scale—you must cut from your sheet of rice-paper a circular piece about the size of A, Fig. 3, and six or seven similar pieces, decreasing in size. Then, having damped the paper to render it tough, wet the tip of your agate, and lift your largest round by touching its centre (A) with the tip, and press it firmly down on a tiny drop of strong gum, which you have placed where you wish your rose to be. When the first round has adhered, touch its centre with the gum-brush (a fine sable is the best to use), and put on the rest of the series in order, one over the other. Let the gum

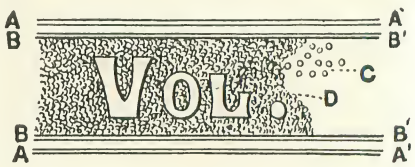


FIG. 4.

harden, and then damp the whole flower afresh; and in doing so, you may give the flower its colour, unless you prefer to paint the rice-paper beforehand—which you should certainly do in the case of the green leaves. Then, holding the agate perpendicularly on the centre of the rose with your left hand, take a rather blunt pin, and with it indent the circumference of each round here and there, as at B, beginning with the topmost and smallest piece, until you produce the effect indicated at C. The green leaves should be cut out, as shown at D, and their ribs marked by pressure with the back of a small penknife-blade, while they are damp; and their edges may be notched with the pin-point at the same time. E shows the leaflet thus modelled. Paint the leaf-stalk, as at F, on the surface you are decorating, and then, lifting each leaflet at E with the wetted agate, press it down on a drop of gum in its proper place, arranging each set of five leaflets as at G. From simple roses, you may go on to imitate almost any flower or foliage, from the solid-looking arum, to the fairylike maiden-hair. I have modelled fern leaves that had each more than a hundred leaflets, and yet occupied less space than a sixpence, the stalks being of rice-paper too, not painted as above; and passion-flowers containing more than ninety separate pieces each, yet not so large as a threepenny bit; and in doing these my agate was in constant use.

Blind-tooling—the decoration of book-covers, will be found another fascinating way of employing an agate burnisher. One often likes to bind one's loose papers together, giving them a cover of coloured paper, cardboard, or American cloth; but the cardboard cover may with a little skill and taste be turned into a dainty work of art by the use of this invaluable instrument. To get the best effect, gum or paste Whatman HP paper down upon the cardboard, and begin your work when that is dry. As in illuminating and flower-modelling, so in this there is room for large development of your artistic powers and taste. Ruled lines and freehand scroll-work can be easily embossed on the paper, and the title can be indicated in either raised or sunken letters. The latter need hardly any directions: all you have to do is to draw your design with a light pencil-touch, going over it with a heavy pressure of the agate, and then cleaning it with bread-crumb. But the raised letters are not so easy to produce. They are made by pressing down the paper round them; and the prettiest way I know of doing this is that illustrated in Fig. 4. Having marked out the space round the letters with neat parallel lines (as A to A', B to B'), and designed the lettering with a pencil, you must draw the outlines of the letters with your agate, as just described, and then go over the ground with a firmly-marked dotting; beginning as at C, and making your dots closer and closer, until the whole is covered, as at D. At first, perhaps, you may find this rather laborious, but after a little practice you will find that you can lower the surface in a very short time, leaving the letters in high relief. When dotting, hold the agate between your thumb and first two fingers, quite perpendicularly to the paper, on which, or some other support, you must rest your wrist. If the ground surrounding the letters is first coloured with pale carmine or rose madder, it will give, when dotted, a very pretty effect, as of rough pink coral.

You will find the agate very useful in other operations of amateur book-binding, such as rounding the back, turning in the covering material round the edges of the boards, and bevelling the edges themselves, In the decoration, if you do not stop at blind-tooling,

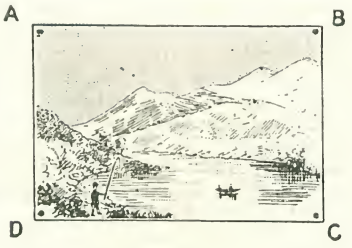


FIG. 5.

but use gilding on the cover or leaf-edges, you will find both flat and pointed burnishers indispensable.

As a rule, I do not recommend book-illustrating (commonly called Graingerising) as a hobby, since in unskilled and ignorant hands it has caused the destruction of many a valuable volume and precious plate. But if for this, or any other purpose, you want to mount pictures on paper, you will find the pointed agate as useful as ever. Take your picture, and laying it on the paper in the position you wish it to occupy, and both on a blotting-pad, pierce a fine hole through picture and paper at each corner (as in Fig. 5), with a needle, about one-eighth of an inch distant from the adjoining sides. Then take the paper, and laying it on a sheet of glass or tin, cut out, with a ruler and a sharp knife, the oblong defined by the four dots. You will thus have a paper mount a quarter-of-an-inch each way smaller than your picture in its opening. When you have pasted this down on the picture, and dried it under heavy weights, or in a copying- or napkin-press, between sheets of heated blotting-paper, you may begin to use your agate. Lay your mounted picture face-downwards on a smooth, hard surface, and first run your thumb-nail along the dotted lines, A, B, C, D, (Fig. 6), marking on the back of the picture the inner edge of the mount. Then go over this with the agate; and the result will be that the surface of the picture will be brought up to a level with that of the paper (E, F, G, H); and when looked at from the right side, if the mounting and tooling have been carefully done, both will seem to form one unbroken surface, so as almost to deceive an expert.

You will find the pointed agate most useful, too, if for any purpose you want to make an even fold along a narrow strip of paper. Rule the line, with a parallel or other ruler, and a firm, steady pressure of your agate; and you will then find the paper fold readily and evenly where you want it. No doubt many

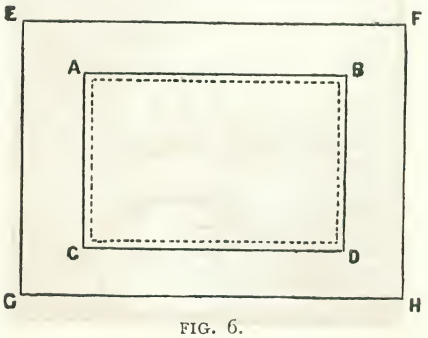


FIG. 6.

other uses of the instrument may occur to my readers; but I hope that in this article I may have added something to their enjoyment of entertaining hobbies and useful pursuits.

BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

PREPARATION OF THE SICK-ROOM.

CLEAN thoroughly beforehand if possible: hot sand well rubbed in and brushed off will clean boards when scrubbing is impossible, oil all locks, and soap window cords to make them work easily. Dry blacklead often eases woodwork when it sticks, especially drawers.

A FIRE-PLACE

is most essential in the room, for the sake of ventilation as well as warmth. Allow plenty of fresh air, and in lighting the sick-room avoid if possible the use of gas, which burns more oxygen than many other kinds of light; wax candles are best to use if possible.

IN VENTILATING

the room remember that warm air always rises, therefore an outlet for the impure air should be given at the upper part of the room, and the inlet is best above the heads of people, in order to avoid a draught, and for this reason in its entering it ought to be given an upward direction. The temperature should be from sixty to sixty-five degrees. Keep the register, if there is one, always open, and do not allow the grate to be stuffed up with curtains, or other furniture, when a fire is not needed. When a fire has to be kept in while a patient is asleep, strew sifted ashes or earth upon the hearth, to deaden the sound of falling coals, remove the fire-irons, and stir with an old stick instead. Put the coals into paper bags or parcels so as to be able to lift them on to the fire noiselessly, the paper burns and the coals are equally distributed all over. Old corks, or sugar will often revive a fire that has nearly gone out.

FLOWERS

should always be kept fresh in the sick-room and the water ought to be frequently changed; a small piece of charcoal, or half a teaspoonful of Condy's Fluid helps to keep the water sweet. Avoid having flowers with too strong a scent.

IN MAKING A PATIENT'S BED.

If they have to remain in it all day, it is best to have a draw-sheet, i.e., a sheet folded crossways, and tucked across the bed, placed so as to reach from the shoulders to just below the knees; it can be then drawn through in the course of the day, so that the patient has a cool place to lie on. Put the bolster in a case of its own, as the under-sheet is less likely to get into rucks. Pillows should be put to the fire while the bed is made, it renders them soft and springy; if the person requires support, two pillows in one case are most effectual. A bed rest may be made with a child's chair placed upside down with the legs tied to the top rail of the bed, and a rug or pillow placed over it.

The bed-clothes should be light, but if the patient complains of them as tiring to him, support them with an extemporary cradle, or a piece of wire or string stretched under the bed-clothes, and tied firmly to the head and foot of the bed. Do not place the bed opposite to the light, and if possible away from the wall on either side. A wire-wove bed with one mattress on the top is the most comfortable kind of bed for most cases, but in infectious illnesses it is sometimes well to use bedding made of long straw placed lengthwise in a bag; or seaweed used in the same way; this can be easily destroyed when infection is over, as it is very cheap to replace. Macintoshes should be placed under the patient when there are any discharges from the person likely to get into the bedding, a piece of oil cloth, or a busman's cape, or apron make a good substitute, or tarred brown paper, price one penny a sheet, answers the purpose well if macintosh is not at hand.

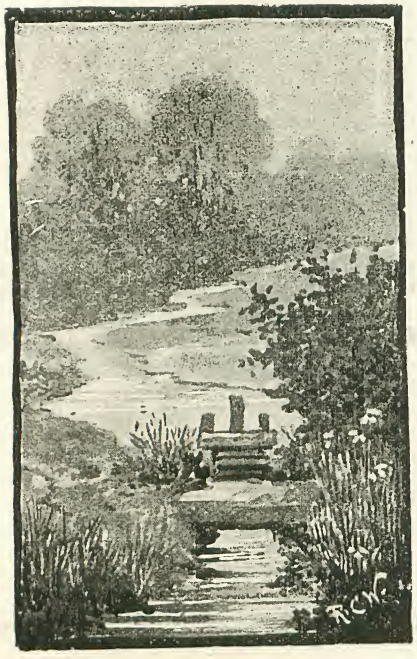
A cord from the ceiling or head of the bed is a help when lifting a helpless person, or to lift them in a sheet or a couple of strong towels.

LINSEED TEA

is an excellent drink for invalid children. Take one ounce of sugar, add the juice of one lemon, one ounce of whole linseed, and half an ounce of liquorice root. This mixture should be placed in a jug, and two pints of boiling water poured over it. The mixture should remain in a warm place for four hours, after which it should be strained and used.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



CHAPTER XVI.

BUT even as Mary opened the door, she recollected that twenty pounds which had been her old friend's parting gift. Perhaps it was a little hard to see it come to such base uses—that half-enchanted money that had been set apart for everything that was delightful. Still, there was no help for it. The money must go to paying off the costs of this decree of the county court. Mrs. Haydn must do without that perfectly irresistible shawl; Hildegarde must wait for the Connemara marble brooch, the price of which she had asked every week from time immemorial; Mary herself must endure without that parasol that would have gone so well with her new muslin; Mrs. Mack—who had been saving up for nineteen years to go and see her old mother in County Wicklow, and was always driven to eat off the head of her deposit just as it was growing to the needful height—must lack the impulse of that fifteen shillings which was to have borne her homeward with a rush. Everybody—for that fountain of a bank-note was to have irrigated the entire circle of Mary's friendship—must drag on as he or she was before. Worst of all that hopeless attempt to stretch two pounds of butter over seven days and five persons (now made six, by the addition of the rapacious Edgar, accustomed to lay on butter in reckless dabs, and calling for it with his potatoes) must lengthen out into the unknown future.

I fear that if Mary had examined her conception of heavenly peace, it would have been found to be a state in which there is no difficulty about the butter.

Well, that peace was not at present to be anticipated upon earth.

"Dearest, what is it?" asked Mrs. Haydn. "I heard strange voices."

Once again, I trust, the recording angel avoided pen and ink, for Mary's unveracity was very full of love.

"Two footsore men asked to sit down in the kitchen," she said, "and I gave them leave. They will be gone in a few minutes." She smiled a little woefully, and went to fetch her bank-note.

Alas! for good intentions defeated. When Mary thought to pay the men off with that coinage of her heart's blood, the red-faced man shook his head.

"'Tis thirty-one pounds of itself," he said, "and sure, miss, if ye had us out this minute, we'd be back on yees to-morrow. There was seven decrees agin yees, and 'tis just pouring the tay into a leaky pot to be paying money at all."

With that up rose Mrs. Mack, and from a small hole in the plaster of the kitchen, drew forth a twist of paper. "There then," she cried, weak in arithmetic but strong in love, as she poured upon the table a rill of silver and copper, "pay yourselves off and rise out of it."

The red-faced man looked at the money and then glanced at Mrs. Mack.

"Now if you wasn't such a warm-hearted lady," he said, "I'd demonstrate—but no! least said soonest mended." And the red-faced man folded his arms and wrapped himself in prudential silence. It was Mary who explained that there were liabilities which could not be liquidated by eighteen shillings and something over.

It was hopeless, useless, to struggle any more. One cannot sweep back the tide with a besom. Mary went to her own little den that she might think in quiet. Except for Mrs. Haydn in her bedroom none of the family but herself was in the way. She was thankful that the two lovers had been spared the recent painful scene.

Since her arrival Mary had not seen Mr. Docker. It was something that the trial of that meeting had not come to fill up the cup of pain and nervous tension to overflowing.

Next day—for the news had leaked out in all directions—there was a double rush of callers; an angry rush of tradesmen bearing bills marked, with a sinister anticipation, "paid," loud, importunate, hard to be got rid of; and a kindly rush of friends, mostly poor, eager to proffer help in some unobtrusive way.

The fowl-women, over whose stringy yellow "chickens" Mary had lost and won many a hard-fought fight, insisted on leaving a pair of young ducks, and could not be bothered with taking the money just then. The woman at the lock sent up a salmon unlawfully captured, accompanied by a piece of paper bearing the legend "With the complemint of a little gaim."

Mr. Keogh the constable thrust into the letter-box (and creaked away like a stage conspirator) two pounds ten, which he begged Miss Mary to take care of till such times as the said Constable Micah Keogh would think of a suitable investment. "And if I never sees it again," concluded the letter, with a sudden lapse into the first person, "sure I will know it is safe."

And five of Mary's little Sunday scholars left for her a stick of yellow rock (very gritty, with only one little corner bitten off) and a picture of the Princess of Wales with Alexandra curls, still visible through a spotted haze. Irish people are the kindest in all the world, and you have only to be ill or down on your luck to prove this truth up to the hilt and over.

It was at the close of that slow and miserable day—only cheered by these revelations of goodness and good-will, which yet seemed to have a sharper edge than hardness and ingratitude—that Mary sat down in her own room exhausted in body, mind and feeling. The night was cold and rough, with heavy drifts of cloud scudding over a pale and sinister sky, and there was a weary tossing of trees and a sullen struggle of brute winds. Every now and again a handful of rain was flung against the window as a tumbler of wine might be flung for insult in a man's face. The doors gave sudden leaps, the windows strained, and there were a hundred torturing traps for bare and quivering nerves. In the house it was quite dark, and without it was as dark as early August well could be. Mary, without lighting a candle, sat and stared out into the wet and swinging world of drift and dim confusion. She had got through a good deal that day. She had endured Hildegarde's first confidence—brief, sudden, semi-sarcastic—and for two or three minutes she had conversed with Mr. Docker—Reginald, as, with a piteous irony, she must now begin to call him.

Reginald had evidently heard of the impending financial cataclysm, for he had made several delicate efforts to call forth the confidence of Hildegarde. She, however, rightly or wrongly, had ignored those overtures, electing to bear the domestic troubles alone.

"I gave him one hint back," Hildegarde had said to Mary. "I made it clear to him that if he wanted to run away he would find there was no string to his leg. We had a delightful quarrel over that—good hard banging on both sides—and now I really feel as though I was engaged."

Thinking over these things, wondering vaguely whether, in spite of Hildegarde's implied prohibition, Reginald would try to interfere in the monetary muddle, Mary heard a window open, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, saw Edgar go down the little avenue.

There was, it struck her, something curiously secret, something almost

predatory in his movements, as he stepped along the turf edging, making the most of the covert of every tree, and never once setting a foot upon the gravel.

Mary's eyes, accustomed to the darkness, could distinguish things pretty clearly in the shadowy outlook. She found herself unconsciously searching the garden, and the road beyond, with a sort of grim expectancy. She was not disappointed. For a second or two she saw the figure of her brother stand at the gate, and hand something—something white—to a shape that was hardly more than conjectural; a mere solidification of the shadow.

Just after that, however, a match was struck, with difficulty, and cherished, seemingly, under arched hands. In that illumination, a face, or half of a face, leaped out with red and ominous clearness. It came and passed as a face on the Brocken that night of dreadful revelation.

Mary heard Edgar, creeping back along the turf edging, mutter angrily as the light shone. And at that moment she recollected where she had seen that kindled face before. It was the face of the man—a stranger to those parts—who had been reported as hanging about the house for some previous days, and of whom she herself had caught a glimpse many times during that present day.

Mary's eyes, still questioning the darkness, took something into their gaze that had not been there before.

Mingling with the sad weft of domestic failure and ruin there was now a darker thread—the thread of a mystery that might prove to be a crime.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A Lover of the dear old "G. O. P."—1. You need not apologise for writing to us, as we are only too glad to hear from those who "have taken our paper from the very beginning." But we are sorry that we cannot give you information respecting the professor and the violinist you name. Sir George Grove does not mention either in his *Dictionary of Musicians*. At the same time you may feel tolerably sure that any one who has taught for years in the Cologne Conservatoire is a musician worthy of confidence.—2. Paderewski's method of teaching is really that of his master Leschetitzky of Vienna, to whom he says he owes everything. Certainly his method, and the Italian master's method of teaching singing, hold the very first rank in the world.

Feather Pen.—It may console you to know that your difficulty in reading music is a very common one. A distinguished professor teaching in London advocates the frequent copying out of music. The eye, he says, grows to connect sound with the notes, and one sort of reading helps another. Apart from this plan, we know of nothing but the frequent practice of new music, which you say you have tried; but a year is not very long, and you should not relax your efforts yet.

Twiser (Brisbane, Queensland).—We are sorry you have failed to pass the Trinity College senior examination for the violin, but we should certainly advise you to try again, especially as you succeeded so well in the junior examination. Although you cannot take more lessons, you probably remember enough of your teacher's instructions to practise in the right way, and we urge you to persevere. We should be glad to hear of your success.

Two Lonely Girls in South Africa.—1. We are pleased to hear from you, and only regret that our rules do not in any case allow of our answering letters by post, even although a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed. When an author sends a story to a magazine, it is either accepted or rejected. If rejected it can of course be offered elsewhere. It is always wise to keep a copy, as some editors do not return rejected contributions. If, on the other hand, the story is accepted and paid for, the copyright, or right of republication usually goes with it, passing from the author to the publisher. This is not always so. Well-known writers sometimes reserve the right of republication on their own account, but it has then to be made clear at the time that the MS. is "for use only."—2. "All rights reserved," refers to the publisher, and means that nothing from the magazine where it appears must be taken or translated by other publishers without leave.

Spes.—We are sorry to say that there would be no chance whatever of earning money by the verses sent us. They do not fulfil the most elementary rules of metre, and far more than knowledge of these is needed for success in the writing of poetry.

F. A. Wallis.—"Sunset after a storm at Eastbourne," is the better of your two poems, and shows you possess an observant eye for the beauty of Nature, with a not inconsiderable power of expression. We quote two verses:—

"The west was radiant with colours fair,—
A glorious panoply of sunset light;
And in the east, the tender angel hands,
Drew softly to the curtains of the night.

"O'er head, alone, there rode one brilliant star,
The sign and pledge of beauty yet to be.
While at my feet, in sombre grandeur rolled,
With restless beat, the ever-changing sea."

The second of these verses is the more musical The emphasis on "radiant" is forced, as you will perhaps see. You may do much better work if you study the rules of poetic form.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sagittarius and Church of Scotland.—On the abolition of Episcopacy in 1638, Presbyterianism became the established religion. Its formulary of faith, said to have been compiled by John Knox in 1560, was approved by Parliament, and ratified in 1567, and finally settled by an act of the Scottish Senate in 1696, and secured by the Treaty of Union with England in 1707. It is regulated by four courts—the General Assembly, the Synod, the Presbytery, and Kirk Sessions. The General Assembly constitutes the highest Ecclesiastical Court in the kingdom. It meets annually in Edinburg, in May, and usually lasts ten days. It consists of a grand commission, appointed by the sovereign, and delegates from presbyteries, royal boroughs, and universities, some being laymen. All appeals lie to this court, and its decisions are final. The word presbyterian is derived from the Greek *pres byteros*, an elder (1 Peter v. i.), and the church is so called from its maintaining that the government of the church in the New Testament was by presbyteries, or association of ministers, and ruling elders, equal in power, office, and in order. We have answered your question so far as possible, and will only add that the Church of England differs from it in its government, by having three orders of clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons.

Wear Side.—The correct quotation is—

"First then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will d'it, she will, and there's an end on't;
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice."

The writer was Aaron Hill, and the poem his "Epilogue to Zara." There is an almost similar verse inscribed on the pillar in the Dane John field, Canterbury; evidently taken from the old poem above quoted—

"Where is the man that has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

S. W. C.—"The mill will never grind with water that is past,"

is a Russian proverb, and has been made the subject of a poem by Sarah Doudney, called "The Water-Mill."

Alice.—Your quotation is from "Owen Meredith," the lines are—

"Whom we first love, you know, we never wed."

Ermengilda.—The words "It might have been" are from Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller." The most recent adapter of the verse is Bret Harte, thus—

"If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, 'It might have been,'
More sad are these we daily see,
It is, but hadn't ought to be."

Lichen.—We should think that the green which grows on flower-pots is a lichen, and the white is mildew, caused by over-watering and damp. Mildew is a whitish cobweb-like coating, consisting of minute fungi.

March Hare and Chrysanthemum.—We know of no place where silver or tin-foil is purchased, nor do we think it of sufficient value. Those who collect it appear to do so for the purpose of having it melted into some form of ornament, such as a ball or block, to keep a door open or a vase.

Dido.—The 31st of March, 1881, fell on a Thursday. We are glad that you and your sisters have found our paper so useful and interesting.

"One Who Tries" shall have the subject talked over when she and Ruth Lamb meet "In the Twilight" during next autumn. She may be sure her letter has called forth deep and loving sympathy.

L. M. A.—There is the Royal Greenwich Observatory, founded in 1675, which can only be seen by permission of the Astronomer-Royal, at present Professor W. H. Mahoney Christie. There is an Observatory at Kew, one also in Edinburgh, on the Calton Hill; likewise another on Ben Nevis, N.B. We have one each at Cambridge and Oxford, and in Ireland, that in Dublin, and at Birr Castle—celebrated for Lord Rosse's wonderful telescope; Birr Castle being the seat of the family—which makes eight in the United Kingdom. We have those at Cape Town, Sydney, Melbourne and the Mauritius; and besides those named in the United Kingdom we have admirable private observatories.

Mary Smith.—Rosa means a rose, pearl means a pearl, and ruby means no more than the word. *Noblesse oblige* is a French phrase which means that much is rightly expected of those of high station, for rank has its special obligations.

M. B. Brunn.—Burke's Peerage is our authority for saying that John Baliol had two sons only by his wife Isabel de Warrenne, daughter of John, Earl of Surrey. (1) Edward, who invaded Scotland in 1352, was deposed, and died at Doncaster in 1363, and (2) Henry, who died in 1332; neither of these sons were married. John Baliol the father was imprisoned in the Tower for three years, after which he was allowed to withdraw to Normandy, where he died in 1314. His father, John Baliol, also had six children, three sons and three daughters, and your family may descend from some of them.

Elsie.—1. You could order Mrs. F. A. Steel's book, *Tales of The Punjaub*, from any bookseller near you. Perhaps you have a free library or a branch of Mudie's?—2. When it is 12 o'clock midday in London it is 4.51 P.M. at Bombay, and 5.53 P.M. at Calcutta.

A Lover of Big Dogs.—The price of a dog would depend on how well bred it was. We think that a really pure bred Newfoundland would cost a good deal. Why not have a collie? Of course a large dog is an expensive thing to keep and requires both exercise and plenty of room.

Mena.—Whoever told you that women have no inventive powers spoke without any knowledge of the question. Some of their inventions have been scientific; as, for example, the deep-sea telescope, which has proved of the greatest use, and due to Mrs. Mather and her daughter. By its aid submerged vessels can be inspected, and the bottoms of large ships can be seen, precluding the necessity of bringing them into dry dock for repairs. Also, the rotary-loom furnace for smelting ores; a fire-escape, and appliance for separating a carriage from a runaway horse, etc. But you should refer to the articles we have given.

Pupil Teacher.—The origin of the old English Horn-Book is lost in antiquity. It was in use in this country during three or four hundred years. The earliest record Mr. Tuer (Leadenhall Press) can find of a real one, faced with transparent horn, dates to 1450, or thereabouts. He has only discovered one example still extant in America, but about 150 in England.

Mary.—We believe we have good authority for saying there is only one really poisonous variety of mushroom (or fungi) and that is the Amanita. To ascertain its identity you should pull up the root, and if the stalk fits into a cup or socket you may know it to be dangerous. This is a distinguishing characteristic, shared by *no other species* of the mushroom family. There are some kind that are not desirable for food, but that does not render them poisonous.

Odds and Ends.

An excellent institution has been started in Paris, which works with the happiest results. This is a bicycle exchange. It is situated in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, and here crowd both buyers and sellers. The bicycles are of every variety, from those only suitable for beginners, to others that are the most perfect of their kind. The would-be seller of a bicycle brings his machine to the market and puts his own price upon it, paying a small commission to the municipal authorities on the sum it fetches. Naturally there is much bargaining and much trying of iron steeds in the place specially set apart for the showing off of the capabilities of the goods offered for sale. The whole thing is brilliantly successful, and might be imitated in England, especially in the large bicycling centres.

Pâté de foie gras owes its existence to a cook who was attached to the household of the Marshal de Contades, the Governor of Alsace, the general who lost the famous battle of Rossbach against Frederick II. of Prussia. This cook, named Clauss, tried goose-liver as an experiment in a dish of pastry, and at once achieved a great success. Such was the demand for his *pâtés*, that when the Marshal de Contades left Strasburg in 1790, Clauss remained in that city, and marrying the widow of a baker, started in business as a *fabricant de pâtés*. A competitor, however, soon appeared on the scene, named Duzen, who had the idea of adding Perigord truffles to the liver tarts. This combination has never been improved upon, and for a hundred years Strasburg has been the centre of the *pâté de foie gras* industry, exporting, it is said, no less than 100,000 *pâtés* in the well-known tureens every year. Fortunes have been made by several families from the industry, which, however, entails great suffering upon the birds whose livers are destined for the palates of *gourmets*. The canning begins late in October and lasts until April, it being said that the most delicate livers come from geese that have never laid an egg.

A valuable and historical stone has recently found its way into the archæological collection of the Canadian Institute in New York. It came from Scotland, and is known as "The Plighting Stane o' Lairg." Where it originally came from is not known, but as far back as tradition goes it has been in Sutherlandshire, and is believed to be a Druidical remain. The stone is a disc in shape, a hole being worn through in the centre, and through this hole—doubtless caused by the action of water—persons wishing to make an agreement, either of business or love, shook hands, solemnly promising at the same time to carry out the contract. This was considered as binding as an oath. The stone was built into a wall extending from the church at Lairg, but some years ago this wall was pulled down to make room for a modern church, and from that time the stone has been in private hands until it came into the possession of the Canadian Institute.

"Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. Solitude and melancholy are poison: they are deadly to all, and above all to the young"—*Talfourd*.

The name of the heliotrope is derived from two Greek words, which mean "turning toward the sun." It is generally believed that the flower of the heliotrope follows the course of the sun during the day, so that it may always face it, and in some species of the plant this attraction by sunlight really does occur.

Complaints are often made that it is impossible to dust plaster casts, as the plaster rubs away. But if they are given a bath in the following manner, casts will take the appearance of marble. Put two quarts of water into a kettle or pan, with one ounce of pure curd soap and one ounce of white beeswax cut into small pieces. Let these dissolve together over a slow fire, and, when all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, tie a piece of fine twine round the cast and dip it into the liquid. Then take the cast out, and after holding it in the air for five minutes, dip it again into the liquid. Let the cast dry for a few days, and then rub it with a soft flannel, a brilliant gloss, which will successfully defy dust, will be the result.

"Repentance is a work carried on at diverse times, and but gradually and with many reverses perfected. It is a work never complete, never entire, unfinished both in its inherent imperfections, and on account of the fresh occasions of exercising it. We are ever sinning, we must ever be renewing our sorrow and our purpose of obedience, repeating our confessions and our prayers for pardon."

The "Almanach de Gotha" is one of the most interesting and curious of the reference books and almanacks that are published every year. It is published in Germany, under the title of "Der Gothaische Genealogische Hofkalender," and contains nothing but information regarding the nations of the earth and their sovereigns. Here the facts relating to every crowned head, great or small, his family, ancestors, and children, as well as all the collateral branches and ramifications of his family, may be found. The statements made in the "Almanach de Gotha" are absolutely correct, as every year the editor sends proof-sheets of the pages concerning ruling families to their heads, who themselves make all the necessary alterations, and supply any information that may be lacking.

The latest "Almanach" shows that the oldest reigning prince in Europe is the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, who is eighty years old. The King of Denmark is seventy-eight, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar seventy-eight, whilst Queen Victoria and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz are both seventy-seven. It also shows that three ruling princes have attained the age of seventy last year, the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Nine European sovereigns are between sixty and seventy, seven of them being over sixty-five. Eight sovereigns are in the fifties, six in the forties, three in the thirties, and three in the twenties. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and King Alfonso of Spain are the youngest sovereigns. Queen Victoria heads the list according to length of reign, being followed by the Emperor of Austria. There are forty sovereigns in Europe, and of these seventeen have reigned more than twenty-five years, and thirteen less than ten years. It is also curious to note that out of thirty-eight reigning houses only twenty-three have heirs in the direct line of succession, and that of the heirs to thrones the Prince of Wales is the eldest, being fifty-five years old; after him comes the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is fifty-three years old. Out of all the heirs to European thrones only twelve are married, and of these six have grandchildren.

The largest railway bridge in the world crosses the River Danube at Czernavoda. It has recently been opened, and spans the river as well as the land on either side, which is under water during certain portions of the year. The largest spans are over the main current of the river, there being one of 620 feet and four of 455 feet each; the total length of the bridge, without its approaches, being 13,325 feet. The other largest railroad bridges of the world are as follows:—Tay Bridge, 10,725 feet; Mississippi Bridge, 10,600 feet; the Forth Bridge, 7800 feet; Invrody Bridge in Galicia, 4800 feet; and the bridge over the Volga, near Syzran, 4700 feet. The Danube bridge rises over the main channel of the river at such a height that the largest sailing-vessels may pass beneath it even at high-water.

"Amongst the many advantages of experience, one of the most valuable is that we come to know the range of our own powers, and if we are wise we keep contentedly within them. This relieves us from the malady of eagerness; we know pretty accurately beforehand what our work will be when it is done, and therefore we are not in a hurry to see it accomplished. The coolness of old hands in all departments of labour is due in part to the cooling of the temperament by age, but it is due even more to the fulness of acquired experience."

Steel pens are now made entirely by machinery. The steel is first cut into ribbons as wide as the length of one pen, and these are passed to machines which cut out the blanks, then shape, stamp, split the points, and place the maker's name on the backs. The pens now have only to be annealed, and this operation being performed they are counted and placed in boxes, these last two stages also being carried out by a machine especially invented for the purpose. Screws, too, are also made entirely by machinery. The thin steel rods from which the screws are made are placed in a machine, which stamps the head, cuts the groove in the top, and then makes the spiral by cutting out the material in a gradually decreasing cone, until finally the point is reached. Watch-screws are made of a size so minute that to the unaided eye they seem like grains of sand, but when viewed through a microscope they are seen to be perfect in every way, even to the groove on the top.

"Good humour garnishes, good will beautifies, and good feeling gladdens more effectively than flowers, handsome china, and expensive silver."



VOL. XVIII.—No. 916.] JULY 17, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS IN SUMMER.

IT is not an exaggeration to say that a full half of the population of our country is on travelling thoughts intent when July and August come round. From the baby in arms to the grey and white-haired grannie, all are seeking a "change" by means of methods more or less wise. That they do not all return the better for that change is largely due to the fact that a false tack is followed by them from the start.

Some people set out with the idea that very "simple" faring and any sort of lodging, provided it be respectable, will suffice for their needs, and that to "rough it" will be wholesome for them. This may be a salutary change for the strong and sturdy, but it is not one by which children and those past their best strength will benefit. Others again are afraid to travel ever so short a way without an array of impedimenta comprising many unnecessary articles. For these travelling



All rights reserved.]

GOING TO MARKET.

becomes a penance, and the time of their stay in any place an infliction to whosoever takes them in.

Perhaps the happiest travellers are those who can successfully combine a modicum of comfort with a minimum of material, but to do this involves the thinking out beforehand, even to details, of every possible contingency and requirement. Where little children form part of the party this forecasting becomes doubly necessary. Few people are able to ensure having a railway carriage to themselves even if their party be a large one, and it is well to remember that even good children may seem troublesome in strangers' eyes, for few children can endure with patience a long confinement in a train, and sometimes the motion of the train creates sickness with a delicate child which makes it most difficult to deal with. The excitement of a prospective journey is often sufficient of itself to upset a child, and, at any rate, it invariably keeps all but the most imperturbable from eating properly before the start, hence the necessity of a lunch-basket to be produced afterwards, although eating whilst on a journey is to be deprecated for many reasons.

To strike a medium course, and avoid those after-consequences that invariably follow when sweets or cakes have been indulgently given as a pacific, involves some care in the packing of the lunch-basket. If the food and drink it contains are as nearly as possible what would have been given to the children at that hour if at home, the least upsetting of digestion will be ensured.

Too many sweets given during a journey produces acidity of the stomach, and thereby causes discomfort and fretfulness, while the child, really hungry, cannot be induced to eat proper food.

Let us, to be practical, see what may and should be found in the lunch-basket that accompanies the young family party on their journey to the distant seaside.

First of all see to it that it is nicely packed, using plenty of fresh white wrapping-paper, and empty cardboard-boxes for holding sandwiches, bread and butter, and cake, as this precaution keeps them from growing stale or "messy." Also small packages of everything are more tempting than to see a quantity together. For sandwiches there is nothing so nice as potted beef, or potted meat of any kind. It is moister, it spreads evenly, and quite does away with that disagreeable feature belonging to some sandwiches when the meat comes away at the first bite, leaving the bread and butter behind. Some little plain buns cut open and spread with lemon curd make nice sweet sandwiches. Eggs boiled hard and sliced thinly, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and spread between brown bread and butter, make another variety of the genus sandwich.

Pastry is rather to be avoided, although a few simple cheesecakes are not harmful.

Fresh fruit is always acceptable, and a silver knife and fork to cut or pare it should be put into the lunch-basket.

Plain, seed, or raisin cake should be added to the basket, but keep out all currant or rich plum kinds.

What to drink is always a difficulty; in warm weather and in a dusty carriage everyone grows thirsty, the little folk especially so. Sterilised milk will carry well, but it is too substantial a food to serve as a thirst quencher. For the latter purpose there is hardly anything to equal home-made lemonade, that is lemonade made by pouring boiling water over sliced lemons and some lumps of sugar, adding a few crystals of citric acid, and letting it stand several hours. Strain and pour off into large flasks or bottles, putting a small piece of ice into each. Cold weak tea, without either sugar or milk, makes a refreshing beverage for older folk.

A few soda-mint tablets should be taken where there is any tendency to nausea; they quickly relieve the disagreeable feeling and are invaluable when travelling on board ship.

When a journey of several hours is undertaken a few playthings or favourite books ought to be provided for the little ones; children must have occupation, and whenever possible their minds should be occupied with observing the country they are passing through, encouraging them to think and reason about things, still this palls after a time, and a change to book or toy is welcomed.

To the intelligent grown-up travellers we would like to suggest that the book of nature is better worth reading than many of those they buy at the bookstall. It is quite saddening to notice how comparatively few people possess the faculty of observation, the beauties of the landscape, the formation of the land and its character, or the many touches of real life that one comes across incidentally on almost every journey, are quite passed over by those who "having eyes, yet see not." This defect grows out of the want of being taught as children the use of the eye as a shorthand reporter to the brain.

Then there is the clothing question; what is and what is not suitable for wear when on a journey.

A few years ago it was quite a common thing for people to reserve their oldest and shabbiest clothes for travelling, and one invariably recognised one's own country-people when meeting them abroad by the cut and quality of their garments. Nowadays we have changed all that, thanks to the improvements and embellishment of everything that belongs to tourist paraphernalia. The neat tailor-made suit, the trim hat and smart macintosh have ousted the half worn dress and mantle from favour, so that we no longer see the dreadful incongruities that once made us wince. I well remember watching the disembarkation of an excursion steamer on the French side of the Channel some few years ago, and feeling keenly ashamed of the sorry figures cut by most of my compatriots as they came off the boat. Cotton dresses, white in many instances, and all more or less bedraggled, thick jackets or capes over these, and fur boas, above which came white straw hats with laces, ribbons and flowers galore!

Seriously, however, the question of suitability is not an easy one to solve in spite of the "tailor-mades." On very hot days the latter do not look happy, even with the cotton shirt that is adopted with them, for the cotton shirt has generally a stiff collar and cuffs, which cause heat just where it is most uncomfortable to feel it.

In hot weather, for travelling by train or carriage nothing is so light and cool as a simply-made alpaca dress, or one of the old-fashioned materials known as *barège*, nun's veiling, and beige. These are so light in texture, and the dust can so easily be shaken off, that however light they may be in colour they do not easily soil. Accompanying a dress (simply made) of this kind, a three-quarter shower-proof cloak of thin tweed would be a sufficient wrap for most cases; the hat can be a plain sailor or one of light mixed straws, than which nothing looks neater, or a boat-shape of finer straw the shade of the dress, trimmed with quills.

Little children look their best in washing suits, but these so quickly lose their freshness, and if the weather cools they are not a sufficient protection, so that for these reasons they are best discarded. A light woollen material for a little girl, as soft and thin as you please, and a thin serge for a boy would be most satisfactory in the end. Plain straw hats, simply trimmed, for either, and a good cloak in reserve. Starched white hoods or hats are far from being as cool as they look, and invariably have to be removed in a railway carriage. For travelling by steamer there is nothing so comfortable as a soft light cap.

Rubber-soled shoes are the easiest wear on deck or by the sea-shore; good stockings, but not very thick ones.

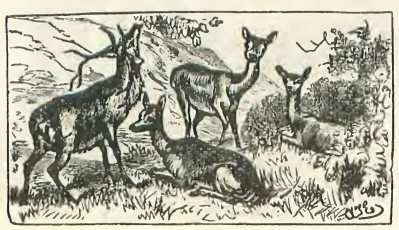
When a night has to be spent in a railway carriage or a berth a flannel dressing-gown should be taken, as to lie down in one's clothes not only ruins them but effectually prevents sleep in comfort. Many people undress and lie down in their berths, trusting only to the rug given by the stewardess for their covering, a proceeding that is neither wise nor sanitary.

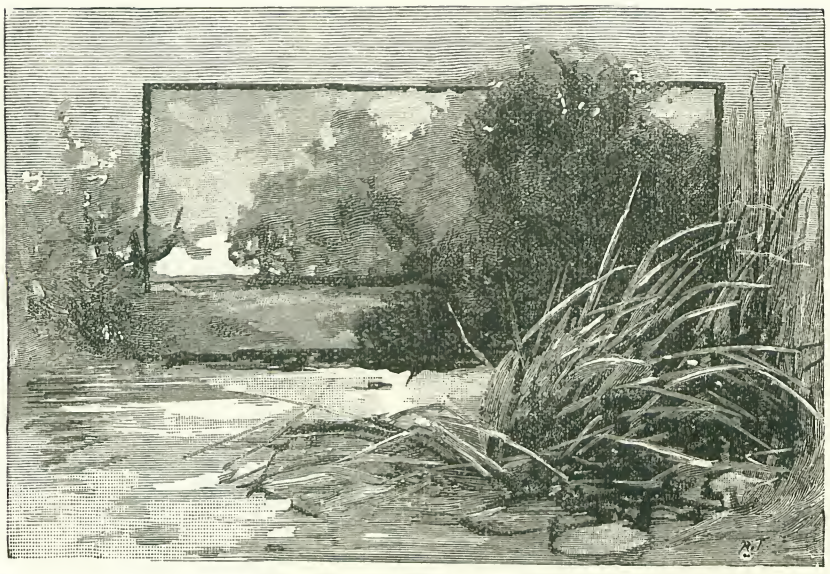
A pocket or bag to hold a small comb and brush, a sponge, cake of soap, a soft towel, and other small articles that may be required is an essential to comfort, as it is a great nuisance when portmanteaux have to be unlocked to find these requisites.

Where there are very small children or a baby one or two soft square pillows are a great comfort; these should be covered in art muslin or something that washes as well. A little hammock that can be slung anywhere, with a rug folded inside it, makes a delicious bed for the little baby. Anything which helps to keep the baby warm and comfortable conduces also to the comfort of those who travel with the tiny passenger, and for this reason the mite's belongings are generally found to make up a good half of the family luggage, and yet to cut these down is a penalty one hardly dares to incur. There are many little contrivances brought out for heating food, and one of these is indispensable as a "mother's help" either on the journey or in lodgings; if possible, however, do not choose one that is lighted with spirit, an oil-lamp is far safer, if more trouble to carry.

In conclusion, do not forget to take a few simple remedies such as camphor pilules (for warding off colds), aconite in homœopathic form for feverish symptoms, a few camomile flowers, a few anti-pyrine powders (or tabloids), some olive oil and strips of linen; also, last but not least, a supply of arnica and calendula plaister.

L. H. YATES.





THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day after that unpleasant vision of Edgar taking a nocturnal stroll, a vision, however, which like everything seen at night was less significant in the morning. Mr. Haydn came home at four o'clock, an unusual time for him.

He walked straight to Mary's room and knocked. "Mary," he said, holding both her hands in his. "You care for me a little, don't you?"

"I think," she said, feeling that she was not suggesting a very tremendous proof of affection, "I would die for you papa."

"Then, Molly," he answered, kissing her hand, "do what you can. Don't force your feelings—I won't ask that—only, Molly, if you could—if you only could."

"Father," she said with a scared look, "I don't understand."

"You needn't be afraid," he answered, with a pitiful little laugh, "I'm not touched in the head yet. He is the only man that can pull us through—the only man in all the world, and, Molly, there is more at stake than you know. Our honour—our very. . ." He broke off, and kissed her hands again, and then looked up, evidently miserably calculating upon the effect of the tears that ran down his cheeks, and all the sad appeal of his broken trembling age.

"Go, my girl," he said as she stared with a dim conjecture growing clearer in her hunted eyes, "and may God guide you. Your friend is waiting in the drawing-room; and oh, Molly, if—if——"

Again his words broke off, but Mary seemed to feel the drowning clutch of the old man's gaze as she moved away and closed the door behind her.

Half an hour thence, De Vesci Hennessy left the house, and Mary slowly came forth from the drawing-room.

Her father was waiting where she had left him.

"Well," he asked with a gasp, and could utter not another word.

"Father," she said, "It was of no use; I could not do it. My heart—oh, father. . . ."

She reached out her hands to take his arm and draw him to her, to a perception that not her speech but perhaps her swelling breast might inspire.

But he pushed her away, not roughly, but in the unsympathy of utter hopelessness; and with tottering steps and a face of dead abstraction walked to his room.

Mary stood where her father had thrust her, leaning against the wall, and looking straight before her. All that she was conscious of was a small ring of rust that had appeared upon the fire shovel. The abandonment of misery has a sad automatic observance of small outward things.

Then Edgar came to her and was rough and violent.

"Thank God," he said, "I am not a woman. She will take all a man can give, and when he asks anything of her he might as well pray to a stone. I know what's the matter with you," he went on, catching her arm and shaking her; "you're crying after Hildegarde's fool. That's another thing—there is no proper pride in a woman. Can't you see how everybody is laughing at you?"

"Don't, Edgar," she moaned; "please don't;" and she almost fell forward into his arms.

"Molly," he cried, suddenly changing his tones, "little Molly that I always loved. You would do something to save Eddy, who has been very naughty, but who loves his little sister with all his heart—his kind good little Molly."

She let her head sink upon his shoulder, and stood, shaken with hard sobs.

"Molly," Edgar began again. And then Mary felt him leap and catch her tight as she herself leaped and clung.

Loud and sharp through the house rang the crack of a revolver. It came from Mr. Haydn's room. Edgar ran to the spot, and Mary, hardly able to control her limbs, crawled to where her mother was.

Silent, kneeling together, the mother and daughter hearkened. They heard the door beaten, and at last broken. Then there were voices. "Dead!" And a long second later, "no, not dead; water, he'll come round."

At the relief of these words Mary drifted into unconsciousness.

Half an hour later she summoned Edgar.

"Edgar," she said, "where is he to-night?"

"Hennessy?" Edgar answered. "Staying at the George. Molly, shall I fetch him?"

"Yes," she answered; "and tell him I want to be his wife."

So that evening Mary became engaged to De Vesci Hennessy. In what words poor hunted Mary made her recantation, and asked for the love which only a few hours ago she had rejected, let us not inquire. That she did ask for his love and imply the giving of her own, there is, I fear, no room for doubt. She knew De Vesci Hennessy too well to dream for a moment that the mere acceptance of him as her future husband would satisfy his demands. He was not the man to buy a reluctant woman in the market of white slaves. Nor dared

she risk the confession of any half-hearted regard. To win the man for the salvation of her father was the one supreme need, and that the girl strove to accomplish without danger of miscarriage. Therefore as many a poor woman has done before, with piteous self-abnegating hyprocrisy, Mary made the suitor to whom she was selling her soul believe that she cared for him.

Once when the joy of thinking that he was loved brimmed his soft eyes and transfigured all his face, Mary was very near to crying out, "Oh, do not look at me like that, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it; I who love someone else." But the trembling misery of her old father's appeal came back to her in time to keep her falsely true, and the rising words went back in an inarticulate murmur that had a sound of love.

Poor, poor, Mary.

Duty so often leads us up the thorny way we are apt to believe that wherever we tread with bleeding feet we follow her clear call. But there are sacrifices abhorred of God though they be salted with our heart's blood.

Almost the first words that De Vesci said when he knew that Mary was his own, were words about the trouble that lay upon the house.

"Mary," he said, "I have a right to interfere now. My poor little girl! How my heart has ached for you these weary days."

"You knew then?" she said. "How did you come to know?"

"Ah," he said, "ill news flies fast. No matter how I heard. What does matter is this. It is all over now—all the miserable worry. At last my money is going to do me some good. I am very rich, you know, little girl—or more probably you don't know—and putting this matter right will be a refreshing blood-letting to my apoplectic money-bags."

"How kind you are!" said Mary; and as she spoke she was thinking; "Now I ought to begin upon the other trouble."

It was hard upon her that she must drive the spur into this willing steed.

For quite a long time the lover talked on, and at every pause in his speech she tried to tell him that there was more for him to do, and the words would not come. Never perhaps had so new a *fiancé* been called upon to take up the burdens of his sweetheart's family. And what burdens they were.

At last she broke in desperately, and told him all.

Her father was threatened with ruin—disgrace—perhaps with imprisonment. He alone—as chairman of the institute, and its newly-appointed honorary auditor—could right the miserable wrong. His influence would carry all before it. What had to be made good must be made good by him; his will must suppress any inquiry.

At last she had delivered her soul. At last she had demanded her price.

For a little while he listened with a grave—almost a shocked—face. Then the seriousness fell from him. He stretched his arms, and sprang to his feet with a laugh.

"It's all a delusion," he said. "The books are all right. I had a preliminary canter through them a few days ago, while your father was away. They were loosely kept—I must confess that—but anything seriously wrong is out of the question. Mary, make your mind easy. I tell you as a man who knows, the books are all right."

Mary uttered a sigh of ineffable relief, and sank back in her chair.

"Thank God," she said. "Oh, thank God!"

And then, gibing the heels of that gratitude came the thought, "then I have sold myself in vain."

De Vesci's joy as he walked home was jarred by a look that had come into Mary's eyes.

Soon, however, he smoothed the crumpled rose-leaf.

"Women at these times," he thought, "feel a great deal that we cannot hope to understand. It is all right. She loves me, God bless her, and that is enough."

The next day, early in the afternoon, the sound of a horse's hoofs came up the little avenue. And soon after Mary found De Vesci waiting in the drawing-room.

His face was white and full of trouble. "My love," he said, taking her two hands in his, "I come with bad news."

"The books?" she said, in a whisper.

"Yes," he answered, dropping his tone to hers, "the books. It was done the day before yesterday. I would have torn the leaf out or have flung the whole pile into the fire, but I was too late. The librarian had got hold of them, and had shown them to several members. I offered all I had—God forgive me. I did that—but it was no good."

"What is it?" Mary asked, with a deadly calmness. "Money that can't be accounted for?"

"Worse," he said; "Molly, you must be brave. A cheque has been——"

He gulped, and the word would not come.

"Forged?" asked Mary, still with that deadly calm, though her face was growing old under his eyes.

"Yes," he answered. "Forged."

Then, quite suddenly, he caught her round the waist, and almost cried aloud: "Mary, will you marry me to-day?"

It was his generous way of asking for leave to bear her burden before all the world. She looked into his chivalrous eyes and wondered that she could not love him.

"No, no," was all that she could falter. "Oh, my poor father! My kind, good, gentle father!" Then she seized De Vesci's hand and said, "Mind, if he did this at all he did it because his reason was gone."

"I know it," he said; "I've horse-whipped two men already who had doubts on that subject."

Then he said, very gently, "Darling, you believe in God. Trust Him now. There's some meaning in this tangle for those who can trust and wait."

Mary would not go to Hildegarde. Her strongest instinct in this miserable surprise was to spare her sister's new joy and her mother's old sorrow. But Edgar—there was no great fear of hurting him, and possibly he might have some counsel to deliver. At any rate she must talk with some one. Mary bent her steps towards her brother's room. He was not in yet. Moved by that vague instinct which often impels us to complete the letter of that which we came to do, she entered his room. Quite unconscious of what she was about, dully trying to find a way through the black wall that had risen before her mental gropings, Mary took up a tobacco pouch that years ago she had worked for her brother. Turning it over and noting, with that horrible quickness of exterior observation that belongs to despair, how worn and discoloured was its bravery of purple and gold, Mary saw something white protruding from the pocket. She opened the pouch and two or three fragments of paper fell out. Orderly in her deepest sorrow the girl picked them up to throw them into the waste-paper basket. As she was in the act of carrying out that intention, she stopped short with the scraps crumpled in her fingers. She had noticed something about them. What was it? her weary brain had to be goaded before it would move to drag the heavy train of thought. She took her forehead in her two hands and lifted it. The writing on the paper—there was something strange about that. It was her father's writing, but it was not quite like his usual hand. She put the pieces together, not into consecutive order but in such a way as gave her rather a larger area of the writing to survey.

"No," she said to herself, "it is not father's writing, after all. It is Edgar's."

To her clogged mental machinery there was at first no connection between the mistake and its discovery. As, however, her hand unclosed to shake away the adhering fragments, her brain opened like a valve and poured out a confounding discovery. The writing was an imitation of her father's penned by her brother.

Holding her leaping brain between her hands, Mary let that knowledge drag through it the chain of its results. Edgar had been practising writing like Mr. Haydn; both the signature and the ordinary hand. He had been at Mr. Haydn's office several times of late—once, she remembered, when his father was away. He had, by his own confession, got into some serious trouble, and by the evidence of her own eyes he had kept a secret tryst with a doubtful-looking stranger, to whom he had given something that might well have been notes or a cheque.

And what she knew of Edgar made it so sadly likely that he should help himself at anybody's expense, and what she knew of her father made it so impossible that he should have become a forger.

To Mary there was hardly any room for doubt. What to reason was only vivid suggestion to her swift intuition was almost demonstration.

(*To be continued.*)

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

Letter IV.

Chelsea, London, S.W.

MY DEAREST MARJORIE,

I have been greatly pleased with your accounts of the progress of the garden, and especially to hear that the mushrooms yielded so satisfactorily. The crop was perhaps not quite so heavy as it should have been considering the surface spawned, but as a first experiment it was very good indeed. It has been a mild winter and spring and that has caused the prices realised to be rather lower than is usual in severer weather, as all kinds of vegetables were also plentiful. But we must not grumble at this, for a mild winter has its advantages as well as its drawbacks; had it been very severe we might have lost a large number of the young strawberry plants, instead of having them, as they now are, laden with trusses of fine blooms.

I am sorry to hear that you are troubled with insects, worms, slugs, snails, and green fly; this too is a consequence of the mild winter, severe frost usually kills a great number of them. However, we must see if we cannot do battle with these enemies, so I have looked up some old and tried remedies for them.

For the worms, which are so troublesome on the lawn and amongst the seed-beds, I should try a top dressing of common salt, sprinkled over the grass and the seed beds; it will not harm the seedlings, but on the contrary is a capital fertiliser. Also you can mix a quantity of dry soot with the salt and sprinkle in the same way, but not amongst the lettuces, as it is difficult to free them of the soot when they are cut. Lime water is frequently recommended for worms, but I used to find it difficult to apply without burning the leaves of the plants, and prefer one or two applications of the salt instead. Choose a dry day for the operation, so that it may lie on the ground as long as possible without dissolving.

Slugs and snails will prove most destructive pests amongst the strawberry beds if not got under at once, and wherever there are cabbages and cauliflowers there snails and slugs are certain to abound. Their greatest depredations are committed in showery spring weather. The greatest friends you could possibly have in the garden would be a pair of peewits, for these birds hunt out snails and slugs from amongst strawberries and young seedlings of all kinds, and moreover they never damage the plants. Failing these, handpicking with a lantern after nightfall is the most effective remedy, but it is scarcely one you will like to carry out, so for the strawberries it will be better to try the more troublesome but effectual method of placing a ridge of bran round each plant. Slugs are very fond of it and it attracts them from all quarters. The following morning you must go round the little heaps with a small broom and dust pan, and a pail of salt and water, sweep them up and empty them into the pail; this will kill them at once. It will be a rather troublesome job amongst so many plants, and you may not have time to do all of them at once, so take some cabbage leaves, warm them in the oven until you can spread some unsalted lard evenly over their surface, place them overnight round the plants which are infested and in the morning you will find the slugs underneath, and can destroy them as before. If you persevere a week or two with these remedies I think you will soon rid the garden of these pests, and an occasional raid will keep them under for the future.



The green fly which attacks the young tender shoots of currant bushes, and worse still the black fly which rejoices in the succulent tops of broad beans, are best got rid of by syringing with strong soapy water. If they are very bad it will be well to snip off the top of the shoots and burn them, syringing the rest of the plant. They are very injurious and must not be allowed to spread. For pot plants in the house, or under glass, fumigation with tobacco is the best remedy, but it is difficult to apply out of doors.

Field mice are most destructive vermin in the country. They nibble the stems off your plants, or gnaw them right through their roots. They will also dig up whole rows of peas, beans, radish and other seeds, and one wonders why they have not come up. They are moreover very cunning and difficult to trap. The surest remedy for them is poison, but this you cannot use where there are children or pet animals running about. I think if you place a few traps about the garden you will get rid of the majority at any rate. A simple way of arranging these traps is to bury a rather deep earthenware basin in the earth till it is but slightly above the surface, half fill it with water, and plaster the rim inside with lard; the mice in their efforts to reach the lard generally overbalance themselves and after a short swim they perish.

The strawberries will now require great care and much attention bestowing upon them; they must never be allowed to get "dust dry," and if there is not much rain, they will need watering with weak liquid manure water twice or three times a week. The plentiful application of manure water when they are in bloom to set the fruit is the secret of success. Take care not to touch the foliage or flowers if you can possibly avoid it, and this process will be easier if you have a long tin spout added to your watering-can. Give the roots a thorough soaking; this will help to swell the fruit and improve both its quality and size.

To prevent rapid evaporation, and also to keep the fruit clean, it is desirable to spread a layer of short litter or clean straw round each plant. If this is not easily procurable, it would be better to gather a quantity of bracken fronds and green twigs from the hedgerows, breaking them up into short lengths and arranging round the plants; they will at any rate serve to support the fruit from the ground, though not so well as the mulch of clean straw.

Some strawberry growers make a great point of cutting off all the large outside leaves of the plants just before the fruiting time, and

I think this would not be at all a bad plan in your neighbourhood as the sun is never so scorching as it is on the south coast where they leave all the foliage as it is required to shade the fruit.

After this is done, and before the crop is ripe enough to gather, you will have a little time to give to the other portion of the garden. Some preparations have now to be made for the autumn and winter, such as planting out of the winter brocoli and Brussels sprouts, celery, and late potatoes, and the sowing of seeds of winter salads, endive and corn salad. The young herb seedlings, too, will require transplanting to their permanent quarters. The early potatoes should be earthed up for the last time, and peas and beans staked.

When the first crop of broad beans has been gathered, the plants can be cut down to about six inches from the ground; they will then push up three or four stems instead of one and yield a good second crop. This will save you the trouble of making a fresh sowing; but it will be quite worth while to put in another row of scarlet runners to come in in late autumn.

Prune the tops of the gooseberry and currant bushes so that light and air may have free access to the branches and ripen the fruit. Birds are very partial to ripe gooseberries, and it is sometimes necessary to tie some black thread from point to point over the trees as a slight protection from their ravages.

I am glad to hear that your raspberry canes are looking so well. I did not know you had two plantations of them; but it is fortunate, especially as they promise a heavy crop, for raspberries are very highly thought of in London, and I have no doubt that if you pick the finest and pack them in punnets similarly to the strawberries they will be worth a good price. You are quite right in keeping them well-watered and applying liquid manure occasionally.

To-day I have been to King Street to order some more punnets for you, and also ordered six nice boxes, wooden ones, rather shallow, specially made to hold half-a-dozen punnets of strawberries. The lids of the boxes are just laid on, not nailed down, and they are piled one over the other and corded together. Your name and address is to be burnt on each one, so that there will be no excuse if they are not duly returned to you. I thought you would probably fill about three boxes a day, that is eighteen punnets, partly strawberries, partly raspberries, and if the empty boxes are returned each day that number will be sufficient; but if there is any difficulty, or you find that you can fill more, send me a telegram at once and I will see to it.

Be sure to write to the Association in good time, saying that you will have some to send; it is possible, too, that I may get you a private customer or two as well. A lady has just started some tea-rooms in Regent Street; she will be obliged to have supplies of strawberries and cream by-and-by, and no doubt would be glad to have them sent to her direct instead of having to send out for them. I will see if it is possible to make a business arrangement with her; but do not, however, wait for this order, but send up to the Association regularly if you can.

At first sight it seems more natural to deal with private people; but the experience I gained long ago showed me that this is not always the most profitable plan, and that it frequently pays better to take a lower but permanent rate of payment from one firm than go from market to market, or customer to customer, in search of a higher, your produce deteriorating meanwhile for want of gathering at the right moment.

About the time of day for picking the strawberries—the morning of the day upon which they are to be eaten is the best of course, but you are so far from London that they would arrive too late for sale on that day. So I think the next best plan would be to commence picking them after five in the evening, the great heat of the sun will be gone and the dew not have begun to fall, so they will be quite dry. Gather them in a large shallow basket or tray, then take them indoors and line your punnets with three strawberry leaves, place each one in the scale and fill carefully and lightly with sound, unbruised fruit. Then put them in the box, in two rows, and cover with a thick layer of strawberry leaves. Stuff the spaces between with cut leaves also. If very hot weather a sheet of paper, in addition to the leaves, will help to keep the heat out. Cord and label the boxes, and get them down to the local station in time for a midnight or very early morning train to town. Above all, do not neglect to enclose with each consignment a list of contents, and keep a duplicate of the same in your account book, so that you know exactly how matters stand and what money is owing to you. The strawberries will arrive in splendid condition if thus carefully packed, and be in good time for the morning sales in town.

I am very glad that they promise to be such fine ones this year, though, of course, the crop will not be very large, as they are young plants; next year, however, will be their best bearing time, and you may confidently look forward to doubling your consignments, whatever they may amount to this year. If you get 250 lbs. weight from the three hundred and fifty plants, they will have done remarkably well, although next year they may yield from 600 to 700 lbs.

I shall be eager to hear how you succeed with them, and wish I could spare the time to run down and help you at this critical moment, but, as you are aware, although it is a busy time in the country, with so many crops requiring attention at the same time, it is also the busiest time of the year in London, with "the season" in full swing. The Park is crowded, the streets are bright with the glitter of harness and smart equipages, and the shop windows displaying all the dainty novelties prepared for summer wear. Indeed, I know of no place so attractive as London on a fine June morning; I enjoy it immensely, and yet, at the same time yearn longingly for a sight of the sweet, open country, where the June daisies and grasses are bowing their heads in the soft warm breeze. I think, if we could, we should all be glad to lengthen this month of balmy days—the noontide of the year. As we cannot, we sigh with the poet, who exclaims—

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June;
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
When heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Ever your loving aunt,
AMY.

HOLIDAYS IN THE GREEN COUNTRY.

By "MEDICUS."

"The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood;
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm."

"God made the country,
Man made the town."

I HAVE two or three subjects for my monthly health-sermons in my work-book, which I hope to take up soon, and which I think will be of interest to my readers. One is "The Turkish Bath and Health of the Skin," another "Eczema, Prickly Heat and Kindred Ailments," and a third, "Life at Hydropathic Establishments."

I had meant to have taken the first of these to-day, but as many hard-worked lassies in all lines of life will now be longing for a holiday of some kind, having, I trust, laid up a bit for expenses connected therewith, I think I cannot do better than tell some of you where you may spend a delightful holiday, not at the seaside but in the green country.

I am very sorry to have to report, that tens of thousands of the inhabitants of this country flock to the seaside annually during the season, who, as far as health is concerned, would be ten times better at home, and for several reasons—

First and foremost. Every case is not benefited by sea air and sea breezes. For let me tell you that girls, who are very much run down by over-work and breathing the stifling air of badly-ventilated and unwholesome workshops, generally suffer more or less from congestion of the brain and irritability. They are often very nervous, and the buffeting of the winds on the beach, the glare of light that is reflected from white sands and the sea make them worse rather than better.

Secondly. At the seaside, unless one is a millionaire and can order hotel apartments regardless of expense, there is often a lack of home comforts during the season. Places are mostly full-up, so that you may thoroughly tire yourself out the very first day looking for a decent room. The price of this room may be startling, for lodging-house keepers have consciences it is true—and so has a coal-carter's horse.

Thirdly. There is too much excitement and din at most seaside watering-places. You get carried away in the vortex of this; the streets are hard and hot, you go to bed tired almost every night, and perhaps toss wearily about in your sleep, so that you awake peevish in the morning, and when the end of your holiday comes at last you learn, to your sorrow, that you are worse than before you came down.

But a holiday spent in the cool green country is often much to be recommended, especially to those who are jaded and weary and tired of bustle and stir.

I cannot describe many country health-

resorts in one single paper, and therefore content myself with mentioning only those I know personally. I should add that during my long caravan rambles I come across many

"A sweet little village by the banks of a stream,
Where poets love to wander, and where music seems to dream,"

and which want only good hotel accommodation to make them delightful wee health-resorts. But even in these you may find clean and cheerful lodgings in villas, with plain country fare, real new-laid eggs, fish that you may catch for yourself, and fruit galore, with romantic walks in the woodlands, the soft cool turf beneath your feet, wild birds and flowers all around, and nothing that can disturb or annoy.

I have passed through Turvey, Beds., for instance, twice, and think it an ideal little village, and I hope to go there some time to rest in peace and write a book. Surely that book would partake of the innocence and sweetness of all around me, with touches of nature to give it a background and atmosphere of reality.

Bath is a very ancient watering-place. Well, I have often recommended people to go to this place, but only when angry. "Oh, go to Bath," I have said, "and don't bother me." It is an illustrious place, but it isn't the country, and the footsteps of too many kings and queens have been left on its hot soil to please a country bird like me.

There are many charming rural villages in Yorkshire, near several of which I have pitched my caravan. Askern is one. It is quite unsophisticated, but many cases of rheumatism or acidity of blood would do better here than in Harrogate itself. There are here sulphureous waters to drink, and the baths are very invigorating and curative. Everything is reasonable and provisions cheap. Mention my name anywhere if you go there; ask if they remember the "Wanderer" caravan, and if they don't treat you well, write and tell me. But Askern folks are Yorkshire folks and hospitable even as the Scotch are; honest, straight and with no pretence. There are nice walks about and pleasant drives—these latter not expensive—besides three rivers within hail—the Don, the Trent and the Ouse. You needn't drive if you have a bike, and oh, the bonnie, cosy, wee villages you shall come to! If you can take a snapshot, or sketch, you may find many a pleasant picture here. Cheltenham and Clifton are both charming inland towns, and around each are delightful woodland walks, but they are not rural enough to please me.

By the way, I may as well give you a hint here lest it escapes my memory. If you come across, in your reading, any village in England or Scotland that you think you would like to take up your residence at, just write a note, enclosing stamp and envelope, to the postmaster. Post-masters are nearly always good-hearted fellows, and will be glad to assist you by recommending lodgings. I have often given this advice, and girls have afterwards written to thank me for it.

Malvern is a delightful town itself, but not rural of course. Never mind, one might do worse than reside here for a night or two, and look out for apartments in some village near. At the British Camp, high above Malvern, there is an ideal wee inn. Here the accommodation might be limited, but cosy I believe to a degree. Close by it is the charmingly-secluded villa where Jenny Lind used to live. It was called the "Nightingale's Nest." The scenery all around is grand, and from the top of British Camp Hill I believe you can see into six counties. The air is bracing but by no means exciting.

Ilkley, in Yorkshire, I may describe more minutely when speaking about hydros; suffice it to say here that it is a bonnie, wee town—old-fashioned—and with a populace verging on 7,000.

The scenery all around it is diversified and bold. Lodgings are easily obtained, and the hotels are good without being extravagant, while there are lovely walks and pretty drives enough to please anyone. To Haworth, for instance, where Charlotte Brontë lived; to the Cow and Calf Caverns; Stump Cross Caverns; to the Strid, Plumpton Rocks and Kilnsey Scaur.

If you bike it here better perhaps take your nosebag with you to put on—pardon caravan language—because the air is so bracing that you are sure to get hungry and inns are few. When I cycle cross-country, I make a point of taking a cake of eating chocolate in my bag; with this and milk—procurable anywhere—I can easily manage to exist till dinner-time.

Harrogate itself is too grand and luxurious a place to be suitable for quiet and repose, although, as a health-resort, it is really good. It is, moreover, somewhat expensive.

I shall also say about Harrogate that it is within reach of many places well worthy of being visited. But for these I must refer you to a local guide book.

A well-known consulting physician, speaking of this lovely place says, "Are there no places in England where the invalid can obtain all the advantages of a continental residence without its disadvantages? Yes. Harrogate has a high reputation as a health-resort during summer, but it is as a winter watering-place I wish to recommend it. It is situated on an elevated plateau, 400 feet above the sea. The atmosphere is dry; the air peculiarly bracing and gives tone to the system, by which an invalid is made to feel cheerful and energetic, and thus it enables him to take a large amount of exercise in the open air. Fogs are rare and the amount of sunshine large."

But I think that some of the sweetest scenery of mid-England is to be found about Matlock. It is so charmingly wooded too.

Here are a few notes I made while driving from Duffield to Matlock.* Duffield itself is a quiet unsophisticated bit of a place, with lovely walks around it, and situated in the midst of a rolling woodland country.

No more beautiful drive can be conceived than that we enjoyed this forenoon. It would be a shame not to glory in such scenery; not to revel in it; it would even be a shame to drive too quickly; for, lying here among his rugs on the *coupé*, even my noble Newfoundland looks happier than he has looked since we left home.

We have many a pretty peep, the beauty of which it would be impossible to exaggerate.

1. From the top of a railway bridge. Fertile fields in the foreground, then hills like the giant waves of the Atlantic, green-wooded to the top, the ashes, elms and beeches quite a sight to see.

2. Crossing the River Derwent. It is broad and bright, and yonder it goes tumbling over a weir. An old stone-built mill. A quaint, wee, ivy-clad inn, "cuddling doon" 'neath ivy-clad rocks wooded on the top. A little village going straggling up the glen by the river's side, the river singing to it as it flows onwards. Houses built of stone. A bonnie little church half hid in ivy.

3. Cross the Derwent again, and may have to many times before we reach Matlock. Here is Milford, quite a beauty nook. Stone houses; and the eye is everywhere refreshed by the cool green of the creeping ivy that half-buries and canopies even cart-sheds, that surrounds the trees and crawls along the fences, beautifying everything just as moonlight does. More green hills beyond and fields divided by stone fences.

4. Village of Belper. River close aboard of us, placid and clear and making a charming sweep.

The trees seem to love the river; they nod over it, they lave their arms in it, they kiss it and use it as a mirror.

5. Belper cemetery. Fifteen acres in extent—fifteen God's acres of surpassing loveliness. A beautiful garden wide and fantastic it may well be called, with its green and grassy lawns and graves, its dark yew trees, bright rhododendrons and lovely flowers.

6. The village of Ambergate—a tree-clad glen. The hills around are banks of foliage of every hue and shade, from the lightsome green of the silver-stemmed birches to the needled darkness of waving Scottish pines. Wild flowers everywhere, crimson silenes, forget-me-nots and nodding fox-gloves, bright red against the bracken's green.

Just one more peep. 7. Cromford is a pretty wee town among rocks and wood. After we leave it we find ourselves in O! such a charming glen. Down beneath us there is the Derwent; on the right the wondrous foliage of those waving trees striving as it were to hide the stream. And the sly, coaxing old river seems to dally with the trees and forms a great deep dark pool, and tries to make them believe it is in no hurry to get off; but presently it breaks from their embrace and goes foaming and tumbling over a weir and away and away.

* * * *

Tunbridge Wells is very pretty but rather aristocratic to be romantic.

But in both Kent and Surrey are many charming little villages the tired and the weary might find peace and rest in, peace and plenty too, but nothing extravagant in price.

Across the border and into Scotland—

"I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies,
I see the branches downwards bent
Like keys of some great instrument.
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
While through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a gallant galleon."

No one can call himself or herself a true Briton—though English if she pleases—who has not visited the magnificent scenery of the Scottish Highlands and seen the picturesque beauty of the Lowlands.

Few London girls however will have money to take them so far, but the lassies of Glasgow and Edinburgh do not see half enough of their own wild land.

I have only space to name a few sweet and lovely spots. Brig of Earn, Brig of Allan, Crief and all around; Strathpeffer, Beauly, and all the bonnie villages up the Don and Dee.

In conclusion, let me advise those of our English workaday girls, who cannot afford to go far or spend much money, to look out for farm or cottage apartments. Let them choose a village and run down to it, spend one night at the inn, and next day seek for quiet and nice apartments.

Take books to read, study birds and butterflies and wild flowers and fish. Fishing, next to sketching from nature out of doors, is the most cultivative of all occupations. You needn't take tackle or gear with you, it is always to be had where fishing is; and in Scotland you can always get a four-feet high ghillie for a few pence a day, who will make you an excellent guide.

But, whatever you do, keep calm else your holiday will be of no service to you from a health point of view.

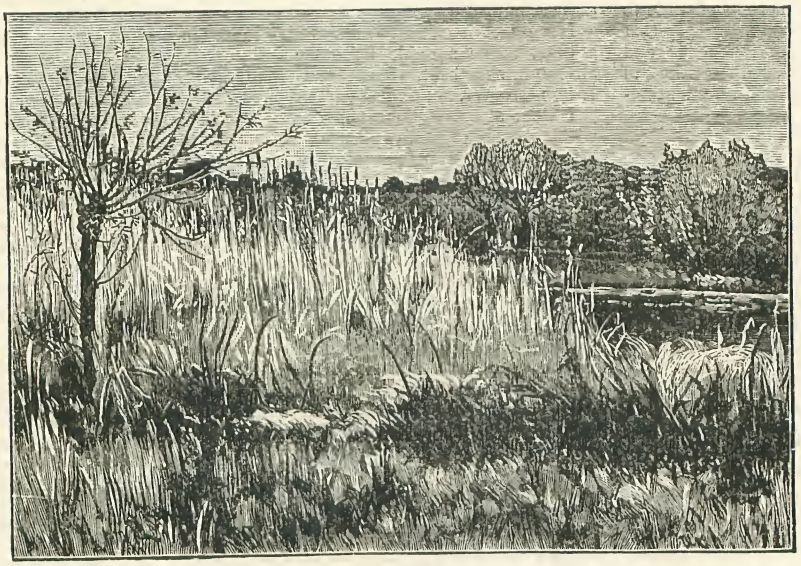
* Like *Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy.*

WHAT WILL MY STORY BE?

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

YOUR story's of true-love, O blithe green linnet,
That sings in the pear tree tall,
You've got a nest with a wee mate in it,
And nestlings callow and small.
O lark, you're singing a love-song yonder,
Over the sunlit lea;
While I sit in the orchard, and wonder—wonder
What will my story be?
When shall I begin it;
And, O blithe linnet,
Who, who will read it with me?

Throned like a queen in the orchard clover,
Alone in my day-dream land,
I'm longing to turn life's pages over,
With somebody, hand in hand.
Does Time hold never a true-love in it—
Some brave Prince Charming for me?
I wish you could tell me, O blithe green linnet,
What will my story be?
When shall I begin it;
And, O blithe linnet,
Who, who will read it with me?



THE MINE OF GOLDEN VALLEY.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE long narrow Spitzthal, which is a valley running deeply into the heart of a lateral range of the main Alpine chain, is one of the few remaining spots in the mountains where tourists rarely penetrate, where old traditions still linger and where one or two primitive customs still survive. The head of the valley is a basin-like depression beneath a huge snow-clad mountain shaped something like a pyramid with an unfinished top. On the west of this massive buttress a difficult pass leads over the frontier into Italy; on the east a great glacier descends abruptly over hidden ridges of rock to the valley floor and then advances in a graceful curve of white, varied by deep blue crevasses, till it ends ingloriously amid heaps of moraine scattered in rough confusion around its base.

One September evening some years ago the darkness was closing round the solitary little village situated about four miles lower down the valley. The last lingering glow of the Alpine sunset was fading behind the darkening mountains, and the uniform hue of night was melting the surrounding scene to a sombre shade of grey. A long low bank of cloud was slowly gathering in the east and spreading threateningly across the sky. A few daring stars appeared for a short time, struggled with the mists creeping victoriously over the mountain peaks, and then disappeared ignominiously, swallowed up by the inky cloud masses which were sweeping stealthily overhead. The lights from the scattered chalets were beginning to shine across the humble pastures and glacier-coloured stream. The silence of the evening was unbroken save for the murmur of the mountain torrent, the faint tinkle of a cowbell, or the distant barking of a dog.

On this particular occasion the cosy little kitchen of the village inn had seven inmates. On a low chair at one side of the fire was the village *curé*, a slender white-haired old priest with keen kindly eyes set far back in a pale intellectual face. Opposite to him sprawled a gigantic hairy German—scientist, photographer and ex-professor at Heidelberg—who had wandered up the Spitzthal in search of plants, photographs and folklore. The others present were Frank Wayne, an English barrister and a member of the Alpine Club, who had come across the pass from Italy, his guide Gaspard—a true Frenchman, volatile, talkative and superstitious—the homely old innkeeper and his wife, and a girl who sat apart by the window apparently trying to read.

Wayne had been wondering for some time who the girl was. All he could see of her was an erect little head covered with wavy brown hair and one side of a sunburnt face and neck. Her slender figure was dressed in some dark tweed stuff which looked unmistakably English. But then as he crossly said to himself that objectionable Teuton took up so much space in the small kitchen and shut off so much of the light from the corner where she was sitting that he could not see her at all distinctly; while, what an English girl—if such she was—could be doing all alone in this remote little village was a mystery.

While he smoked and pondered over this knotty point, he became aware that the conversation had turned on the legends and superstitions of the mountains, and as the outside darkness deepened on the little circle round the glowing fire of wood, the awesomeness of the stories increased.

The good *curé* spoke of traitor souls from the other world, whose doom it was to wander ever amid the dismal wastes of snow and ice in expiation of their sin; of ruined pilgrim chapels in lonely valleys, marking spots where once stood smiling orchards and pleasant chalets, whose owners, by their ingratitude had incurred the wrath of the kind heaven above, till desolation was sent to succeed their former prosperity. From the Germans came legends of Tyrol; legends of the beauteous spirit-maiden who sings on the grassy knoll above some tiny lake, in whose tranquil waters no shadow is cast from her fairy form as the sun sinks beneath the western mountains; legends, fantastic and weird, of wild



IN THE ORCHARD.

green-clad huntsmen and phantom quarry and blasts from no earthly bugles, or of untold treasure buried in the mountain-side guarded by little men with long beards and mocking faces.

Gaspard, the guide, too could tell of mysterious noises heard in the lonely night watches by the solitary hunter, of unseasonable gloom in the summer sky, the forewarning of accident or evil, of unexpected storm, of sudden landslip, of overwhelming avalanche. Even the old wife had her tales from childhood's days of robber caverns and the mountain-demon who lives on maidens' blood.

Suddenly her husband turned to Wayne.

"Does the English monsieur know the story of our valley?" he asked, in a low tone. "No! Is it indeed possible that he is ignorant of it. Then, with the permission of the other messieurs present he himself would tell the tradition of the golden valley and its long-lost mine.

"Long years ago, monsieur," said the old man, with solemn importance, "at the head of our valley, where the glacier now covers the ground, stood a large village the inhabitants of which were rich in fertile pastures, and laden fruit-trees and flocks of cows and goats. Also on the hillside above the village was a wonderful gold-mine, similar to those whose traces still remain in other parts of the Alps, and by working the precious metal the prosperity of the village increased greatly. Some think the mountain dwarfs first showed the treasure to the villagers and then quarrelled with their descendants and some that a compact was made with the evil one. But others say that the villagers grew proud and wasteful in their abundance; that they robbed the poor widow and the needy traveller, and levied unjust tolls on the mountain traffic over the pass into Italy, till at last the judgment of heaven descended on their iniquities. Then the supply of gold from the mine unaccountably ceased, the pastures grew impoverished, and icy blasts from the great mountain above whirled down to kill the cattle and the fruit-trees. One night a terrible storm overwhelmed the village. Afterwards its last vestiges were completely destroyed by the rapid advance of the glacier which now will hide beneath masses of snow and ice the site of that wicked village as long as the mountains themselves endure."

"Ach! Dat is noding new!" said the big German as the narrator came to an impressive pause. "It is common legend, dat. In Tyrol dere are two—three valleys where de same is told."

"In our church monsieur can see a relic of the lost village," said the *curé* gravely. "On the altar is an old cross made of gold from the ancient mine which was brought down by the glacier stream one winter many years ago."

"Is anything left of the mine now?" asked Wayne curiously.

At first no one answered him. A troubled look dawned in the *curé's* blue eyes and the old innkeeper looked rather scared. Then the former spoke.

"Yes, monsieur," said the old priest rather reluctantly. "A ruined hut at the entrance to the disused workings is still to be seen on the mountain side high above the icefall of the glacier."

"Oh, but the English monsieur must not go there," broke in the host eagerly. "It is a place accursed, and disaster has always come to those who have tried to reach it."

"Yes, Pierre, it is a bad, bad place," repeated his wife. "Dost thou not thyself remember the poor Englishman who died?"

Wayne was becoming interested. "What was that," he asked.

It was the *curé* who answered him. Bending forward in the firelight till it shone on his white hair he took up the little tale.

"About twenty years ago an Englishman named Burton came to this valley in search of gold. He would not listen to the advice that was given him to shun the spot, but swore impiously that he would find it before he died. And so he did, monsieur—before he died! At first no one would venture with him; but after a time he got two guides from another district, and with them he went up the glacier and reached the mine. All that happened men never knew, but two days later one guide returned alone, and told in awestruck accents how his two companions had met with a dreadful death on the glacier. Since that time no one has been there, for the memory of the accident remains."

The narrator paused and then added solemnly, "Men even speak of a mine demon, an evil spirit, monsieur, who lures the unwary——"

At this point an unlooked-for interruption came. The girl who had been sitting silently by the window rose abruptly and came into the circle of the firelight.

"My name is Burton, Monsieur le curé," she said quietly. "And the gentleman you mention was my father."

In the surprised silence that followed this announcement Wayne was able to observe the speaker, a tall slender girl with a sunburnt face and frank dark eyes.

"It is as you say nearly twenty years ago," she continued after a short pause, "since my father was crushed by a falling serac on the glacier at the head of this valley, leaving my mother with two tiny children alone in the world. On the occasion of the accident he was descending from the mine which he had reached successfully, and where he had found a store of gold—how I do not know. Some of it he was bringing back with him, the rest he left for another journey. On the way through the icefall a serac fell and injured him so severely that he died soon after. But first he had time to write a note to my mother. One of his guides took the gold, and the other the note; but the former was himself killed just afterwards by falling down a crevasse. However, the note confided to the second guide reached my mother, and on her death three months ago I found it among her papers. That is the reason I am here now," she added slowly.

"But why then does mademoiselle come back to this place of such mournful memory?" asked the *curé* anxiously.

The girl looked at him strangely. "Because I also wish to go to the mine," she said.

The innkeeper sprang to his feet. "No, mademoiselle, you must not—you shall not go!" he cried wildly. "Do you wish to die as have done these others who have dared the mountain demon—these others who——"

"Demon!" cried the great German with a roar of incredulity. "Dat for your demon," and he snapped his fingers scornfully. "What rubbish is it dat dese Frenchmen talk!"

The girl turned suddenly to him. "Will you go with me to the mine, then, Herr Professor?" she asked. "The men here are all afraid."

For a minute the Herr Professor looked rather taken aback; then, recovering himself, he seized her small brown hand in his huge greasy one and shook it vigorously. "Dat I vill, my dear young lady," he said. "Dere is nodings vat Johann Vogel vill not do venn so charming a fraülein asks. Demon! tush!" and he nearly choked with contempt at the notion.

But at this the storm broke. The old inn-keeper danced madly about the room vociferating aloud. His wife added her shrill protestations to the *curé's* entreaties, while the German and Gaspard began to argue angrily about the possibility of passing through the icefall.

Disregarding the babel, Eleanor Burton turned to Wayne. "Will you come too?" she questioned eagerly. "There must be more than two of us on a rope in case of accident, you know."

"Why do you want to go there?" he asked her bluntly.

"To fetch the gold my father left behind," was the unexpected answer.

Wayne looked searchingly into her eyes. "Do you know it is there," he queried.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Can you find it?" he persisted.

"Yes," she repeated. "The place where it is hidden is described in my father's note."

"Of course you do not believe this village talk of a mountain demon—or any such stories?" he said slowly.

"How can I tell if it is true," she answered rather reluctantly. Then with a little impatient gesture, she added, "But please do not come if you are afraid."

Wayne flushed angrily. "I am entirely at your service Miss Burton. We will start to-morrow morning," he said.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

The Poet in Trouble.

"It is something," mused the poet, "to have an imagination that scorns the bondage of earth and soars untrammelled through the cerulean *infinity*."

He paused to jot down the phrase "cerulean infinity" in his note-book, hoping to make use of it at some future time.

"But," and he gazed wistfully into the window of a cheap restaurant where the white-robed proprietor was industriously turning sausages, "to have the price of a plate of ham and eggs in your pocket is another thing."

Real Enjoyment.

One of the highest and best enjoyments comes through what is done for others. This is believed in theoretically but seldom practically. If a girl has money she often imagines that the way to enjoy it is either to keep and accumulate it, or to spend it on personal gratification; yet she misses the very finest of its delights when she refuses to share it or its benefits with others.

So with our time, our talents, and our thoughts. Kept to ourselves, or used simply for our own delectation, they do not give us a tithe of the real enjoyment that they afford when we use them liberally for the benefit of the family, or friends, or the community. No one who has once tasted the sweets of ministering successfully to the happiness of others will ever again relapse into a purely selfish use of her advantages.

Were I a King.

Teacher: "Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?"

Tommy: "I'd never wash my face any more."



STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

By A STUDENT.

Third Letter.

Via Seraglio,
Florence, June 1896.

My dear L.,—I have changed my lodging at last, but after a great deal of trouble and trepidation.

As I told you in my last letter I went straight to C—— to ask him if he knew of any pupil who wanted a companion lodger. He did not at that moment, but, knowing that my first idea in contemplating this step was one of economy, he sent me with Lorenzo (his faithful servant) to look over a little room opposite to his, which was to be let furnished for the modest sum of eighteen francs a month.

I was delighted with the room though it was rather dark and small. It had a neat, red-tiled pavement, a little white bed that looked like a nest smuggled away in one corner, and a few very bare and unpretentious chairs. I decided to think over my plans before settling matters and then I ruminated on the way I was to take my meals. As I had no idea of cooking, the only solution to my difficulty seemed to go in search of a humble eating-house or *trattoria* (as they are called here) and ask their lowest price for two meals a day.

I found one in which they said they could supply me with dinner and collation at one franc a piece, bringing it round to my room.

Breakfast consisting of coffee, rolls and butter I could have for thirty centessimi (3d.), so you see, had I fallen in with this arrangement my expenses would have been reduced.

I told my plans to the padrone with no little fear and trembling. She was, of course, greatly adverse to my plans, and ended by convincing me of their impracticability.

A week later, however, just as I was waiting to take my lesson in C——'s vast unfurnished *salon*, I found a companion in an American lady.

She was a very pleasant person, pretty and hovering in age between thirty and forty, and it was not long before I had confided in her my trouble about getting a companion with whom I could share my lodging and expenses.

To my joy she at once fell in with my wishes, and told me that she had a vacant room on her flat which she would gladly let me have if it were suitable to my desires. I agreed to call and see it, and I left her full of brilliant prospects of future happiness.

I am at 20, Via Seraglio and have come to terms with Mrs. D——, the American lady. Our flat is charming. It consists of two bed-rooms, sitting-room, drawing-room and kitchen. It is situated on the *terreno* (ground floor), and the rent, ready furnished, is forty francs the month! The grand piano, which is from "Brizzi e Nicolai," costs twelve francs the month which expense I, of course, share with the apartments. Our flat is really most delightful and suits my romantic tastes exactly. Our whole suite of rooms once formed the banqueting chamber of a palace of the Vechetti. Over our doorway is a huge coat-of-arms, five silver ermines on a background of blue, and the whole place betokens bygone greatness. Our rooms, which are twice as high as they are broad, are domed, and at odd places in the walls remains of columns, cornices and strange bits of architecture assert themselves.

I love the air of mystery which fills our little *terreno*, but I don't love the rats, nor the strange, unearthly noises to which I am occasionally treated in the night.

The other evening I was alone, and, as I was occupied with some mending, the hour of midnight struck before I thought of bed. I sprung up quickly to get into my room when I distinctly heard the grand piano vibrating in tones that resembled a series of sobs. My heart beat wildly. "It is one of the bygone Vechetti come to assert his wrongs," I thought; but, I have since come to the conclusion that it must have been either the effect of dampness, or a rat promenading the keys! Nevertheless at night-time this flat is certainly very uncanny!

Our kitchen is tiny, but most picturesque, and very characteristic of the abodes of the Tuscan peasantry. There are several bright copper kettles and saucepans hung upon the walls, the pavement is tiled with red, and the stove, quite unlike anything I have seen before, possesses three square holes on top in which one puts the charcoal for the cooking purposes. Making up a fire on these stoves is a mere pastime. First you insert a piece of lighted brown paper in one of the grated holes over which you then put a shovel of "Brace" or charcoal, this is all vigorously blown up with a fan, and in three minutes a nice little red-hot fire is blazing.

We have no servant so I have to do the cleaning, cooking, and haggling all by myself, thus modifying my expenses to a wonderful degree. I say "haggling" instead of buying, advisedly, for that unwholesome art is one of great necessity in this "City of the Medici," where, being English, I am looked upon as the lawful prey of honest shop-keepers! However, having learnt the all-important usage of the small word *Ché*! I can now get on fairly well. *Ché* is a word expressive of contempt, and must be used on every occasion when doing business. To explain more clearly, after having demanded the cost of anything, you must immediately say *Ché*! when, no matter how small the original price it will be reduced by the tradesmen for your benefit. It is only in the shops where *Presso Fisso* is written that this method will be found unsuccessful.

Everything is wonderfully cheap over here, especially fruit and vegetables, which can be procured for a mere song.

* * * *

I have made such a number of acquaintances since coming out here, and Mrs. D—— has such a round of friends, that the other day we put our heads together and planned to give a musical soirée.

Our friends arrived at about nine and mostly consisted of musical and art students.

Tertzeigi and Asterite, two young Sicilians, played a charming duet on mandoline and guitar. An ardent young swain named Gaspar gave us a passionate rendering of that touching Neapolitan ditty "Finestra che Lusciva." Two young American girls, friends of Mrs. D—— and pupils of Vanuccini, sang a duet together very sweetly, but with a lack of fire, and a young medical student named Luigi sang Tosti's "Ideala."

My contribution to the entertainment was that contralto song of Bohms. Do you remember it, and the refrain you liked so well—

> "Still as the night
> Deep as the sea,
> Should love, thy love e'er be."

I got a very much warmer reception than I deserved, and everyone declared I could not be English and sing like that.

"Why?" I asked indignantly. "You surely would not dare to think my nationality against me in the art of producing sweet sounds?"

They shrugged their shoulders, had a thousand compliments at hand for the "Belli Inglesi biondi"; "but," said they, "you know they cannot sing!"

"And why not, pray?" I demanded.

"It is all 'gola,'" they said, pointing expressively to their throats!

The evening passed swiftly and pleasantly. These young Italian students are an ardent, sensitive, and enthusiastic set; quite unlike the black sheep they are painted. Their minds seem full of music, poetry, idyllic longing and admiration for the beauties of their matchless city.

To-morrow night we are all going on a moonlight trip to Galileo's Watch Tower, and I anticipate a charming and romantic evening, but, for the present I must bid you dear, "Adieu." Yours——

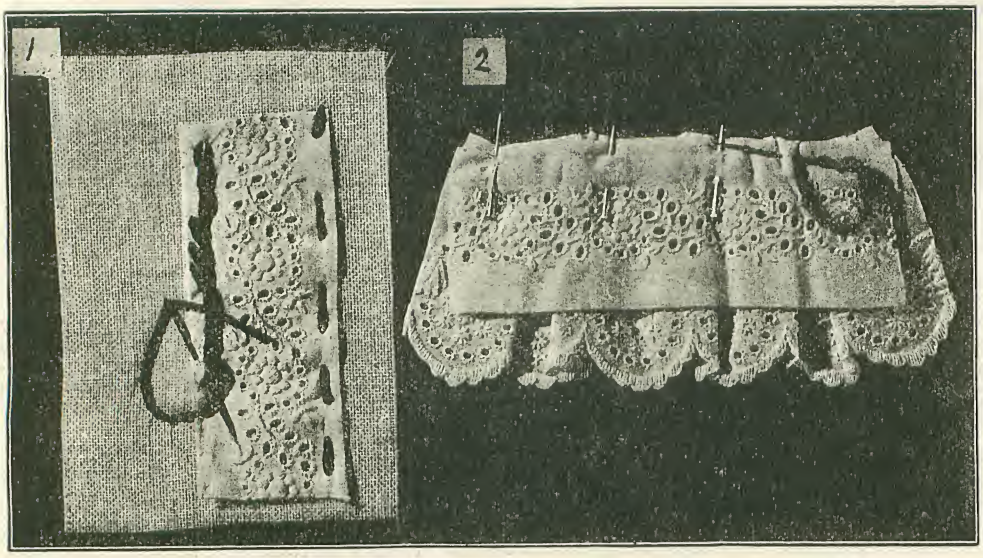
PRACTICAL PAPERS ON PLAIN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Beautiful Sewing," "Winifred's Home," etc.

PART VI.

PLACING EMBROIDERY ON UNDERLINEN, etc.

Insertion.—In Fig. 1 you will see one way of placing insertion on underlinen. Before giving you a few directions as to how this is done, let me say that in buying embroidery it is far better to give a few pence more a yard and have a good in preference to an inferior quality, for cheap lace and embroidery give an air of commonness to underwear. Turn down the edges of the stuff and let these folds lie uppermost. Turn the edge of the insertion down on the wrong side and put these folded edges and those of the material together. Tack these carefully and then work feather-stitching in the way seen in our illustration to form a decoration. This is best done with crochet cotton.



Insertion and Edging.—Whip or run your edging, first of all marking it and the insertion into sections as you do for gathers.

Place the right side of the insertion next to the edging as you see in example 2, and sew both together with firm running, giving an occasional back-stitch here and there.

When this is done turn back the insertion and feather-stitch down as in Fig. 1.

Pleats set for a Band.—Pleats are used for setting material into bands as in aprons, petticoats, etc.

In Fig. 3 you will see some pleats arranged for an apron, and you would also make them of that kind and in that way when making a flannel petticoat to be set on a straight and not a shaped band.

Pleats are made on the right side of the article and in the woof way of the stuff. Pleats must be regular in depth, and placed on each side in exactly the same place.

The X in Fig. 3 shows the middle of the length to be pleated.

The amount of stuff must be two or three times the length of the band into which it is to be pleated, to allow for making the pleats. If you pleat towards the middle the fulness will fall towards the front of the article. If you pleat from the middle towards the side, as you see in the example before you, then the fulness will go towards the hips and back.

You will see by the placing of the pins which keep the pleats in place that the pleats are all the same size.

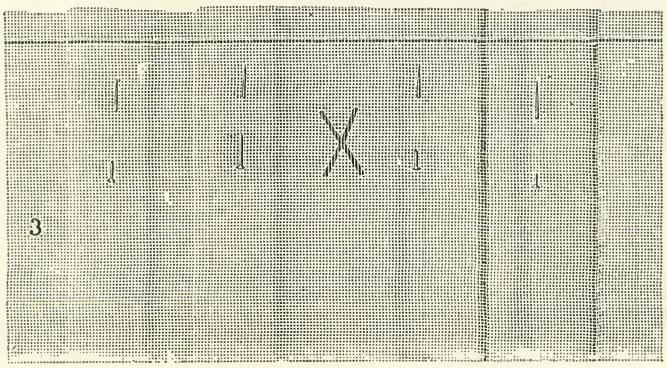
Make your pleats on that principle all the way round, but getting them in the case of a petticoat very much closer together at the back.

In the example here seen the edge of the pleat on the wrong side touches the front edge of the first pleat, no space at all being left between the pleats.

Sometimes it is necessary to leave spaces between the pleats, when there is not enough material to allow of the length being twice or three times as long as the band.

Setting Pleats into Band.—Having arranged your band and tacked your pleats firmly together, you next proceed to set the latter into the band.

Put the pleats between the edges of the band, the middle mark corresponding to the one on the band.



The band should rest upon the stitches you have used for tacking.

Pin your pleats very carefully into the band and remember as you do so that you must take in all three folds of the pleats. If you are not careful about this the under part of the fold is apt to slip.

Pin every pleat to the band.

Tack the band and pleats together then take out all the pins and fell the band to the article, doing the right side first and then the wrong.

Let the edge of your band on the wrong side rest on the stitches which show through from the right side. In case of an apron the edges of the band that go beyond the pleating must be top sewn (see sewing). Then fell the band to the article.

Pleating.—In Fig. 4 you see how single pleating is done. All the pleats are of the same size and all go the same way. Pin, tack and set these pleats as directed for the last-named pleats.

Three Hints.—In working always hold your material between your forefinger and your left-hand thumb, and if you find that not sufficiently firm, let it go round the tip of your forefinger and keep it in its place by the second finger placed closely to it.

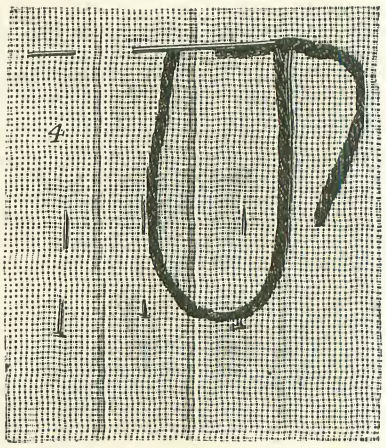
When you are sewing a very coarse material you need not put in very fine work. Larger stitches answer quite as well, only they should not be far apart.

If you want to cut anything on the cross, fold over the end of your stuff in the shape of half a square, letting the cut edge lay quite evenly against the selvedge. Then cut this in half and you will have a triangular piece of material from which you can cut off the strips in the desired width.

In closing let me quote a few lines from Lady Marion Alford's book, which being rather expensive is not in very general use:

"When Eve sewed fig-leaves together, she made of these small pieces a garment of patchwork.

"Acting on the principle of making a virtue



of necessity, accepting and adorning the severe things of life, seams come to be an important vehicle of ornament. The Gauls and Britons embroidered the seams of their fur garments.

"We may judge of the antiquity of the seam by its universal mythological meaning. The seam, the tie, the knot, the plait and the mesh are the earliest symbols of fate uniting events." "We find but little mention of plain work in mediæval writings. When linen was worked for some honourable purpose, such as a gift to a friend or a royal personage, it was generally embroidered or stitched in some fancy fashion. Queen Elizabeth presented Edward VI. on his second birthday with a smock made by herself."

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SHEET OF NEWSPAPER.

LIMEGROVE STREET, Bethnal Green, was scarcely an improvement upon Providence Street. If the houses were taller, the space between them was narrower and the air was even fouler and denser than that of the West End slum. There was a close resemblance between the dwellers in each street. Their modes of gaining, or struggling for an existence differed somewhat; but they were people of like character. In each place were to be found incorrigible loafers, professional beggars, men who drank their wives' earnings, and beat them afterwards, women who toiled from morning to night, and could scarce earn enough to keep soul and body together, dissolute lads and lassies, and stunted, neglected children with the darkest future before them. And in each locality the public-houses were numerous and imposing, flourishing by the ruin of the people.

Mirabel came to be glad that their room was at the top of the house and so far removed from the noise and ugliness of the street. It was easier to keep Willie within doors, for Mirabel was anxious to prevent her weakly, crippled, little brother from associating with the rough urchins of the street.

There was little to be seen from their window save roofs and chimneys; but there was always the sky, sometimes tinged with the glow of sunset, when fog did not veil it, and in the distance a beautiful old church steeple, with a cross on its summit, lifted its head above the roofs. Mirabel's eyes came to rest lovingly upon that cross, prizing it as the symbol of His love, who "took upon Him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men," and suffered the death of the cross. The words of Bruce Collier had first made Christ real to her. Since then she had been slowly learning the meaning of the name of Jesus. Not far from her new abode there was a church, which the loving devotion of an earnest, gifted clergyman and his wife had made emphatically a church for the people. The somewhat gloomy interior had been brightened by pictures and flowers and draperies. Copies of famous old pictures, which expressed the religious faith and love of past centuries, yet still bear their message to the Christian heart, were to be seen there. The Child Christ looked with mild, grave eyes from His Mother's knee; the Mighty Healer was depicted with His disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, while a troubled crowd awaited Him below; the Man of Sorrows with thorn-crowned brow looked from the canvas with sad yet loving gaze.

Pictures are but poor aids to devotion; yet these appealed powerfully to Mirabel, when one day, accompanied by Willie, she wandered into the church, which was always open. Nor was she less moved by the beautiful music which she heard there, or the simple, informal service of the "worship hour," especially arranged to meet the needs of the working class. Words came to Mirabel's ears in that old church, which helped her in her sore need and gave her strength to struggle on. But for a Help, not of earth, she could not have borne the cruel strain to which heart and flesh were alike subjected at this crisis of her history.

So she went to the church, as often as she could, taking Willie and sometimes Harry with her. Lizzie would never go. She did not care for the kind of music that was to be heard there, and she had an idea that churches were dreary places. Lizzie's craving was for liveliness, and it was likely to lead her into danger. Mirabel had cause for grave anxiety on her sister's account. On their settling at Bethnal Green Lizzie had refused to seek another "place," "She had had enough," she said, "of drudging as 'maid of all work.'" She made inquiries for herself, and finally went to work at a large factory in the neighbourhood, which afforded employment to hundreds of girls. The "hands" engaged there were mostly girls of a low class, and Mirabel hated the thought of Lizzie's mixing with these; but it was of little use trying to dissuade her. At fifteen Lizzie was quite independent of her sister, while her father had no control over her whatever. Mirabel could not help reflecting that it would have been better for Lizzie if her sister had yielded to Mr. Collier's persuasions. But it had not been for the children's sake only that she had refused.

Certainly Mirabel had little cause to congratulate herself on the change that had taken place in their circumstances. Lizzie and Harry, who had found work as an errand-boy, seemed in the utmost danger from their surroundings; she herself had to work harder than ever, going four days in the week to a laundry, leaving little Willie to take care of himself at home, while the children's father did worse than nothing.

Harry Dean had "signed the pledge" as he had promised. Mirabel had the satisfaction of witnessing his signature; but, alas! keeping the pledge was another thing. Mirabel's satisfaction was short-lived. The promise was lightly made and lightly broken. On the night following their arrival at their new abode, Dean was the worse for drink, and Mirabel's heart sank within her as she saw what she might expect.

Her expectations were more than realised. Dean never succeeded in finding work, yet somehow or other he managed to get drink, and his drunkenness made the home wretched. He proved a heavy burden on Mirabel's hands, yet she knew not how to shake him off. She needed someone of stern, unyielding nature, like Jem Lovell, to protect her against this vagabond. She was too tender-hearted to close her door against him. For her mother's sake, and the sake of his children, it seemed to her that she was bound to shelter him. His own daughter had far less patience with him than Mirabel had. Lizzie's tongue did not spare her father, either in his presence or behind his back. "I tell you what it is, Mirabel," she cried passionately one day, "if he does not soon take himself off, I shall. This place won't hold us both."

Mirabel's courage was beginning to fail. She doubted her own judgment. She had believed she was doing right in quitting Providence Street, yet nothing but evil had come of that step. Despair clutched her again. Once more the dark mysteries of human life threatened to overwhelm her faith. Then one evening when Mirabel was in the church at the "People's Hour," a rich, soprano voice sang words which came home to her heart, as if they had been especially meant for her—

"Why live, when life is sad, death only sweet?
Why fight, when closest fight ends in defeat?
Why pray, when in purest prayer dark thoughts assail?
Why strive and strive again, only to fail?
Live! there are many round needing thy care;
Pray; there is One at hand helping thy prayer;
Fight for the love of God, not for renown;
Strive; but in His great strength, not in thine own."

And Mirabel went home to strive and fight and pray, with new faith and courage.

Newspapers rarely came in her way, and she would have had no time to read them if it had been otherwise. The life of a working woman of her class is contained in the narrowest circle It has few interests outside her home and place of work. The life of the great world beyond scarcely touches her. It was so with Mirabel now. She had no leisure to enlarge her horizon by reading. Yet she was not confined to her narrow circle, for mind and memory were free, and often she lived over again the hours she had passed in Mr. Collier's studio, and recalled words which he had said to her.

Christmas was close at hand, and she had neither seen him, nor heard of him, since the day before little Jenny's funeral. Of course this was only what she had expected when she quitted Providence Street. She had meant to put him out of her life then, and she had

succeeded in doing so, yet none the less did her heart crave passionately for news of him. At last its craving was met, but in a way that brought her worse pain than she had yet known.

Mirabel's neatness and industry had won her the favour of the woman who managed the laundry at which she worked. One day she gave Mirabel a suit of clothes which her own little boy had outgrown and which she thought might serve Mirabel's little brother.

Mirabel was delighted with the present. Willie was sadly in need of new clothes, and his satisfaction was as great as hers when she unfolded the parcel and showed him the contents. Mirabel proceeded to try on the garments. The result was admirable. The little lad's puny frame and shrunken limbs looked less pitiful when they were warmly and neatly clad.

"There, Willie," cried Mirabel, holding him a little way off that she might better mark the effect, "I declare you look quite a man now. What a difference clothes make to be sure!"

"But I shall never be a man, shall I?" asked the little fellow.

"Why not?" said his sister, "I hope you will some day."

"You mean I shall get as old as a man," he said gravely; "but my legs will never be long and straight like father's, and I shall never be able to do without those."

He pointed as he spoke to his crutches.

"I am afraid not, Willie," said Mirabel, tears springing to her eyes at the thought; "but you know you can be a man at heart, without having a strong, able body. If you are brave and truthful and try to do what is right, you'll be a man people will be glad to know, even if you do go about on crutches."

"I won't be like father in one thing, Mira," said the boy, "I'll never let the drink get into my legs as he does."

"Indeed, I hope not," said Mirabel.

The clothes had been given to her wrapped in a newspaper, which now lay outspread on the table. Mirabel took up the paper, intending to put it away, when her eye was caught by a name which appeared in one of the columns.

Bruce Collier was it that she had seen? She bent over the table searching the paper with eager eyes. For a moment the lines swam before her vision. Then she saw the name again and put her finger on the spot.

"Outrage in Hyde Park. Serious injury inflicted on Mr. Bruce Collier, the artist.

"We regret to state that last evening Mr. Bruce Collier, the well-known artist, was the victim of a murderous assault in Hyde Park. A little after seven o'clock, Police Constable Andrewson leaving his beat passed along a side-path adjacent to Park Lane when he came upon the body of a gentleman, lying on his face in the path. On examining him, he found abundant evidence of foul play. It was apparent that the unfortunate man had been felled by a dastardly blow from behind. An iron hammer which lay at a little distance was probably the weapon employed. To all appearance the victim was dead; but the policeman lost no time in summoning help and having him conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital, where it was discovered that he still breathed, and everything was done for him that could be. The contents of his pockets revealed his identity, and his friends were at once informed of what had happened.

"The fact that his watch and money were safe proved that robbery was not the object of his assailant. The occurrence is most unaccountable, since the kindliness of Mr. Collier's disposition is well-known, and he would seem the last man to make an enemy. It is possible that he was the victim of a mistake. A short time before the body was discovered the police had to disperse a disorderly crowd, which had gathered near the Marble Arch, and, inflamed by the fiery words of a red-hot Anarchist, seemed bent on mischief. It may be that some half-witted or drunken follower of this demagogue, maddened by his eloquence, may have been moved to revenge on this hapless gentleman his fancied wrongs. Whatever the explanation of the event, it is deplorable from every point of view. As we go to press, Mr. Bruce Collier lies between life and death, and there seems slight hope of his recovery."

Every vestige of colour died out of Mirabel's face as she read. Her breath came in gasps. She stood staring at the paper as if she had seen her death-warrant. The look on her face terrified her little brother.

"Oh, Mirabel, what is the matter?" he cried; "why do you look like that? Has anything very dreadful happened?"

She made no attempt to reply to him. His words fell on her ears without reaching her consciousness. Their only effect was to cause her to turn from him, sink on to a chair, and cover her face with her hands.

"Oh, Mirabel! what is it? Do tell me," the child cried persistently; but it was some time ere his words elicited any response. But at last Mirabel became aware of his distress and lifted her head.

"Don't talk to me, Willie; I can't bear it. Be quiet; there's a good lad."

"But I wan't to know what is the matter," he said; "it's dreadful to see you in such trouble."

"It's nothing that concerns you," she said tremulously, "you would not understand if I told you about it. Come, it's time you were in bed. Go to bed at once, there's a good boy."

"Will you hear me say my prayers, Mirabel?"

"Not to-night. I can't. You must say them alone. But pray, Willie, pray with all your heart."

"What do you want me to pray for, Mira?" he asked.

"Pray," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "pray for one who lies between life and death."

Then she broke down and sobbed aloud, and Willie sobbed too, though he did not know why.

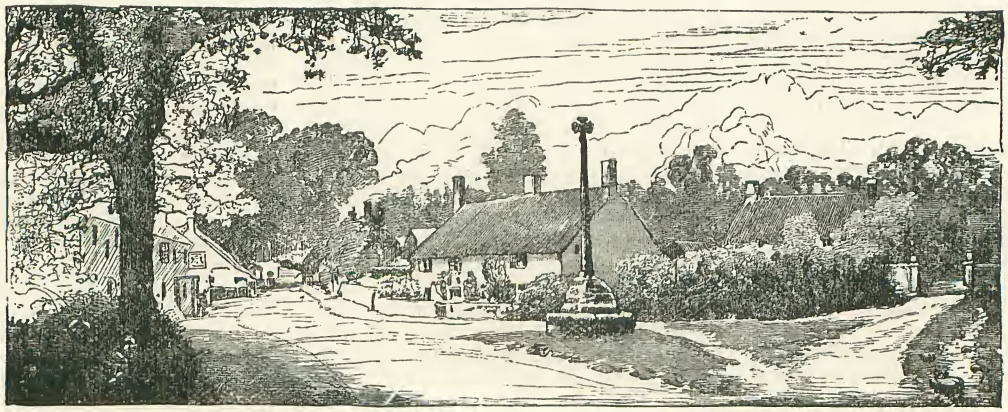
Later it occurred to Mirabel to look at the date of the newspaper in which she had read the news, It was nearly three weeks old. Then an awful fear took possession of Mirabel's heart. Probably the momentous issue was already past. Life or death had triumphed. Which was it? It might be that Bruce Collier had passed from earth and she had not known it.

The thought struck like a chill to her heart; but presently it rose in rebellion against it.

"Impossible!" she cried to herself, "I must have known; I must have felt it, if he had ceased to be."

But she could not remain in suspense. She must know the truth and that without delay. On the morrow she would learn it somehow, if she went to his house to ask for news of him.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

One of Three (*Hospital Nursing*).—As you are twenty-four now, you ought not much longer to postpone entering upon the course you have chosen. Matrons generally regard twenty-five as a good age for probationers to enter a hospital, but some prefer younger women. Thirty is usually the limit of age. We would recommend you to try to obtain admission to some infirmary, as in such an institution you would stand a better chance of being received without payment on your side than in one of the regular hospitals. If you are still in difficulties as to the hospital you should select, turn to Miss Honnor Morten's useful book *How to become a Nurse* (Scientific Press, 428, Strand), and you will there learn the principal regulations in force in each hospital.

Pansy (*Flower and Fruit-Growing*).—To set up a nursery garden as you and your friend propose to do is a most anxious undertaking. It is impossible without special training, and not always possible with it. You should in any case study for two years in the Swanley Horticultural College in Kent. Write to the Lady Superintendent of the Women's Department for the necessary particulars. Having completed your course there, you will probably find that you have secured a good all-round knowledge of flower and fruit-growing and hot-house work; but you will still be a tyro in business, and if you buy land and stock, begin to employ men, and to sell produce, you will find yourself "done" at every turn. Your next step then would be to obtain admission to some nursery which is doing a large and successful trade. This may not be easy, though we do not regard it as out of the question; for many of the leading men in the horticultural trade take a kindly and generous interest in women who are beginners. Having spent a year or two with some sound commercial firm, it will be quite time enough for you to begin business on your own account. Try to establish yourself within twenty miles of London or within five of some other large town where the soil and conditions are favourable. Place yourself as near as possible to a station. If you can hear of a small nursery for sale, so much the better; but the probability is that you will have to buy land and put up your own cottage, potting-sheds, glass, etc.

Watchful (*Millinery*). — You have indeed gone through a great deal of trouble, and we sympathise with you in the misfortune which compelled you to close your milliner's shop just when the business was beginning to prosper. You tell us that you are now earning a good salary in a situation, but that you are allowing your widowed mother a substantial proportion of it, and, consequently, cannot put anything by. We agree with you in thinking that you had better make a valiant effort to raise yourself from your present position. Undoubtedly this could best be effected by moving to London, with the important proviso that you could obtain a position in a good house. During the present season this should not be difficult, for there is a great pressure of business; but when the holidays come many, we fear, will be thrown out of employment. However, you must try to seize the first good chance that offers.

Shamrock.—See reply to "One of Three." The girl is too young at present to become a nurse; but we should recommend that when she is twenty she should begin a three years' hospital training with a view to qualifying herself as one of the Queen's Nurses in rural districts. There is still a good demand for village nurses, and it is likely to continue. Otherwise, how would it suit the girl to qualify herself as a trained children's nurse? there is a particularly good opening at the present time. If you think further of it, you should apply for full information to the Principal, Norland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, W.

Dublin.—The misfortunes which have overtaken Irish landowners have made the difference to you between having a sufficient little income to live upon, and a yearly sum which is barely enough for dress. We think you had better try to see Miss Alice Croker, the Hon. Secretary of the Irish Association for Promoting the Employment of Women, 21, Kildare Street, Dublin, and ask her what she would advise. Several ladies, notably Miss Curry, are doing well in Ireland as daffodil growers. Is it not possible that you might continue to live upon some corner of your estate and do something of this kind? For Irish heather honey also there is a good demand. But, certainly, your income is so diminutive that any venture of this kind is too perilous for us to advise. It would really be best if you could hear of some lady living in the country to whom you could act as companion-gardener, and receive a salary. Such posts are occasionally to be had, but trained gardeners are apt to receive the preference.

A. C.—The girls you refer to are probably employed as clerks. If you think of undertaking any employment of this kind you should try to obtain a thorough knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, and also you must have had a good education.

Syla.—See reply to "One of Three." Before deciding to give up teaching, you ought to consider whether you are equal to the great demand which hospital life makes on a girl's physical strength. Many lamentations reach us concerning the long hours, the scanty food and inadequate holidays which are among the conditions of work in some of our under-staffed hospitals.

Simple Nancy.—Your tale is a very sad one. It would be unwise to go on with the dressmaking when the occupation evidently makes your health so much worse. It seems to us that what you should really try to do is to obtain admission to some Home for sufferers from your complaint. You should write to the Secretary of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen's Square, London, W.C., and ask him whether you could be admitted to one of the country homes which have lately been established. It is probable that you would be materially benefited by a quiet country life, plenty of fresh air and a carefully regulated diet.

Weary Sisters.—You had better consult the Secretary of the Society for promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W. This Society does much to help women who require daily work, and might be able to give you and your sister some situation as office-cleaners or caretakers. If either of you can cook at all, you might go out to wait on tenants in chambers or flats.

Robina (*Cigarette-Making*).—We do not know what has become of the Cigarette-making Society you refer to. We imagine that the business has been closed. You have in your own town an excellent cigar-making firm, why not seek employment there? Home-work is almost always unsatisfactory and ill-paid compared with that which is done in a large establishment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thirteen.—Clean the teeth once a week with some simple soap, and use on alternate days a little camphorated chalk to clean and whiten them. We think, from your note, you do not clean them both night and morning.

G. M.—If near a free library we advise you to refer to Cassell's *Old and New London* for any early history of Hackney. At one time it was a favourite suburb for London citizens, though now many of the residents are of the poorer classes. The term "Hackney" as applied to a public vehicle does not derive its origin from the name of this suburb. The French *coche-à-haquenée* means, "a coach let out for hire;" the old French *haque* meant a pony or any small horse, not required for military service. Hence the origin of a "hack-horse," or "an old hack," meaning an inferior animal to be had for hire.

Bronkal.—We do not know of any remedy against fleas, saving increased care in shaking and brushing of carpets and rugs, washing and polishing floors, and also improvement in general cleanliness. The housemaid has much in her power. Poultry and dogs are the chief sources from which we derive fleas, and their quarters need great attention. A piece of new flannel is said to be a good trap for them, if put into the beds which they infest. Camphor and water used to be thought good to sponge the body with to keep off their bites, but we doubt its efficacy. There are numbers of powders sold at all chemists, some of which may help you; but cleanly ways are the best cure.

Fanny Buss.—We thank you for your additional information about the Sea Post Office, at Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, viz., that no postage stamps are required on letters delivered there nor taken therefrom, being out of the postal district of any country, and free also of custom duties. It is, in fact, as free as the ocean post conveyed in bottles, giving notice of dangers and wrecks at sea. We shall be pleased to hear from you again.

Dolly Dauber.—If you have selected a correctly-descriptive name, we fear you will not find a sale for your small flower pictures. If you refer to any of the vols. of the "G.O.P.," you will see that we do not give trade addresses. You must show your work and get sales and orders if you can.

Francef Badcock. — We can only repeat to you, what we have just said to "Dolly Dauber," that we cannot give trade addresses. In silversmiths' shop-windows, and in money-changers' windows, or at a numismatist's, you will see small trays of coins. Take yours and they may purchase them. Their state of preservation will regulate the price offered you.

Doreen.—From the account you give we fear there is nothing to be recommended but the keeping of a note-book, and set down whatever you have to do, in or for the household, day by day. The less time you waste on reading novels the better. You cannot include Dickens's works, and others you name, amongst instructive works. Read history, natural history, travels; and hang up good maps round your room, that, continually seeing them, you may keep your geography in memory.

Haslemere Bird.—The colours of the hen bullfinch may be less pure and distinct than those of the male, but we believe they always have the bricky-red feathers on the breast. Perhaps they will come later on your own bird, which may be young, and not arrived at full perfection in its plumage.

"Sweet" (?) Seventeen.—Your only plan is to hand the letter to your father to deal with it as he deems best. He is your natural protector. If you have no father, give it to your mother, or else to your uncle to deal with it. We do not say your brother, as young men are often hot-headed, and may act indiscreetly and create serious quarrels.

Sally.—1. Wakes were festivals formerly held in parishes on the anniversary of the dedication of the parish church. In the north of England, watching with the dead is called the "Lake-Wake," derived from the Anglo-Saxon *lic*, a corpse, and *wœcce*, a wake or watching. In this sense we find that Chaucer uses it in "The Knight's Tale"—

> "Now that Arcite is brent to ashes cold,
> Ne how that there, the Liche-Wake was yhold
> All that night long."

The use of lights in the death chamber is of extreme antiquity. A candle is the Egyptian hieroglyphic or emblem for life, and used to express the ardent desire of the survivors to have had that of the dead prolonged; or, believers as they were in the resurrection of the body, the renewal of life, extinct as to this world, only for a time. It is a practice of the Jews also, who, on laying out the body, cover it with a black cloth and set a light at its head. In Henry VIII.'s time it was the custom to set two burning candles over the dead body. But apart from any mystical origin of the practice, it seems only natural that some watch should be kept over our dead, lest mice or any animal or vermin should approach the unprotected body in the darkness, on which account the watchers need light. Under any circumstances, the merest chance of a swoon having been mistaken for death renders the watching and the candles only seemly and desirable.—2. A red nose may be caused by digestive trouble, gout or tight lacing. You must find out the cause for yourself, and if needful, consult a doctor.

"Privileged Reader."—The phrase you name is not a quotation, it is simply a statement of a fact, as if you said "it is a fine day," or a "wet day," which would not be a quotation, but a statement of fact. We have answered this question many times. The practice of using oil for the calming of a boisterous sea is of very ancient date; its use within the present century (and with perfect success) was a revival of a practice named by Pliny. The saying as applied, apart from its natural and obvious meaning, is equivalent to that in Holy Writ, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," which is its metaphorical signification.

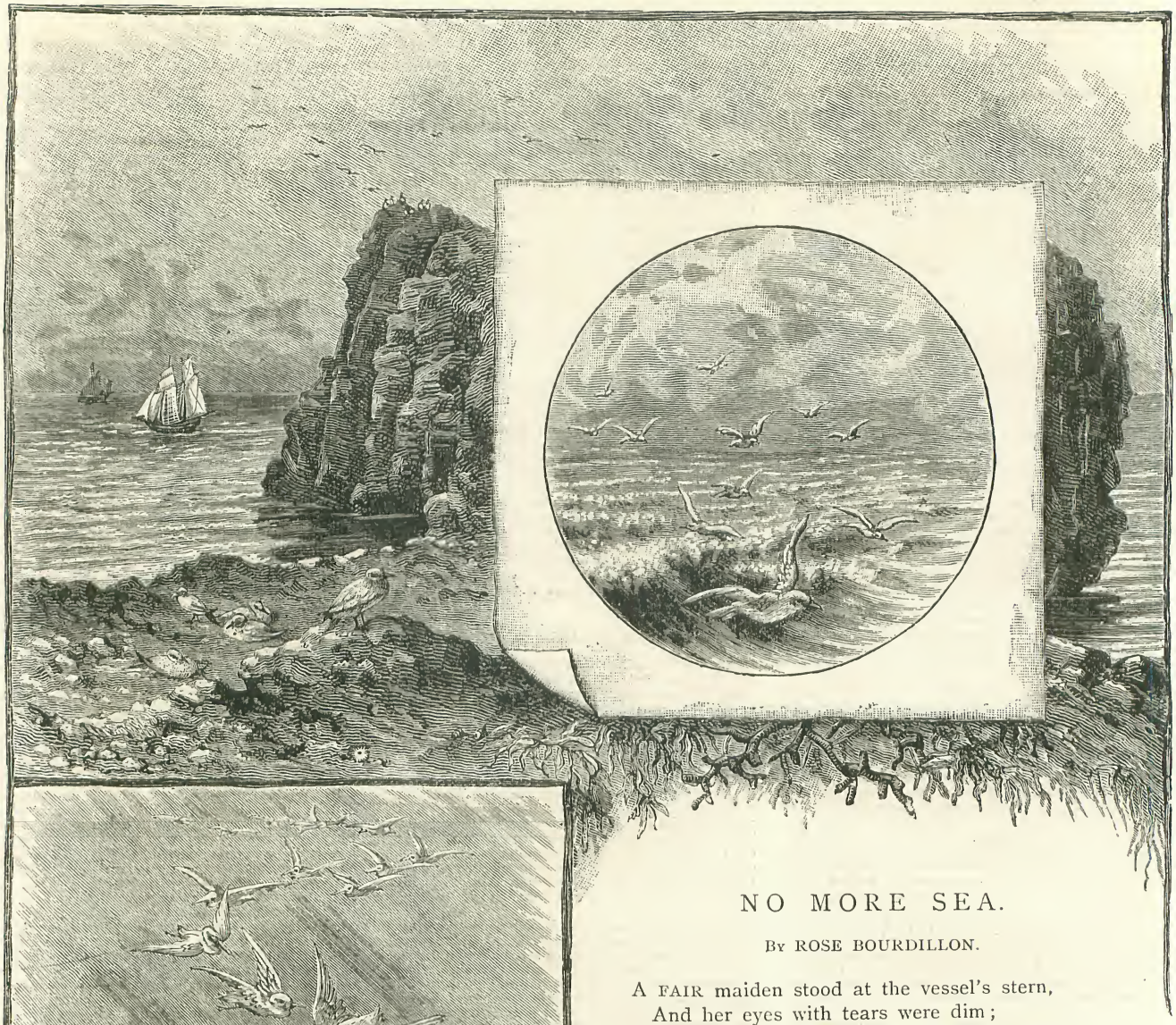
Mabel.—It will be necessary for you to consult a lawyer on the serious question you name. Of course it would suit dishonest people to get a child off their hands for some years and obtain its education free, and then take her back when competent to earn for them. But the case to which we think you allude is named in *Hazell's Annual* for 1896, p. 380, under Habeas Corpus. This child had been absolutely given to an uncle and aunt with an agreement, and "the relatives declining to part with it, the mother applied for a writ of habeas corpus to recover possession of the child, which was two years old. The Queen's Bench Division (*Ex parte* Emerson), Feb. 14th, 1895, granted the application, holding that *primâ facie*, the mother was entitled to her child, unless it could be shown that she was unfit to have the care of it." But a claim for board, nursing, washing, clothes, education, etc., might be entertained, and, probably, would be legally enforced. You might obtain some information on the subject from F. E. Dunsford, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Protection of Women and Children Society, 85, Strand, W.C.

Omnibus and Pearley H.—Omnibuses were introduced into London by a coach proprietor named Shillibeer, July 4, 1829. This name was, we believe, given to a combined hearse and carriage at one time, of which he was the originator or inventor.

Heather.—If the parents on both sides be agreeable, and you like the arrangement yourself, we cannot see that your dignity will be compromised in having the wedding breakfast at the house of your husband's parents, though unusual, as proposed by your future mother-in-law. We think her offer both generous and considerate, in view of your position and circumstances; and consider that an ounce of kindness and goodness is worth a hundred pounds weight of such "dignity" any day in most relations of life.

E. L. B.—So long as a girl's aunt (her father's sister) is living, that aunt cannot be set aside, and her place taken by a niece.

Alice.—John Stanley Weyman is a man in the prime of life (about forty-two years of age), and is living in his native town of Ludlow in Shropshire. He is an Oxford M.A., a barrister of the Inner Temple, and is unmarried. *The House of the Wolf*, a romance of French history, was his first work.





NO MORE SEA.

By ROSE BOURDILLON.

A FAIR maiden stood at the vessel's stern,
And her eyes with tears were dim;
She was thinking of hopes and joyous plans
That once she had shared with *him;*
But he now lay sleeping his last long sleep
'Neath the shade of the old yew-tree,
And that lonely grave rose before her eyes
As she gazed across the sea.

"Oh, love!" she whispered, "my own dear love,
So tender and true and great,
The journey of life is so dreary alone,
Watch for me at Heaven's gate."
The sorrowful murmur was wafted high
Borne on the evening breeze,
And the myriad stars looked pitying down
As she sailed those southern seas.

The wondrous peace of that tropical night
Shed on her its healing balm,
She felt, though she shrank from her lonely life,
Now strengthened to meet it with calm;
And looking above, where the star-lit skies
Spoke of Love and the Home to be,
She smiled as she thought of the time they should meet
Where there "shall be no more sea."



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 917.] JULY 24, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GIRLS' HOLIDAY HOME.

BY L. H. YATES.

THERE were ten or a dozen girls gathered around the fire in the club reading-room one evening; just such a party of girls as may be found almost any evening in any one of the many girls' clubs that abound in London. It was the close of one of those dull, wet, stormy days of early spring, and several of our number had contracted colds and chills as the result of battling with inclement weather, while all were more or less tired of the dreary monotony of daily office and clerkly duties. Summer holidays had come up for discussion, as such subjects frequently do when the prospect of their realisation seems most remote. With our several small incomes—not one of us earned more than twenty-six shillings per week—holidays could never amount to much in the way of travelling or amusement; those who had country homes or friends to visit were accounted fortunate. Suddenly I, having a daily paper in my hand, sat up.

"Oh, listen to this," I said—"'To be Let, furnished, a four-roomed cottage, no garden, close to beach and within walking distance of railway station on G. E. R. Rent 8 shillings per week. Apply to "Coastguard," Kirby Cross, Essex.'—there, isn't that even within *our* means?"

"But it would have to be taken for a long time, wouldn't it—it doesn't say for the season?"

"Perhaps—only think how many there are of us to share the costs, and amongst us we are sure to have friends who would be glad to join us, so that it could be taken for several months at least, if it was suitable."

"What a perfectly lovely idea; a sort of Combination Holiday scheme, with living, à la Caleb Balderstone."

"Or say rather in Daniel Peggotty fashion!"

"You may laugh," I said, a trifle nettled, "but if you will think seriously for a few moments, you will, I am sure, agree with me, that to take such a cottage as this for a few months would give a cheap holiday to us each individually, when the expenses are shared up, in comparison with the cost of an outing by the sea, taken in the ordinary way."

"And to me, for one, that last is ever unattainable," put in one whose income, as we all knew, was considerably under the great Guinea; her sigh met with a sympathetic echo.

"We must, however, first find out what and whereabouts this desirable residence is, then what the cost of reaching it would be, and whether excursions run that way, also upon how little we can exist when there." This

All rights reserved.]



A SEA BREEZE.

was from a young person whose occupation as cashier made her keen after the details.

"Very well then, I will write at once for full particulars, and also write to the Railway Company for information as to the probable reduction in fares for the summer, and we can afterwards consider the matter seriously. At present, I fear you do not all sufficiently appreciate the value of my discovery," I replied.

In two or three days I had obtained the information sought, and so convened the Club. "Coastguard's" reply was a letter written in a crabbed hand, in uncertain spelling, but its genuineness was patent enough.

The time-table for the summer season was supplemented by a courteous note from the Great Eastern Railway manager, giving assurance that excursions were frequent enough to afford every facility for reaching the coast at a small cost. The first letter I must give in detail however.

"DEAR MISS," it ran, "my little hous is a good solid hous, I builded it meself. The furntur has been my Peggy's an mine this forty year, so I reckon it be good tu. She's dead now. I'm going away to another place, but should like the hous to be keered for. You can have it for as long as you like.

"Yours respeckfully,
"D. LONG."

"Daniel Peggotty his very self, I'm sure!" Alice Hughes exclaimed, as I finished reading this quaint epistle, and a general laugh went round, with much surmising about the probable contents of the "solid little hous."

"Let us get to business," the cashier said at last. "How many are there who are willing to join in sharing the expense of taking this house, supposing that we do take it, so that we may see what the cost would really be?"

She sat down and took out note-book and pencil, and waited our replies.

Thirteen names were given without hesitation, and she promptly added her own, then mine.

"That makes fifteen; eight shillings per week divided between fifteen is a little over sixpence per week each, not a ruinous speculation."

"But what about food?" another asked.

"We should need to see what was obtainable in the neighbourhood, and what it would be better to take from town; also what cooking the kitchen arrangements of the cottage would permit of," I suggested, adding a rider to the effect that a simple diet ought to suffice us, when all possible time should be spent out of doors.

"Do you mean us to lay by sixpence a week towards rent, and then pay for our food as we have it, and travelling expenses, or for each one to pay their full share as they take their turn?"

"It seems to me it would be the best for each one to contribute regularly to the rent from the time the house is taken, our cashier being deputed to receive the amounts, and to pay out when the rent is due, all other expenses to be shared at the proper time," I replied.

"Is the house taken?" someone else asked pertinently, and we all joined in the laugh which went round, it was so easy to talk, after all.

All the same, our debate ended in a decision for the scheme, it had so many attractions, and it was left with me, as the one having most time at *disposal*, to go down and view this cottage, which, if found really suitable, I was empowered to take on the spot. So I wrote "Coastguard" to the effect that I would visit him the next Saturday, if possible.

I did so. Saturday morning found me in Liverpool Street Station, *en route* for Walton-on-the-Naze, Kirby Cross being the station before that. I took a return-ticket, for which at that time of the year I paid six shillings, a little later in the year it was not quite so much.

How fresh and salt the air smelt as I stepped out of the train at Kirby Cross, and, bag in hand, prepared to wend my further way on foot. A quick run of exactly two hours and twenty minutes had brought me here out of the dull London atmosphere into bright sunshine; a keen breeze laden with North Sea ozone blowing across grassy fields made me quicken my steps involuntarily as I inhaled its breath. It was like drinking new wine!

Inquiry at the station had elicited the information that the fishing hamlet of Silver Creek was "a foine two mile" further on; but in this air what was two miles?

Following the road indicated, after walking steadily for half an hour, I found myself at the top of a slight hill and beheld a group of slate-roofed cottages clustered below, a winding pathway, cut zigzag fashion down the slope, seeming to be the only way of reaching these. Cautiously I went down this first time, but afterwards we trod this stony path like the goats themselves. It brought me right into the middle of the group of cottages.

A sturdy gude wife pointed out the coastguard's house at some little distance farther on, "If it's Daddy Long's as ye mean," she said. I presumed it was.

I saw before me a very trim little stone house set on a kind of natural terrace; very strongly built, it had a stone bench on the seaward side, on which at this moment an old man, probably the owner, was sitting, pipe in mouth. Its front door faced the high road, and the pathway thereto was flanked on either side by a strip of ground, already bidding fair to be gay with flowers, though not enough to be what would be called a garden. Having sighted the old man, I did not knock at the door, but went round to the other side of the house and introduced myself.

He rose; a very tall old man, rather stern-looking, and by no means feeble—not a person to be trifled with—but he greeted me very courteously.

He opened a door behind him, into what was evidently the kitchen-place, and invited me to enter. It was spotlessly clean and bright, a good fire burned in the old-fashioned grate, every tin and utensil that hung about shone with polish, and a thick rug covered the floor near the hearth. In the far corner of this kitchen stood a cuckoo clock, and on either side of the fire were two cosy grandfather chairs; on one wall a tall dresser with shelves covered with a valuable supply of the genuine old willow-pattern service filled the space, some quaint prints and a row of chairs filled the opposite side. A window at either end, both bright with spotless curtains and flowery plants, completed the ideal cottage kitchen.

The front door opened into a narrow passage, which divided this place from the room beyond, this latter appeared to have been recently used as a bedroom. It was a smaller room than the houseplace but just as sunny and cheerful, and though it now contained chiefly bedroom furniture it would make a sitting-room if required—a few camp-chairs and a bright rug or two would make it quite artistic. The bedstead from one of the upper rooms having been brought down had left that rather vacant, but otherwise these two upper rooms were quite sufficiently furnished with all that was really necessary and were beautifully fresh and clean. From the windows there was a glorious view of the broad open sea studded with craft of all kinds.

Four girls at a time could be accommodated quite easily I found, and we could use the downstairs room for two more if we chose to purchase another bed, making the houseplace our living room, and after all why not, as we should really live out of doors?

I concluded the bargain to take this cottage exactly as it stood for four months, or longer if we chose, starting from the first of the next month—May. We should have to try and find a "first" tenant, as none of the club would be able to take any benefit of the place before Whitsuntide; but the probable first tenant was already almost a certainty in my own mind. Rent was to be paid monthly to the owner at the Harwich Coastguard Settlement, and before I left all was made straight to our mutual satisfaction.

I had time before returning to town to explore a few of the natural resources of the place and to go further along the beach. Silver Creek itself was a natural harbour on a somewhat rocky bit of coast, but affording a capital haven for fishing-vessels. A little way beyond our cottage and round the other side of the coast the shore became flatter and sandier, well fit for bathing purposes, and as quiet as could be wished, while on the farther side of the fishing hamlet again it was possible to walk along by the shore into the town of Walton. Harwich, with its teeming shipping, was further away still, but the constant passing of the passenger and merchant steamers kept a lively interest on the water-highway in front.

In the hamlet of Silver Creek I could discover only one shop, a sort of general store of stale goods, and it was also the post-office; but that there was abundance of fresh wholesome fish to be had almost for the trouble of picking it up was evident, and other necessaries would be sure to be procurable at Kirby Cross. So I returned to town in a very contented frame of mind.

The only objection the project met with was, as I expected, the fact that it would be standing empty for nearly a month before any of us could use it, and the rent going on all the time. It was little use to explain that if not taken at once the chance would probably have slipped from us altogether. They could not see this, so I kept my counsel and wrote off that same night to an aged relative of mine, whose very tiny income had made holidays by the sea hitherto almost impossible for her also. Her answer was not long in coming: the prospect of a whole month by the seaside for so small a sum was not one to be lightly refused by "auntie," and she at once agreed to become a sharer with us.

By her joining she equalised our numbers, and brought the rent subscriptions to the exact sixpence per week each.

Accordingly, on the morning of the first Monday in May, I met my dear white-haired old lady at Liverpool Street Station, and escorted her the remainder of her journey.

We were the first to turn the key in our new domain, and found it very much as I had seen it at first. Although there was no fire burning, it only needed a match to set it alight; and when the curtains were drawn wider apart the sunshine flooded the place.

"Oh, how delicious—how peaceful!" auntie exclaimed rapturously; and she sank into one of the grandfatherly chairs as if at last she had found a real haven. In a day or two she was quite at home, and seemed positively in her element moving about that cosy kitchen-place.

"Daddy" Long had replaced the bedstead and restored the sitting-room to a prim order; but I placed in the latter the soft camp-bed I had brought from town, and, with a few other contrivances, made of this a much cosier room for auntie's use, and spared her mounting the stairs.

I stayed with her a day or two to see her comfortably settled and supplied with such



A SEASIDE NOOK.

provisions as she would need, arranging with one of the fishwives to give her a morning call lest she might be requiring anything during the day. For the rest auntie declared herself quite able to manage, as she was "a first-rate breadmaker," and "especially good at contrivances."

She was to be sure and write if she felt nervous or too lonely, as the post went out every day; but the little old lady laughed at the bare suggestion of loneliness. "Haven't I lived alone all my life?" she asked; and I couldn't say she had not.

Whitsuntide saw a whole swarm of girls eager to go down to the "cottage;" but they had perforce to reduce the number to six, as room for more could not possibly be made even when auntie had vacated.

About the latter's turning out I had some qualms, although she quite expected to go, as her letters showed; but they showed also that this month had been to her one of the very happiest of her life. On the other hand, if it could have been arranged for her to stay the cottage would always be ready for occupation, and she would take its "keeping" off our shoulders; also she would keep it far more economically than we could. Yet it was difficult for me to be the one to propose her staying.

The difficulty was settled for me, however.

I was not one of the number who went down to Silver Creek at Whitsuntide, and it was agreed between us that auntie was to join me in town for a few days on her way home. She was to leave the cottage as soon after the party had arrived as she pleased. But though I waited expectantly she never appeared that evening, and I was in a decidedly perturbed state of mind until a telegram arrived to set my fears at rest.

The girls told me afterwards what had occurred.

The dear old lady was waiting with her bonnet-strings tied, and her bag already packed when they entered, and she only stayed to see them all safely housed before setting off to walk—yes, actually to walk—to Kirby Cross for her train. They let her go, not thinking much about her at first—girls are not much given to thinking—and, being hungry, they sat down to the bountifully spread tea-table she had laid in readiness. They said what a delicious tea it was—such an abundance of home-made bread and cakes, butter, fruit, and a dish of pickled fish, with honey and jam, and a bowl of flowers set in the middle of the table. Then, both upstairs and down, the house was so spotlessly dainty, so bright with flowers too, they could not imagine how she had done it. While they sat enjoying all this someone said suddenly:

"I call that old lady a regular dear; and don't you think it's a bit of a shame to have turned her out with scarcely a 'thank you'?"

"Yes, I do; and I wonder if it is too late to fetch her back? She can't have got very far as yet."

"And we really might let her stay on and on all the time. She wouldn't take up much room, and look how cosy she makes the place!"

"A very unselfish way of putting a good intention, well-meant, so we'll give you the benefit of the doubt, Millie. However, are we not all agreed that this old lady is to be fetched back if she will agree to come?"

It seemed that they were unanimous on the head, and two of them set off at once to try and overtake my auntie. They found her about half way on the road, sitting on a fallen tree, looking very warm and tired, and one asserted there were a few wet drops trickling down her cheeks. These of course she wiped away when she saw them coming.

"I was just resting a wee bit," she said.

They had some difficulty in making her quite understand what they meant at first; but when she did realise it the wet drops came thick and fast.

"Oh, my dears, do you really mean that you want me to stay?" she cried. "If you knew how I love that cottage! I love every stone of it! And Peggy Long's furniture is as dear to me as if it were my own. If I might stay there all summer I'd cook and work for you all, and you'd never regret it."

"Indeed, we have proof of that already," they said, and, one on each side, they marshalled auntie back and installed her as the mistress there and then; and so she remained until October days brought holidays to an end.

However many girls claimed a share of the cottage at a time, auntie was able to make room for them all. She had a magician's faculty for making up shakedowns with rugs and pillows, and as to her lovely little "spreads"—well, they needed no praise.

It was agreed that we paid to auntie a shilling each per day for our food, paying for a week in advance, and if this was found to be insufficient we were to divide the deficit again. It was only once insufficient, yet how she made that small sum cover all our meals was a constant marvel to us. She said things were not at all dear to buy; she was able to get butter and eggs from a farm near by, also a fowl or duck occasionally, all at fully a third below town prices; fish was ridiculously cheap, vegetables cheap also, and as she made nearly all the bread herself, that came cheaper too; while as for meat—well, we did not seem to need much meat. Auntie thought we were as well without it, and as she made such delicious soups and stews of vegetables, the want of meat was not felt.

We had a substantial breakfast by way of beginning our day—tea and coffee, with an abundance of beautiful milk, then eggs, boiled or fried, buttered or scrambled, as we chose, sometimes bacon, hot or cold, with stewed fruit and lettuces, and plenty of bread. After breakfast we helped with the housework, and each girl made her own bed. Then we set

off for a long morning out of doors, taking with us a basket of cake or sandwiches.

We usually reached home soon after one o'clock, ready for a good dinner, at which we were treated to a vegetable soup, some fish—boiled, fried, or baked—with potatoes and a nice sauce. Sometimes instead of fish there would be a savoury stew of vegetables with bacon, or a piece of baked ham with peas, broad beans, or cabbage and mint sauce, a milk pudding, a fruit dumpling, a tart, or custards and stewed fruit to conclude with.

Usually we lounged about near home in the afternoon, making acquaintance with the fisherfolk or reading on the beach. Then we had an early tea, and afterwards were ready to stretch our legs again, sometimes going as far as Walton to have a peep at the fashionables on their promenade, and then home to a supper of bread and milk or bread and cheese, and early to bed.

A week of this life brought the hue of health to the faces of all who tried it, and a fortnight made of them quite new creatures. This brings me to expenses—for we must be exact if we would be helpful.

Including our return tickets—available for Friday to Tuesday, one week or one month, the respective prices of which were 5s. 10d., 6s. 6d., and 10s. each—we lived here for 14s. per week, or 25s. for a fortnight (rent included).

Surely a cheaper or a more healthful holiday it would be hard to obtain!

May I recommend our example to other girls' clubs? It may be said that we had exceptional good fortune in meeting with such a cottage. I reply that one has but to glance down the columns of our big daily papers in the weeks of early spring to find many such cottages advertised, both in the country and by the sea, which if taken then cost little, if any, more than did ours.

Then as to "auntie." Well, of course, there are very few such aunties as mine in this world; but there are other dear old ladies in plenty who would fill such a post as she did very nearly as well, and to enable only one such lonely one to taste the sweetness of making herself indispensable to others is to have "served the opportunity" right well, and will add additional sweetness to the lot of all.

MIRABEL

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE WEST END.

MIRABEL was stirring the next morning before it was light. It was Saturday. Mirabel did not go to the laundry on that day; but devoted its hours to cleaning the rooms and to household tasks of various kinds. Willie was wont to help her with these in his childish fashion. Harry was busier on that day than on any other; while Lizzie worked only till two o'clock.

Mirabel busied herself to good purpose in the early hours, and had done most of her morning's work ere Lizzie roused herself from her heavy slumber.

"Whatever made you get up so early, Mirabel?" she asked sleepily. "It must have been five o'clock when I first heard you moving."

"I wanted to get forward with my work," said Mirabel, and the reply satisfied Lizzie. She herself had made plans for that day which caused her much inward excitement. Her mind was so occupied with these that she did not wonder why Mirabel wanted to advance the day's work, nor mark in what an abstracted manner her sister went about her familiar duties, doing everything thoroughly, yet in a way which showed that her thoughts were far from the things which she saw and handled. Nor did Lizzie observe how colourless was Mirabel's face, or her strained look, or the dark circles beneath her eyes. Lizzie ate her own breakfast without knowing that Mirabel scarcely swallowed a morsel. Only little Willie was conscious that Mirabel was not herself, and his heart was troubled.

His spirits rose like magic however when, as soon as Lizzie and Harry had gone, Mirabel told him that she was going to take him out. They were going a long way, to the other side of London, and he would have a ride in an omnibus!

Delighted at the thought, he helped her to wash up the breakfast things and put them away. Then she dressed him in the suit which had been given her on the previous evening. As a further protection against the cold, for the morning was raw and foggy, she wrapped about him a little plaid shawl which had belonged to their mother. Dean still lay on his bed in the little side-room, sleeping off the effects of his last night's potations. Mirabel took a look at him, and decided not to rouse him. She put some food on the table in readiness for him when he wanted it, and then she and Willie stole away, the boy full of glee and regarding the expedition as a grand treat, in spite of Mirabel's pale, sad face and strange silence.

They walked some distance along the foggy, grimy streets ere they got into an omnibus. Mirabel had closely calculated the cost of their journey and would not spend a penny more than was absolutely necessary. Willie seated at the end of the omnibus, where he could see the horses and the way before them, was as happy as possible as they went along. He wondered that Mirabel did not share his delight. Once he saw her wiping away a tear. He could not understand why she should cry, when everything was so pleasant, for now the fog was clearing away and the sun showing red behind it.

The little fellow could have no idea of the weight of dread which oppressed his sister, nor the bitter thoughts which brought the tears to her eyes. She was haunted by the picture which the newspaper report had brought so vividly before her imagination. Bruce Collier, struck down by a cowardly blow from behind, lying half dead on a public path. Who could have had the heart to do such a cruel, wicked thing, and to him, who had never harmed anybody? The newspaper had spoken of the kindliness of his nature; who knew that so well as she did? She recalled Mr. Collier's kindness towards her mother, the help he had given during her illness, his interest in little Jenny, the sympathy with which he had listened when she told him of the troubles of her life, and her tears fell fast.

"He led me on to talk about my life; he made me tell him of my troubles, or I should never have done so," she thought. "Oh, how can people say that gentlefolks have no hearts? Why do men like Jem Lovell cry out against the rich, as if they were all alike?"

Then she remembered that it was supposed that some such railer against society had struck the fatal blow. With the recollection a thought came to her which was almost an intuition, and which made her heart stand still with horror. Could it be Jem Lovell who had done this thing? she knew but too well that Lovell, who hated all the rich and prosperous, had a special hatred for Bruce Collier. She could not forget the vindictive look she had seen in his eyes whenever she had mentioned the artist in his hearing. She knew what prompted the feeling, and it struck her with a new, sharp pang that, if her conjecture were true she was indirectly responsible for the cruel fatality that had befallen Bruce Collier. Yes, she, who loved him better than her own life, who had willingly embraced poverty and grinding toil and the most utter heart-loneliness rather than do him the least harm, was the cause of all his suffering.

Tortured by such thoughts as these the omnibus route to Kensington seemed to Mirabel interminable; but it was none too long for Willie, and he was sorry when his sister told him that they must alight. With a strange sense of unreality Mirabel took her way along the familiar roads. She soon entered that in which the artist lived. It was a pretty road in spring, when the trees were in fresh leafage and the gardens bright with flowers, and even in winter the prettily-decorated houses with their fancifully-draped windows looked very attractive. But Mirabel noted none of these, as she passed on, eager yet fearful to reach the house she sought. Her heart beat rapidly, her breath grew short and painful as she approached it. She heard Willie's voice, asking her questions, but she had not the least idea what he was saying. She felt as if she must die herself if she heard that Bruce Collier was dead.

The artist's house was distinguished from the rest by having a quantity of

tan spread on the road before it. As Mirabel neared the gate, a carriage drove up to it. A stately footman sprang down from the box and advanced to the door of the house. She stood by the gate and watched him. He did not touch the knocker, but stood and read some writing on a paper fastened beneath it. Then he returned to the carriage.

"The bulletin is still there, my lady, and the request not to knock."

"Well, and what does it say?" asked an elderly lady, leaning forward from the carriage.

"The slight improvement in Mr. Collier's condition is maintained, and he has passed a better night," said the big footman, with the air of a child repeating a lesson.

Mirabel drew a deep breath of relief. For the moment it seemed enough to know that he still lived.

"Come, that's better," said the lady. "He'll pull through yet, Mabel."

She addressed a young lady who was seated beside her. The girl made no reply; but Mirabel looking at her saw that tears had sprung to her eyes. Her heart went out towards this young stranger who evidently shared her distress.

When the carriage had driven away, Mirabel ventured to ascend the steps and read the bulletin for herself. It told her so little. She longed to know more. Two ladies entered as she turned away. They looked at her curiously, and Mirabel heard one of them remark: "Fancy a common girl like that coming to learn how he is!"

"I daresay she is a model," returned the other. "Did you notice what beautiful eyes she has?"

Mirabel's spirit rose in indignation. "I suppose even a 'common girl' may have a heart," she said to herself, "and a model is something more than a body."

The lady made a mistake in her classification. Poor and shabby in appearance, Mirabel certainly was; but she was no common girl. She had qualities of mind and heart, which are far from being common unfortunately.

She dared not linger longer outside the artist's house. She was afraid lest by any chance Mrs. Leslie or Mrs. Armitage should perceive her.

"Where are we going now, Mirabel?" Willie asked as they walked away.

"Home," Mirabel said, though her heart sank within her at the thought of returning to the East End. Oh, how she wished she were still living in Providence Street! From there it would have been possible to come every day to the artist's house and learn how he was going on.

"I don't want to go home yet, Mirabel," said Willie, "I like this place."

"So do I," said Mirabel, "and the sun is shining quite brightly now. Well, we need not hurry."

So they walked slowly along the High Street. Mirabel bought a couple of buns at a baker's shop and they went into the Gardens and sat down on a bench in the Broad Walk to eat them. Mirabel's worst dread was relieved; but her heart was still heavy with anxiety, and Willie found her but a dull companion. Yet in spite of her abstraction, he was very happy as he watched the well-dressed children go by with their nurses and the ladies with their pet dogs. He had not yet learned to be bitter and envious; but accepted his poverty and suffering as in the natural order of things.

Presently an old gentleman came up and seated himself on the bench beside them. Mirabel paid no heed to him. It did not strike her as strange that an old man should dare to sit there on that chill morning. But her attention was directed to him by Willie, who whispered—

"Look, Mira, at that old gentleman. Is he going to sleep?"

Mirabel looked and saw that the gentleman was ill. His head had fallen forward on his breast; his eyes were half closed, and his face showed a strange blueish hue.

Instantly Mirabel sprang to his assistance. With one arm she supported his head, while she strove to loosen his neck-cloth. A lady passing saw what was the matter and came to render aid. She produced from her pocket a bottle of strong smelling-salts. These soon proved effectual. The old gentleman opened his eyes, and, as they still continued to chafe his hands, a more healthy colour came into his face.

"What is it?" he asked, "what is the matter? what are you doing to me?"

"Ah, you are better now," said the lady, "you have been faint."

"Ah, yes," he said, "a passing giddiness, that is all. I have had it before. I am exceedingly sorry to have alarmed you."

As he spoke, he made an effort to rise; but sank back again.

"Oh, wait. Don't try to move yet," said the lady anxiously.

"Shall I call a cab for you?" suggested Mirabel.

He waved them aside with a courteous yet imperative movement of the hands. He seemed annoyed to see that several bystanders were observing him with curious looks.

"There is no need," he said, "I can walk home perfectly well. My house is close by—in Palace Gardens."

Again he tried to rise and succeeded; but he looked so feeble as he stood leaning on his stick, that the lady begged to be allowed to accompany him home. He courteously declined her company, thanked her for her services, and walked away; but his steps were so tottering that almost involuntarily Mirabel hastened to his side.

"Won't you let me help you, sir?" she said pleadingly.

He was about to refuse; but her tone and manner won upon him, almost against his will. He looked into her face and there was that in it which attracted him.

"Well, thank you, if you will," he said. "The time comes when age must lean upon youth. I will not be too proud to accept your support."

And he went forward, leaning on Mirabel's arm, while little Willie on his crutches easily kept beside them. Once the gentleman was obliged to sit down for a few moments. As they waited he asked Mirabel her name and where she lived.

She had to repeat it twice ere he understood, for he was rather deaf. Even then he seemed puzzled. He drew a pencil and a card from his pocket and asked her to write it down. Mirabel hesitated for a moment ere she obeyed him.

"Humph! That's a long way off," he said as he read the address. "What brings you into this part of London?"

"I came because a friend of mine who lives here is ill," said Mirabel simply.

He looked at her with an earnest, searching glance.

"This is not the first time you have been in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Mirabel.

"I thought not. I felt sure I had seen you before. But where is it that we have met?"

"I cannot say, sir," said Mirabel. "I have no recollection of ever having seen you before."

"No? That is strange," he said. "Your face is most familiar to me. Yet, of course, it may be a mere likeness."

With that he rose and they continued their way; but every now and then he cast a wondering glance at Mirabel.

Presently she spoke. "I have been thinking, sir," she said, "that perhaps you may have seen my face in the studio of Mr. Bruce Collier. I used to sit for him as a model."

"To be sure. That's it, of course," he exclaimed, delightedly, "Mr. Collier is a friend of mine, and I am often in his studio. Oh, yes, I know your face! Why, you must have sat for that lovely picture which he destines for the Academy. What is it that he calls it—the 'Fair Ginevra,' eh?"

"'The Fair Geraldine,'" said Mirabel. Her heart was beating fast. She had mentioned Mr. Collier in the hope of gaining news of him.

"Ah, poor fellow," said the old gentleman, "I fear it will be long ere he is able to paint again."

"Is he so very ill?" asked Mirabel.

"Ill? The wretch, whoever he was, nearly made an end of him. Bruce must have a splendid constitution to have survived it as he has. There really seems some chance now of his recovery."

There was silence for some moments, and then Mirabel asked—

"Have they found out who did it, sir?"

"No, and are not likely to," the gentleman replied. "The police are quite at a loss, for Mr. Collier has been too ill to give any account of the affair. He is only just beginning to recover consciousness."

They had now reached the entrance to Palace Gardens and the old gentleman paused to dismiss Mirabel. He wanted to put some money in her hand, but she refused to accept it.

"No, thank you, sir," she said, with simple dignity, "I am only too glad if I have been of help to you. One does

not want to be paid for a thing like that."

"Eh! what? too proud to take it?" said the gentleman astonished. "Well, at least you'll let me give your little brother a present?"

And he delighted Willie by presenting him with what he called a "white penny."

"Excuse me, sir—may I ask one favour of you?" said Mirabel nervously.

"Certainly, my good girl. What is it?"

"Please, sir, if you should see Mr. Collier—please, will you promise me not to tell him where I am living?"

"Eh! what? You don't want him to know where you are to be found? But how is that? Are you not willing to sit for him again?"

"No, sir. I never mean to sit as a model again."

"Well, I daresay you are right. It is not a nice thing for a girl to do—as a rule—but—— However, no doubt you know your own business best. You need not be afraid, my girl; I will keep your secret. Good morning, and many thanks to you for your kindness."

They parted, and Mirabel turned away to look for an omnibus that would take her and Willie to Liverpool Street.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART IV.

A JUBILEE DRAWING-ROOM.

NOTHING could have been further from our thoughts than courts and ceremonies that mild April day, as we sat at breakfast in our tiny country home, looking out on the garden gay with hyacinths and spring flowers, and yet, before night, we had settled to attend a Drawing Room, and had set the ball of preparation rolling.

It happened in this way.

"There's the postman!" I exclaimed, and was ready at the front door as he came up the path with only two letters as it chanced instead of the usual bundle, but one of those was to change the aspect of the next few weeks altogether, as I very soon found out.

Mamma read bits of it aloud.

"My dear Mrs. ——, the last time I saw you, you spoke of attending a Drawing-Room this year with your daughter. I have settled to present Gladys at the first one in May, and hope you will decide on the same so that we may all go together. Come to my tea and trains afterwards, to help make up a good show of tails."

I listened in breathless silence.

I was just recovering from a perfectly dreadful cold and felt as if I wanted something extra-special to brighten me up.

Here was something extra-special indeed, and I felt better on the spot, though there was an ominous pause before mamma slowly said, "Well, perhaps we might manage it if we can get the dresses done in time." Whereupon I exclaimed fervently, "Mamma, I should like to go!" so that there might be no mistake as to my wishes. Next day, reading the paper in my favourite window-seat, I saw the first Drawing-Room announced to take place in ten days' time, which, as mamma said, practically settled it, but still I did not see why it could not be done, so, the day after we left the quaint, sleepy village behind us and were whirled off to London to be swallowed up in the rush of business and pleasure which marks the season.

The next sensation was the announcement that the Queen in person would hold the second Drawing-Room a fortnight off, and then mamma looked at me solemnly and said, "It rests with you, my dear, to decide whether you will go with your friends or wait for the later one."

Is there any need to record my decision?

This year of all others any girl with a spark of patriotism in her composition would have settled it the same way, and we felt sincerely sorry for those who had fixed to be presented at the first Drawing-Room, and could not now alter it, having sent in their names and received their cards.

All the same I was, for a long time, rather torn between my desire to go with my friends and my longing to "see the Queen," like pussy cat in the nursery rhyme, but in my heart I wanted the latter all the while, and so at last it was fixed.

Of course the first question was clothes.

It always is apparently, and it strikes me you hear a good deal on the subject from me, but in functions of this sort your dress seems somewhat more important than you, and has to be approached in a serious spirit. If one looks at both sides (as one always ought to do, of course) you must admit that the poor would suffer in the long run if no one bought the rich materials, the expensive flowers and the costly trimmings, so that it is not so wasteful as it appears to spend so much on court gowns.

I thought of this as I assisted at the serious consultation over brocades, satins, and velvets which was only one of many to follow, and, indeed, the amount of time spent over the matter one way and the other was truly alarming. From dressmaker to glover, from glover to florist, until my head swam, and it seemed to me as if the whole world, so to speak, was intent on the one event.

Then came the first trying on of elementary linings, and then a private view of the gowns themselves, with my train laid out on a long table in a whole room all to itself, to which I was solemnly conducted, that I might survey it in all its glory.

Another day we devoted to having our hair dressed to see how best it would suit us.

Mamma's was to be simply turned back over a cushion, on which plumes, lappets, and diamond stars could be firmly fixed on a black velvet bandeau.

My short curled hair had given way to a long, straight, thick mane, which proved a good foundation for the feathers and veil, but seemed more troublesome to manipulate.

However at last it was all up with a vast expenditure of hair pins and patience, and we made the appointment for the great day at ten o'clock, in consequence of the pleasing information that my hair alone "would take an hour."

On another occasion our gloves were tried on and the glover arranged to come on the morning itself to fit them on in person, for, as he feelingly remarked, "Everything depends on how a glove is put on," and I, remembering the ruthless hurry with which I had often dragged on a new pair, could but agree with him.

Then the bouquets had to be ordered of a florist who had known me when I was a tiny dot of a child in socks and pinafores, and who, therefore, took an intense interest in the whole business.

Mamma at the last minute decided not to have a bouquet as her dress was sufficiently trimmed with flowers, but mine was to be of the "shower" description of mauve lilac to match the flowers on my gown, for my favourite lilies-of-the-valley were tabooed, as I had had them before, and my other favourites, sweet peas, did not lend themselves well to the occasion.

The coachman and footman were to have bouquets of yellow iris and mauve lilac, and, that being settled to everyone's satisfaction, another important detail was perfect. I had not carried a bouquet before, so mamma instructed me to hold it as high as I could, till I entered the "presence," citing awful examples of ladies who left home with most exquisite bouquets, and arrived in the throne room tenderly clasping a few stalks only.

I confided to her my firm intention of mislaying mine altogether if I found it was in that condition, but I hoped for the best, and determined to make a gallant struggle to preserve it intact.

After this we attended to our underlinen, for naturally one does not make a grand show outside without having everything to correspond beneath, and there is no question of "making things do" on these occasions.

Luckily I had only a few weeks before devoted some extra addition to my allowance to fitting myself out in this department with some really pretty articles of underwear, all lace and insertion and baby-ribbon, for which I have always had a great weakness, so I felt no anxiety on that score, and had nothing new to buy. A week before the great event we went to see the Gladys, already mentioned, on her return from her presentation, and I felt consumed with envy, for she certainly looked lovely, and her mother no less so; but I consoled myself with the thought that my turn was coming, and that people regard your dress more than your face.

The trying on of the gowns when finished, was second only in importance to the grand occasion itself.

Round we went to the Court dressmaker's and were ushered into the show-room which was plentifully strewn with sheets, and where our dresses were already spread out for our inspection, and then the ordeal began.

Soon after its commencement, the Court dressmaker whispered something mysteriously to mamma, who evidently promptly assented, for presently four or five pale, quiet girls in black slipped in, who had been helping with our dresses, and had asked if they might see how they looked when complete.

It seemed quite pathetic to me to think of those girls, many of them younger than myself, who toiled hard for a living in the shadow, while their more fortunate sisters in the sunshine were made elegant by their labour.

But their wistful eyes brightened a little when mamma asked them if they would send their love to their Queen, to which they most heartily consented, and we did not forget to thank them all for the care and pains they had bestowed on the work.

I did not faint this time, being stronger

than I used to be, and I was not a little proud of the fact, for one is always curiously ashamed of making a scene although, of course, in many instances one cannot help it.

When the dresses were on they did infinite credit to the taste and skill of the court dressmaker, as I think you would have said if you had seen them. Mamma's was silver-grey brocade petticoat and bodice trimmed with old Italian lace and every shade of rose from darkest crimson to palest pink, so natural you felt as if you must pick them up and bury your face in them, and her train was black velvet lined with silver-grey and trimmed in the same way.

She looked very well in it though the effect was rather marred by her bonnet, which she had retained "on this occasion only," and which had a quaint and awesome effect surmounting her robes of State!

Then my turn came, and I felt like the latest development of the "living photographs," as three people dressed me up (like a prize doll!) in a petticoat and bodice of shot white and maize silk which looked like frosted gold and was softened by chiffon to match and bunches of mauve lilac, with a train of portentous length of maize-coloured brocade lined with the palest lilac silk and flowers to correspond.

A pearl necklace on maize silk round my neck was my only ornament with the exception of some ropes and tassels of ancient pearls on my dress which had descended to me from my great-great-grandmother and might therefore be fairly regarded as heirlooms. I looked older this time, but still very small and I could not help remembering the "duster" episode, and how, every time I tried to back out of the presence of royalty, I promptly sat down on the floor.

A private rehearsal of my curtsey was the next thing left to do, and I went through it with the aid of two arm-chairs and a table who received my homage with stony indifference!

We had not to send in our names this time at all (you never do after you have once been presented) so we merely had to get plain, square white cards to write our names on, two each for ourselves to present in the Palace, one to give the coachman to present at the door.

I succeeded in getting a pair of white satin shoes embroidered with gold to match my dress, and with that our purchases were ended.

So the days marched on, each marked by some further progress such as the arrival of our dresses one morning in a cab and their holding a sort of drawing-room on their own account in the room set apart for their safe keeping.

How thoroughly I enjoyed all this, for I had had bestowed on me at my birth an immense faculty for enjoying to the utmost and making the most of every pleasure that comes my way, and I regard it as a very precious gift which I hope never to lose and which you must not misunderstand.

There are many months when we work as hard as if our daily bread depended on it, but it would not be interesting to read the record of them, only if you think me unduly frivolous, remember that these social events are but part of my life, and do not by any means continually occupy my thoughts.

Another blessing too was the utter absence of nervousness which enabled me to squeeze every drop of joy out of the occasion, for we were certainly meant to enjoy our lives and our youth as much as possible, and there cannot be anything wicked in it.

At last the day dawned, and the first thing to be thought of on opening our eyes was the weather. All fears on that score were soon set at rest by the brilliant sunshine that flooded the room, and, although it was very cold, still the unclouded blue of the sky was inspiring.

Action began early as you may imagine, and by ten, when the hair-dresser appeared, we were ready for him.

As soon as he had finished, the court dressmaker took us in hand, and by the time that was over the plumes, veils and lappets were fixed on; last of all, the bouquet arrived, a hasty lunch was taken, and we descended to the drawing-room to be seen by a few friends quietly before starting.

Then at a quarter past twelve we drove off, but had to return for a bracelet which had been forgotten, much to the consternation of the household, who feared some mishap had occurred.

After this however we went for good, and arrived on the Mall to find it already packed with enthusiastic sight-seers, standing in serried ranks and craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the splendours within the carriages.

We were sent twice round the Park before being allowed to take up our position at the end of an immense procession, and as we did so St. James's Palace clock struck one, and we resigned ourselves to waiting and being stared at.

People are privileged on these occasions, and know it, so they have no compunction in glueing their noses to the carriage windows and loudly expressing their approval or dislike.

Their praise was almost more embarrassing than their disapprobation, but the sort of I-could-do-it-better-myself expression on some of the faces was most comical.

Many of the ladies had friends to talk to them, but there was plenty to see, so we did not mind, knowing that this was the longest bit of all, while to many it might seem too short, especially to the poor lady whose magnificent "posy" of red roses had evidently arrived at her house too late, and was now being paraded up and down the line of carriages by an anxious-faced messenger-boy on a four-wheeled cab! I hope she got it in the end, for that sort of thing is so disappointing, but I had no means of finding out, as by slow but sure degrees we crept along changing from two ranks into one, hearing strains of distant music, watching the Life Guards go by, and finally dashing through the gates, across the outer quadrangle, under the archway and on through the inner courtyard up to the entrance. It really is very solemnising that stepping from the blazing sunshine outside into the hushed gloom of the Palace, and I felt decidedly a little awed as I followed my mother, across the lofty pillared hall I so well remembered, into an immense room where our wraps were removed and we were generally shaken out and put right.

Then we all trooped past a number of people sitting along the wall in rows and so on up the grand staircase and along a corridor where two personages were waiting to receive one of our cards, a special table being appointed for presentation cards only.

To our left was a magnificent room, almost like a church, crammed with wealth, beauty, youth and high rank, and I realised the utter impossibility of trying to describe anything so gorgeous and so unlike any ordinary spectacle.

We sat a long time in that corridor, long enough for me to register a vow never to carry a bouquet again to make my arm ache, long enough for the more daring *débutantes* to look at themselves and preen their feathers like so many snow-white doves, long enough for their nervous sisters to be reduced to the last gasp of agony.

After a time the electric light was turned on and it all looked prettier than ever.

At last the Yeomen of the Guard raised their crossed halberts and we trailed into the next room, our corridor being immediately filled up by the occupants of the church-like room, and so on *ad finem*.

Here we were in a blaze of sunlight, whose rays showed up our weak points and danced from diamond to diamond as if revelling in their beauty.

We did not wait long here, but the crush at the barrier was worse and the gentleman-at-arms who raised the crimson velvet bannister to let us through remonstrated in vain; "Gently, ladies! Wait a moment! One at a time, please!" but still we all insanely tried to pass five abreast through an opening obviously intended only for two people, with what results you may imagine!

Looking back afterwards I saw the floor was strewn with flowers torn off in the struggle, and presently a lace handkerchief was posted up in a conspicuous place to be claimed if possible, but my only wonder was that there was anything left of us at all, for personally I felt as if my head was coming off, my veil had been so tugged.

After anxious inspection of ourselves and each other we pronounced it not so bad as might be expected and then woke up to the fact that we were in the last room but one.

I had an impression of blue brocade, portraits, gardens outside with fountains playing and pigeons cooing, and then I found we were at the very last barrier with whispers going on, "Have you your card, May?" "Your flowers are so cold against my arm!" "Let your veil go!" "Didn't you feel like an animal in the Zoo when you were in the Mall!" and so on.

Then a rumour went round, "Her Majesty retired ten minutes ago," and alas! it proved true.

Not a few faces fell at the news, but the knowledge that we had been within measurable distance of our sovereign consoled us somewhat.

The next news was "five curtsies to make," and then the cords dropped and we went in Indian file slowly and calmly up to the gentlemen who took our trains and spread them out.

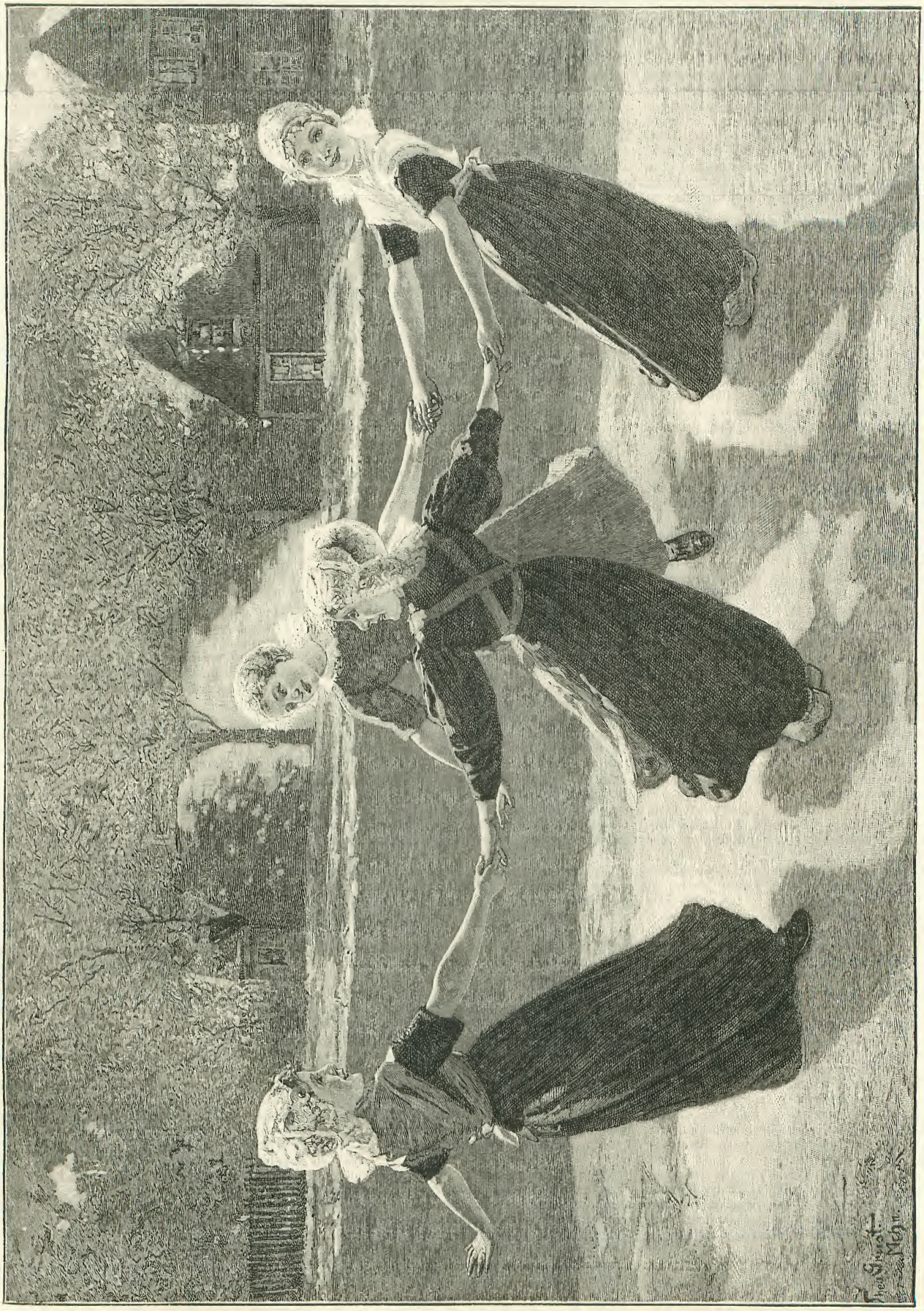
Once more I heard my name announced in tones of thunder, again I found myself sinking mechanically and rising with what grace I could muster, and then I dexterously caught my train and backed out convinced that I had only got in four curtsies after all, but gratified that my courage enabled me to look at the face of our sweet Princess of Wales. Mamma was waiting, so we walked downstairs, giving our name in passing to a functionary who shouted it down a tube, and we heard it echo beyond the gates with sonorous emphasis.

I looked back ere leaving to try and photograph it all on my mind, but it is a difficult thing to do successfully. It won't do to say it was the proudest moment of my life, but it certainly is one never to be forgotten.

We did not return straight home, as I wanted to show myself off to the lady who had once acted "Queen" for my benefit, and who would have been sorely disappointed had she not had a glimpse of our dresses.

When at last we arrived at our own door we found friends assembled to hear and see all they could, and then after that we went out to dinner, so I think you will agree with me that we had a pretty long day.

I sent my bouquet to an invalid who had been intensely interested in the whole affair, and whose life was none too bright, and when at last we lay down in bed I murmured sleepily but fervently, "Well! it has been a most thoroughly satisfactory day!"



[*F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

"RING-A-RING OF ROSES,
A POCKET FULL OF POSIES."

GOD'S CHILD.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

INTO an ancient city church I went—
A church that stands apart
Among its shady elm trees, on the marge
Of a great noisy mart.

Again I climbed the once familiar stair
And through the gallery passed
Till, in the corner which my childhood knew,
I sat me down at last.

Above the altar two great angels stand:
And dusky sunbeams crept
Through the rich glories of heraldic pane,
And on their bosoms slept.

There seemed an old-world sweetness in the air,
Breath of a vanished day—
(My mother used to shake it from her gown
As she knelt down to pray).

And childhood's dreams, forgotten, rose again,
Its fancies, crude and quaint,
Its longings to be something all would praise—
Beauty—or queen—or saint!

Its wishes for wild happenings—unknown kin
With treasuries of gold:
Its fairy lover—kind and good may be,
But always big and bold!

I bowed my head and sighed to meet myself
So earthly and so vain!
Ah! I have needed every bitter loss,
And every searching pain!

"Father!" I cried, "nor dream nor wish is left
Save on Thy will to wait,
And do what work is put into my hands
Before life wears too late.

"Can it be, Father, that my soul within
Is younger in Thy sight
Now—though deep lines be graven on my brow,
And though my hair be white?"

Out of the ancient city church I went
Into the crowded strand—
It seemed to me that One walked at my side
And led me by the hand.

THE MINE OF GOLDEN VALLEY.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE events of the next day Wayne will tell you—if you can get him to speak of them at all—thoroughly perplexed him. He might also confess that besides perplexing they irritated him as well. For one thing his guide Gaspard not only flatly refused to accompany him, but even implored him to give up the expedition. This desertion on the part of the guide involved his taking the lead of the little party himself, and doing all the hard step-cutting through the icefall of the glacier. Next the big German was extremely deliberate in all his movements, and was continually stopping to pick some "beautiful tree," or to "make von leedle picture vid der hand-camera," the necessity for which proceeding he would blandly explain to his two impatient companions; while all the time the weather was changing rapidly for the worse, and the route up towards the mine was proving both longer and more troublesome than had been anticipated.

But most of all was Wayne puzzled by the conduct of his girl companion. She seemed shy and silent and even a little scared, but more than ever determined to proceed in spite of the difficulties that presented themselves. And these indeed were not slight. The moraine was steep and crumbling, and the broken glacier was covered with a thin layer of treacherous snow, save where the hard ice pinnacles proved too steep for it to lodge. The mists were hanging low and threateningly over the rugged peaks that flanked the snowfields, and a cold wind sighed restlessly overhead. For hours, or so it seemed to him, Wayne threaded his way through the maze of riven ice-pinnacles and enormous crevasses that rent the hard blue ice, now creeping round a corner, now skirting cautiously some profound depth, now cutting steps up some icy wall, and now crawling carefully over some insecure snow bridge. Constantly he would turn to help the girl behind him, and ever as he did so, his admiration for her pluck and steadiness increased, till he forgot the taunt of the previous evening, and found a recompense for his toil in the firm clasp of the small brown hand, and the trustful look in the dark eyes that met his directions so obediently.

When at last the passage through the icefall was successfully accomplished, a short climb up some easy rocks brought them to the ruined hut that alone remained to mark the site of the vanished industry. Built partly of the stones around green with moss and lichen, and partly of wood browned by storm and sunshine, the appearance of the little building was desolate in the extreme. The German broke open the shattered window, while Wayne rolled away the stone from the mouldering door to let a little light and air into the dingy interior. Then, to their astonishment, the girl walked unhesitatingly across the grass-grown floor, and pointing to a large slab in one corner, calmly asked them to remove it. This necessitated a struggle; but after a mighty effort the perspiring Professor at length uprooted it. Underneath was some coarse sacking, in which were four beautiful little bars of shining gold.

Up to that moment Wayne had never believed that their search would be successful. To forbid a member of the Alpine Club to go to a place is to send him there forthwith. To taunt an Englishman with fear of consequences is to drive him to face them. And now that the gold lay there before him, he was seized with an overmastering desire to know more of this tall, reticent English girl with the strange quest. His thoughts went back to a few short sentences spoken early that morning as they were resting under a rock watching the grey dawn creeping over the opposite hillside.

"You do not mind coming with me—in spite of the danger?" she had asked him rather shyly.

"I don't expect there will be any danger," he had answered with confident assurance.

"Unless der demon do come," added the Professor with a loud laugh, in which he had joined till his merriment had been checked by a restraining hand on his arm.

"Oh, hush—please hush!" the girl had muttered imploringly. "You do not know—you must not say such things;" and she had looked so distressed that no more had been said on the subject.

Was there really an unknown danger? he pondered. Could there possibly be any truth in the old superstition? But the idea was absurd! And, after all, it was nothing to him. His task now was to get back again as quickly as possible, for he was beginning to be seriously alarmed by the look of the weather. Overhead a storm was gathering, and scattered snowflakes came drifting through the air. The heavy masses of cloud were growing ominously denser, and the keen, icy wind was driving them lower and lower down the mountain slopes. There was clearly no time to lose.

The German grumbled deeply at having his lunch cut short—he was eating sardines and butter with his fingers in much complacency—but Wayne was imperative, and the rope was carefully adjusted with the girl in the centre and Herr Vogel at the rear of the little party. Having seen to this, Wayne was proceeding to stow the four gold ingots in his rüchsack when their owner suddenly objected.

"Oh, no! You must not take them," she said excitedly. "Give them to me at once, please."

Wayne was hurt.

"Can you not trust me to carry them for you?" he asked.

"It is not that," said the girl hurriedly. "But I—I do not wish it," she added inconsequently.

"Why not?" asked Wayne, still clinging to his idea that she was afraid to trust him, and much annoyed by it. "They are too heavy for you. You shall have them when we reach the village."

She stamped her small foot on the rough rock with impatience, and forgot her usual caution.

"Don't you see!" she cried impetuously. "If any accident were to happen on our way home, as it did before to my father's party, it is always the one who carries the gold who suffers. And this is my business—not yours!"

"Then that settles the matter," said Wayne firmly. "You certainly shall not carry the gold;" and he put the four shining bars into his rüchsack and swung it on to his broad shoulders.

The girl flushed crimson; but Wayne turned resolutely away, and soon all else was forgotten save the difficulties of the descent.

If the passage through the intricacies of the icefall had been arduous on the upward journey, far more so did it prove that dreary autumn afternoon on the return. When once the weather determines to be thoroughly bad, there is no place where it more speedily acts on its resolution than in the Alps. No sooner was the adventurous little party completely involved in the maze of crevasses than the mists rolled down upon them and the snow began to fall with bewildering persistence, while chilling gusts of wind whirled the snowflakes into their faces till they were almost blinded. Their tracks of the morning were soon lost, and all the English mountaineer's skill and knowledge of icework were necessary to make any progress at all.

Doggedly he stuck to his work in a silence broken only by the monotonous chipping of the ice-axe, the crunch of the ice, or the few needful words of direction to those behind him. The German behaved admirably, contenting himself with an occasional brief suggestion or a guttural word of encouragement as he paid out the rope to the girl before him. The mist was extraordinarily dense, so completely enveloping them at times as to make it difficult for one to see the other; while the seracs looming above them seemed to cast dark shadows across their path as if to convey a sinister warning to those who were daring their frowning solitude.

Presently Wayne halted in dismay on the brink of a gigantic crevasse which seemed to stretch far across the glacier. Its vertical walls descended to an unknown depth, and there appeared no means of crossing its yawning mouth. Reluctantly he retraced his steps; but a long detour only resulted in his being again confronted by the same obstacle. But here the crevasse was not so wide, and, moreover, across it stretched a narrow bridge of snow. This Wayne prodded anxiously with his ice-axe, only to find it rotten and untrustworthy. He paused irresolutely.

Then a strange thing happened. Out of the mist and snowstorm emerged a man carrying a gun on his shoulder. From amid the solitudes of the glacier world there came swinging over the ice towards them on their side of the big crevasse a tall, stalwart figure dressed in the ordinary costume of the better-class Alpine peasant.

The newcomer did not seem greatly astonished at what must have been to him a most unexpected encounter. A piercing glance from his black eyes travelled rapidly from the German, fumbling at his hand-camera with half-frozen fingers in an enthusiast's attempt to photograph the crevasse, passed over the girl's startled face and weary form, and rested on the Englishman. He looked keenly at the latter's rüchsack.

"Monsieur has made a 'grand ascension'?" he asked politely.

"Yes," answered that gentleman in curt surprise. "And where have you come from?"

"I am a chasseur, monsieur—a hunter from the village below," answered the unknown, tapping his gun. "But in this most execrable of weathers—bah! to hunt is impossible. No chamois can be seen;" and he shrugged his shoulders in disgust.

The German closed his camera with a snap.

"Den if he live in dis valley perhaps he know de best vay through dis icefall," he said abruptly.

Certainly the hunter did: often had he passed up and down this glacier in pursuit of his game. If the messieurs would permit him, he would be charmed to lead them to the village by the best of routes. But with this most formidable of crevasses before them, would the messieurs allow him to attach himself to their rope?—and he pointed to a spare coil over Wayne's shoulder.

Wayne jumped at the idea. Without local knowledge the utmost skill of the mountaineer may sometimes prove unavailing. And he rapidly began to readjust the rope so that the stranger should lead the way. As he did so he felt a light touch on his arm.

"Do you trust him?" asked his girl companion in a rapid whisper, pointing to the unconscious hunter who was fastening the rope round his waist. "You do not know who he is—he might even lead us into danger."

"Whatever do you mean?" said Wayne gazing at her in astonishment. "With his help we shall be through directly. And as to danger—why, he is another man on the rope!"

She shivered slightly. "Suppose—suppose the village story were true after all," she muttered. "If there really should be a——"

"Monsieur, the rope is fast. Let us proceed!" interrupted their new leader, turning suddenly on the speakers. And then he made for the snow bridge which Wayne had shrunk from crossing.

"That will not hold," said the latter promptly.

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the other firmly. "It will bear us if we are careful, and there is no other to traverse."

Wayne hesitated. Again he sounded the snow and again it seemed soft and treacherous. "I really do not think it is safe," he objected doubtfully.

To understand what happened next, it must be remembered that the stranger was first on the rope, Wayne came second, then followed the girl, while the German brought up the rear. The leader ignoring Wayne's remonstrance passed with rapid confidence across the frail bridge of snow and was soon safe on the other side of the crevasse. Then he called to the monsieur to follow him, and the rope tightened encouragingly round the Englishman's waist from the tall figure which, firm on the hard ice opposite, was dimly visible through the thick mist and veil of driving snowflakes.

Wayne at once obeyed the summons, stepping cautiously in the slippery footsteps on the snowbridge, which had stood the test of the hunter's weight so satisfactorily. But he was scarcely half-way across when one foot went suddenly through the treacherous snow. He made a convulsive little spring forward but the soft mass yielded immediately and the other foot sank in after the first. Still, even then no disaster need have happened, had the rope been kept taut. The English girl held on to her end of it bravely, while behind her the German was fast in a good position. But to their horror the other end of the rope, which depended on the hunter, broke loosely away on to the snow, and in an instant Wayne had disappeared into the sombre depth between the icy walls.

The girl uttered a little cry of dismay: the German shouted in surprised alarm. For the strange hunter had vanished as mysteriously as he had come. In the moment of peril they were alone.

The only person who was ever able to give a coherent account of the events subsequent to the breaking of the snowbridge was the Herr Professor. And in his narrative next day to the awestruck *curé* facts and fancies were freely blended. From his statement it is clear that Wayne was only rescued with much difficulty, for his left arm was broken by the fall and he was consequently almost powerless to help himself. Fortunately his downward course was arrested by a projecting ledge in the crevasse, and on this he was supported by the hold of the German on the rope round his waist. Then, after several attempts at rescue had failed, the plucky English girl crawled to the edge of the crevasse and succeeded in lowering a loop from the spare coil of rope so that he was able to reach it. Even then he could scarcely secure this additional help with the numbed fingers of his unhurt hand. But at last it was done, and with this further support he was dragged triumphantly back to the surface of the glacier to be dosed with brandy and bandaged tenderly with strips torn from the lining of the girl's dress.

Later on the mists lifted somewhat, and in doing so revealed a way of working round the crevasse which proved to be the last serious obstacle in their passage of the icefall. Thus as the gloomy evening was closing around them a dejected little party returned to the village inn.

For they had failed in their object. The rüchsack containing the gold had been torn violently from Wayne's shoulders as he fell, and now doubtless lies at the bottom of the icy abyss that had so nearly entombed the Englishman.

Such are the facts; there remain the theories—Teutonic and comprehensive. The Professor's views on the supernatural had undergone a change, and to the horror-struck priest he poured forth the story of the attempted betrayal to death by the evil one and their subsequent deliverance. This latter mercy the speaker attributed entirely to the influence of "das gut and pretty English madschen" combined with the presence of a staunch disciple of the German Luther "who make der man haf his heart in his mouth." Though the failure of this powerful combination to avert the loss of the gold was, he admitted, rather unaccountable.

And he still preserves at home in Heidelberg two relics of his encounter with the powers of darkness. One is a kodak film on which he confidently avers he photographed the sham hunter standing rope in hand on the brink of the crevasse, and which on development proved a mysterious blank. And the other is a fragment of the Alpine rope which between the stranger and the Englishman had been severed by an instrument which not only cut but singed the strands at the same time. And this is undoubtedly very strange!

You will find his two companions do not care to discuss whether the hunter was anything more than natural or not.

"There is one thing you have never told me, Nellie," said Wayne one evening a week later as he nursed his wounded arm in the luxurious shade of the terraced trees of Vevy, while the rippling waters made music on the lake shore at his feet. "Why did you want that gold so much?"

His companion flushed and her dark eyes dropped as she answered his question. "I was to join my only brother in Australia next month. And I—I had not enough money to pay my passage," she murmured.

But she has never joined him after all.

And everyone admits that Mrs. Wayne is a charming woman.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART X.

THE GREATEST TRUST OF ALL.

"That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost" (2 Timothy i. 14).

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Proverbs xviii. 24).



OU will remember, dear girls, that when we last met we talked of the necessity for keeping all our powers in exercise, bodily, mental and spiritual. Time did not permit us to enter into the last of these, but I think we all realised the importance of regularly using those powers of mind and body, which are two of the great trusts that God has committed to our keeping. These are great, but still greater is the one we are going to speak about.

I suppose we shall all agree that it is a rare thing for the strongest affection, or the most faithful friendship, to be fully maintained, if the parties to it neither meet nor write to each other when apart.

Young as you are, you know what has happened in regard to friendships formed at school. You—I speak to you individually—have perhaps had a girl friend to whom you have given almost more than a sister's place in your heart. You have been associated in your studies, inseparable in your hours of leisure, and guests in each other's homes during the holidays. When the time has come for one or both to leave school or college, the parting has caused you great sorrow, for you have been so much to each other.

Have you not both resolved that the friendship, begun at school, shall last through life? You have arranged for regular correspondence, continued meetings and confidences, and the thought of the ease with which these resolutions can be carried out has comforted you in the hour of parting.

Have you not even begun to scribble your first letters in pencil as you journeyed homeward, feeling that a day must not pass without your sending a token of loving remembrance to the dear one left behind?

And afterwards!

I must now address myself specially to those amongst you who bade farewell to your school friends a few years ago. We are talking now, not in the dim twilight of autumn and winter, but in the full mellow light of a summer evening, so I can see your dear faces. Many of you look at each other with a half-guilty consciousness. Never mind. We will face facts bravely, because they bear upon what is to follow.

Has it not happened with some of you that, for a time, your promises have been fulfilled. Letters and confidences have been exchanged, and visits paid when possible. And yet, in many cases, the drifting apart of lives began at the moment when, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, the farewell words were spoken on the threshold of the old school. New interests have come into each life; new occupations have been entered upon. Family affections have strengthened by daily association, and home duties have absorbed much of your time. You have recognised the nearer claims of kindred, though when absent you were ready to put your school friend in the first place. Many of you, my dear girls, can trace the drifting process and see how, though slow at first, it soon went on more rapidly.

Letters became fewer and shorter, because, too, in some cases you had found scope and a wider sphere for the exercise of gifts improved by culture. With enlarged interests and new surroundings of which the other knew nothing, letter-writing became more difficult, and at last ceased.

In after years old friends, who have thus drifted apart, may meet again and find a certain pleasure in talking of the old days; but they will not meet on the same footing or view things present from the same standpoint.

Intervening years of silence and absence will have made a great gulf between them, and, if a friendship worthy of the name should grow up again, it will not be a mere revival of the old. It will be built on a new foundation, with the additional charm which memory will add to it when the two look back into the past together.

Sometimes the drifting away is the result of loss of faith in our ideal friend. A little expression of hers is repeated to us, and inflicts a wound. It may have been thoughtlessly uttered, and ought never to have been repeated. But, all the same, it begins the drifting apart. Without perfect trust, there can be no real union, no lasting friendship.

Are not you and I, my dear girls, agreed on this point—that friendship must be kept alive by frequent intercourse?

Kept alive! The expression is too painfully suggestive, for, after all, there may be what we call life, with little warmth and no action.

As I speak, I picture to myself one who, a few years ago, possessed remarkable activity of mind and body. He was head of a great firm, owner of large estates, an active politician, a traveller into remote lands; keenly observant, and able to describe what he had seen to delighted listeners at home. What a full life was his!

To-day he is said to be living, but his powers of mind and body have been stolen away by an insidious disease. He cannot speak, he cannot recognise a friend, or do the smallest thing for himself. He is carried from room to room and carefully tended. He lives on, but is lifeless in all that constitutes real life. Younger friends, whose strength seemed to promise many years of useful activity, have been carried away by death; yet he lives on, but only in this sense—that the immortal part still clings to a powerless body. Such an existence is the being "kept alive."

Well. A friendship or affection that is held only by a slender thread which is all but severance does not deserve the name. It must die, and soon.

Like love between husband and wife, parents and children, it will either grow or fade and die. Everything that is best in our nature must be fed, cherished, cultivated and exercised, in order not only that it may attain perfection, but that it may continue to be ours. Without these things it will be stunted in growth, weak in action, and at best be merely kept alive.

Now, if I have spoken truly with regard to our earthly friendships and affections, how much more will what I have said hold good in regard to our union with the "Friend above all others," our Divine Friend, our God, our Father in Heaven. Let us ask ourselves if we have, in ever so little a way, realised the value of the soul. By this I do not mean the value we put upon that spiritual part of us which never dies, for, alas! my dear ones, it is not the young only, but many people of all ages, who live as though this short life meant our whole existence, and mind and body alone needed to be thought of and provided for.

You and I will try and help each other to remember, that the soul which could only be redeemed at the price paid for it by Christ on Calvary, should be regarded by us as the most precious and sacred trust which God has committed to our keeping.

Jesus himself said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The inspired Psalmist, many ages before Christ paid our debt by the sacrifice of Himself, wrote these striking words: "They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him."

Later on in the same Psalm xlix. he writes, "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me."

Seeing then that the value of the soul is so great, that only by the sacrifice of Him who united in Himself the divine and human natures could it be redeemed, we may well ask ourselves this question: "Is not the well-being of this spiritual part of me of the first and greatest importance?"

The next thought that will present itself must be this—"What can I do to keep my spiritual nature not merely alive, but in full health, vigour and exercise? Surely, if body and mind require constant tending and culture, there must be a way of cultivating that which, being immortal, is also infinitely more precious than all else which constitutes my being?"

Yes, dear girl friends, there is a way, and there are means in abundance which lie close to each and all of us. But in order that we may walk steadily onward, and not be turned aside either by mocking words or shallow arguments, we must believe in God as He is revealed to us in His word.

I have shown you how impossible it is to keep up a true earthly friendship unless we believe in our friends and can trust them under all circumstances. Also, that steady and regular communion between mind and mind must be maintained if the friendship is to be lasting. Perhaps one of you is thinking, "I wish I could fully believe that God is indeed my friend, that He loves me, in spite of all that I am, and all that I would fain be, but which I am not."

Do you remember that lovely story of the poor sorrowful father who came to Jesus in such distress to plead for his boy, who had been sorely afflicted from a child? He had gone first to the disciples, hoping for help and perhaps thinking that the followers of One who did such wonders must surely possess a share of His healing power; but all in vain. "If," he pleaded, "thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us."

Who ever flung himself unreservedly at the feet of Jesus, either when He walked the earth in the form of man, or since he took again the glory which was his from the beginning, and appealed to His compassion in vain?

Like sweetest music to the ears of the all-but despairing father came the answering words—"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

Straightway from his very heart the father of the child cried out and said with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

You know the rest. The Saviour's loving hand raised up the afflicted boy, though those around had cried out that he was dead, and the father's faith was rewarded by the restoration of his beloved child.

If any of you, my dear girl friends, are longing to trust wholly to God's love in Christ Jesus, and to cast yourselves unreservedly upon it, and yet are held back by doubts or fears, think of the story we have just heard.

"Faith is the gift of God." Plead for it as did the man who came in a like spirit to seek a blessing. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." You will not ask in vain. We love to speak of the beautiful and lovable, the trust-inspiring traits in an earthly friend's character. In order that love for, trust in and worship of our Best of Friends may grow daily, we must study His character as revealed in the Bible and in the life of Christ.

Everything around us testifies to the power and wisdom of God. The meanest of His creatures and the grandest of His works tell the same tale.

All that conduces to our well-being here—the supply of our wants, the preservation of our lives, the gifts that come to us without ceasing, the air we breathe, the water which quenches our thirst, the sun which rules the day, with its life and colour-giving powers, and the moon and stars which rule by night—all that gladdens our hearts with beauty should also fill us with praise as we say to ourselves, "These are from the good hand of God, who condescends by the lips of His Son to call us 'friends.'"

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Is not obedience a delight and service a privilege for the friend we truly love? Then, if we recognise that God is our best Friend—the One to whom we owe everything—will it not be our joy to make ourselves acquainted with His will concerning us, and, knowing His will, to do it?

We shall long for frequent communion with our Divine Friend and Father-God through Christ.

Thanks be to God, we are not limited in this respect. It needs not that intercourse should depend on lengthy letters or even lengthy prayers. But the habit of prayer, the desire to pray, the enjoyment and the reality of prayer, are all essential to the sustenance of our spiritual life.

These bodies of ours are often needing the help of the earthly doctor. How much more does our spiritual part need the physician of souls to keep us in health and vigour? We may come to Him without fear or doubt, and remind Him of his own sweet words spoken when he was found fault with for gladdening sinners with his presence—"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." We can tell Jesus of all our souls' diseases and weaknesses, and in his sweet words we shall find a remedy for each and all.

"What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!"

Everything! Yes. We are permitted to take the little troubles, wants, difficulties, and weaknesses, as well as the greater ones. To ask for blessings on the daily round and the common work, however simple or even mean it may seem in the eyes of our neighbours. Nothing in the way of duty, or, in other words, doing the work God has given us to do, is too humble and insignificant for Him to bless. So we need not hesitate. There is nothing like prayer, which brings us into close communion with God, for strengthening and feeding the soul, and keeping the best part of us in health and vigorous life. Nay, more—prayer, thanksgiving, and praise are the necessary food to sustain spiritual life.

I wonder, dear ones, if you all realise what true prayer is. I am sure you know that it is not the stringing together of certain forms of words and repeating them from memory, whilst the mind is perhaps wandering, and as a matter of habit. It is not the kneeling down at stated times as a matter of custom, from which conscience will not let us depart. It is not the length of a prayer which renders it acceptable to Our Father. The few words, "God be merciful to me a sinner," were enough to call down a blessing on the head of the humble publican, and to send him home with a sense of pardon and acceptance. But the man was in earnest. He wanted what he asked for. A strong sense of want, and a longing to obtain what we ask for, are essential to prayer, which deserves the name. We must be whole-hearted in prayer.

A girl I knew used to say that, from knowing the words so well, her mind was apt to wander when she repeated the Lord's prayer; but, if at the end she found that each petition had not gone up from her heart, and for the whole family of God, as well as for herself, she always began again.

Let us be in earnest, dear girl friends, in seeking increase of spiritual vigour by intercourse with God.

There are two texts which might seem to contradict each other, if we did not look into them. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God, for God is in Heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."

The lesson of this text is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it; but how is it to be reconciled with another? "Pray without ceasing."

Surely these last words indicate not a constant or vain repetition of words, but the living in a prayerful spirit; the making it as much the habit of our lives to seek soul sustenance as it is to partake of food for our bodies.

Prayer is like the grain of mustard-seed in the parable. It grows and widens until it is all-embracing. The sight of sorrow, suffering, and sin call forth a petition from the prayerful spirit.

That is a poor cramped nature that says, "I" and "me" only, though in learning the alphabet of Christianity and of prayer we begin by being enabled to say, "My God, my Father, my Saviour, my Friend."

The "my" remains, but "our" is added, and we want, as we partake of the spiritual food, to call in our friends, our kinsfolk, our neighbours, aye, and our enemies, to partake with us.

Do you feel like this, my dear ones? When you see the little babe brought for baptism, does your heart go up to God in prayer that the little one may be truly His child, and grow in likeness to Christ? If you hear the names proclaimed of two who are about to enter upon married life, do you ask that God will make their union all that he meant marriage to be? If you see a family in the garb of mourning, do you ask that God will comfort sorrowing hearts and fulfil his promises to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow?

I heard a very poor old woman say once, "It makes me feel so sorry as I go along the streets and see the poor little, dirty, neglected children. I do so wish I could feed and clothe and make 'em comfortable. But I can't. Anyway, I prays for 'em. It's all I can do."

All! It was a glorious all. She did what she could, and she exercised one of the grandest privileges conferred on us by God.

Then there is thanksgiving which should be on the same wide basis as prayer. We should be on the alert to note our blessings, and to thank God for them. We should thank God for what He is, as well as what He does. We should thank Him for what He has withheld, as well as for what He has given.

Ah, my dear girls! It took me many long years to learn to do this. Now, no day passes without my saying from my heart, "Thanks be to God for what He has withheld." He has shown His love many a time by not granting what I desired, because in His wisdom He knew it would not be for my good.

Summer evening though it be, I have, I fear, talked too long. But I have spoken out of the very fulness of my heart, and out of love for you and the Master I desire to serve. As a last word, I would beg you not to forget what we have been talking about, but to seek the spiritual strength you need and to "follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace with them that call upon the Lord out of a pure heart."

VARIETIES.

Just for Carriage Folk.

"No," said the old gentleman sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations and I am not going to begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the shopman who stood before him could see that his employer had a difficulty in making up his mind. "No," the old man cried again. "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it 'A shoe fit for a queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."

A left-hand Compliment.

Belle: "Mr. Jones is such a nice man. He said I had a voice like a bird."

Nell: "Yes; he told me you sang like an owl."

The best people are Great Readers.—"A taste for books," says Gibbon the historian, "is the pleasure and glory of my life. It is a taste which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies. The miseries of a vacant life are never known to one whose hours are insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasures of study."

Song-Birds as Mimics.

The mimicry of song birds is well established. The most imitative birds are the robin, the thrush, the sky-lark, the nightingale, the starling, the sedge warbler, and the redstart.

They not only imitate the notes of other birds, but the sounds produced by animals or by the elements.

Owls reproduce the moaning of the night wind; the rippling music of streams finds an echo in the song of many warbling birds; crickets find imitators, not only among the well-known grasshopper warblers, but among wrens and yellow and cirl-buntings.

ST. JOHN'S FIRES IN FRANCE.

EVEN in these days of change and progress towards the useful, rather than clinging to the picturesque, some old customs still survive and seem to be so firmly rooted as to defy the ages to come as they have triumphed through the centuries of the past.

The traveller who on the Eve of St. John Baptist's day should find himself in Brittany, Gascony or Poitou would doubtless be surprised at the spectacle presented to his gaze.

As the last rays of the setting sun sink beneath the horizon and one by one the stars gem the firmament, innumerable lights appear on the hills and in the plain, flaming brightly in the gathering darkness and throwing showers of sparks upward into the night. They are St. John's bonfires.

The origin of this custom of lighting memorial fires can be traced far back in antiquity, notably among the Persians, Hebrews and other Eastern nations, and later, among the Greeks and Romans. In still later times the observance was adopted by Christian peoples, and the eve of the Feast of St. John Baptist was chosen as the time of its celebration in continuation of the old Pagan tradition. The Chaldeans, Persians, and later on, the Egyptians, celebrated in various ways the return of the summer solstice, that is to say the season when the sun pouring down his beneficent rays upon the growing crops, gave promise of an abundant harvest. During this festival large bonfires were built up, faint symbols of the life-giving luminary. The Christians adopted this, as they did so many Pagan customs and symbols, attaching to them a new significance, and they still kept the festival at the same time of the year, about the 24th of June, the Feast of St. John Baptist, which was held in peculiar veneration in the early church. What proves more clearly the Pagan origin of this custom is the fact that the Feast of St. John was not chosen universally for its celebration, the Feast of St. Peter being substituted in some localities, so that we may conclude that the Pagan tradition was at first kept up without any idea of special devotion to any particular saint, and only later were attached to the Feast of St. John or St. Peter according as one other saint was the object of a special devotion in the locality.



ST. JOHN'S EVE, HARDANGER, NORWAY, 1895. (*From photograph taken at* 11 *p.m.*)

The methods of observing this custom varied infinitely. In most cases the bonfires were simply stacks of wood, which were blessed by a priest and then set light to, but in some parts this primitive celebration was accompanied by certain superstitious rites. Thus a very ancient custom much practised in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was to collect the bones of animals and throw them into the fire in order that the smoke which rose might keep off all animals hurtful to man and evil spirits bringing disease. This custom, at first confined to St. John's Eve, became a common one, and the bones of animals were burnt in every field and especially in the neighbourhood of wells and fountains.

With the invention of gunpowder the use of fireworks was added to the bonfires, or in some cases substituted for them. The principal towns of Italy, especially Florence, Genoa, and Rome were the first to make use of the new invention, and the Feasts of St. John and of the Assumption were honoured by a marvellous display of pyrotechny. A peculiar feature of these celebrations was the practice of jumping through the flames; and this still survives in some parts of England, only the modern performer jumps over the fire. If the origin of these memorial fires does not quite go back to the flood it falls very little short of it, for in the most ancient rites we see children passed through fire that they might be thereby purified, and the Romans themselves did not disdain to practise this means of purification. But it is specially during the first ages of Christianity that the dread of everlasting fire tended to make this custom general. Men, women and children seized this opportunity of purging their souls from sin, according to the superstitious belief then prevalent, and it was a common thing for people to pass several times across the blazing mass in which they believed all taint of sin was consumed. Those whom illness prevented from jumping through the fire had to content themselves with walking round it, making up by their good intention for their inability to perform the rite more fully.

At the present time this jumping over the bonfires or the lighted candles of St. John's or All Hallows' Eve is simply in most cases an amusement mingled with a little latter-day superstition as to luck, but as has been seen, it was not always so.

Another ancient custom in this connection was the rolling for some distance a flaming wheel, but this was confined to certain provinces, and principally Lorraine. In the village of Thionville, for instance, an immense wheel made of straw twisted on laths was manufactured each year on the Eve of St. John. The mayor set light to it with great solemnity, and two young men set it off from the heights and kept it rolling till it fell into the Meuse.

In Paris this festival of the bonfires was celebrated with as much rejoicing as in the smallest villages. Each quarter of the city had its own fire, and the parish clergy came in great pomp to bless them. The most important was that of Place de Grève, which for several years enjoyed the honour of being lighted by the hand of the king. Failing this royal condescension, this duty devolved on the principal magistrate.

In the sixteenth century the cruel spirit of the age added a terrible accompaniment to the old rites. A number of cats were confined in sacks and thrown on to the blazing pile, the agonised cries of the wretched animals adding to the amusement of the brutal crowd. On one occasion, in honour of Charles IX., a fox was included among the victims, and performed his part in the inhuman exhibition to the entire satisfaction of his pitiless tormentors. It is said that on this occasion twelve thousand cats were thus barbarously sacrificed.

Sauval in his *Antiquités de Paris* gives us a curious account of the expenses incurred in the year 1572 in providing for the celebration of this ancient custom with due solemnity. The following are some of his entries. "To Jacques Hemon, the younger, and Claude Bouchandon, master players of instruments, as much for them as for their companions, also players of instruments, seven livres, for having, by themselves, and their said companions, played their instruments in the usual manner at the solemnity of the fire kindled on the Place de Grève on the Eve of St. John."

"To Claude Lambert, widow of Nicolas Chaumery, florist of the town of Paris, forty-four livres for having supplied bouquets and scarves to the said town on Tuesday the 23rd of June, 1573, the Eve of St. John Baptist."

In Paris, St. John's bonfires were followed by others in honour of St. Peter, which, during a long period, were kindled in the courtyard of the palace. It was the duty of the children belonging to the choir of the Sainte Chapelle to do this, which proves that the custom was not an ancient one.

Another of much earlier date was the bonfire of the Rue aux Ours. This celebration took place on the 3rd of July each year, and the circumstances to which it owed its origin were clearly stated in an inscription traced at the foot of an image of the Virgin, which, for long, stood at the corner of the Rue aux Ours and the Rue Salle au Comte.

This inscription ran as follows:—

"In the year 1418, on the eve of the translation of St. Martin, a soldier came out of a tavern in the Rue aux Ours; desperate at having lost all he possessed at play, and swearing and blaspheming God, he aimed a furious thrust with his knife at the image of the blessed Virgin, and from the wound blood

issued in abundance. The wretched man was instantly arrested and taken before Henri le Merle, Chancellor of France, and by a decree of the Parliament he was taken to the scene of his crime and there bound to a stake in front of the said image; he was scourged till his flesh was cut from him, then his tongue was pierced with a red-hot iron and he was burnt alive." Such was the cruelty of those times.

Every year on the same day and at the same place the worthy inhabitants of the Rue aux Ours provide a display of fireworks, and this custom has been uninterrupted during three hundred years, in expiation of the outrage offered to the said image, and to preserve the memory of the miracle then performed by God.

A society had been founded to organise the celebrating in a suitable manner the expiation of the sacrilege. It was known as the "Society of the Inhabitants or Society of the Virgin of the Rue aux Ours."

This society caused to be erected each year in front of the houses in that part of the Rue aux Ours which faced the Rue Salle au Comte a kind of square boarding, on the sides of which was written in doggerel rhymes an account of the soldier's crime and its punishment, and under this erection was placed a figure representing the guilty man. In 1743 the fireworks were suppressed from fear of fire, and the popular demonstration of the Rue aux Ours was kept up simply as a religious ceremony combined with a solemn burning of the dummy soldier, until the great Revolution, which swept away so many ancient customs.

But among these the bonfires of St. John's Eve, though abandoned for a time, were restored and continued during the First Empire and the Restoration. At the present time, however, this celebration has been given up in populous towns, and is confined to the heart of the country.

GEORGES DE DUBOR.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT evening at half-past six the whole family of Weir Bend was assembled at tea. Mr. Haydn had come in half an hour earlier, looking indeed weary and depressed, but showing no symptoms of extraordinary disorder. Evidently the news, which was the common property of the local gossips, had not yet reached him. Mary, realising this, and feeling that the blow would fall soon enough, could not find it in her heart to abridge the brief bliss of his ignorance. He had made some little forlorn attempt at cheerfulness, and then had asked to have a cup of tea as soon as it could be got ready. Not long after the other members of the household had assembled for the meal, Edgar had come in. He had been away the whole day, and Mary, therefore, had found no opportunity of telling him what she had discovered. He either really was in high spirits or counterfeited them very successfully. Mary's indignant wonder would not permit her speaking to him. She tried to throw into her eyes a little of her contempt and disgust, but Edgar seemed to be serenely unconscious of her glance. He ate and drank with excellent appetite, and once or twice made Mr. Haydn and Hildegarde laugh at an account of the costume of a certain Mrs. O'Grady who imparted her coschumes from Pa'is.

It was in the midst of quite a little peal of laughter that Mrs. Mack entered.

"If you please," she said, "Mr. Keogh is waiting in the kitchen, and would he get a word with the master?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Haydn, "perhaps Mary will do as well. Didn't you say that his little girl had a sore throat? I daresay he wants a little black-currant jam."

"'Tis the master he does be wanting," answered Mrs. Mack.

Then the policeman's great voice spoke from the kitchen:

"Quick, sir, if you please. 'Tis very important."

"Oh," said Mr. Haydn; "then I'll come at once."

He looked round the table as he rose, and was struck by the expression of two faces. Edgar had grown pale, and Mary's eyes were large and strained.

"Mother, give me a cup of tea," said Edgar, as his father walked to the door. "It's nothing, you may be sure." Then he added, "I don't know what you think, Mary, but I was always told it was confounded bad manners to stare."

"Hush," said Hildegarde; and they all listened.

"Well, constable," said the voice of Mr. Haydn, in a would-be easy tone, "what's up, eh?"

"Come to the door, your honour," answered the constable; "I couldn't speak to you here."

They heard the steps retire—Mr. Haydn's uncertain shuffle and the policeman's heavy tread—and then a whisper came back.

"There's a warrant out against you. There isn't a moment to lose. For God's sake, Mr. Haydn, don't look like that! I have a boat on the river beyond the bridge. You'll aisy get to Lorrha Station, and there's a train at nine to Waterford. Leave me to throw them off the scent. Don't be trifling now, or 'twill be too late entirely!"

"God bless you, Keogh," cried Hildegarde, "for what you have risked to-night! But my father will stay and face this out. There is some miserable blunder."

"Edgar," said Mary, "will you speak now or must I?"

"Hold your tongue!" snarled Edgar. "You must be mad!" Then he turned round and pointed to Mrs. Haydn. "Can't you see," he said, "that mother has fainted?"

It was even so. With one hand pressed against her side, the poor wife lay back, white and unconscious.

Then, while Mary supported her mother's head and held a bottle of salts to her nostrils, she saw Hildegarde lead her father in. His look was scared and wandering, and his step was the step of a child.

"I can't tell," he muttered to himself; "I have had wicked thoughts and wicked dreams."

"Father," said Mary, "you are as innocent as a baby. You commit a forgery! You couldn't do anything dishonourable if you tried. Don't be afraid, darling; I will take care of you."

The old man shook off Hildegarde's hand and tottered up to Mary. She reached out to him and drew him close. Then, while he looked uneasily into the face of his wife, where the colour was beginning to re-appear, and muttered to himself, "I cannot remember, I cannot remember," Mary turned to Edgar again.

"Edgar," she began, "I was in your room this morning——"

At that moment there was a loud knock at the door. Mary broke off, and again there was an intent silence. During that silence, a voice was heard inquiring for Mr. Haydn, and steps came along the hall. And, still in that silence, two policemen entered the dining-room.

"Mr. Haydn," said the sergeant, "I'm here on a very unpleasant message. I have a warrant to arrest you."

Her father, on the entrance of the officers, had loosed Mary's hand, and had stepped back a few paces.

Turning towards him a gaze of fascination, Mary was aware of a singular change in the old man's bearing. He stood erect and dignified, and the vacuous wandering glance had become quick and keen.

"What is the charge against me?" he asked.

"Forgery," said the sergeant, "and mind, sir, anything that you say may be used as evidence against you."

"I know that," said Mr. Haydn, "and this is what I say."

Mary knew what was coming; a denial of guilt, straight and indignant; the kind of denial that almost convinces even a case-hardened professional sceptic.

But at that moment Mary saw her father's gaze turn aside quickly and rest upon the face of Edgar. Her gaze followed his, and she saw that the young man's face was green like the face of one suffering from deadly nausea. She

heard him swallow and then wet his lips as though to fit them to speak words that were very hard to say. She knew what was coming, and while she despised and almost loathed the abjectness of his terror, she could not but admire the effort that cost such pain. Late, indeed, but not too late—Edgar was was going to confess.

That which Mary read Mr. Haydn must have read too. His face changed and his head fell slowly down. For a moment he was silent, and when he spoke it was with the broken voice of a very old man.

"Forgery," he said; "all right. I did it."

Of the three women who heard Mr. Haydn's confession not one believed it. Had the crime admitted by him been one of misappropriation of money, perhaps the faith of those who loved and knew him best might hardly have supported them against his own words. The path of debt and difficulty is so hard to tread without stumbling. The snares to entrap honour and conscience are so many and so subtly laid that only a few of us, and those perhaps, not the wisest, dare pledge themselves for the safe walking of feet that are on that way. But against the deliberate planning of crime our hearts can surely warrant the friend whose instincts and aspirations are honest and right.

Therefore, when Mr. Haydn declared himself guilty of forgery, his wife and daughters—for Mrs. Haydn seemed to have been called back to consciousness by his words—looked to the sergeant with denial in their eyes. But it was only Mary who read in one flash the meaning of his confession. The key which she held in those scraps of paper unlocked for her the heart of the mystery. Mr. Haydn, with an indignant denial on his lips, had caught the eye of Edgar, and had known his guilt. And, in that moment, when his clouded intellect had cleared, and he had seen with something of a prophet's gaze, he had risen to the full height of his moral nature. Edgar's was a young life, rich in years of promise, keen to suffer. His own was only the fag end of a life, broken, dulled and doomed. He must give the lad a chance for the sake of the others as well as for his own. This was a heavy burden to bear—not so much the imprisonment as the shame—but he would not have to bear it very long. Yes, he would take it up. Perhaps God would accept his sacrifice as the expiation of all his weakness and all his blundering, and would give a new heart to his son, and a new start to the fortune of the family.

No doubt the reasoning was false; but the impulse was noble all the same. When a man steps out to meet the doom that comes for another his brain may be all amiss, but there is not much wrong with his heart.

Mary heard her father's words, and gently setting Mrs. Haydn upright in the chair, sprang to her feet. She would not suffer this substitution to be. Edgar had sown and he must reap. But one chance she would give him—pray God he might make the most of it—the chance of putting from him the intolerable shame of standing dumb while his old father bore his guilt.

"Edgar," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "have you nothing to say? Will you speak or shall I?"

Edgar's face, as he reached out his hand and pulled her a little back from the central group, was horrible to see. White as death it was, blotched with perspiration, and the eyes were thick with a red mist and the teeth clicked together.

"Wait—wait!" he said, between two loud swallowings. And then, unable to utter another word, he took her hand between his own two hands and nursed it as a child might nurse a doll, kissing it and moistening it with a few tears that had now come.

"I will not wait," Mary said, and she tugged to withdraw her hand, while Edgar, in the madness of his fear, dug his nails into it and fondled it almost at the same time.

"Sergeant," Mary began, and then broke off under the compulsion of the pain. At that moment the door opened, and, as Mary wrenched her bleeding hand free, Reginald and De Vesci entered together.

Edgar ran forward and caught Hennessy's arm. For a second or two his face worked, but no words came.

"Don't let her speak," he said at length, forcing a husky voice, "she will damage my father's case."

"Loose my arm," said Hennessy, regarding the abject liar with something akin to nausea in his face, and then, as Edgar still clutched and pulled him and tried to whisper in his ear, he flung back his arm, striking the supplicant sharply under the chin. Edgar reeled half the length of the room and fell back against the chiffonier, where he leaned, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

"Mary," said Reginald, "don't speak. I know all there is to know. Trust me, I am acting for the best."

The girl looked up in wonder and rebellion. In the young lawyer's eyes, however, she saw something that kept her still—a purpose, a warning, a promise.

"I will trust you," she said; and with that her knees gave way beneath her, and she sank upon the floor.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

LOLLYPOPS.—Itching and weals appearing on the skin in the spring-time is most likely to be nettle-rash or urticaria. This condition is often due to errors of diet, especially to eating some substance against which there is a personal idiosyncrasy. Thus some people invariably have urticaria after eating onions, or, more commonly still, from eating strawberries. The treatment consists in avoiding the exciting cause, if it can be determined, and taking a mild aperient.

NITA.—1. We gather from what you say that your nose has been broken, probably some years back. All that we can advise you to do is to wash out your nose frequently with an alkaline lotion. But if you are much annoyed by the trouble, or still more if it interferes with your breathing, you had better see a throat specialist.—2. To treat an ingrowing toe-nail, cut the nail short, and see that the edge is carefully rounded and that there are no angles to cut into the skin, and then put a little piece of cotton wool between the nail and the toe. If this does not succeed it may be necessary to remove the nail.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.—When chloroform is ordered in a prescription it is usually given in the form of chloroform-water (aqua chloroformi) and is used only to flavour the mixture. Chloroform-water is much too weak to have any action whatever, except that it is slightly sedative to the stomach. Ammonia is a perfectly safe drug to take if given well diluted with water.

A. C.—The "scurviness" of your skin is in all probability due to seborrhœa, and may be treated by applying a simple ointment such as sulphur or boracic acid.

RED ROSE.—Prominent ears cannot be cured. Various appliances are sold to keep the ears close to the head, and these might prevent the ears from becoming prominent, but they are hardly likely to remove the condition when it has once become manifest.

LILAC.—We cannot give you any direct answer to your question as you do not state the age of your brother. It is very common for boys to blush immediately when spoken to, and this condition may continue to manhood. Unlike the blushing and flushing which is so common in girls, and which is usually due to digestive disturbance, blushing in men is usually due to an over-sensitive nervous system. The only treatment that is likely to be of any avail is to face the condition boldly and attempt to overcome it; and, if this does not succeed, to shun society for a time.

A LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—1. Peroxide of hydrogen does not stain the skin, on the contrary, it is a bleaching agent.—2. As regards electrolysis for the removal of superfluous hairs. It does undoubtedly occasionally succeed; but very few cases are suitable for this treatment, which is very long and tedious, is exceedingly expensive (as it must be done by a specialist), and is not by any means as certain as it is supposed to be. When the hairs are few in number, and of large size such as occurs on moles, electrolysis may be employed, but for short soft hairs or large quantities it is thoroughly unsuitable. We have over and over again remarked that superfluous hairs cannot be permanently removed by any practical method. The use of applications such as barium sulphide is dangerous and unsatisfactory. The best treatment for superfluous hairs is undoubtedly the razor.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

IDEALS.—In your first poem "Wishes," you use "thee" and "you" alternately, and your metre is halting, especially in verse three.

> 'Do you come to foretell
> What I shall be,
> Urging me to use well
> All within me?"

We prefer that poem to "Only," in which the metre changes outright in the last verse. The thoughts expressed in each poem are good, especially in the first. We see that you understand and appreciate the sentence from Goethe you quote. Perhaps, by-and-by, you may embody it in more musical verse, as it is an excellent subject.

ANNIE (Sicily).—Certainly, there are many opportunities of obtaining such a situation as you describe. We know of no school that needs a teacher of Italian, French and music; but we advise you to write to the Governess's Registry, 47, Harley Street, W., or the Home for Foreign Governesses, 3, Colville Houses, Talbot Road, London, W. You will probably receive an answer that will help you.

ROSAMUND.—1. We thank you for your information respecting "Saturday Night," which is acknowledged elsewhere.—2. The quotation you give is not easy to read, but we think it must be from the lines on St. Crispin's Day in Shakespeare's *King Henry V.*, act iv., scene 3.

GWENLLEAN HARCOURT.—Write to the Postmaster-General, G.P.O., London, asking for particulars as to the examination for post-office appointments. You need not stamp the letter. We fear that your writing would not be quite good enough to pass, but you can only try.

EILEEN ALANA.—1. You can procure the "Rayon de Soleil" from 56, Paternoster Row.—2. Write to the Hon. Lady in Charge, Governesses' Institute, 18, Rue de Milan, Paris, or to Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris, and you may hear of a situation. There is no reason why you should not obtain one in France, and we sympathise with your wish to do so. See our rule as to the number of questions allowed.

EXCELSIOR.—Many thanks for your appreciation! We quote your first lines:—

"We oft feel proud that we possess a paper of our own;
But though there are so many, THE GIRL'S OWN stands alone
For reading that is pure and good to cultivate the mind,
And to awaken in us a love for Nature and mankind."

We must perforce point out that line 4 is irregular; so are lines 6 and 7. It is ungracious to criticise such hearty praise, but you ask us to do so. Attention to the rules of form is necessary in writing verse.

"STRIVING."—1. We think you could not do better than join the National Home Reading Union, which furnishes lists of books and help to home students. The Secretary is Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., from whom all details can be obtained.—2. You should have returned the visit at once, and now that you have spent an evening with your friends, you should certainly go, as after an invitation a call is considered due. Do not distress yourself, but go and see them. People are not always rigid about the rules of etiquette, and, doubtless, the invitation was given simply because the ladies wished to know you better. Only two questions may be answered at once.

KATHLEEN.—1. The return of manuscripts that are sent uninvited to an editor is not compulsory, though many editors will return them if stamps are enclosed for the purpose. As soon as the MS. is known to be refused by one editor it can be offered to another. A copy should always be kept. —2. We cannot tell you of a paper that would accept your drawings. Apply to one that you think seems suitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELLEN MONGOMERY.—The American writer, who published under the name of Elizabeth Wetherell, wrote the *Wide Wide World* and *Queechy*, both in 1852; *The Old Helmet*, in 1863; *Melbourne House*, in 1863; and her sister, Anna B. Warner (under the name "Amy Lothrop"), *Dollars and Cents*, in 1852; *My Brother's Keeper*, in 1855; *Stories of Vinegar Hill* in 1871; and other works, including several in conjunction with her sister. We never heard that either of them wrote "Sequels" of their books.

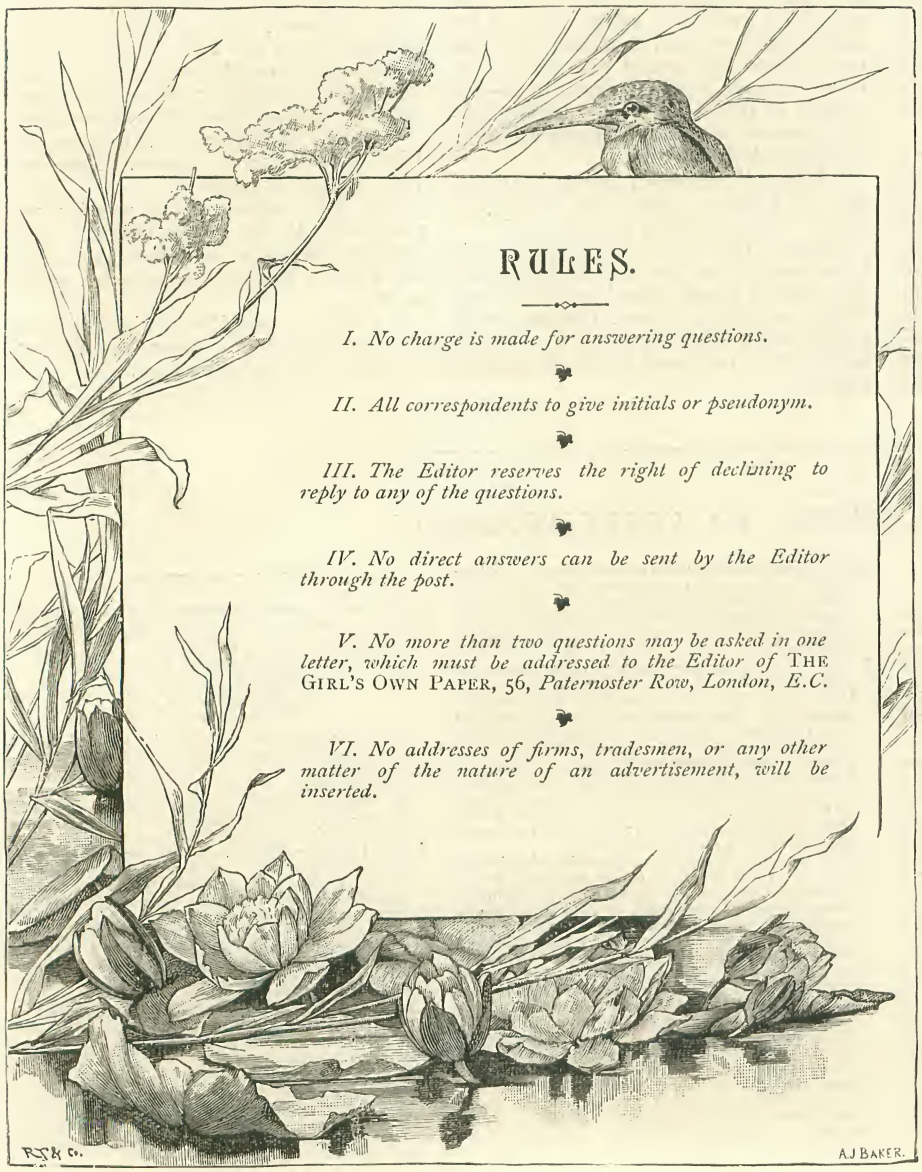
MANDILINA.—We cannot inform you in which of our many shops for musical instruments you may chance to find a Portuguese guitar. You had better look for yourself; or, if unable to come to town, write to some of the largest houses and inquire whether they have one, or how it could be obtained. Bond Street, W., would offer you perhaps the best chance.

REBECCA Y. A.—You do not give any information as to the coins of which you wish to dispose. It would seem that you propose to sell them merely by weight, and you should go to a silversmith for that purpose; but they may have a value quite apart from weight as metal, and they should be valued with a view to this fact.

QUEENY.—According to the ancients there were many distinguished personages called Hercules, but the chief amongst them was said to be the son of Jupiter and Alcmene, of Greek mythology, and was famous in very many respects. He was chiefly remarkable for his superhuman physical strength. Twelve great achievements were required of him during a period of twelve years, in the service of Eurystheus, the Argine King, to earn the reward of becoming immortal. One of these was to destroy the cannibal birds infesting the borders of the Lake Stymphalus in the north-east part of Arcadia, which exploit he accomplished with the aid of the fabled goddess Minerva. The destruction of these voracious carnivorous birds—if an historical fact—was a great blessing, worthy of achievement.

H. M. W.—Dry ink spots may be removed from a silk handkerchief with a little chloride of lime. They should never be allowed to dry, however, for when wet tea, coffee, wine, fruit and ink stains can be immediately removed. For ink stains, rub a little salt on the spot, then apply lemon juice, and pour boiling water through the white cloth or handkerchief. The four stains above mentioned can be removed by pouring a little weak borax-water boiling through the cloth. This is done by holding a basin underneath it and pouring the water through as we said. When you have touched the spot with the chloride of lime pour boiling water through as directed above.

LENA LAWSON.—We name your Club, at Craven House, Gauden Road, Clapham, for the benefit of all students, with pleasure. The Club is only designed for beginners needing to be well directed at first, before acquiring bad habits. Every member must send in a sketch monthly or incur a fine, and the yearly subscription is 1s. Rules supplied on receipt of stamped envelope.



LENA.—We think that the lace for which the highest price has been given is Brussels; the cost of the finest hand-made thread being so great before being manufactured into lace. We are informed that the price of Brussels lace has reached the amount of £40 the ounce, which is ten times that of standard gold. The flax from which it is spun is grown at Hai and Rebecq-Rognon, and it is said that no less than £500 has been given for a pound of it. The Queen's collection of various kinds of lace is credited with a value reaching some £75,000, and that of the Princess of Wales at £50,000. Our own Honiton lace can reach a very high degree of beauty and perfection, for her Majesty's wedding-dress was trimmed with a piece for which she paid no less than £1000. As a charming hobby, an album for specimens of lace will make an interesting pursuit, and prove a valuable collection. We once saw a very beautiful one made by a lady in Guernsey to which we had the pleasure of contributing a few pieces.

L. M.—The imposition of Sunday work is forbidden by law, but with certain exceptions. Jews are free, though their shops be closed; men, and lads upwards of fourteen years of age, can be employed in blast-furnaces, where fires are never extinguished; and all men on railway and ship service.

DOROTHEA.—1. Our most ancient and absolutely original English proverb is due to John Lydgate (1370-1440), "All is not golde that outward sheweth bright," which is embodied in his *Mutability of Human Affairs*, and has since been simplified into "All is not gold that glitters." — 2. We believe that Mrs. Oliphant claims precedence of all novel writers in having produced the greatest number—some seventy-six or perhaps eighty; Miss Braddon follows next, and Miss Yonge makes a good third.

DORA WESTON.—1. The text, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," you will find in Isaiah xxxiii. 17. We recommend you to get a Concordance, and it will greatly assist you in the study of the Scriptures. It will give you lists of all passages bearing on the various doctrines of Christianity, and give you all information on every point you desire. We have published one by Dr. John Eadie, D.D., compiled on the basis of Cruden's (the original work).—2. The 7th of November, 1824, was a Sunday.

ORGAN-GRINDER'S FRIEND!—You must be a personage very much out of the common, for every one else appears to be driven half distracted by the "grinding" you name! Your sister indeed wants a firm hand over her, and if your mother be in too feeble a state to make her conduct herself respectably, you ought to ask your father's assistance. Otherwise, the sooner she is sent to a strict school the better. Were the police to see her throw water on people out of the window they would take her to the "lock up," and give her a salutary fright, which might save her from worse to come. Something very decided should be done at once.

E. E. T.—You had better ask the opinion of a magistrate, and should he fail to give you advice, you had better get a lawyer's opinion; but this will cost you a fee of 6s. 8d. Perhaps the rector of your parish might assist you.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 918.] JULY 31, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUSAN'S SWEETHEART.

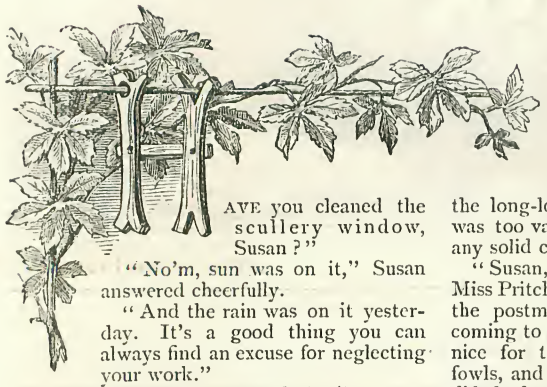


All rights reserved.]

SUSAN AND RUPERT.

SUSAN'S SWEETHEART.

By K. E. V., Author of "Winnie's Waiting," etc.



"HAVE you cleaned the scullery window, Susan?"

"No'm, sun was on it," Susan answered cheerfully.

"And the rain was on it yesterday. It's a good thing you can always find an excuse for neglecting your work."

"I'm going to do it presently 'm."

"So you always are; the truth is, you are lazy and don't mean to do it; but I will have it done to-day. I can't stand such shiftless ways, putting off what ought to be done; and mind, Susan, those things that I gave you on Monday are to be washed this morning," the speaker's last words were spoken as she ascended the stairs.

The sun was still on the scullery window, but the brightness had all gone out of Susan's face; she stood in the midst of the kitchen with a very sullen look, and then moved about her work without any of the briskness with which she had done it before.

"Susan," called the sharp voice from above, "bring your dust-pan and come here at once!"

Susan caught up the wished-for article, and went upstairs to find her mistress standing by the turned-up hall-mat looking at a little heap of dust.

"To think that my house should get into such a state; no, don't take it up that way, you only make it worse, give me the brush and I'll do it myself."

Five minutes later Susan went back to the kitchen, her face was flushed, and tears smarted under her eyelids. Her mistress had not listened to her protestations of having done the hall only that morning; it never was any use to take special pains, nothing ever pleased Miss Pritchard, who, being soured and disappointed herself, made the life of her maid-of-all-work a burden, and did not scruple to taunt her with her workhouse upbringing.

It was the workhouse upbringing that kept Susan in her situation. Though she had been well taught in some ways, she had necessarily grown up surprisingly ignorant of many common household matters; she had made few friends; indeed, Miss Pritchard would not give her opportunities of making them, and had selected a workhouse girl because she would be less likely to want many holidays. And Susan had a morbid shrinking from people knowing where her early life had been spent; her very name of Bush she felt would betray her, since it was given her because, as a nameless waif, she was found hidden under a bush on a common. She had been confirmed before she left the workhouse, but the chaplain had taken no particular notice of her; she seemed one of those colourless beings who pass through life without much praise or blame, and she would not think of appealing for help or counsel to any of those who had framed her old life. Miss Pritchard saw that she went to church, but the outside religion of the mistress was not such as would commend itself to the maid. So Susan read what books and papers she got hold of, and lived in the loves of Lord Algernons and Lady Ediths, and, shut into herself, was quite ignorant of the really beautiful lives which many servants lead. Her life stretched on before her as a dreary waste of drudgery, and if now and then she sometimes fancied herself discovered to be the long-lost daughter of an earl the fancy was too vague and unsubstantial to give her any solid comfort.

"Susan, do see if you can't hurry yourself," Miss Pritchard said one Monday morning after the postman had been. "I have visitors coming to spend the day, and things must be nice for them. I will send in a couple of fowls, and mind you don't spoil them as you did the last."

Susan rather liked visitors, for though Miss Pritchard's were generally of a dull and uninteresting character, still the excitement they caused was enlivening, and Susan did not grudge the extra work they involved if it gave any kind of satisfaction. This morning she was able to get on quickly, for Miss Pritchard was busy in the bedrooms after she had ordered what was needed; there was not much to prepare besides vegetables, for the fowls came in ready for cooking, and some pastry was ordered. Licton was not a very primitive place after all, since it had such resources.

By half-past twelve Susan was dressed in her neat black afternoon gown, and had begun to lay the table for dinner. Miss Pritchard kept to the old-fashioned hours, and since she had not come down from changing her dress, Susan was able to get on without interruption. The glasses were polished brightly, cruet-stands and salt-cellars filled; but it was the silver in the baize-lined box over which Susan lingered almost lovingly. The forks and spoons with the queer-twisted letters on them were a never-failing source of pleasure to her. Miss Pritchard kept them locked in her wardrobe, and only gave them out with many threats and injunctions.

A loud double-knock startled Susan as she was rubbing a tiny spot off one of the dessert spoons, and she laid down her leather and answered the door at once. A grey-haired kindly-looking clergyman stood there with a lady who was less grey but quite as kindly-looking as himself. They were not the sort of visitors Susan had expected, and she showed them into the drawing-room and went to tell her mistress, wondering how it was that they bore the same name; she discovered from their conversation, while she was waiting at table, that Mr. and Miss Pritchard were cousins.

The fowls were done beautifully, and though the potatoes were rather overdone, the dinner, as a whole, was a success, and Susan felt it was quite a pleasure to wait on people who smiled and thanked her as Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard did. They were going away by the eight o'clock train, but Miss Pritchard asked them if they could not give her a few days before they went back to South Wales, and they almost promised to do so.

"I'd like to have them come," Susan said to herself as she cleared away the dinner things, "they speak so nice; but then they don't know where I've come from. If they come to stay, she'd be sure to tell them, then they'd be different. Why, they're all going out!"

"Susan," said Miss Pritchard at the door, "have tea quite ready by half-past five, and be sure you take care of the silver."

"Yes'm," Susan answered. She saw them go, then went into the kitchen, where with a big coarse apron over her white one, she got on briskly with her clearing up. Miss Pritchard always called her slow, but it was the constant interference which worried and hindered her.

She had nearly finished when she heard the clatter of milk-pails at the side-door. The milk was generally brought by a dull heavy lad who served her in silence, but to-day his place was filled by a very smart-looking young man with a heavy moustache and military bearing, who handled the milk-cans rather awkwardly, and seemed, Susan thought directly, far above such an occupation.

"Fine afternoon, miss, and how much will you take?"

Susan told him, and then ventured a timid question on her own account:

"Are you come to help at Mr. Little's?"

"*Pro tem.*, only *pro tem.*," he answered grandly, "that is to say temporarily. Good afternoon, miss, I won't forget to shut the gate."

"He looks like a lord in disguise," Susan thought, as she carried in the milk. "Lord Augustus, in *A Foe till Death*, had to hide himself from his wicked uncle; perhaps he has an uncle who persecutes him. I hope he'll come again, and I do hope he won't find out where I came from."

The smart milkman did come again, and to Susan's delight did not seem to have any knowledge of her workhouse life. If Miss Pritchard was not at hand he generally managed to get a little talk with the maid; once he presented her with a couple of roses, and foolish Susan wrapped some of their withered leaves in a bit of pink paper and put them at the bottom of her work-box.

One evening Susan had to go with a message to the laundress, who lived at some distance. It was a dark gloomy night with few people about, and her heart gave a great throb of pleasure at seeing the milkman come up a cross-road. He looked so smart and aristocratic in her eyes that she feared he would not care to notice her; she had on her shabbiest hat, and had forgotten her gloves. However, he saw her and came towards her, lifting his hat.

"It is not often I have the pleasure of meeting you, miss; the old lady doesn't care to give you much time, does she?"

"No, but I don't mind; I don't know many people here."

"Ah, miss, one yearns for a kindred spirit; often my heart has ached for one to know my sorrow and—and all. Let us be friends."

"But I don't even know your name," faltered poor Susan, her heart throbbing wildly.

"I am known as Rupert Russel," he said, and even in her tumult Susan noticed that he did not say it was his name; her conscience was goading her to tell her own small history, but he went on talking about himself, and though presently he asked her name he only gave her time to falter it out timidly without any explanations.

Were they really engaged? Susan often asked herself in the days that followed; he spoke as if they were, and once or twice gave her little presents, but never a ring. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard were coming back for a few days, and Susan had to go out oftener for her mistress, when she generally met Mr. Russel and had a little talk with him. No hint of their intercourse reached Miss Pritchard, which was rather curious, only that the young man took particular pains not to draw notice on himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard stayed nearly a week, and Susan quite enjoyed their visit; they were very busy, for rather suddenly Mr. Pritchard's plans had been altered, and he was going to take charge of a parish near London, so they had many arrangements to make, and Susan did not see much of them though they always had kind words and looks for her.

The evening before they went away Susan was surprised by Mrs. Pritchard's coming into the kitchen; the others had gone out together.

"I shall not have much time to-morrow," she said pleasantly, "so I thought I would bid you good-bye now and give you this." She held out a beautifully bound prayer and hymn book. "See, I got my husband to write your name in it."

Mr. Pritchard had written Susan's name, the date, and underneath had put, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"I thought you had not too many friends," Mrs. Pritchard said gently, "but I hope you have the Best of all, you know, Susan. He will never fail you."

Susan looked up with tears in her eyes and tried to speak her thanks, her voice failed her more than once, and her last effort ended in a great sob.

"There, there," said Mrs. Pritchard patting her shoulder, "you need not think so much of it, my poor girl, I am sure you have worked hard during our stay here."

"But," sobbed Susan, "I didn't think you would care, as I am only a workhouse girl, and there's nobody belonging to me."

"That isn't your fault," said Mrs. Pritchard with common-sense briskness. "You need not be ashamed of that if you try to do right, only—and that was one thing I meant to say to you to-night—your earthly life has left you rather lonely and friendless. I should like you to feel that my husband and I are your friends, and that if you are in any trouble you may look to us to help you if possible; will you remember that?"

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you very much," Susan said; then they heard Miss Pritchard's key in the door, and Mrs. Pritchard went upstairs.

They went away after an early breakfast next morning, and as Susan turned indoors after watching their cab away she felt quite low-spirited, though their parting hand-shake had left a warm feeling in her heart.

In the days that followed, Miss Pritchard was more exacting than ever, perhaps she thought her cousins had made too much of Susan; at any rate she did not care in the same way, and if it had not been for Rupert Russel's daily calls the poor girl would have found her life almost unbearable.

Rupert found time to whisper a few words of sympathy even when Miss Pritchard from above was calling for Susan, but there were no more walks together, and somehow she fancied he was not very much disappointed.

One morning when she went downstairs in the dark Susan found the dining-room window open, and a rush of cold air met her. She hastily struck a light, and a quick look round showed that someone had been there, for the sideboard doors were open, and there was a look of general disorder.

In a few minutes Miss Pritchard was down in her dressing-gown. "Go for the police at once," she cried out, "but no, I must get my things on first; you good-for-nothing girl, if only you had been down at six as I told you, the thieves would have had less time, it is almost seven now. Oh dear, oh dear, all the silver is gone from the drawers, all my mother's silver that she used to value so, to think that it should have been left here." While her visitors were with her Miss Pritchard had departed from her usual custom and had kept the silver in the sideboard, the key of which she had taken upstairs with her.

Susan was frightened and unhappy, she quite longed for a word of sympathy from Rupert, and hoped he would come while her mistress was upstairs. She soon heard the gate, and hastened to the door with her jug, but only to be disappointed, for instead of Rupert a small boy stood there, a boy she remembered having seen out with one of the milkcarts.

"Where's Mr. Russel?" she asked.

"Cut," the boy answered laconically, "but, my eye, you do look scared; anything up?"

Susan got rid of him and went indoors with a fresh burden at her heart; what if it should be really true, and Rupert be gone? But she had no time to think much; Miss Pritchard came down and hurried her off for the police, and afterwards there was a whirl of questions, and policemen were tramping all over the house, while Miss Pritchard kept discovering fresh losses.

The burglary had been cleverly effected, and it seemed to have been done by someone who knew the silver was not kept in its usual place. Susan was sharply questioned, feeling dazed, and hardly knowing what she said, till suddenly she found out that Rupert Russel was suspected, and that the police were on his track.

"No, no, I'm sure he'd never do it," she cried wildly, thereby only drawing on herself fresh questions till she was obliged to admit her friendship with him.

"And I suppose he came in and sat with you sometimes of an evening?" said a shrewd-looking sergeant, while Miss Pritchard glared at her servant speechless from indignation.

"No, that he never did, he never stepped inside the door," Susan protested. "He was as honest as honest, and he said we oughtn't to keep such nice silver downstairs, it would be taken some day, and now his words have come true."

"They have," said the sergeant quietly with a glance at his companions, "so he admired the silver?"

"Yes, he saw me cleaning it once at the kitchen window," Susan said, eager to defend Rupert, "and he said it was beautiful and we ought to take care of it."

"Lock her up," cried Miss Pritchard white with anger, "lock her up, the wicked girl."

Susan shrank back horrified and trembling, but the sergeant saw that though her foolishness had been the means of letting the whereabouts of the silver be known she had evidently intended no harm; he shook his head. "No, ma'am, I see no reason for doing that."

"No reason!" almost screamed Miss Pritchard, "then out of my house you go this minute, you wicked girl, but I might have known what to expect when I took you from the workhouse."

The sergeant managed to get the angry woman aside and talk to her a little, then he came back and spoke to the frightened girl. "You're to stay on for the present, and mind you," he added warningly, "you're not to get up to any tricks and try to go off, one of my men will keep an eye on you."

Then followed a most miserable time for Susan, she was watched about by her mistress who never allowed her to go out, and even made her put her bed in the little dressing-room opening from her own bedroom. And all the time hanging over her was the dreadful doubt as to whether she would be arrested; she hoped Rupert would not be taken though he had served her so badly, only pretending to care for her that he might make a tool of her, yet still she felt some affection for him. People who called at the house looked curiously at her, and the milk-boy sometimes made derisive remarks, but she had no opportunity of talking with anyone, since her mistress was always near at hand, and indeed she wanted no such opportunity, and only wished she could get into some corner, away from everybody.

"Well," Miss Pritchard said coldly one morning, "so they have caught your fine gentleman."

Susan dropped the tea-cloth she was holding, her face was white and her hands trembled. "Have they?" she faltered.

"Yes, and now you will have to appear against him and let everybody know your wickedness."

Susan looked round helplessly with some thought of making her escape, but she saw at once how futile any such effort would be. However there was quite enough evidence without hers to send Rupert Russel for trial, which was accordingly done. Miss Pritchard was disappointed, for she was vindictive enough to regret Susan's being spared in any way, and she took care to let her know that she would be called as a witness at the November assizes which were close at hand.

At last the day of the trial came, and Susan found herself seated in the train beside her mistress who would not lose sight of her. The rest of the morning was like a bad dream from which she was roused suddenly at hearing her name called, then the place seemed full of eyes which were all looking at her, and a strangely dressed gentleman was asking her questions. She answered somehow, and though one counsel browbeat and worried her he could not make her contradict herself. At last someone said "That will do," but she stood still till a policeman touched her shoulder and showed her that she might go.

Till then she had persistently kept from looking at the prisoner, but in leaving the witness-box she felt she must see him once. He was looking at her with a glance which she took for apology, he seemed so crushed and broken that the soreness she had felt quite disappeared, and stretching her hands to him she cried out, "Oh, Mr. Russel, I'm so sorry, I couldn't help it," and was led away sobbing.

The sentence was twelve months hard labour, but they were out of court before it was pronounced. Miss Pritchard took Susan back with her, but told her plainly that it was only for a time; she did not say that she meant to keep her till she had suited herself with another servant, but that was what she intended to do. The girl's unhappy face would have softened most people, but Miss Pritchard could not forgive her for the loss of the beloved silver, and made her life harder than ever. Then misery made Susan bold; she packed her most valued possessions in an old carpet bag, locked up the rest in her box which must be left behind, and bag in hand crept out into the cold and darkness of a winter evening.

* * * *

As the last verse of the Advent hymn "O come, O come, Emmanuel" was being sung Mr. Pritchard went up into his pulpit and looked at the congregation below him. It was not a large one, for it was only Wednesday evening, and generally each member of it was known to him. To-night there was a stranger who kept in the semi-darkness at the west end as much as possible, but Mr. Pritchard felt interested in her, and as soon as service was over went to try and find her. She had left the church, but he went outside after her; she turned quickly and then he saw that it was Susan Bush. His kind greeting was answered by a burst of hysterical sobbing, and he thought the best thing he could do was to get her into the vicarage under his wife's care.

They had of course heard Miss Pritchard's version of the story, and had felt a good deal of compassion for the poor girl, wondering how they might help her. The news of her

flight a fortnight ago had made them blame themselves, though they did not see what they could have done.

It was quite a new experience for Susan to be petted and made much of, and Mrs. Pritchard just fussed over her and would not let her talk. She even put her to bed in a tiny room over the front door, and told her she must stay there next day. No one could tell what it was to Susan to lie down in peace and comfort; she had had some bitter experience the last few days, her money had been stolen and she had been tempted to wrong from which she had recoiled, and it was that temptation which had made her seek out Mr. Pritchard's church.

Susan had found her true friends, and though it was several weeks before she was able to get about as usual she was made to feel thoroughly welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard had several talks about her, and when their housemaid left offered the place to their guest.

"It doesn't seem as if it can be true," sobbed Susan. "Oh, ma'am, I will be faithful, but I'd gladly serve you on my bended knees without a farthing of wages."

Mrs. Pritchard laughed pleasantly. "That wouldn't be a very satisfactory arrangement, but I don't doubt that you will serve us faithfully."

Certainly Susan's was a service of love, her whole demeanour altered in the changed atmosphere, and she no longer regarded her past life with false shame. She grew into a healthy, pleasant-faced young woman, a good deal noticed by some of the tradesmen who called at the door. Mrs. Pritchard sometimes wondered why she was so unresponsive to any advances; had Rupert Russel sickened her of mankind in general, or was there another reason?

When Susan had been with them nearly two years Mrs. Pritchard had an accident which laid her up for some time, and in the care and attention she bestowed on her mistress, Susan did her best to show her heartfelt gratitude for all that had been done for her.

One Sunday evening when the others were at church, she had been reading the Psalms and lessons aloud, and afterwards sat still thinking her mistress was asleep. But Mrs. Pritchard was watching the face of her handmaiden, and noticing the softened and refined look that had grown on it.

"I heard from my cousin yesterday," she said presently.

Susan started.

"Did you, ma'am, I hope she is well."

"Yes. Susan, you have never been sorry that you came to us?"

"No, indeed, ma'am, thankful every day."

There was a little silence, then Mrs. Pritchard spoke again. "Sometimes I wonder whether you ever think of the one who caused you such trouble."

The girl's face flushed. "Rupert Russel," she said in a low voice; "yes, I can't help being so sorry for him sometimes, I do think he wished for better things; of late I've seemed forced to think more of him, and I put him in my prayers every day; you don't think it is wrong, do you, ma'am?"

"Indeed I do not, Susan, you don't know how your prayers will help him," Mrs. Pritchard said heartily, just as her husband came in, and Susan had to go downstairs.

"Ma'am, do you remember what we were talking about last night?" Susan asked as she carried in her mistress's breakfast-tray next morning.

The girl's eyes were shining, and her whole face aglow, something had altered her greatly. "Will you please read this, ma'am—but you ought to have your breakfast first.'

"No, I am in no hurry for my breakfast."

Susan held out a foreign letter which had been re-directed, "It's from Rupert Russel, ma'am," she almost sobbed.

"Rupert Russel!" repeated Mrs. Pritchard in surprise, as she took the letter.

It was indeed from that young man who wrote from America, in a very manly, straightforward manner. He told Susan how sorry he was for causing her such suffering, and that in spite of all he had really cared for her all through. Since his discharge from prison, someone had procured him good work in America, and he sent many names of those who might be referred to as to his character. He was regular at church, the clergyman of which, knowing his past history, allowed him to help in the choir. Now he wanted to know whether Susan's feelings had altered towards him, because if not, he could now make her a comfortable home if she would trust herself to him. He added that he had not written before as he felt all his first money should be given in making restitution as far as lay in his power.

There was no need to ask what Susan thought about it, she was tremulous with happiness, the only drawback to it being that she must leave her dear master and mistress.

Mr. Pritchard wrote to the clergyman of the church in America, and received an excellent report of the young man who was considered quite a pattern to the lads about, while his past falls kept him humble and watchful. His position was even better than he had represented, and he was thoroughly respected and looked up to.

"After all, Susan, you have your little romance, you see," Mrs. Pritchard said one evening as Susan sat by her side busy with preparations for the wedding.

"A much better one than I deserve after my foolishness," Susan said with a little laugh; "but do you know, ma'am, I have thought of late how I should like to see Miss Pritchard before I go."

"I think you had better leave it," said Mrs. Pritchard kindly, remembering her cousin's bitterness, but she found an opportunity of letting her know what Susan had said, and as a result Miss Pritchard sent her former handmaiden a small wedding-present with good wishes for her future. Perhaps Susan would rather have had the good wishes without the present, but she did not say so, and her preparations went on all the more happily that she would leave none but friends behind her.

So Susan sailed away from the old country, not without regrets, it is true, but her heart was brave and thankful within her as she faced the new life that was not to be lived alone, and thought of the home which was to be hers, who had never before had one in the true sense of the word.

Years passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard had only good accounts of the home in America, which became merry with young voices. Susan and Rupert are not without hope that their friends will some day pay them a visit, but meanwhile letters constantly pass between them, Susan's nearly always having a vein of surprised pleasure in her own happiness and her husband's goodness.

VARIETIES.

Kind Deeds Rewarded.

"I was in a ship," said the Persian poet, Sadi, "and saw a boat which was approaching us. When it had almost reached us, it went to pieces, and two brothers, whom it carried, sank into the water.

A rich man who stood by promised a hundred pieces of gold to any one who would save them.

A sailor plunged into the water and rescued one of the brothers, but the other was drowned.

"Why," said I, "did you save this one? The other was really in more danger."

"That is true," answered he, "but I could only save one, and I wished rather to assist this one than his brother. On my pilgrimage to Mecca this young man came to my assistance first; he lent me one of his camels as mine was quite worn out, and during the remaining part of the journey I lived on his provisions. His brother, who was selfish and passionate, treated me like a slave. The wave has swallowed him up. God is just. Let us not do evil and then, when we are in trouble, expect sympathy."

How a Duke Lost His Coat.

The Duke of Frousac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera in Paris one night in a splendid dress embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat tails. He turned into his club where everybody laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened and went home.

Early the next morning, a well-dressed man called at the duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once on a matter of vital importance. Monsieur de Frousac was awakened.

"Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of police. Monsieur the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails."

The dress was given up and the duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogues who had stolen the tails by which they possessed themselves of the entire garment.

The Telegraph Explained.

"Wife," said a man, looking at the telegraph wires, "I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them ere wires without tearing 'em all to bits."

"Oh, you stupid!" exclaimed his intellectual spouse. "Why, they don't send the paper; they just send the writin' in a fluid state."

Big Noses in Favour.—In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. The eyes are invariably black, the cheek-bones high, and the chin receding. A lady in Japan who has a huge nose is always a great beauty and a reigning belle. There are few large noses among the natives, and lucky is he or she upon whom nature bestows one. In all Japanese pictures representing the supposedly beautiful woman the artist invariably improves on nature by depicting this feature as abnormally developed.



OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "POISSON D'AVRIL; OR, FELINE AMENITIES."

SOLUTION.

POISSON D'AVRIL;
OR,
FELINE AMENITIES.

On All-Fools' day in ninety-four
A friend, so called, ere I arose
Knocked at my little chamber door
With promise of an early rose;
I crossed the floor, with toes a-chill,
She blurted out "Poisson d'avril!'

"My little lady," I averred
"Shall view a veritable rose;"
I hastened down all undeterred
And to her lattice held the hose;
She to my cuckoo song succumbed
Then water on her face I drummed!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Twelve Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Edmund Lord, West View, Pontefract.
Mrs. Nicholls, Parlors Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop.
A. A. Lucy Shave, 6, Craufurd Rise, Maidenhead.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Leonard Duncan, Bromborough, Birkenhead.
Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.
Minnie Jones, 2, Harland Road, Birkenhead.
Elizabeth A. Lord, Fairlawn, Grove Road, Sutton.
Agnes McConnell, Ballycarry, Co. Antrim, Ireland.
Ethel McGowan, 2, Park Avenue, Southport.
Mary A. Matthey, S. Augustine, Copthall Gardens, Folkestone.
Evelyn Towenend, Brabyns, Park Road, Wallington.
Annie White, 152, Nithsdale Road, Pollokshields.

Very Highly Commended.

Nellie Ashton, Maggie I. Barr, Edith L. Bates, Elsie Bayley, Mary Beale, Elizabeth W. Boss, Amy Briand, A. C. Carter, Mrs. G. Cumming, Amy Dawson, Lizzie Dawson, Ethel Dickson, Theresa Dousett, Helen Eady, Winifred E. Eady, A. and F. Fooks, Oliver Goldsmith, F. M. Haines, Caroline M. M. Hog, Rachel V. R. James, Mary Joliffe, Mrs. H. Keel, Clara E. Law, Carlina Leggett, Ella J. Lockhart, Mrs. R. Mason, C. A. Murton, Mrs. M. Newman, Gertrude M. Palmer, "Piscator," Ida Rafford, F. C. Redgrave, Ada Rickards, Fanny Shepard, Alfred M. Simpson, Nellie Skitter, Rev. H. Carr-Smith, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Kate Tasman, Mary J. Taylor, Ethel M. Warner, J. H. Warner, Katie Whitmore, Emily C. Woodward.

Highly Commended.

Margaret Archdale, Albert E. Barnes, Marsali Buchanan, Mrs. Cabena, O. F. Clifford, Mrs. A. E. Coombes, Ada A. Cross, Frances A. Cross, Martha A. Fitzwilliam, E. W. Floyd, Kate Francis, M. Harrup, W. J. A. Herbert, G. D. Honeyburne, Mrs. Hopewell, Arthur Wm. Howse, J. Hunt, Blanche Kerr, Donald Mackenzie, Donald McLean, F. Miller, Mrs. Musgrave, Margaret G. Oliver, Annie Penruddocke, Ethel J. Shepard, A. M. Carr-Smith, A. M. Wayman, J. White, W. Fitzjames White, M. A. Wilkinson.

Honourable Mention.

Annie S. Abbott, Eliza Acworth, A. E. Akehurst, Maud L. Ansell, M. S. Arnold, Annie A. Arnott, May Barker, Ellen Bason, Sylvia Bawtree, R. Bennett, P. L. Benson, Jessie Biggs, Evelyn M. Blott, Mrs. J. Brand, E. H. Brookfield, Alicia M. Brown, A. W. Browne, Inés Bryson, Ethel C. Burlingham, Elizabeth M. Capel, Rev. J. Chambers, M. J. Champneys, Mary I. Chislett, J. Christie, Chas. M. Clarke, Emmeline Clarke, Floe Clarke, J. Clarke-Richards, Leila Claxton, S. K. Cleghorn, Ellen W. Councell, Mrs. G. Cowan, Frances J. Cox, M. A. C. Crabb, E. G. Dalton, L. Davidson, Rose D. Davis, Agnes G. Dawson, Louie Drury, Beatrice Duret, Annie K. Edwards, Isabel Elmer, Marjorie Ferguson, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Clara Finch, E. J. Foster, Henrietta French, Lillie Galloway, Laurie Gamlen, Mrs. Garforth, Raymond Gosling, Florence Graves, Edith E. Grundy, Bertha Hall, M. E. Hancock, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Rhoda Harrison, Jessie Harvey, Christine E. Heard, Julia A. Hennen, Rose A. Hooppell, Ethel Howlden, F. W. Hunt, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. C. H. Knight, Charlotte Krempo, Maria Lambert, Kate Langton, W. Shaw Leest, Mildred M. C. Little, Annie G. Luck, Winifred M. McAllister, Florence J. McDermid, K. Macgibbon, Wm. C. Marsom, L. Masters, E. Mastin, Isabella M. Maxwell, E. MacMichael, Elsie Nickerson, May Ockleston, E. A. O'Donoghue, J. G. Pascoe, Margaret M. Paterson, Phyllis Pearson, Gertrude Peace, Violet Penrith, J. M. Pugh, Davida Reid, K. M. Richardson, Alexandrina A. Robertson, A. J. Rogers, Martin Rule, Gertrude Saffery, Annie Saunders, Edith F. Sellers, Rose Shepheard, Violet Shoberl, Annie Simpson, Mildred M. Skrine, Harriet Smeeton, Edward Snell, Isabel Snell, Amy E. Summers, Mrs. T. S. Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Elison I. Tullock, E. Twemlow, Florence H. Walton, Margaret Warren, Emma L. Waters-Leavins, G. S. Wilkins, E. S. Williams, Maurice A. Wood, Ella M. Wright, Florence E. Wright, Gladys Wynne, Elizabeth Yarwood, Helen B. Younger.

For Artistic Execution.

In order of merit:—Gladys Wynne, J. S. Clemens, Jennie A. Heywood, May Burlinson, Margaret Cunningham, J. Gordon.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Twelve hundred and fifty solutions testified to the popularity of this puzzle. Why the simple history of a practical joke should have proved so attractive, it is difficult to say. Possibly its originality may have had something to do with it, for we assume that to drum water from the garden hose on to the face of even one's dearest friend before breakfast, *is* a somewhat novel form of entertainment. We venture to hope that it is one which will not be largely indulged in on "All Fools," or any other day by our readers.

Perfect solutions take the first prizes, while the second prizes fall to those who either omitted quotation marks or spelt "avril" with a capital A, or did not indent the lines properly. Any combination of these faults relegated a solution to the "mention" list. No solution which contained a worse mistake than "warbling" for "cuckoo" in line 11 receives any mention at all. As this error was reckoned as only half a mistake, the general excellence of the solutions may be imagined. We would gladly have bestowed happiness upon several hundred more solvers, but the editor distressfully remarks, "I can't fill the magazine with names."

Very few points call for observation. The smallness of the c in line 3, and more especially of the y in line 7 was frequently ignored, and in some solutions the "toes" were multiplied into "feet." "Window" was generally substituted for "lattice," but in such a close competition the more accurate description had to be regarded with more favour. We adjudged "casement" to be equal with "lattice."

For the comfort, or otherwise, of those who broke down at the cuckoo, we may state that the true reading was discovered by scores of competitors. There is such a derisive cajolement about the song of a cuckoo, that the appropriateness of the term as applied to our heroine's serenade is quite sufficiently obvious—for a puzzle.

One common-sense competitor thinks that "the person who got out of bed to look at a rose was very foolish—she might easily have waited till breakfast time." True, but as a rule it takes so much to arouse an ordinary girl from her slumber before the strictly necessary moment that we need not be too severe upon such a wonderful instance of alertness.

One striking feature of this competition was the number of charmingly designed solutions sent in, the best of which we have specially mentioned.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FAMILY DIMINISHES.



The short December day was almost over when Mirabel and Willie found themselves again in Limegrove Street. The fog had returned and hung over the houses like a chill pall. The street wore a dreary squalid aspect, and most of the people they met looked pinched with cold and hunger. But the big public-houses made a brilliant resistance to the gloom, and numbers of persons were pressing into them to enjoy the light and warmth and poisonous allurements which they offered.

"I don't like this place, Mira," said little Willie, shivering beneath his shawl; "it was so much nicer at Kensington."

"Yes," said Mirabel, with a sigh, "it is nicer at Kensington."

And as she spoke the artist's studio rose vividly before her mental vision. She saw the pictures and statues, the soft, rich draperies, the flowers, the exquisite harmonies of colour and perfection of form; the very atmosphere of the studio seemed to come to her, the sweet perfume of the flowers mingling with the odour of burning wood, which was the artist's ideal of a fire. For a moment she seemed to live again in that fairy-land, and then it all faded from her, and she was confronted by the grim ugly actual.

The room they entered was empty, and looked desolate in the extreme. The fire had gone out. The remains of Dean's breakfast stood on the table. Some one had been at work tossing things about. Lizzie probably, in search for something of her own, had upset all her sister's arrangements.

Mirabel threw off her jacket and set to work to put things in order. It was well for her to be obliged thus to exert herself. She lighted the fire as quickly as possible, fearful of Lizzie's anger if she came in and found no tea ready for her. The thought of meeting Lizzie's questions as to how she had spent the morning was formidable in any case.

The kettle did not boil till some time after the hour at which Lizzie usually came in to take her tea; but she did not appear. Harry entered just as everything was ready, and sat down with a good appetite to his meal.

"Have you seen anything of Lizzie?" Mirabel asked of him.

"How should I?" he returned, "she never comes my way."

"I suppose she is not coming home for tea to-night," said Mirabel. Lizzie seldom confided her plans to her sister. Mirabel had no idea how she spent her time when she was not at work.

Harry went back to his shop and, it being Saturday evening, he did not get home till nearly midnight. He found Mirabel very uneasy about Lizzie, who had not returned.

"I suppose she has gone to a music-hall or theatre with some of the girls," said Mirabel, "but she might have let me know. Of course I do not like her to go to such places; but I would rather know where she is."

Then Harry produced from his pocket a crumpled piece of paper.

"Lizzie's all right," he said, "she told me to give you this when I came home at night."

Lizzie had scribbled on the paper.

"Dear Mirabel. You need not expect me home to-night, nor any night after this. I've had enough of father's goings on. Me and my mate are going to take a room together. Don't make a fuss, or try to find me, for I mean to shift for myself now, and I'll never come home again. Lizzie."

Mirabel had always felt that Lizzie had no love for her. Nevertheless the cold, hard tone of this communication hurt her sorely. As she realised what it meant she burst into tears.

"Lizzie's gone!" she sobbed, "I've lost all hold on her, and I promised mother I'd take care of her. If she goes to the bad, I shall feel that it's my fault, and yet, God knows that I've tried to be good to her."

"Don't cry," said Harry, trying in rough fashion to console his sister, "what's the good of crying over Lizzie? she ain't worth it."

"Who does she mean by 'her mate'?" asked Mirabel.

"I guess it's that tall, dark girl she's been so thick with of late—Lulu they calls her."

Mirabel knew the girl he meant, one a few years older than Lizzie, a bold, handsome girl, of unwomanly bearing. Her heart sank within her at the thought of Lizzie's willingly yielding to the influence of such an one. To live in close intimacy with her must mean to sink.

"Oh, is it too late to save her?" she cried wildly, "let us go and look for her, Harry."

"You wouldn't find her if you looked all night," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone; "Lizzie knows what she's about. She'll find a safe hiding-place."

Mirabel felt sadly that he was right. Already the clocks were striking twelve. It would be madness to wander through the midnight streets in the hope of tracing Lizzie. Evidently she had departed early in the day, taking advantage of Mirabel's absence. This was the explanation of the littered state of the room on Mirabel's return. Lizzie had taken away everything that belonged to her.

At that moment an unsteady step was heard on the stairs, and a little later Dean entered, in such a condition that it was useless to tell him what had occurred. Mirabel looked with loathing on the man, who was his children's worst enemy. Lizzie had never concealed her disgust for him. Quarrels between them had been frequent and now he had driven Lizzie away, and the foolish, wilful girl would probably be ruined!

Mirabel rose early the next day and started betimes on her search for Lizzie. That she would not find her was a foregone conclusion. As it was Sunday, it was impossible to make inquiries at the place where Lizzie worked; but Mirabel sought out some of the girls who worked at the same factory, and from one of these she learned that Lizzie had said on Saturday that that was her last day at the works.

Mirabel went to Victoria Park, where Lizzie sometimes walked on Sunday; she sought her in every place where there seemed the least possibility of finding her, but without success. Probably Lizzie and her friend had betaken themselves to a distant part of London. It was impossible to seek her throughout the vast area of the metropolis. Girls like Lizzie abounded in every quarter. She had gone, and unless she came back of her own accord there seemed little chance that Mirabel would see her again.

Mirabel wandered about for hours, and came home at last worn out in body and broken in heart. Late in the evening she turned for consolation to the old church. She had put Willie to bed ere she came out. Even his presence that evening was more than she could bear.

The usual evening service was over. Even the people's hour was wearing to its close as Mirabel came in and knelt down in a pew by the door. She was so distraught by trouble that she hardly knew what was going on when she entered; but presently as she knelt there the clear, full notes of a rich contralto voice fell on her ears.

"O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him."

Once more the Psalmist's message, borne on the wings of beautiful music, came home to a soul distressed. It opened the fount of tears, and Mirabel wept as she had not been able to weep all day, wept so that she dared not raise her head; but remained kneeling while the clergyman pronounced the benediction and the congregation dispersed.

When at last she raised her head, two ladies were standing near her. The appearance of one was familiar to Mirabel, and she knew that she was the vicar's wife. The other lady wore black, of a style suggestive of widowhood. Soft, silvery hair fell in waves above her brows and framed a face so expressive of serene strength and lovingness that it had a beauty far beyond that which springs from perfection of feature. As her eyes met Mirabel's the tender sympathy they expressed went to the girl's heart. In another moment the lady had seated herself beside her and was holding Mirabel's hand in both her own. The vicar's wife passed on and left them together.

"My dear girl," said the lady, "I can see that you are in great trouble. Won't you tell me all about it? Perhaps I may be able to help you?"

And Mirabel told her of her sorrow and anxiety on Lizzie's account. The lady listened with interest and asked many questions, which Mirabel answered with the utmost freedom, for the stranger had won her trust. It was impossible to doubt one who looked at her with such kind eyes and spoke in such loving tones.

"I don't wonder that you are troubled about your sister," she said. "It is sad to think of one so young facing the perils of life alone, so blind and ignorant too of their real nature as these young things are. I too will seek for Lizzie. It may be that I shall come across her, for my work lies among girls. I had a daughter once, a girl of Lizzie's age; but God took her to Himself, and since then He has taught me to see a daughter in every poor, motherless, wandering girl who crosses my path in this great city. My name is Pitt. See, I will give you my card with my address upon it, so that you can write and tell me if you get news of Lizzie. And you must tell me where you live, for I may want to write to you."

Mirabel gladly gave her address, and Mrs. Pitt entered that and some other particulars in a little note-book which she carried.

"Now, dear," she said kindly, "you must not despair; but pray, and wait and hope. 'Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.'"

"Indeed, I will try to do so," said Mirabel. There was hope in her face as she spoke, and her tears had ceased to fall.

"I am afraid you made a mistake when you took your step-father back to your home," said Mrs. Pitt; "I do not blame you, since you hoped he meant to reform; but it is not right that you should be burdened with the maintenance of an idle, drunken man. I think you would be more than justified in shaking him off. If I were you I would look out for a home for yourself and brothers in some other part of London, and manage to slip away in his absence, without letting him know where you went."

"Ah, but there is Lizzie," said Mirabel; "I could not bear to think of her coming back to Limegrove Street and finding us gone."

"To be sure; you are right. I forgot that Lizzie also would be unable to trace you," said Mrs. Pitt. "Then I suppose there is nothing for it but to let things be as they are for the present. But don't be too kind to him. It is false kindness to be tender to such an one."

Mirabel however was to have no further opportunity of being kind or otherwise to Harry Dean. When she returned home, much cheered by Mrs. Pitt's sympathy, he had not come in, nor did he appear that night. On the following day she learned that he had been taken up for stealing on Sunday afternoon. He had "sneaked" down an area, found an open door, and helped himself to some silver forks which lay on the kitchen table. But the cook had returned in time to raise an alarm, and the thief was stopped in the next street with the booty upon him. As an old offender he received no less a sentence than eighteen months' imprisonment.

In spite of the shame involved in it, Mirabel breathed a sigh of relief when she learned the fact. She was thankful to be freed from the painful burden of Dean's presence and she was determined that she would not give him a home when his sentence had expired. She had proved that he was not to be changed by kindness. Family affection he had none, nor apparently any feeling that was not low and brutal. There comes a time in the lives of such men as Dean, when the only thing to be done is to leave them to themselves.

If only Lizzie had had patience for a few days longer, her father would not have driven her from home. The thought added to Mirabel sore regret.

But Lizzie and her mate had disappeared and no one could say where they had gone; but what she learned of the character of Lizzie's companion filled her sister with the gravest fears.

So it was impossible for Mirabel to be light-hearted at Christmas, though she tried to make a little festive cheer for her brothers. The best of Christmas for her was the hour she passed in the old church listening to Christmas carols and the "good tidings of great joy." Even into her sad heart there stole the peace of Christmas as she thought of that "unspeakable gift," the Son, who became the Man of Sorrows, that from henceforth no human soul need bear its burden of sin or grief alone.

Mirabel could not forget Bruce Collier amid her other anxieties. He dwelt in her thoughts continually. It was not possible to take another journey to Kensington to learn how he was; but she became a diligent student of newspapers, going daily to a public library for that purpose. In their columns she, from time to time, found mention of him, and learned that he was slowly advancing towards convalescence.

(To be continued.)



COUNTING THE PEAS.

THE following are two genuine stories told to the writer by the Syrian Patriarch himself.

There was once a poor priest of the ancient Syrian Church who could neither read nor write, so when it came to the Lenten fast, in order to keep a correct note of how the days passed, he took some parched peas (a favourite food of the country) counted out forty, and put them in his cassock pocket, and each day threw away one. When any of his congregation wanted to know how the time was passing they would come to him and ask. He would then count the peas and tell them how many days there were till the Feast of Easter.

One day, his wife thinking the cassock needed washing, took it to wash, and finding the peas—without knowing what they were for—she threw them away. When the cassock was clean, and ready for her husband to wear, she thought he might miss the peas; so taking a handful from the household stores she put them in the pocket. Next day a man came to ask him how many days remained till Easter. The priest, as usual, put his hand in his pocket, brought out the peas, and began to count them, but there were so many that he was quite astonished, and said, "Alas, my son, this is a miracle, and it is clear that there is no feast for us this year!"

A Syrian monk named Paul was praying, when Satan addressed him and said, "Hast thou conquered me, O Paul?" But the monk being afraid to trust himself made no reply. When he was dying, Satan again asked him the same question and got no answer. When the monk died, and his soul was on its flight from earth, Satan again said, "Hast thou conquered me, O Paul?" But the monk made no reply till he reached Paradise, and as he was entering, Satan questioned him again. But it was *not till* Paul had got both feet into Paradise that he turned round, and facing Satan, said, "I have conquered thee by the might of God."

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE preference for black and white is very much shown this year. It is one that we cannot wonder at, however, as this combination seems always new, as well as ladylike and dainty. Each year our modistes find some new ways of mingling the two, and none of these has been so distinguished as the present season, when we have the accordion-pleated thin silks to deal with. The Princess of Wales seems to have a specially pronounced fancy for black and white; and at the great bazaar at the Imperial Institute, in aid of the Deptford poor, which was got up by the Duchess of Albany, and opened by her, she wore a very simple and beautiful dress, which was partly, at least, in these two colours. The frock was a very simply-made black and white striped silk, with a full, pointed bodice, and sash of black satin ribbon; and the small toque was made entirely of heliotropes and a deeper shade of tulle; while round the neck was a ruffle of silk muslin to match the tulle in hue. The dresses were all very pretty. One which I admired was of black *barège* with a blue silk sash and a black hat, with blue in it to match.

Whatever may have been the nature of the prophecies about the blouse and its future, we know now that it never was so fashionable, nor so much worn as it is to-day. And never was it so pretty, so dainty, and in such good taste. Muslin is much used for them, but for those who desire a really useful blouse, one in



A SUMMER TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

Tussore silk is really unrivalled. This material is wonderful in its wear, and washes (as the saying goes) "like a rag." The prettiest are made with machine stitching of various colours, red, blue or pink, and finished with small silk buttons of the same, and a tie as well. The other materials in use are tennis-flannel, foulards, and washing silks, and I notice that the useful black satin blouse is much worn again. As I have already mentioned, both Tussore and washing silks, and praised the good washing qualities of the former, it is perhaps well to say that when washing them, if done at home, the process should be accomplished quickly in tepid water, and with curd soap, but no soda. Rub as little as possible, and make the lather before you begin to put in your silks to wash them. When you wish to wring them out, place in a clean towel and twist gently, yet firmly. Dry with as much rapidity as possible, but do not put them before the fire. Iron while damp but not wet, placing the silk on the clean ironing flannel, and laying a linen cloth over it so that the iron may not touch the silk. Really hot irons must not be used, or they will spoil the texture.

The idea of having a separate lining to wear under blouses of thin material is an excellent one, and makes the loose blouse look far more tidy and trim; white being without a lining it washes far better. These lining bodices can be made of sateen or of some cheap coloured satin if you wish to be more swell and more extravagant. Grass lawns, *crêpe* cottons, muslins, fancy and sprigged; accordion-pleated gauzes, *mousselines de soie* and Russian nets are all made up without linings and worn over a fitted bodice as I have described.

This season has been so far remarkable for a wonderful display of jewels at the Court functions, the State concert and the State ball being very brilliant indeed. The great ladies of the nobility evidently desired to shed additional glory on the Diamond year; while on the other hand less and less jewellery is used by day, but what little is worn is of the costliest description; and comprises the brooch for the watch, which seems used by everyone, a small lace pin or pins, for the neck, and several small bangles for each wrist with many dangling charms thereto. Long chains are still worn; but rather less than they were. At the waist silver clasps are used, and the *chatelaine* is frequently seen, but does not appear to be much worn by young people. Rhinestone and paste buckles, of very large size, are seen at the back of the waist, when the long sash is used; and very handsome they look, though they are rather too large for a moderate person's taste.

White gloves have been rather superseded by grey ones of the faintest hue, which are still stitched with black; while Parisian gloves have black buttons not white ones. It is fortunate that these gloves, if of fairly good quality, can be cleaned several times, otherwise they would be very extravagant wear. The newest veils have very much finer spots than those we wore last winter, and they are more expensive. Veils of plain white tulle are a good deal used, and those of washing white lace are nearly as much seen in the morning as they used to be a year ago. They are considered excellent for the cyclist, as they save the face so much from burning and dust.

One of our illustrations is devoted to the representation of a Court Dress, which was worn by one of our own girls at the Drawing-room of May 11th, which, we thought, would be looked at with interest. The bodice and train were of corn-coloured brocaded satin; the petticoat of lilac shot silk, with which the train was lined. The flowers worn were lilacs and their leaves, and the bouquet was of the same flowers. White feathers and a veil completed the dress. The dress worn by her mother was one of the most beautiful Court dresses we ever saw. The train and bodice were of black velvet, the petticoat and lining to it being of a very pale shade of grey brocade. The dress and train were covered with point lace, arranged in fans, and the most beautiful roses, shaded from pink to rosy red, were beautifully arranged on the ends of the train, and the front of the bodice and petticoat. There is no doubt about this being a year of roses. They are the most worn of any of the floral kingdom, and as for decoration they are seen on every dinner-table in town. Let us hope we shall all have enough for the Jubilee, as we are supposed to wear them specially on that day.

The "*Ecru*, and White Canvas Gown," which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, is an accurate copy of a stylish frock, and gives the last word of our fashionable modistes on such things. The lining was of pink silk, the sleeves of the same, while



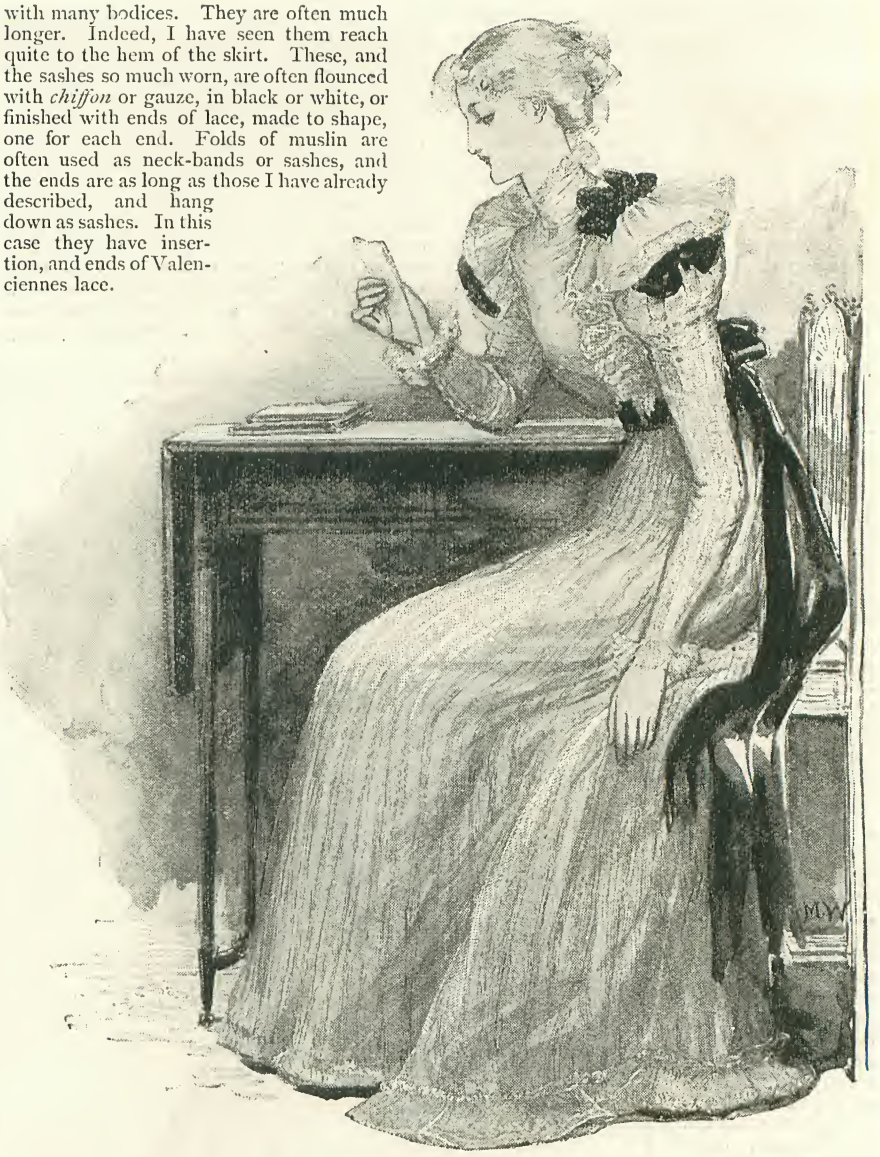
A COURT DRESS OF 1897.

the front of the bodice was of *mousseline de soie* and lace. The sash and bows were of pink silk. But if this be thought too much dress, it would be easy to select black ribbon-velvet instead, which would also look very well. With the view of making it cheaper, sateen might be used for a lining instead of silk. Now that figure-patterned and plaid silks are all of them used for lining gowns, many of us may probably have old silk dresses which we may make useful for this purpose; and if not of the right colour, there seems no end to the wonders that can be performed by a good dyer.

I fancy I have already spoken of what is known as the "moujik" jacket or blouse, a pretty little confection which takes the place of a mantle. It has an open front, and is a kind of jacket with a basque to it, above which is worn a belt. It can be made in satin, *moiré*, tartan, or fancy silks, or even velvet when the days grow more autumnal. The waistband is generally of satin, and there is a neck ruffle and bow with long ends.

The fancy ruffs, collars, collarettes, and yoked capes are quite numberless. The last-named, or indeed nearly all of them, can be arranged at home by clever fingers. The yokes are mounted on a foundation in white net, or muslin, and an ordinary collar band is sewn to them, which fastens behind. Then, having chosen the kind of lace, ribbon, or silken gauze, which is prepared for the trimmings, they can be very speedily arranged and sewn on. There are also very pretty models in many of the papers to select from. White lace is used at the wrists and neck, and is often put on round the latter in *coquilles* or shell shapes. The various kinds of ruffles for the neck are wonderful, and we have all welcomed the return of the feather boas to fashion, though they are much shorn of their grandeur. The feathers of which they are composed are the fine filaments of the ostrich plumes only, the length has been much curtailed, and they only reach the waist. The most fashionable colour is the browny-grey which is the natural hue of the plumage, though I see many of black, tipped with white. They are very useful additions to the toilette, and seem more sensible and less wintry-looking than the fur collars that have been used for every summer, since they came in.

Our illustration of the summer tailor-made gown shows the open-fronted coat so much worn, and the new method of cutting the collar in tooth-like shapes, which when the jacket is buttoned up to the neck, stand out about it, and often have a quilling or ruche of lace added to the inside. The other figure wears a French Eton jacket, or Bolero, which is cut open at the neck, and has a trimming round the space, a rather cool method of making this garment for the summer season. The long stole-ends of ribbon, with tiny rosettes at each, are quite features of this year's dress. They are more generally made at present in lace or lace ribbon and *passementerie*, and frequently form part of a ruffled collar, and so can be used with many bodices. They are often much longer. Indeed, I have seen them reach quite to the hem of the skirt. These, and the sashes so much worn, are often flounced with *chiffon* or gauze, in black or white, or finished with ends of lace, made to shape, one for each end. Folds of muslin are often used as neck-bands or sashes, and the ends are as long as those I have already described, and hang down as sashes. In this case they have insertion, and ends of Valenciennes lace.



ECRU AND WHITE CANVAS GOWN WITH PINK.

Small toques grow in favour day by day, and they are, many of them, composed solely of flowers. One of these is illustrated in the sketch of the tailor-made gown, and will be easily copied. The hat worn by the other figure represents one of those so much in favour in Paris at present, made of drawn muslin, silk gauze, or tulle, a pretty, old fashion revived. I cannot say that I admire the other old fashions which the jubilee year has revived, i.e. the bonnet, or the gipsy hat of 1837. They seem quite out of tone with our present surroundings, and they require austerity of outline, not the fluffy and slightly incoherent decoration of to-day. The sewing-machine has rendered so much of this possible, by rendering work cheaper, that it has completely altered the conditions of dress. So many women are dependent on its use now for their support, that any change in the direction of simplicity would take the bread out of thousands of mouths. We have only to glance at the early Victorian dress, to see the immense change that has been brought about by one fertile invention.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In small coal cellars where only a ton of coal can be stored, which has to be burnt in both kitchen and sitting-rooms, it is well to buy half a ton of coal that lights easily like Silkstone or Derby Brights, and half a ton of hard kitchen coal, and get the coalmen to discharge the sacks alternately into the cellar.

Never cut a corn on the foot with a knife or sharp scissors. It does not eradicate them, and is very dangerous. Lives have been lost in this way. They should be soaked in hot water and picked off with the finger nail. When they are very bad it is best to go to a chiropodist and have them properly extracted and they do not grow again for some weeks, if at all.

Cut ferns last much longer if before being used they are laid in a basin of water which completely covers them for an hour or two, and it is a good plan to take them out of the vases at night and lay them in water till the morning. If the fronds are matured they will last much longer for the care bestowed upon them.

Cupboards and wardrobes containing clothes should be occasionally set wide open for sunshine and air to get at the clothes. Men's coats and waistcoats and ladies' dress bodices should be occasionally turned inside out and left in the sunshine or a draught of air to purify them.

WHAT ARE THE COUNTY COUNCILS DOING FOR GIRLS?



N my last paper I glanced at the work now being done on behalf of the technical and secondary education of girls in some of the northern counties of England. The amount of material that has to be compressed into a limited space warns me to hurry on, and I shall take in order of proximity the other counties that claim our attention.

In CHESHIRE the County Council appears to have made much provision for girls. There are numerous centres of instruction over the county, and there is an elaborate scheme of scholarships.

Class I. enables boys and girls from elementary schools to proceed to secondary schools, such as High Schools, or Schools of Science and Art. About one-third the number (thirty in all) are usually taken by girls.

Class II. provides class fees and railway fares incurred through the holder attending evening Science and Art classes. In Art, about one-third are taken by girls.

Class III. (of the value of about £50) offers day scholarships in Science, Art, or Technical Instruction. A young lady won the special scholarship in Art, offered for the first time last year.

Class IV. are Daily Scholarships for Women.

Class VI. are Special Scholarships for Women in (1) Cookery, Laundry Work, and Dressmaking; and (2) for Training in Sick Nursing. The value covers whole cost of board, lodging, and fees charged at the school or hospital.

Class VII. is a Scholarship in Music (tenable for three years at the Royal College of Music, Manchester), and has each time been won by a young lady. For details, address R. P. Ward, Esq., Organising Secretary's Office, Nantwich Road, Crewe.

DERBYSHIRE.—From Percy Hawkridge, Esq., M.A., B.Sc., County Offices, Derby, we have a gratifying letter. He says: "The work in this county has affected the education of girls more than any other. In the work of the Dairy School, Cookery, Sick Nursing, Dressmaking, etc., we resemble most other counties in their efforts to cater for the instruction of women. The creation of the Midland Dairy Institute, by the joint efforts of four counties, is however of a special character. It is largely attended by farmers' daughters and aspiring dairy instructresses.

"Our Evening Continuation Schools and Science and Art Classes are all open to girls, and are largely attended by them. It is, however in the Secondary Schools that most has been done for girls. When we came into the field there was only one small Public School open to them, and this was a Higher Grade School under a School Board. There were about eight girls in attendance. Our first step was to place under public control a Girls' High School, which was being opened in Chesterfield, at which our scholarships were made tenable. We then became interested in the question of co-education, that is to say, of mixed Secondary Schools, and opened one of a commercial and general character at Heanor. This was shortly followed by the opening of a mixed Higher Grade School at Clay Cross, and last year we revived an ancient Grammar School Foundation at Bakewell, but insisted that girls should in future be admitted. *We are now taking up the matter with three small rural Grammar Schools, at present monopolised by boys, but situated in such sparsely populated localities, that with boys alone they can never flourish. The girls in these same districts have nothing but the 'seminary' (musical classes, etc.) to look to, and we hope to kill two birds with one stone by making them into mixed schools. The girls will be provided for, and the schools will have an adequate enrolment.*

"You may be sure we should not have gone ahead in this way had we not found ourselves upon the right tack. Our experiments have all succeeded. In place of eight girls in Public Secondary Schools, we now have two hundred and fifteen. Not a bad rate of increase for five years!

"Over fifty County Council scholarships, providing fees, fares, and books, are being held by girls at our Sec. Schools. Two have gained scholarships tenable at University Colleges, and are now holding the same."

Affiliated with the University College, NOTTINGHAM, is the Technical School for Women. The departments are Cookery, Sanitation, Hygiene, and Sick-Nursing, Domestic Economy, Laundry Work, Dressmaking, Housewifery, Household Sewing, Millinery. How satisfactory it is, we must remark in passing, that these household arts are no longer supposed to "come by nature!" In connection with the University College itself, scholarships, exhibitions, and bursaries (value from £30 to £12) are offered for competition without distinction of sex, and a very large number of girls attend the classes. Tennis clubs and grounds are arranged for the girl-students, and an atmosphere of brightness and cheerfulness breathes from the pages before us. "All work and no play" is evidently not the rule here, and we think the girls of Nottingham are fortunate. The secretary is Philip H. Stevenson, Esq., University College, Nottingham.

LINCOLNSHIRE is divided into two "counties," the Parts of Lindsey and Kesteven. In each district we note the usual courses of training in various branches of domestic economy widely understood. Scholarships in Lindsey are offered to boys and girls, enabling them to pass from Elementary Schools to Higher Grade Schools and institutions. There are also Dairy and Nursing scholarships for girls. The organising secretary is S. Maudson Grant, Esq., 27, Tentercroft Street, Lincoln.

In the Parts of Kesteven we observe similar advantages for girls. It may be interesting to say that the Sick-Nursing Scholarships appear to be a feature of Lincolnshire (though not exclusively confined to it). They are respectively of the value of £35 and £31 10s. annually, and allow the holder to undergo a six months' course of training. The secretary for the Parts of Kesteven is H. Donaldson, Esq., F.G.S., Grantham.

In LEICESTERSHIRE the usual technical instruction seems to be given to girls. Here there are "Special Scholarships" open to persons of ability, who wish for aid in their education. They must apply to the secretary, Arthur J. Baker, Esq., Alliance Chambers, Leicester. One of these Special Scholarships is held by a girl who is in a grammar school, and two of the four Art Scholarships, each value £20, are held by girls. "Almost whenever the committee hears of extraordinary ability, it is aided," says the secretary. This is very encouraging.

The system of technical and secondary education in STAFFORDSHIRE appears to be very full and satisfactory. Scholarships, free studentships, and classes for teachers are open to women. I have not space to enumerate them all, but may mention with pleasure that, on the awards of the examination made in June, 1896, twenty-three girls took scholarships: one of the value of £40, one of £20, the others of £8 each. The Horticultural Scholarships (value £50) would be tenable (for young women if they obtained them) at the Swanley Horticultural College, in Kent. We may hear more in the future of horticulture as an occupation for women. The secretary is Thomas Turner, Esq., County Offices, Stafford.

In SHROPSHIRE there is a ladies' committee to control female technical instruction. The usual branches of domestic economy appear on the syllabus, and we also read that the committee are prepared to make entire provision for the training of a certain number of women as nurses. Special advantages are offered to teachers in elementary schools attending classes. In the scheme of scholarships we read that a sum of £150 per annum is to be devoted to the purpose of founding a scholarship for girls of the yearly value of £50, tenable for three years, at some university or college, to be competed for by Shropshire girls between seventeen and twenty years of age. There are five scholarships of £20 each, tenable for two years at a school, offered to girls under seventeen, and ten of £10 offered to girls under fourteen. The organising secretary is F. R. Armytage, Esq., Shirehall, Shrewsbury.

From WORCESTERSHIRE Miss K. Francis, the principal teacher for women and girls, sends us a pleasant letter and an article fully descriptive of her work. This lies in the direction of Domestic Economy, which I may again remind my readers includes Cookery, Home-Sewing, Dress-Cutting and Making, Laundry Work, Health in the Home, the Nursing of the Sick, the Feeding and Treatment of Infants. Classes are held for women and girls in the rural districts, prizes are given, and scholarships are offered to girls over fourteen years of age, "with the object of helping girls of the working classes to obtain practical knowledge and experience in subjects connected with household work and management. Up to the present the scholarships have included payment for instruction and maintenance for a period of three months at the Gloucester School of Cookery and Domestic Economy." The organising secretary is James Mason, Esq., County Hall, Worcester.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Again I find the teaching for women lies largely in the direction of all branches of Household Economy. There seems a very long list of cookery mistresses. The syllabus of the "Home Nursing Lectures," which are given in different centres, is particularly intelligent and practical. Take the following, from Sick Dietary: "On this occasion students are expected to bring from their own homes specimens of drinks and foods as given to their own sick. There are also Evening Continuation Schools, and I observe that two ladies have gained, under the Science and Art Department, the National Book Prizes for Finished Works (1895–96). I note, in passing, a lady teacher of shorthand. The organising secretary is George St. John, Esq., High Street, Warwick.

Both at Birmingham and Coventry there are Municipal Technical Schools. The Secretary (Edwin Rainbow, Esq.,) of the Coventry Technical Institute says that there have been girl students in the Textile School, and that there is no reason why they should not attend the Watchmaking School.

There is a Domestic Economy School at NORTHAMPTON, where girls can obtain board, lodging, and thorough practical instruction, "with special regard to thrift, and economy of materials and time." Fifteen free studentships are offered for competition. The regulations of this school appear most sensible. There are Free Studentships offered at a Dairy Institute, entitling the holders to board,

lodging, and instruction for one month. Lastly, Scholarships of £20 and £60 a year are offered for competition to girls and boys alike, to enable them to proceed to secondary schools, or to a university. The organising secretary is Byron R. Simpson, Esq., County Hall, Northampton.

"The educational ladder is now fairly complete in CAMBRIDGESHIRE," says the Report. "The Minor Scholarships span the gulf between the Elementary School and the University, and the Major Scholarships render useful assistance in support of the University career."

The Minor Scholarships offer free tuition at a "secondary school," with railway fares if necessary, for a period not exceeding five years; the Major Scholarships are of the value of £30, tenable at any approved place of advanced instruction (such as Cambridge University). These are open to boys and girls alike. Classes for technical instruction are held throughout the county, and in addition to the usual "domestic economy" subjects, I observe that girls seem often to learn woodcarving. The County Council also encourages the formation of an "Organised Science School" for girls, where they shall learn Mathematics, Drawing, Physiology or Botany, Hygiene, Chemistry or Physiography, French, Cookery, Dressmaking. The organising secretary is Austin Keen, Esq., Technical Institute, Cambridge.

There is a "NORFOLK and Norwich School of Cookery, and Technical Training School for Women." The cost of board, lodging, washing, and training is 10s. per week, of which the County Council pays 8s., the parent or local committee 2s. This seems a very generous arrangement, and girls wishing to enter service should be eager to avail themselves of it. The scheme of scholarships open to girls seems particularly ample, and we can readily believe the secretary's statement that this county spends an exceptionally large percentage of the Technical Fund in this way.

There are (*a*) about fifty Junior or Elementary County Scholarships, value £10 annually.

(*b*) Fifteen Intermediate Scholarships of the value of £35 per annum for two years.

(*c*) Ten Senior County Scholarships of the value of £50 per annum for two years (to be increased to £75 in special circumstances).

(*d*) Science and Art County Scholarships of £50 a year for two years.

(*e*) A Domestic Economy Scholarship of £30 a year, tenable for two years at the Norfolk and Norwich Training School abovementioned. All particulars can be obtained from the organising secretary, Edward Pillow, Esq., Shirehall, Norwich.

SUFFOLK.—The usual system of District Classes for Technical Instruction and of Continuation Schools is in force, and the secretary says: "The work, on the whole, is better done by girls and women, who in the rural districts appear to have more intelligence than the men." A large number of girls attend the Continuation Schools.

There are Junior Scholarships offered to children of ability from Elementary Schools, value usually £12 to £15 per annum. In the Junior Scholarship Examination in January, 1897, two Suffolk girls were second on the General List in the country, one for Needlework, the other for History.

There are offered to women Sick-Nursing Scholarships, value £20 each; Cheese- and Butter-Making Scholarships, and Poultry Scholarships. The last class, though open to both sexes, appears to be taken almost entirely by women. The organising secretary is W. E. Watkins, Esq., 26, Buttermarket, Ipswich.

In ESSEX the County Council appears to give help to endowed schools to increase their efficiency. Among these is Palmer's Grammar School, Grays, an Organised Science Day School for boys and girls. Instruction is given in the usual subjects throughout the county, and the scholarship scheme is generous. There are—

1. Minor Scholarships, open to boys and girls not exceeding thirteen years of age. Six girls appear to be holding these scholarships, value £16 to £36, at Secondary Schools.

2. Continuation Minor Scholarships, offered for competition among the County Council scholars completing their second year under the above scheme, and enabling the successful ones to continue their education for a further period of two years. Three girls appear to be holding these scholarships, annual value £15.

3. Major Scholarships, for higher technical education, open to girls.

4. One Senior Scholarship open to holders of Major Scholarships.

5. Horticultural Scholarships, value £40 and £50. Of these by the Report four appear to have been recently taken by women, one of whom (Miss Cope) at the expiration of her scholarship "has been engaged at Kew Gardens, with every prospect of a successful career."

6. Dairy Scholarships. The training in Dairy Work is evidently of the highest order. We quote from the Report.

"At the British Farmers' Association Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, 1896, the following Essex students were very successful:—Miss E. Baynes, Broxted Hall, Dunmow, gained the Champion Prize and Lord Mayor's Cup, after a severe competition. She also obtained two other First Prizes at this Show. Miss Baynes received her only instruction at the Dairy Class, Thaxted, and the Dairy School, Colchester. Miss Robson, of Havering Park, Romford, was successful in obtaining a Third Prize, and Highly Commended. Mrs. Benson, Hanningfield, was also highly commended for cream cheese at this Show."

The teaching of Art is by no means neglected, and I observe that there has been a competition among students attending Technical Art Classes for a design for a county certificate, in which two lady students have been successful in carrying off the prizes. In brief, the work of technical instruction for women in Essex is evidently progressing apace.

The secretary, who has kindly furnished us with these particulars, is J. H. Nicholas, Esq., Duke Street, Chelmsford.

(*To be concluded.*)

LILY WATSON.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

TAKING OF TEMPERATURE.

This frequently falls to the lot of the home nurse and is of great consequence and importance to the treatment. The normal temperature of the body is 98·4 degrees; a rise indicates fever, and a fall much below normal very possibly denotes exhaustion or collapse. See that the indicator on the clinical thermometer is shaken down below ninety-five degrees before the temperature is taken, then place the bulb of the thermometer in the mouth, groin, or axilla, keep the thermometer in position, under the tongue for three minutes; if temperature is taken in the groin, see that the skin between the thigh and the body surrounds the bulb of the thermometer on all sides, and the same care should be taken when taking the temperature in the axilla or armpit, and in both cases leave the glass in position for at least five minutes. Always make a note of the result at once for fear of mistakes, the temperature should be taken at the same hours each day and in the same place. It is a mistake to take the temperature unless it be really necessary, as people are very often made nervous by the taking of their temperature needlessly.

RESPIRATION.

It may be necessary to count this at different times in the day. From fifteen to eighteen respirations is the usual number per minute, though this varies a good deal after exertion or fright. The pulse is usually from about sixty to eighty beats per minute, and these beats may be counted by pressing the finger on any artery; those near the surface are most easily felt, as at the wrist, ankle, or on the temples the pulse increases in rate if there is fever, and often temporarily if there is any fright or nervousness, or after undue exertion. The skin acts an important part not only in carrying off waste material but also in equalising the temperature of the body, by the evaporation of moisture; sweating takes place when one is overheated and tends to reduce the temperature of the skin and therefore of the whole body. This sweating ought not to be suddenly checked by sitting in a draught, or suddenly taking a cold bath when very hot. A continued fever always means a burning up of tissue too rapidly, which is exhausting to the body, and many measures are now tried to bring this fever down by artificially applying cold to the skin and so reducing the temperature; there are many different methods of doing this. Cold sponging, ice cradling, cold baths, wet packs, water beds, but these are only given under a doctor's directions.

Always note the quantity of food taken, and see that it is served as tastefully as possible; never take food in large quantities to the bed, have the cups and spoons polished and, if possible, fresh flowers laid on the tray. The nurse should take her meals if possible in a different room.

HYGIENE.

By hygiene we understand attention to certain laws and rules which are necessary for keeping the body and its surroundings in a healthy condition. Points: (1) cleanliness, (2) ventilation, (3) pure air and water, (4) wholesome food, (5) suitable clothing, (6) healthy exercise.

BED SORES.

These can frequently be prevented if care is taken in time. The parts of the body where there is much pressure should be well washed with soap and water in order to keep the skin in a healthy condition. If the skin gets shiny or red, paint it over with collodion, or the white of an egg whipped up into a cream, with a teaspoonful of olive oil. If the skin be broken, dress with zinc or boracic ointment, or lint soaked in tinct. benzoin co., olive oil and castor oil equal parts, or cod liver oil. Pressure must be relieved by means of water-beds, or ring-pads, and the position changed as frequently as possible.



RECIPES FOR AUGUST.

Cyclist's Sandwiches.—Fresh Hovis bread, or a wholemeal loaf that is a day old is the best for these. Cut in slices and butter rather sparingly, trimming off all the crust. Spread the slices with potted meat (preferably home-made) then sprinkle them with the powdered yolk of hard-boiled eggs, adding a pinch of salt and pepper. Cut into neat squares and pack in cardboard boxes if you do not possess sandwich cases. Slices of hard-boiled egg, well-seasoned, make good and sustaining sandwiches; but the slight sulphury smell of the egg makes them objected to by some people.

Sandwiches made from cold meat should have the meat cut very small and mixed with a few spoonfuls of strong gravy that has jellied. A little pickled walnut or gherkin will add a piquancy to these. Very nice for this purpose will be found collared veal which can be bought ready dressed. Chopped watercress mixed with a little butter and spread on the bread, then a few thin flakes of cold salmon placed between, makes another variety.

A very delicious preparation called *Tomato Chutnee* is now to be bought at most greengrocer's, and this is delightful when spread between bread and butter.

Vegetable Marrow Soup.—Pare, cut open, and remove all the seeds from a ripe marrow. Cut it into squares and place in a stewpan with about two ounces of clarified beef-dripping or butter. Let it cook for upwards of an hour, then rub faithfully through a colander and return to the stewpan. Chop up very finely either a small white onion or a few fresh chives, also a handful of picked chervil; throw these into the *purée*, also a teaspoonful of salt and half one of pepper. Mix a teaspoonful of cornflour with a tablespoonful of milk, then add about a pint more milk and stir all over the fire until it boils again.

Or instead of milk, for a more delicate soup, add veal stock, and when it has boiled, draw away from the fire, and stir in—very gradually—the beaten yolks of two eggs.

Lobster Soup.—Scrape all the meat from a freshly-boiled lobster, and pound it in a mortar, reserving the coral.

Dissolve two ounces of butter in a stewpan, slice finely a white onion and let it frizzle, but not brown. When tender add to it a pint of white stock and the pounded flesh of the lobster, and the bones as well. Let all simmer together for an hour, then rub through a sieve. Thicken with cornflour wet with milk, season to taste, and add at the last half a pint of hot cream and the lobster coral.

Scotch Broth.—Two pounds of trimmed neck of mutton, a bunch of spring carrots, one of turnips, and half a dozen spring onions, a thick leek or two, a bunch of savoury herbs. Place three pints of water in a pan and let it nearly boil before putting in the meat, then add the vegetables at the same time, bringing all to boiling-point again, then let it simmer gently for two hours. Take out the meat and a few vegetables; cut the remainder rather smaller, and return them to the pan with a teacupful of pearl barley, previously washed and soaked. Let the broth simmer for a little longer to cook the barley, when season it and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Use a little of the broth to make about a quarter of a pint of caper or parsley sauce to serve with the mutton.

An Economical Dish for a Family Dinner.—Purchase a good ox-tail and have it ready jointed; trim away superfluous fat and take an earthen stewjar that will hold rather more than a quart. Peel half a dozen small onions, and place them at the bottom with as many round carrots and a few sprigs of young celery. Lay the pieces of ox-tail on these, then cover the meat with the same quantity of vegetables again. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover with water, enough to indeed to pretty well fill the jar, then set it in the corner of the oven where it may cook gently, but not too slowly, for three or four hours. When done, remove the pieces of tail on to a hot dish, and make a ring of the onions round the edge; cover this to keep hot, while to half a pint of the liquor you add a tablespoonful of flour, previously wetted with cold water, a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup, half a teaspoonful of extract of beef and a few drops of browning. Boil this and pour over the meat in the dish. Serve with boiled potatoes.

Remove the carrots and split them into two or four pieces, according to their size; place them in the soup tureen. Skim all fat from the liquor, add a little more seasoning if required, or a little colouring, make thoroughly hot, then pour it also into the tureen, adding fried *croutons* of bread. If the tail is not sufficient by itself, a pound or two of shin of beef can be put with it, as the long slow cooking will make this as tender as steak.

Beef à la Mode.—A piece of the flank rolled into shape will do quite as well for this as the regulation round. Rub the piece with salt, pepper and a pinch of spice. Place it in a braising-pan or glazed earthenware pan, surround it with small carrots, turnips, onions, a few sprigs of celery and fresh herbs, add also a little shred bacon. Pour over about a breakfastcupful of water and cover tightly, letting it cook in the oven for about four hours. If intended for eating cold do not remove from the pan until required, when garnish with the jelly that will be found at the bottom. For eating whilst hot remove all superfluous fat, but serve the vegetables around the meat. A large piece of meat cooked in this way, then allowed to remain until cold before cutting, will be found an excellent standby for a country house party.

A Dainty Dish for a Supper-Party.—Pluck and draw one or two fairly large fowls, they need not be chickens for this purpose. Place them in a pan of hot but not quite boiling water, bring them rather quickly to boiling-point, then draw the pan aside and let them simmer for an hour and a half. Place with the fowls a couple of white onions, a carrot or two and a few sweet herbs. In a separate pan boil a piece of unsmoked gammon or ham. When the fowls are cooked lift them out and gently remove the skin, but do not joint them until they are cold; the ham also should be allowed to get cold in the water in which it is boiled.

Cut the fowls into small joints and slice the breasts, arrange them neatly on a dish and cover them with about half a pint of white sauce (cold), made with milk and flavoured with lemon rind. Make a ring of very thin slices of ham (curled) around the pile of fowl, garnish with sliced fresh lemon, and place tufts of crisp parsley around the outer edge.

The liquor in which the fowls were boiled will make a delicious foundation for white or vegetable soups.

Some Fruit Compôtes: Greengage.—Make a syrup by boiling half a pound of lump sugar with a little water, let it boil for five minutes before putting in the greengages. Let these cook in the syrup until they are perfectly tender, but take care they do not break. Set them aside in the syrup until cold, when dish, sprinkling powdered sugar lightly over and serving with them unsweetened curd or clotted cream.

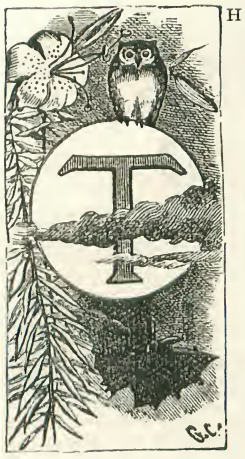
Victoria Plums also should be put into a boiling syrup, but they take less cooking than greengages and require more watching. Let them also grow cool in the syrup, when, if the latter is not sufficiently covered, add a few drops of cochineal to it.

Damsons do not require putting into a syrup, but the sugar may be placed with the fruit and then stewed until thoroughly cooked.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.



THAT night Mr. Haydn was lodged in Annaghmore prison.

As soon as the painful parting was over, Mary turned to Reginald. "Why would you not let me speak?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, "your father will be released within a week, and in less time than that he"—the young man jerked his arm in the direction of Edgar—"will be out of the country."

"Why should I go out of the country?" Edgar inquired, a little less abject now that the immediate danger seemed over. "What have I done?"

"Done?" said De Vesci. "Forged a cheque for £100, and inserted a whole page in two of the books of the Institution, imitating closely, yet withal clumsily, your father's writing. I had suspicions myself and Mr. Docker has converted them into certainties."

"Yes," said Docker, with a nod to Edgar, "the gaff is blown. Any further denial on your part is a waste of breath."

Then De Vesci spoke again.

"Your berth is taken in the *Roland Dunn*, and you will sail to-night."

"But," Edgar objected, "I don't like Australia."

"I don't imagine that Australia will particularly like you."

"Of course," Edgar said again, "it is awfully kind of you, and I am most sincerely grateful."

"Keep your gratitude out of my way," De Vesci answered. "I shall take a Turkish bath after the sight of you. I regard it as a calamity that I can't hand you over to justice without hurting those whose misfortune you are, and not their fault. What you want in my humble opinion is the cat. In some near future I devoutly hope you may get your deserts."

"Go on," said Edgar, "hit a chap when he is down. I'll go and shove my things into a portmanteau."

He walked to the door, then, turning back, he delivered himself again.

"Look here," he said, "there's no need to ebonise a black sheep. I did it right enough, but I didn't mean to let the old governor in for the blame of it. When I saw the way the books were kept I thought a trifle like a queer page or two would easily pass muster; particularly," he added glancing at De Vesci, "when I heard you were to audit the books. That's the truth, leave it or lump it."

He broke into a whistle and walked away, banging the door behind him.

"You were too hard upon him," said Docker.

"Too hard?" echoed Hennessy. "How could you be too hard on a cowardly sneak like that?"

"Not for his sake," Reginald answered; "for his sister's. Look, Mary is crying."

And she was—silently and very bitterly.

"We were little things together," she sobbed. "Poor, wicked Edgar!"

"But don't cry," said Reginald, "I can't stand it. Mary, don't cry."

"All will be well, my darling," said De Vesci, putting his arm round her and trying to kiss her wet face.

But she only turned her head away from him and sobbed on.

Edgar sailed from Waterford to Milford in the *Roland Dunn*, and that day week, as Docker had predicted, the charge against Mr. Haydn was formally withdrawn. As for the runaway, nobody troubled about him. The money was refunded by Hennessy, and bygones were bygones.

So the long mental agony endured by Mr. Haydn had been self-inflicted and gratuitous. To the best of his failing ability he had kept the books and the funds entrusted to him in perfect uprightness. With his own money, indeed he had dealt foolishly and wastefully, ever following the malicious phantom that seemed to point him a way back to his lost property. But those hopes had been as idle as his fears. And their upshot was that now, broken in mind and body, a man of sixty who might have passed for a man of four score, he was left without employment and almost without a penny in the world. Against Mr. Haydn's personal honour, indeed, after the first week or so, not a dog wagged his tongue; or if he indulged in that recreation it was secretly and in regions beyond the sphere of influence of De Vesci Hennessy. It was noticed that even when his business was absolutely remote from horseflesh that young man failed not to carry a horsewhip. It had not been always the same whip, though it followed a consistent design of solid durability. It was said that its predecessors (and they seemed to have been numerous) had been disabled in service—the service, as one gathered, of mankind.

In the reaction of public feeling that followed the prosecution for forgery—and the very able and convincing defence by Reginald Docker—it is quite likely that poor Mr. Haydn might have been permitted to retain his post—for a little while, at all events.

But his family, who saw his piteous incapacity and knew the terrors through which he had passed, would have faced the very workhouse rather than have exposed him again to the blind cruelty of rows of figures. Come what might, they said, he should no more keep books nor books keep him. Besides, in the associations of that house, for such an one as Mr. Haydn, madness lay. After what had taken place it was quite possible that the haunted man might have been scared by the fascination of repulsion into some purposeless forgery of forgery. At any rate, the room where Edgar had contrived and executed a crime in his father's name, was a place wherein that father must not be permitted to earn his bread.

So Mr. Haydn sent in his resignation, and when the letter was read to the Committee every member who was not mere beef and suet was touched by the fine dignity of its tone. "Not much sign there of—hem!—getting a bit old," remarked one stout gentleman. And that was true, but hardly remarkable, since the letter was Hildegarde's. So by unanimous consent a reply was written generously accepting Mr. Haydn's resignation and wishing him health, prosperity and (do the thing handsomely while you are about it) every earthly happiness.

It was believed by the family at Weir Bend that the Committee had taken very practical steps to insure, as far as might be, the accomplishment of their desire. For in a separate type-written letter it was communicated to them that a pension to the full amount of their ex-secretary's stipend had been secured to him, and would be payable during the life of himself, and of his widow, and of either one of his two daughters. The sole condition of the payment of this stipend was the absolute silence concerning it of all the persons concerned. The committee, it was pointed out, might be exposed to importunity and even to more serious annoyance if it were known that they had created a precedent in the matter of pensioning their employés.

It might perhaps be regarded as a curious circumstance, that the only book which contained any record of moneys expended in that connection was the private pass book of De Vesci Hennessy.

Though they knew nothing about that more or less significant fact, the family at Weir Bend knew enough to feel profoundly grateful to their new friend. During those miserable days when the shadow of Edgar's crime came between them and the light—when it required an effort of hardihood to go to the front door; when the blinds were kept down as though death were in the house; and eating was a nauseating mockery—De Vesci showed a tactful kindness which was never at fault.

In some wonderful way he seemed to pervade the house—a cheering influence and a firm defence. Almost every post brought from him a letter, a magazine,

a little present of flowers. Often he was seen walking in front of the cottage, or crossing a field not far off. And it was amazing how that vision seemed to mitigate the separation from the outside world. Then, quite after dusk, Hennessy began to call and take the girls for a stroll about their own tiny demesne. After that he had a brougham at the door, just as owl-light began, to convey them to a spot whence a wonderful after-glow might be seen. And so, gradually, he hardened their blinking eyes to bear the world's garish daylight, and strengthened their hearts to take up again the burden of their duty.

And yet Hennessy was a shy man, often gauche and angular, a student and a dreamer of dreams.

He was one of those who require the forcing of outward circumstances. Whose sweetness must be expressed by the pestle of sorrow. Whose strength must come with the burden. One of the men who are good at need, upon whom occasion never calls in vain. Who may shirk the trifling obligation, but stand and meet every solemn call with a quiet "adsum."

It is very strange, in dealing with elemental nature, how sure is the touch of a man like that. He walks safely among a hundred fragile susceptibilities. Simply—without thought, without effort—now by this sick bed; now in this company robed in new black; he speaks the difficult, inevitable word, and does the one right thing. He, the poor wretch who cannot hand a cup of tea without scalding somebody, whose hand is against every woman's china and his foot for ever in somebody's flounces. Most strange, I say, and most beautiful. There are ministering angels on earth as well as in heaven, and not all of them wear the robes of woman.

Now good Reginald Docker was full of kindness and good-will and loved to serve his friends, and would have given years of his life only to be able to say something that would bring the old smile back to Mary's pale, weary-lidded face. But of that gift of Hennessy's he possessed nothing. He meant very well, and, after a sort he did very well. Yet it is not too much to say that during those first black weeks it required a little effort, even on the part of Hildegarde, to meet his presence, and support his kindly words. And as for Mary, often she thought him only just not heartless. She contrasted the two young men, as they were thrown out by the fierce light of this noon of trouble, and she could not but see how far nobler was the figure of Hennessy, the man to whom her hand was pledged. And yet she knew that, as soon as this need had gone by, her thought would rest upon the man who had been unstable as water; and the ring of the other—the lover who loved her as few men love and no man more than once—would be the symbol of a heart sold into slavery.

"Oh," she sighed wearily every day, in a sorrow that lay deeper even than that sorrow that made salt all the fountain of her life. "Oh, that I should have paid for but a fancied relief with so deadly real a misery.

"It need not have been! It need not have been! I have given myself for nothing. Oh, dear father, if you only knew what your delusion has cost your daughter!"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADGE.—The "waits" and the "mummers" were quite distinct from each other. The former were composed of a class of inferior musicians who performed at weddings and country *fêtes*, as well as by night for some time before Christmas Day. The name "wait" is not descriptive of their vocation, but applies only to their trials in its pursuit, and their having to hold themselves in readiness to blow their various wind instruments when required, and make the best of a weary waiting for a few pence, oftentimes

"With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,"

or the snow on a freezing night under the windows of the richer folk. The "mummers" were of the farmer class, young men and girls, who used to go out disguised, acting, dancing and singing, for which they were rewarded with apples, nuts and ale, or other and more substantial entertainment. "Mummers" still exist, we are told, in Oxfordshire. In early times it was an amusement joined in by the highest families in the land till Henry VIII. passed an Act to repress it.

M. P.—How to wash flannels so as to prevent shrinking is not difficult by any means, but requires care. Shred into a saucepan in small pieces a piece of soap in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to two gallons of water, and put on to boil, stirring with a wooden spoon to make a soap lather. Shake out your flannels well first of all to free them from dust, and then proceed to mix in the washing-tub one quart jug of boiling lather to two of cold, stirring all the time. Lastly, add an ounce of liquid or rock ammonia, and when dissolved put in the flannels, cover over completely with the water, and then put the paste-board over the tub, so that all be shut in closely to prevent evaporation. Let this stand for an hour, then squeeze them out and put into a clear rinsing-bath of the same temperature (90° Fahr.). If very much soiled, look over the soiled parts and rub carefully in the first lather, put through a rinser and shake well. Dry in the shade, or slowly near a fire, and iron while damp with a cool iron.

WHITE HORSES.—The quieter horses are the better; and little school-girls of fourteen are not expected to talk unless spoken to by their elders. To their parents they may speak freely. When you are grown up you will do better in the presence of your elders. See our advice to "A Shy One."

ANNIE JACK.—We think that your simplest plan would be to consult the master and mistress of the nearest Board School, who could give all information. Otherwise, write to the head office, Victoria Embankment, London. There is a regular system to be learnt. You being Irish, and a Presbyterian, would not stand in your way. You must have been with very low ill-bred people if they "sneered at you" on these accounts.

MOSS.—It is the husband's duty to purchase the house-linen for the new home; but though usual, there is nothing to prevent your doing it yourself. Ten pounds is a very usual sum to spend on house-linen, and this would include everything. You could reduce this by purchasing at sales, where these things are often obtained at a very reduced price. The list of articles wanted is as follows:—Six linen pillow slips, two pairs of twill calico sheets, two pairs of plain ditto, two pairs of good blankets, one pair of under blankets, two pairs of army blankets; four toilet covers, one dozen huckaback towels, six cotton towels, six tea cloths, six glass cloths, six dusters, six kitchen cloths, six oven cloths; two pairs of servants' cotton sheets, six cotton pillow slips; two kitchen tablecloths, three damask tablecloths, twelve table-napkins, two round towels, two sideboard cloths, and four yards of house flannel. This is a rough list. I have left out the question of bed-spreads, as you may like to have them of lined muslin or cretonne, and you may have a less number of blankets if you purchase a down quilt. If you can contrive to make all the things yourself, of course you will much reduce the price of them; and every year should see you add a few new things to your linen press, not less than a pound should be laid out to make them do their duty. You will find a good supply of kitchen and pantry towels a great comfort, and these will need much looking after to prevent loss and waste.

FLAP-DOODLE'S question respecting the number of circular churches in this country has just been answered. Of course we do not take into account any little modern edifices.

JACK.—We think your mother is right in her judgment. Such unions are injudicious, and not only injure the prospects in life of the person in a higher position of the two, but lead to future unhappiness, and a coolness resulting from disappointment. In your special case you deprived the man of liberty to retrieve his mistake, rashly made, by "bursting into tears, and asking him not to break your heart." What could he say then? But as he had said, "I have pondered over our conversation yesterday, and think it best perhaps for us both to give it all up." If you oblige him to act contrary to his cooler judgment, you take too great a responsibility on yourself. At any rate your acquaintance was only four months' old.

PEGGY and AFRICAN SUBSCRIBER.—A 5s. piece of Charles II., dated 1666, having an elephant beneath the bust and "milled," is worth from 8s. to 12s. if in good preservation; one of George III., 1819, is worth from 8s. 6d, to 15s.; and of George IV., 1821, from 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Better take your Jubilee half sovereign to a silversmith. We tell you, as nearly as possible, the respective value of coins, but cannot assure you of obtaining purchasers at the true value, nor can we give you trade addresses. Of course the trade-purchaser must retain the amount of his profit on the purchase.

WINNIE.—Your namesake was a real person, although one of those whose history has been obscured by curious fables. She was a martyr, the daughter of a powerful baron—Thewith—and niece of St. Bueno, and a sketch of her life has been published in a dozen or more historical works, including that of the Abbé Ulysse Chevalier (La Société Bibliographique, Paris, 1877 and 1883). She lived in the seventh century, was instructed in the Christian religion by her uncle, and devoted herself to a religious life. But her singular beauty attracted the notice of the pagan king's son, Prince Cradoc (or Caradac), and his suit being rejected, it is said that he cut off her head with his own sword. Then follows the fable that this desirable lover was struck dead, and the earth swallowed him up; that her head rolled down the hill, and where it stopped the healing spring of Holywell burst forth. The fable states, furthermore, that her head was restored to her, and that she lived and was abbess of a convent during fifteen years. She was first buried in the churchyard of Gwytherin, where she had lived, and where there are four stones marking the site of her grave. But in the reign of Stephen her remains were removed to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Shrewsbury. There was a chapel dedicated to her memory at the south of the church at Gwytherin, now no longer extant.

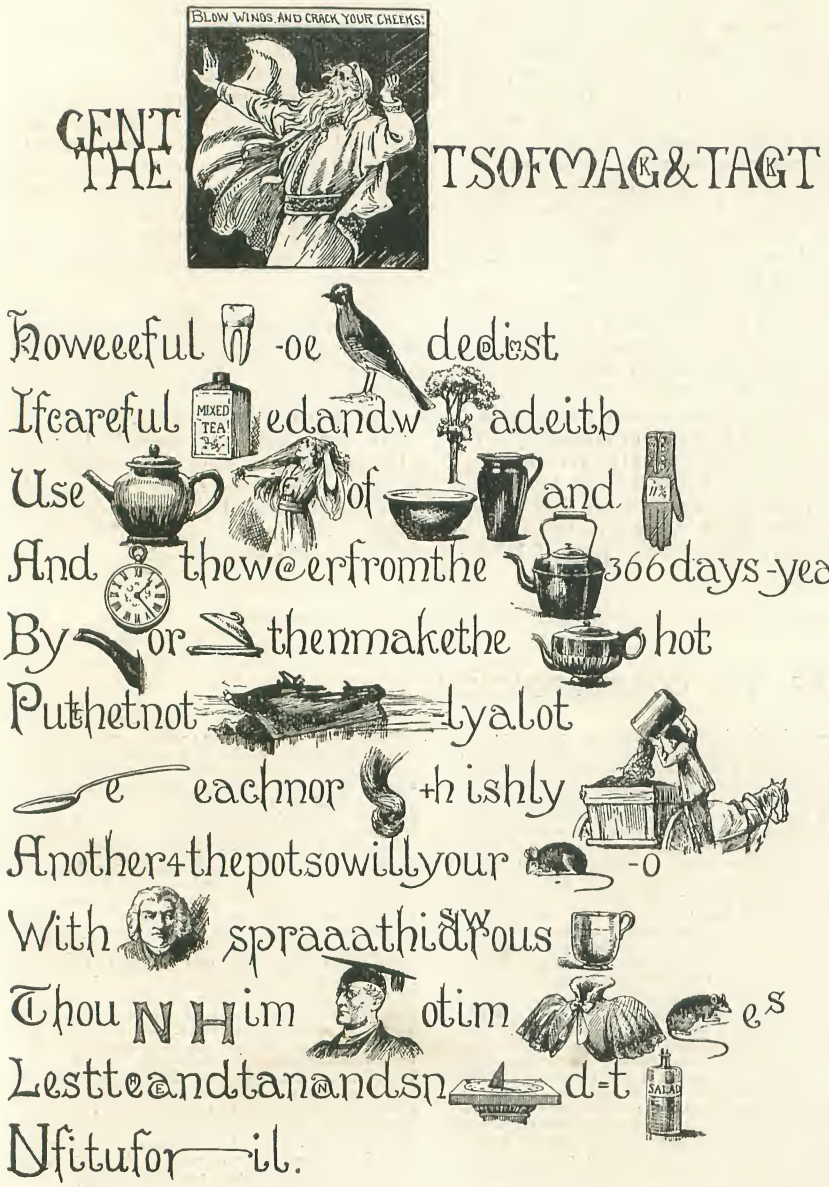
A. E. ALLEN.—If you apply to the Chaplain of the Jail, Clerkenwell, he could supply you with the statistics you require respecting the percentage of persons in prison who had been Sunday scholars. Taking some 15 years ago for example, 50 of the boy prisoners, varying in age from 9½ to 16, all but two had been under Sunday-school teaching more or less, 29 had been recipients of prizes, and only 29 could say the Lord's Prayer; only 31 knew how many Commandments there were; only 17 could repeat the Creed; and 7 were entirely ignorant of how Christ died—they had heard His name, but that was all; and 6 had no idea where He now is! Whether any change for the better has since taken place we are not prepared to say.

DAISY.—You might get scraps of silk for making patchwork at certain dressmakers', and in many shops old pattern-blocks, scraps of ribbon, and short remnants may be given away, or at least disposed of at a small price, especially for charitable objects.

MARGARET GAVENS.—You cannot break your engagement with a really respectable man who has done nothing to offend you. Tell him of your difficulty, and say you must afford something, as long as able, to assist your mother a little. It is the man, not the woman, who finds the furniture and linen. Why should your mother give up tailoring? If your other sisters add something also to help it is all that can be expected.

GERTRUDE L. G.—We have not published the life; better inquire at a librarian's, who, if one is to be had, will procure a copy for you.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be September 14, 1897; from Abroad, November 16, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

LOTTIE M.—We do not know what more you can do to your green leather-covered furniture, and recommend you to consult an upholsterer about it. They may have a patent varnish to restore its appearance. It would be disastrous to your gowns to employ any varnish but that specially designed for the purpose.

ELIZA EDWARDS had better apply for such information to Mr. Wm. Sly, Secretary of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

MEXICO.—1. You write a good free hand. It does not come within our province to tell character by the caligraphy, nor do we advertise those who make pecuniary profit out of their studies and experience in this occupation.—2. The skirts of gowns as now cut should suit your figure well, as there is no fulness over the hips, and they slope out gradually down to the edge.

AN INTERESTED READER.—1. Your verses are better than those we usually receive, and the spirit and feeling they express are religious and excellent. But you did not give your age, nor were they certificated. We are glad you think our Magazine increases in interest.—2. We cannot give trade addresses. Take your coins to some silversmith's, where such are for sale.

"GOOD FRIDAY" CHILD.—There would be nothing indiscreet in visiting the place you name after a two or three years' absence to see other friends; but be careful not to seek a renewal of acquaintance with any man of whom you had but a casual knowledge so long ago. You have both changed more or less since then—when you were little more than a child.

LOVERS OF ANIMALS.—The address of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is 105, Jermyn Street, St. James's. Secretary, John Colam, Esq., and President, H.R.H. the Duke of York.

S. LOVERIDGE.—German yeast will keep from two to four weeks if placed in a stone jar and sprinkled with a little flour. It should be kept in a cool place. For making hop yeast, see vol. x. of our magazine, p. 255, Jan. 19, 1889.

HAIDE.—The Lunenburg is a district of Prussia in the eastern part of Hanover. Its area is 4488 square miles. It is a sandy plain with some heath and forest lands. The capital is Luneburg. There is a county in Virginia, U.S.A., and a very large county in Nova Scotia of the same name, the inhabitants of the latter being chiefly of German extraction. The capital is also Lunenburg, called also Malaquash. The fishing fleet from this place is very large and is stationed on the Labrador coast.

EMMA.—It would be wisest to write direct to the several secretaries of these colleges. The Secretary for last year (1896) of the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., was C. B. Hodgson, Esq.; of Girton College, Cambridge, Miss Kensington, 83, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; of Newnham College, Cambridge, Miss M. G. Kennedy, Shenstone, Cambridge; of the Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Miss Wordsworth (Principal); Somerville College, St. Giles's Road West, Miss Maitland (Principal); and of St. Hugh's Hall, 17, Norham Gardens, Miss Moberly (Principal). It is probable that all the various colleges are conducted in the same way. If a tenant wished, for example, to leave in September, she should certainly give notice in June; and, more usually, a six months' notice is required. But this should be a matter of written agreement on taking the house. You do not name the terms of your own.

C. A. HETHERINGTON.—You should certainly obtain a doctor's opinion and advice. You appear to be suffering from some form of hysteria.

A SHY ONE.—We fear unless you improve you will never be "great at anything." If you have no conversational ability, be a good listener, and show kindly interest in what other people say; be very attentive to their little wants and wishes when at home, and study our articles on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," which appeared in the number for July 23, 1881, and which ought to prove a great help to you and relief to your friends.

G. E. F.—1. We do not at all anticipate the discontinuance of bicycling by women, which is too valuable in every way to those who cannot afford to keep horses, nor meet the expenditure of carriage hire.—2. To make a raised pork pie (or game pie), to every pound of flour allow a half a pound of butter, half a pint of water, the yolk of two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Make a stiff short crust, and work up very smoothly. Brush it over with a beaten yolk of egg. This pie must be baked in a proper round or oval tin mould sold for the purpose.

HANDKERCHIEF.—To hem-stitch handkerchiefs, you should draw three threads (or two at least, according to the fineness of the linen) exactly at the distance from the edge, that will give the depth of the hem required. Then turn the hem down by the thread and hem-stitch the two parts together. Great neatness and care will have to be taken in turning the corners.

A. J. PADFIELD.—It is quite immaterial whether you raise your veil or not when you pay a visit. But we think it more agreeable to a friend to see your face; and we do not know the object of keeping it down when in the house, unless to hide a red nose or other defect.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 919.] AUGUST 7, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HARVEST-TIME.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

THE seeds of spring have passed to summer flowers;
The flowers of summer into autumn fruit:
Heavily hang the golden-freighted bowers;
The meads bend low beneath Love's lingering foot.
The Lord is Love; and lo! His foot is here:
His ways are secret, like the hidden seed:
But lo! in perfect flower and ripened ear,
We know His ways are ways of Love indeed!
It was His smile that gave the sunshine birth,
The shadow was the brooding of His wing:
And lo! from sun and shade, the teeming earth,
Ripened by Him for man's rich harvesting!
He came on earth, and sowed the seeds of Faith:
Blind were our eyes and deaf our ingrate ears:
In love, He sowed them in the grave of Death,
And watered them with His compassionate tears.
Spring in our hearts, seeds of immortal Youth!
Burst into flower, O seeds that cannot die!
Open the wide-leaved blossoms of your truth,
God planted seeds of immortality!
Death cannot crush you with his cruel foot:
But, sheltered by the shadow of His wing,
The seed shall pass to flower, the flower to fruit,
Ripened by Death for God's grand harvesting!

All rights reserved.]



THE HARVEST MOON.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XVII.

VERY LIKE MADNESS.

BRUCE COLLIER was recovering; but so slowly that he could hardly believe that he was making any progress. He felt indeed so shattered in mind and body that he scarcely cared to live, and his heavy depression was the worst foe the doctors had to combat. It was impossible to rouse him to take an interest in anything. He was persuaded that he should never be able to paint again, and a settled melancholy possessed his mind as extreme lassitude his body.

He said nothing that could throw any light on the event which had caused his illness. He never willingly spoke of it, and any attempt at questioning him had so ill an effect on his health, that the doctors had forbidden the subject to be mentioned to him. It was believed that he had no clear recollection of what had occurred, and that any allusion to it excited within him a vague sense of horror which he could not define.

As the weeks passed on the physicians became anxious to rouse him and rekindle his interest in life. They talked of sending him abroad, but he persisted in saying that he would rather remain at home, and could not be persuaded to express a preference for one place rather than another. They suggested that he might begin to see friends; but he showed not the least desire to receive visitors.

His sister, observing his strange perversity, wondered if there could be anything in what their god-mother had hinted. Could it be that Bruce was out of heart and weary of life, because Mirabel Dean had vanished from his world? It was preposterous that a girl of the people—a hired model—should have such influence over a man of his stamp. It showed what a dangerous girl she was.

Cora Leslie was growing weary of her brother's long illness. She was out of her element in a sick-room. Clearly nature had not intended her for a nurse and, to do young Mrs. Leslie justice, she did not attempt the *rôle* for which she felt herself so unfit. She left Bruce mainly to the care of the professional nurse, and he was thankful to be so resigned, for when Cora did feel it her duty to devote herself to him, her attentions jarred on him terribly.

But, though she did not greatly disturb herself on his account, Mrs. Leslie found it impossible to dance, and flirt, and plunge into all the gaieties of the winter while her brother lay between life and death, or even when he was slowly creeping back to health. She did not like to appear heartless; so she welcomed the idea of his going abroad under the care of a young medical man. While he was absent, she would be able to reign supreme in his house and entertain herself and her friends excellently well. So Cora eagerly aided the physicians in their efforts to rouse the patient from his apathy.

"Bruce," she said, coming into his room one bright morning in January, "Mr. Armitage is below and would very much like to see you, if you feel able to receive him."

Her brother had not long risen. He was lounging in an easy chair which the nurse had wheeled into the window of the little sitting-room which adjoined his bed-room.

"Oh, why does he want to see me?" he asked wearily, "I'm poor company, tell him."

"Really, Bruce, you do not deserve to have friends," said his sister; "and the dear old man says he would be thankful only to see your face."

"Well, well; I am ungrateful," said Bruce, with a sigh. "But—is his wife with him?"

"No, she is not, you good-for-nothing godson," said Mrs. Leslie. "She has sent a message that she wants me to go out shopping with her."

Bruce Collier heaved a sigh of relief. Mrs. Armitage, the second wife of the gentleman who waited downstairs, was his godmother, and had petted and adored him from his babyhood; but the warm interest she displayed in him had always harassed rather than pleased her godson. She had ever evinced too great a desire to advise and manage him. She wanted to make him happy in her own way, which naturally would have been no happiness to him.

"I don't mind seeing him," he said emphatically; "he's a good old chap, and one of the truest of friends."

"Very well—I'll bring him up," said Cora eagerly; "and, Bruce dear, you won't mind if I go out?"

"Of course not, butterfly. Why should I keep you from enjoying yourself in the sunshine? Go, by all means."

It was the first time since his illness that Bruce had called her by the old, playful nickname. Rejoiced that he seemed more like himself, Cora ran away and presently returned, accompanied by the old gentleman whom Mirabel had befriended in the gardens.

Mr. Armitage had come prepared to find his young friend—for it was always as a young friend that he thought of Bruce Collier—much altered, yet he was startled at the change he discerned in him. The artist did not look simply pale and weak; he had the worn, strained look of a man who has had a severe nervous shock. The first thing that struck the friend who looked on him was the fact that he was no longer young. Age had prematurely laid its enfeebling touch on him. Mr. Armitage rallied himself and made an effort to hide what he felt as he went forward and shook the invalid warmly by the hand, uttering kind words of congratulation on his recovery. But Bruce Collier was not deceived. He had seen the look which came into his friend's eyes when he first beheld him.

"You find me a sorry wreck," he said, sinking back in his chair as Mrs. Leslie closed the door behind her.

"Not a wreck," said his old friend, "you look weak and ill, and you feel so, no doubt; but you've pulled through the worst, and you will soon be yourself again. We shall have you busy in your studio again before many weeks are past."

Bruce shook his head.

"I shall never paint another picture," he said. "Look at my hand;" and he held up his hand that the other might see how it shook.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Armitage, "that is nothing. Mountain air will soon make that right. I knew a man who had his head broken in a railway accident, and he thought himself done for; but he went to the Engadine for six months, and when he came back he was twice the man he had been before the accident. It did him good in fact."

Bruce smiled.

"I ought to take comfort from that, I suppose," he said, "but somehow I can't believe that my head will ever be good for anything again. I think my work is done."

"Nonsense," said the old man stoutly; "you'll live to prove otherwise, though, if your work were done, you've achieved no small success. That Academy picture of yours is beautiful—the—what do you call it? 'Lady Gwendolin?'"

"'The Fair Geraldine,'" said Bruce, with a tremor in his voice. He leaned back in his chair and screened his eyes with his hand. It was exquisite pain to him to recall that loved picture. Yet, as he tried to see it with his mind's eye, the vision eluded him. He could see nothing but a fleeting confusion of colours and forms. The face he wanted to call before him would not come at his call.

"Strange," he murmured. "Now you have mentioned the picture, I am trying to recall it and, though I know every line of it so well, I cannot see it as a whole. I wish I could go down to my studio."

"I dare not countenance your doing anything so rash," said Mr. Armitage; "but why not have the picture brought to you here?"

Mr. Collier changed colour, hesitated for a few moments, and then rang his bell, and gave careful instructions to a servant to fetch the picture from his studio. So the "Fair Geraldine" was brought and placed on an easel before him, and Bruce Collier gazed with eyes that seemed hard to satisfy on the face he loved so well.

Mr. Armitage watched him curiously. What was the meaning of his rapt, earnest gaze? Was the painter's

passion for his art reviving? Then his eyes fell on the picture, and he said quietly—

"It is wonderfully like her."

"Like her?" repeated the artist, in a startled tone. "Like whom?"

"The girl—the model who sat for it," said Mr. Armitage.

"How do you know?" asked Bruce, in astonishment—"you have never seen her?"

"I have both seen her and talked with her," said Mr. Armitage. And he told how he had made the acquaintance of Mirabel and her crippled brother in Kensington Gardens.

Bruce listened with eager, painful interest.

"Where is she?" he asked, at the first opportunity. "Where does she live?"

"That I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Armitage.

"What—she helped you when you were ill, and you let her go away, and never asked her where she lived?"

"Yes—I asked her, and she told me. I would have given her money but she refused it. I meant to do something for her indirectly, but I could not see how, and so I let it slip from me, I am sorry to say."

"Then where does she live?" demanded Bruce.

"As I said, I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Armitage. "The girl specially begged that I would not let you know it. She said she meant never to sit as a model again."

Bruce flushed painfully.

"Ah—she said so, did she?" he exclaimed. "Well—it was just like her. She means nobly, only she does not understand. But I will find her—I will trace her somehow. I had made up my mind before you came in that I would not leave London without seeing her."

There was silence for some moments. Mr. Armitage sat looking at the younger man with grave disapproval in his glance. He had heard his wife speak of her godson's foolish infatuation for a girl beneath him, but had attached little importance to her words, believing them the idlest gossip. Now, however, it appeared that there was something in them.

Bruce heeded not his friend's silence. He was too much absorbed in his own sensations. When he spoke, it was as if he were thinking aloud. "Then she must have spoken of me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Armitage drily, "she spoke of you certainly. She told me she had been your model for this picture. She appeared distressed by the thought of your illness, and asked if it had been discovered who injured you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bruce, as if a fresh and painful thought struck him.

"Bruce," said Mr. Armitage, "you are the last man I should have expected to make a fool of himself in this way."

"What do you mean?" asked Bruce excitedly. "Is a man a fool for loving a pure and good and beautiful woman?"

"How can you love her? You cannot make her your wife!"

"And why can I not? She is one of the purest and noblest and most unselfish women in the world. Few of the women I meet in society are worthy to touch her hand. I have asked her to be my wife once and I shall ask her again, and, God helping me, I'll win her."

"This seems to me much like madness," said Mr. Armitage, with a melancholy smile. "I cannot believe that happiness would come of such a *mésalliance*."

"I fail to see where the *mésalliance* is," said Bruce Collier hotly, "except that I am altogether unworthy of her. Look at that face. Might not any man be proud to call such an one his wife?"

"Ah, yes; she looks all right in the picture; and I don't deny that she is beautiful, but if you'd seen her the other day."

And Mr. Armitage recalled Mirabel to mind as she had looked in her hat with its shabby, rusty crape trimmings, her well-worn frock and thin shawl.

"I wish I had seen her," said Bruce; "but, as I tell you, I mean to see her before I go away. You could help me to do so, if you would; but I suppose that is asking too much."

Mr. Armitage made no immediate response. His eyes were on the picture, but his thoughts were back in the past.

"Bruce," he said presently, "did you ever happen to hear the history of my elder son?"

Bruce Collier looked round in surprise.

"I have heard, sir, that he was a trouble to you, and that you disinherited him, and that a year or so later he died."

"Did you ever hear particulars of his marriage?" asked the old man coolly. "It was that angered me more than anything else. I wanted him to marry a cousin, but he would not hear of it. We had words and he defied me. I stopped his allowance, and he said he would support himself by painting—he was a bit of an artist, you know. Well, he went to stay at some village close to London and he lodged at the cottage of a widow, a designing woman, no doubt, with a pretty daughter. I suppose he was like you, thought there never was such a girl. Anyhow, he married the girl, and then wrote to tell me what he had done. That was too much for me, and I disowned him as my son."

"And what became of him?" asked Bruce, as Mr. Armitage paused and leaned forward gazing into the picture on the easel.

"I never saw him again," said the old man, with a curtness which probably veiled emotion; "eighteen months later I had a letter from his wife; a fearful production it was, written in the worst of hands, and with the most impossible spelling. I did not feel proud of my daughter-in-law when I read it."

"Ah, that was before the days of compulsory education," said Bruce Collier.

"She said her husband was dying, and wanted to see me ere he passed away; she made mention of their 'elpless babe,' and did her best to work upon my feelings," continued Mr. Armitage.

"Not in vain, I hope," said Bruce.

"As far as she was concerned it was," said the old man; "but I would have gone to my son, only, as it happened, the woman had omitted to put any address on her shabby sheet of paper."

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Bruce. "And you never found them?"

"No," said the old man, in rather a husky voice. "My son had evidently sunk into low depths of poverty since his marriage. I was able to discover the fact of his death through the registrar of the district from which the letter came; but I could never find his widow and child. Certainly I might have made greater efforts; but I hated the thought of the woman who had come between me and my son."

"And you do not know at the present time whether the child, your little grandson perhaps, lives?"

"I have not the least idea. It seems a pity sometimes. Since poor Robert died and his son has planted such a plentiful crop of wild oats, I ask myself sometimes whether Frank's boy might not have proved a comfort to me. But who knows? Only, as I get older, I see things differently, and sometimes I think that I was too hard on him. If their mother had lived things would have been otherwise. Do you know that there is a look in that face which reminds me of her?"

The huskiness in Mr. Armitage's tones had increased. He was evidently struggling with emotion. But he mastered it and said brusquely—

"Really, I don't know why I should tell you all this. I spoke of it because I wanted you to see how much harm men do when they persist in marrying beneath them. You should think of your friends, Bruce."

"Pardon me," said the artist, "I think the question of a man's marriage concerns, first and chiefly, himself. I have listened with interest to what you have told me; but I cannot see that the case is parallel with mine."

"And you are still determined to see this girl?"

"Certainly. As soon as I am able to get about I shall begin to seek her, since you refuse to help me."

"I have not refused to help you, though I am not sure that I have any right to do so," said Mr. Armitage, looking puzzled and uncomfortable. "I don't know what my wife would say. Still, it is certain that if you in your critical state go tearing about all over London, you'll soon be ill again."

"Then you will tell me where she is to be found?" pleaded Bruce.

"No—I cannot do that. I must not break my promise," said Mr. Armitage, more puzzled than ever. "I'll think it over and see what I can do. Perhaps, next week, when my wife goes to Brighton——. But, if I contrive to let you see the girl, Bruce, remember I'll not be held responsible for anything that happens. I do not approve of your purpose—mind that."

"I do not ask you to approve of it," was the artist's reply.

(To be continued.)

A PRETTY PIANOFORTE BACK.

It is a problem often taxing the ingenuity of the "angel of the house" what to do with the piano back, when the piano stands out in the room instead of being against the wall. I am going to give the readers of The Girl's Own Paper a suggestion, and that is to paint a piece of canvas or similar material with liquid dyes or transparent colours so as to have the appearance of tapestry. In a former volume of The Girl's Own Paper I wrote an article on tapestry painting, and it has often been a surprise to me that this painting of a textile with dyes and transparent colours has not been more practised, seeing that the effect is very pleasing, and the time taken in doing it brief in comparison with the effect produced. Stencilled ornamental friezes on coarse white canvas or sacking are largely used now in the decoration of rooms, and very charming are they as the dyes sinking into the fabric give a softness of colouring which is wanting in painted decoration.

Ordinary oil colours thinned with spirits of turpentine can be used, and here is the list of those which are most transparent and which therefore can be used like dyes.

Prussian blue, indigo, blueblack, burnt umber; raw sienna, burnt sienna, gamboge, lemon chrome; crimson lake, vermillion, cobalt green, viridian; aureolin, Indian yellow, cobnet.

In the design accompanying these hints the lower portion, which is divided into compartments, is occupied by conventional renderings of well-known flowers such as the daffodil, narcissus, pansy, zinnia and tulip, and it would be as well to draw these out the size they are to be painted. They should be then traced on tracing paper, and as they are repeated two or three times you might prick the designs with a coarse needle, having a piece of flannel under the tracing paper and make what are termed by decorators "pounces." In transferring a design, all you have to do is to place the pricked tracing on to the canvas and rub over it some broken up charcoal tied up in a piece of muslin. The charcoal will pass through the holes in the tracing and leave an impression on the canvas. This must be followed with a little thin colour, say, burnt sienna, using a red sable rigger, partly to



PAINTED CANVAS OR PAINTED SACKING HANGING FOR BACK OF PIANO.

preserve the designs, but also to help the effect, for a certain decorative character, which the outline imparts, is pleasant in such work.

Of course you will first of all divide up the canvas into the panels, and you might put in the lines with indigo, and the ornamental bosses at the corners could be stencilled in the same colour. It would take very little time to cut such a simple stencil as this. The outlines of the "sprig" might be in indigo instead of burnt sienna; possibly better in blue than red brown. The white flowers you can faintly shade in Prussian blue used thinly toned with burnt Roman ochre to make a grey or cobalt toned with yellow ochre. The daffodil in lemon chrome for outside petals and gamboge and Indian yellow for the centres. The pansies can be varied in colour as can the tulips and zinnias. The leaves can be made of greens produced by mixing the blues with the yellows in varying proportions, a grey green having more blue and a little yellow ochre, and warm greens of raw sienna helped with a touch of burnt Roman ochre or burnt sienna while bright greens of Prussian blue and gamboge and aureolin. Always have plenty of colour mixed up and well thinned with turpentine, and to save time it would be as well to have small jars or Liebig pots containing various tints; then with hog-hair brushes well filled with colour you apply the appropriate tints, well rubbing them into the canvas. The outlines, I may mention, should be done a few days before the colours are applied, so that in putting these on you do not disturb the outline and cause it to run. As the colours will all sink into the canvas, little or none remaining on the surface, there is no fear of the colours chipping off. Liquid dyes are, I believe, still to be purchased, and these could be used in lieu of the oil colours. The canvas itself can be purchased of certain decorative and furniture firms by the yard of various widths and at a moderate price. If you were going to decorate the hangings for the lower part of a room it would be worth while cutting stencils of the sprigs—the leaves on one plate and the flowers on another, and when these parts are stencilled put in the outlines by hand. This would save a lot of time and would have a very good effect. Stencilling has been very fully treated in former volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and I must refer the reader to them if fuller information on stencil cutting is required.

A word or two as to the frieze which has a dark background. As this is a little more freehand in style my readers might dispense with drawing it out on paper, and instead they might sketch it in lightly in charcoal, but remember that if you make a mistake and use your charcoal heavily you will soil the canvas. The background would have to be put in evenly with Prussian blue or whatever colour you decide to have. It should be dark enough to throw up the flowers, which, as you will see, begin with the Christmas rose, then follows the daffodil, narcissus and wallflower.

Another way to treat this frieze would be to use a dark material and paint the flowers on in ordinary oil colours, using white to make the colour solid, thinning down with turpentine as before. You use the colours only as thickly as covers up the colour of the textile, but not lumped on as you would if you were painting in the ordinary way, for you should not hide the grain of the canvas.

Even where you employ your colours as dyes it is quite possible to use a little opaque colour in places, but you must not overdo this, and on the whole it would be better to treat both frieze and lower part transparently, for it would not be a great labour to put in the background. If blue be used for this, then outline the flowers and leaves in brown.

This design could, of course, be carried out in outline crewel work on some soft material, light for the lower portion and dark for the frieze.

A YOUNG QUEEN-CONSORT.

(QUEEN CHARLOTTE.)

By SARAH TYTLER.

WHETHER Charlotte slept the sweet sleep of youth and innocence after the fatigue of her first day in England, or whether she lay awake thinking how strange everything was, and anticipating with beating heart the next day's meeting with the handsome lad, whose miniature she had been eagerly studying, on whom so much of her future well-being and happiness depended—who can tell.

The next morning Charlotte journeyed to Romford, where she was to stop at the house of a wine merchant named Dutton, and await the royal servants and carriages sent for her entrance into London. She had dressed carefully for the occasion, according to what was considered English style, in a fly cap with rich lace lapped, a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and a suit of gold brocade on a white ground; apparently she changed her mind in the course of the day, and altered her toilet, for some of her detractors described her afterwards as hideously dressed in a blue satin quilted jesuit (Joseph de Spensor), which came up to her chin and down to her waist, her hair twisted up into knots, called a *tête de mouton*, and the strangest little blue coif at the top. She wore jewels including earrings with many diamond drops, the gift of her great kinswoman the Empress of Russia. One of her ladies seems to have hinted to the young Queen that an improvement might be made in her appearance by curling her *toupee*, when the Princess at once showed that young and good-humoured as she was she would not allow any liberty to be taken with her, or submit to be dictated to by a member of her suite. She answered with spirit, that she thought it (her *toupee*) looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. Nay, she could venture to be more mirthful even where the King was concerned, but it was the sauciness of sweet vivacity, not of sullen defiance, and somebody told her the King liked a certain style of dress. "Let him dress himself," was the gay girlish answer; "I shall dress as I please." When she was further informed that the King liked early hours, she replied in French, "She did not, she had no wish to go to bed with the hens."

The Queen and her suite of English lords and ladies, and her two German ladies occupied three carriages. They entered London by what was even then the poor suburbs of Mile End and Whitechapel, so that it goes without saying, that in order to turn her attention from the mean aspect of the approach to the capital, there was wanted the rejoicing crowd assembled in the streets to gaze and shout a welcome to her. The throng of spectators, surprised and amused her.

By a long detour Oxford Street and Hyde Park were gained. As the cavalcade entered on Constitution Hill, one of the ladies, probably with intention, made the disquieting remark, "we shall hardly have time to dress for the wedding."

"Wedding!" cried the young girl, who had not realised that her fate was to be sealed so soon.

"Yes, madam, it is to be at twelve o'clock" (that night).*

Plucky as Charlotte was, the shock of the information after the long strain of excitement was too much for her, and she grew white and faint. Lady Effingham threw the contents of a bottle of lavender water in the Princess's face; struggling back to consciousness, Charlotte saw the Duchess of Hamilton smiling to reassure her when she was herself again on the instant, and made the animated protest, "My dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

In truth a royal marriage with all its authorised credentials must have seemed a simple matter to Elizabeth double Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle; she was none other than one of the beautiful Irish adventuresses, the Gunnings. According to the contemporary gossip, she had been induced by her friends, in order to acquire for the first time the coronet graced by the strawberry leaves, to wed the Duke of Hamilton, taken at his word at the close of a debauch when the time and the place were alike so unpropitious, that only a curtain ring could be found as to serve as the token of the union of two hearts and lives.

These picturesque days had their dark shadows as well as their high lights.

At the garden-gate of St. James's Palace the bride's lips trembled, and she looked paler than ever, but her self-possession did not desert her. She alighted, assisted by her chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, and found herself face to face with the King, his mother, the Princess of Wales, his brothers and sisters, and the Court. She would have knelt on the crimson cushion put down for her, but the King took her kindly in his arms, and "all but carried her upstairs." Sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued courtiers would have it that, with his fancy filled with the images of the loveliest women of the time, when George's glance first rested on his little bride, with no more than an April charm, he winced, and his face fell. If so, all that was best in his nature responded also to her youth, her sex, her absolute dependence on his generosity and tenderness. He was prepared from that moment to be a kind and faithful husband to her, as she was in a manner in which wilful, high-minded Lady Sarah Lennox could never have been, to be a faithful and loving wife to him.

Charlotte was presented to the Princess of Wales, who welcomed her as the wife she had chosen for her son, and to those of his

* The old established usage was for royal weddings and funerals to be celebrated at night.

brothers and sisters, who were of an age to appear in company, among them to Edward, Duke of York, next brother to the King, and to his elder sister, "the Lady Augusta," as her father had chosen to call her. The King's uncle, "Bluff Bill," the soldier Duke of Cumberland, was also present, a conspicuous figure in the scene. A drawing-room was held (drawing-rooms were necessary functions then), when the various Court functionaries and the ten bridesmaids were presented to the bride. "There are so many of them, so many of them," she said dizzily in French. She might also have exclaimed anew on the personal beauty of Englishwomen, for among the "maids" were three famous beauties, Lady Sarah Lennox, of whom the princess was the unconscious rival, Lady Caroline Russell, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel. The truth was to afford one of the strong contrasts of the period. She was Lady Susan Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. She figures along with her cousin, Lady Sarah Lennox, and the boy, Charles James Fox, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's renowned picture. Under the plea of giving "a sitting" for this picture, she left her father's house in order to elope with a well-known actor, whose fortunes she followed to America, where she died. Such a *mésalliance* on the lady's side was unheard of in the great world of a century ago. Lady Susan was the original of Thackeray's "Lady Maria" in his novel, *The Virginians*. In the course of these drawing-room presentations Charlotte forgot to hold out her hand to be kissed, so that her new sister, the Lady Augusta, never loth to come forward, had to capture the dainty hand, and hold it out to those who were to do its mistress homage.

At nine (not twelve) o'clock at night the crowning event of the agitating day took place. The marriage ceremony was performed in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The bride was given away by the Duke of Cumberland. Her dress was white velvet, while her slight, girlish figure was half shrouded by a violet velvet mantle, lined with crimson. It was fastened on her shoulders by a bunch of large pearls, but the weight of the mantle dragged it half off her shoulders. When it is taken into consideration that the season was early September and the evening hot for the month, the costume must have been oppressive. But the wearied little heroine of the spectacle bore up gallantly under the infliction till the guns from the Tower and the Park thundered out their salutation, prompting Charlotte to ask first herself and then her newly-wedded husband with ingenuous wonder, was it all for her? Was she worthy of such honours?

There was still the great dinner or supper, before and after which she exerted herself to converse with those nearest to her in the various tongues with which she had a creditable speaking acquaintance. If she knew herself eclipsed in good looks she would show wherein she did excel—she fell back on her beloved spinet. She played with taste and feeling some of the lessons which such masters as Handel and Haydn wrote for their pupils, and she sang to her own accompaniment. Here she had young George at her feet. He dearly loved music, and he had learned from his grandfather, George II., to appreciate Handel. She thus exhibited modestly, and with an innocent dauntless determination that she should do herself, her friends, and her training all justice, her different accomplishments. One is reminded of the Tudor bridegrooms and their brides, and how even dignified Catherine of Arragon danced with one of her ladies before Prince Arthur, in order to show that her education had not been neglected.

After dinner Charlotte appeared in the gallery and at different windows in order to be seen by the populace. The day after the marriage there was the wedding drawing-room, to which the ten bridesmaids came in their white lutestrings trimmed with silver. The Queen spoke to nobody, because she knew nobody, and the company were only in the act of being presented to her. But the dulness and formality were brightened to her by the King standing at her side and speaking much to her in the kindest manner. Even such a worldling and cynic as Horace Walpole augured well for the future happiness of the royal pair, by their attitude towards each other in those early days of acquaintance and wedlock. There was a Court ball the same night. It was opened by the Lady Augusta, who danced with her brother, Edward Duke of York.

The King and Queen went in state amidst throngs of applauding on-lookers to church, where George had forbidden the Court preacher to disgrace his sacred office and offend his sovereign's ears by personal fulsome eulogy. They went also in state to witness a play at Drury Lane.

The coronation came next, for George had deferred it for himself till his Queen should be crowned along with him. Then was the opportunity for masses of the people to see and greet her in the procession to Westminster Abbey. Unfortunately they were not near enough to judge of the redeeming traits in her personal appearance, and for the play of countenance which made up for the absence of positive beauty. The public was disappointed, and did not hesitate to express its disappointment plainly. This was the only mortifying incident in the grand pageant—more splendid and more picturesque in the retention of old usages than in those which had gone before it since the accession of the House of Hanover or in subsequent coronations. The sermon was preached by Drummond, Bishop of Salisbury: the act of crowning the pair in their robes of state was performed by Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; George insisted, with manly reverence, on laying aside the crown when he took the communion. Queen Charlotte was forced to retain her crown because it was so small; it had to be steadied on her rolled-up hair, and could not be withdrawn without the disarrangement of the entire structure. When the procession repaired to Westminster Hall for the banquet, the King wore his crown, while he bore in his hands the orb and sceptre, the Queen, wearing her crown and carrying her sceptre and rod, followed him. The old custom was still observed of the courses of the banquet, which was served on gold plate, being ushered in by three peers—Earl Talbot, the Earl of Effingham, and the Duke of Bedford—on horseback prancing and curvetting up the hall as far as the daïs, where the King and Queen sat. A comical incident marred the perfect gravity of the actors in this ceremony—the admired conclusion of which was the three noblemen causing their horses to walk backwards the length of the hall, and so to pass out of the presence of royalty. Earl Tabot had carefully trained his horse in this the most difficult feat of the whole performance, and the animal had learned its lesson only too well. When the three gentlemen rode into the hall and proceeded to advance towards the high table, the conscientious brute insisted on turning its own back and its master's to the King and Queen, thus riding up to the daïs, so covering its unfortunate owner with discomfiture, and awakening half-smothered laughter all over the august assemblage.

The ancient challenge by the King's hereditary champion was also delivered. He rode up the hall and flung down his gauntlet, while he recited the claims of George the Third to be King of Great Britain and Ireland, and summoned any man who denied them to mortal combat. No partisan of the House of Stuart made his way to the front, caught up and carried off the gauntlet, as Sir Walter Scott made Redgauntlet do, in support of a Jacobite tradition. A third curious practice was maintained at the Coronation Ball on the night after the coronation, when the Duke of Ancaster, whose Duchess had escorted Charlotte from Germany, and was installed as her Mistress of the Robes, presented himself in the complete dress which the King had worn the day before, and had afterwards bestowed, as a high compliment, on the Duke.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

How She Sang.

Edith: "You can't imagine how Mr. Bullfinch appreciated your singing."

Ethel: "Did he, though?"

Edith: "Yes; he said it was simply heavenly."

Ethel: "Really?"

Edith: "Well, just the same thing; he said it was simply unearthly."

Sayings for Workers.

Though it is not incumbent on thee to complete the work, thou must not therefore cease from pursuing it.

If the work is great, great will be thy reward, and the Master is faithful in his payments.

The Reward.

"Nor on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long abide.
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthronèd sits th' immortal pair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.
So from the first did Love ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain."

Dr. Darlton.

Don't Speak of It.—My dear girl, if you must talk about yourself, pray don't mention your good luck; the world doesn't care to listen to such things.

A Profound Secret.

Ada: "I can't imagine how that secret leaked out."

Floss: "Nor I! I'm sure everyone to whom I told it promised to say nothing about it."

Troubles Magnified.—We double all the evils of life by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound; a slight an injury; a jest an insult; a small peril a great danger; and a light sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

The Results of War.—"A great war," says a German proverb, "leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves."

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART XI.

THE happy memories of that golden time crowd thickly upon me. I see again the dewy freshness as of an enchanted world, that greeted us when we stole down, carrying our shoes in our hands long before the rest of the household was astir. I smell the scents of dead leaves and wood smoke, and it brings back to me the bonfires on autumn evenings when we used to play at Red Indians and sit round the fire telling stories, and when that palled, dig out from the grey and red ashes the potatoes we had put there to roast, and eat the half-cooked, blackened, smoke-flavoured dainties with keenest appreciation; the rare days when we went to Dinard and paddled in the shallow waters of the bay between blue sky and gold sand, picking limpets from the rocks and wishing for wooden spades, which Dinard then, at least, did not produce.

A part of the infinite charm of those days lies in the fact that we were never bored, and children are bored much more often and much more deeply than their elders suppose.

I remember an occasion when some well-meaning friends persuaded my mother that my education was being neglected. I was sent to a select French school, Mademoiselle Fauchet's in Dinan, but owing to some misunderstanding I arrived five days before the other girls. Mademoiselle Fauchet kindly consented to overlook the mistake and keep me till the other girls arrived. I had a paint-box which pleased me for the first day, but the boredom of the other four days is branded on my memory in grey letters. Mademoiselle Fauchet was busy in visiting her friends and receiving them. She took me out for a serious walk every day. We walked for an hour, and then Mademoiselle Fauchet returned to her visiting and I to the bare schoolroom. I had brought few books with me and these I devoured in an hour or two. There were no books in the schoolroom but lesson-books, thumbed, dog's eared and ink-stained. There was no one to talk to save the severe cook, who was kind to me in her way but didn't understand children. There was a grey-walled garden full of fruit that I must not touch, and a locked book-case in Mademoiselle Fauchet's *salon*, full of books that I must not read.

I was not conscious of being unhappy, only bored, bored to extinction. On the fourth day I persuaded Mademoiselle Fauchet to vary our prim walk round the town. She asked me where I would like to go, and I said La Fontaine.

Mademoiselle Fauchet meant to be kind according to her lights, but she was the ideal schoolmistress, grey-haired, prim, bloodless; however she conceded this to me and I was grateful. We started for La Fontaine.

La Fontaine is one of the show places of Dinan, as it has a natural fountain of mineral water. There is a casino where balls and *fêtes* and merry-makings are held, where bands play and little coloured lamps glimmer in the trees. All this awakened no associations, stirred nothing in me, for I had never been to a *fête* at La Fontaine, but below the platform on which the casino was built, ran a stream, our stream, our Nile, on its way to join the river ——. The sight of it was too much for me. I remembered our happy exploring parties, the muddy dams we had built across it; I thought of the rabbits and the garden at home, and my brothers and my mother, and in the midst of one of mademoiselle's platitudes on the beauty of the scene, I began to run. Mademoiselle Fauchet called after me, she even ran a little, I believe, but the legs of fifty are not a match for the legs of ten. I ran faster and faster down the avenue of chestnuts. I reached our meadow where our stream ran just the same as in the days when I was free to make a paradise of it. I ran on and on, up the slope over the cornfield, across the road, through our own meadow, and never stopped till I flung myself into my sister's arms. Then, and not till then, the fact dawned upon me that I had run away from school. I don't recall the explanations that must have followed on my return. I know that I cried a great deal, and felt that I had committed an awful crime. I couldn't explain my feelings to myself, but I knew that in the same circumstances I should have done the same again, though I wept heartfelt tears of penitence for having done it at all. I think my mother must have understood something of what I went through, for she did not send me back.

Another period of acute boredom came to me some years later when I went to stay with some friends of my mother's in the north of London. They lived in a dreary square apart from the main thoroughfare, so that if you looked out over the brown wire blinds you never saw anything pass but butchers' and bakers' carts. If I went for a walk, the sordid ugliness of Islington outraged the feelings of a child who had always found her greatest pleasures and life's greatest beauties in the green country. The people with whom I was staying were the kindest-hearted people in the world; they would have done anything to please me if they had only known what I wanted, but they didn't know, that was just it.

The dining-room was mahogany and leather with two books in it, the Bible and Family Prayers. They stood on the side-board, flanked on one side by a terra-cotta water-bottle oozing sad tears all day into a terra-cotta saucer, and on the other by a tea-caddy. Upstairs in the drawing-room, which was only used on Sundays, were a few illustrated gift-books, albums, and types of beauty arranged on a polished, oval, walnut centre table. The piano was kept locked. There were a few old bound volumes of *Good Words*, which I had read again and again.

The master of the house, a doctor, was, my mother tells me, a man of brains, but I only saw him at meals and then he seldom spoke. The lady of the house had a heart full of kindness, and a mind full of court circular, she talked of nothing else. Her daughters were kind to me in their way, and the games I had with them were my only relaxation. The doctor talked very occasionally of his patients, and this interested me. One night I went into the surgery and found the bottles of medicine which his assistant had made up, standing in a row waiting for their white paper wrappers. I didn't in the least realise what I was doing when I thought to escape from my boredom by mixing the contents of these bottles in a large jug, and then in partially filling up the bottles again with the mixture. When I had filled and corked them all, I slipped away; it was done in pure mischief with no thought of consequences; but when I woke that night in bed and suddenly remembered that I had heard that medicines that were given for some complaints were bad for others, and absolutely harmful, my heart stood still. Suppose some poor sick person died, whom Dr. —— would have cured, because I had mixed his medicine with something else. I fully resolved to own up the next morning, but the next morning I reflected that perhaps some of the people that had taken my mixture might die of it and then I should be hanged for murder; it seemed to me wiser to wait and see what happened. If any one did die, and Dr. —— were accused of poisoning his patients, I would come forward in the court of justice, as people did in the books, and own that I, and I alone, had been to blame, making my confession among the sympathetic tears of usher and jury, the judge himself not remaining dry-eyed. This scene so much appealed to me that I almost forgot that before it could be enacted somebody would have to die of my mixture. When I remembered this I wept in secret; when I thought of the scene in which I should nobly own my guilt, I secretly exulted. I was not bored now. Whatever else might be the effect of my mixtures, they had certainly cured my boredom. Day after day passed by in spasms of alternate remorse and day-dreaming; every day I expected Dr. —— to announce at dinner that some of his patients had breathed their last in inexplicable circumstances, but he never said anything of the kind, and when a week had passed, I was convinced that so good a doctor never gave anybody any medicine that could do them any harm in any condition, and that one of his medicines was as good for any complaint as any others. Whether this was so, or whether someone had been a witness of my act in the surgery, and had re-made the mixtures, I shall never know, but in the re-action following my anxiety, boredom settled down upon me more heavily than ever. I wrote a frantic letter to my mother begging her to take me away, for I was so miserable, I wished I was dead. Not having any stamps, I gave this letter to Mrs. —— to post. I don't suppose she thought she was doing any harm when she opened and read it, and I hope she was gratified by its contents. She added a note to my mother begging her to accede to my request, and to take me away at once. It was years before I forgave her for reading that letter, and to this day I am afraid she has never forgiven me for writing it.

My mother was at Penshurst at the time; I was sent down to her in deep disgrace, and my mother received me with gentle reproaches that cut me to the heart. My sister was exceedingly angry with me, perhaps with some cause, and pointed out to me how ungrateful it was to repay Mrs. —— by writing such a letter. I defended myself stoutly.

"I wrote it for mamma and not for her," and though I was sorry for having hurt the feelings of one I knew had tried to be kind to me, yet I fear the verdict of my unregenerate heart was, "serve her right." I felt that I was being unjustly blamed, and though I was sorry I would not say so, and the next morning I wandered up through Penshurst churchyard, and through a little wicket-gate into the park, where the splendour of a blaze of buttercups burst upon me. The may-trees were silver-white, the skylarks singing overhead; I sat down under a white may-tree. The spirit of the spring breathed softly round me, and when I got up to go back I was in love and charity with all men and all women except Mrs. ——.

"I am sorry if I have been naughty," I said to my sister; "I didn't mean to be, but——"

"That will do," she said, skilfully stopping my confidences; "now I do hope you are going to try and be a good girl, and not make dear mamma unhappy."

"I will be good," *I said; "oh, I will indeed!"* And as long as I stayed among the golden buttercups and silver may-bushes, I believe I was moderately good.

(*To be concluded.*)



BESIDE THE HAZEL COVER.

THE MOSSY BANK.

THE linnet lo'es the bramble where he builds his bonny nest,
The eagle lo'es the mountain an' his eerie;
But the sight in a' creation that the lover lo'es the best
Is the face sae true an' tender o' his dearie.
Sae when the shadows lengthen at the closin' o' the day,
An' the craws wi' weary wing are slowly homin' O,
I'll owre the hill to Nanny, an' my heart will beat fu' gay
As I win awa' to meet her in the gloamin' O.

Oh! weel I ken the mossy bank where aft we lo'e to lie,
'Mang the meadowsweet beside the hazel cover,
While the waters o' the river, as it blithely ripples by,
Make music for sweet Nanny and her lover.
O bower o' bliss! it's there I'd be, my troubles to beguile,
Wi' Nanny, when my heart is wae an' weary O,
For grief is turned to happiness, an' sorrow to a smile,
In the magic, magic presence o' my dearie O. G. K. M.



FROM AN IRISH COTTAGE TO AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

A TRUE STORY.

By EDITH RALPH, Author of "Step by Step Through the Bible," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE IRISH COTTAGE.

IT was a lovely morning in June 1816 when, in a village near Dublin, Mary wedded John Hughes, just a year after her father met his death in the great battle of Waterloo. Her good mother, determined to leave the now desolate home, had given over to the couple her little stock of household furniture, intending to return to her own friends in the north of Ireland. Their little cottage was therefore unusually well filled with comforts and even small luxuries, and bade fair to be the envy of the young Patricks and Mollies in the village, who had just set up housekeeping on the lowest possible sum, and that, very likely, borrowed.

Clever, energetic and well brought up, Mary had the makings of a good wife, and with an industrious, affectionate husband and a home which she meant should be a pattern to all the neighbours, what wonder that the young girl thought the happiest part of her life was to come? Whether these hopes were destined to be realised will be seen by the sequel.

For the first few months of their married life John was all that heart could wish, and, proud of his pretty young wife, worked for her with a will, thus convincing Mary that the whispered tales repeated by the village girls to his detriment were simply the inventions of jealousy. She was much annoyed at the remarks made in her hearing, evidently for her benefit, that he had turned over a new leaf, and they would like to know how long it would keep turned, and on one occasion replied with some warmth that he didn't need to turn a new leaf, she had never known him different from what he was.

"Faith, thin, ye've not known him for long," retorted the gossips. But Mary would listen no more; for no one should set her against "her John." Poor girl, she was not long before she found out for herself that the popular estimate of his character was not entirely at fault.

This is how it happened. One Saturday the young wife finished her work early, as usual, hoping that John would come and take her out as he generally did in the afternoon; but hour after hour passed and it was not till six o'clock that he lifted the latch and stepped into the cottage, looking flushed and a little excited.

"Well, John, my man," said she cheerily, looking up from a heel she was setting in one of his socks, "you're late, I've scarcely time to go out and buy to-morrow's dinner."

"Bhuy the dinner is it you said?" quoth he. "Shure, and it's a lazy spalpeen ye are, why didn't ye go beforre?"

"I couldn't, John, without the money," said Mary, surprised at his unkind words, "where is it?"

John fumbled first in one pocket and then in another, and finally produced a shilling.

"Is that all?" said his wife, a shadow of coming evil creeping over her.

"Faith," said he, "an' it's all I can spare for ye; it's proud ye ought to be to think your John will turn out his pockets for ye at all, at all. Whin it's me that shlaves to git the money, would ye see me wi'out a shilling to trate the bhoys, alanna, and me old friend Michael Daly just come home! If I'd lave ye all thegither ye'd go whistle for your dinner, shure, and that's about all I've to say on the matther."

If he hadn't been too much ashamed to look her in the face, the wistful expression of her sweet grey eyes must have touched him; but he turned on his heel as he finished speaking, muttered something about meeting Michael, and was gone.

And so began the trouble that was to be a blight on Mary's life for many a long year.

As the winter wore on, and work was scarce, she hoped her husband would busy himself in attending to the pig and the poultry, and in getting the garden dug for the summer crop of potatoes; but such work was not at all to John's mind. To sit by the fire smoking or dozing was his ideal of home-life, and Mary must do the best she could, and, faith, if she wasn't satisfied with what he brought her, it's herself that must earn more, said he. His friend Michael Daly said that's what his old woman had come to; and a deal pleasanter it was for a man to have nought to do but eat his victuals and go and hear the news!

Poor Mary noticed the bad influence Michael had over him; but she kept silence about it, tried hard to be cheery that he might not say his wife drove him out with her sour looks and sharp words, and had secret hopes that when the spring came, home would have greater attractions for him than the public-house with Michael Daly as his boon companion.

And when the days began to lengthen and the trees to bud, these hopes seemed in a fair way to be realised; for a dear little spring

bird flew into the nest, and John was so proud and fond of his new possession that he could scarcely bear to have it out of sight, and was delighted that Mary insisted on naming the little one "Margaret," after his own mother.

It would have been difficult to find a happier family than they were that summer.

John had a new incentive to work, and as they sat at the cottage door in the evenings, the baby lying in her mother's lap, gurgling softly to herself, or laughing at the quickly moving knitting-needles above her, Mary felt she had nothing left to wish for, and her heart was filled with thankfulness that the child had so easily accomplished what she, with all her thought and care, had been unable to do.

"It is truly written that a little child shall lead them," thought she, glancing at John's softened face, as the baby caught his finger and held it firmly in her tiny grasp.

Would that this sweet influence might have lasted; but John was a weak man, easily led, and even the possession of a baby does not root out ingrained selfishness. The novelty wore off, he began to resent the attention his wife gave to the little one, and as the days shortened and the bright summer weather faded, giving place to chilly rains and heavy mists, poor Mary's hopes faded too, and life looked very dark.

But she never quite despaired; for she was a good woman and felt sure that if only she were faithful to her duty, help would come. Brought up by pious parents, she had been taught to read her Bible, and here she learned that whatsoever her hand found to do, she was to do it with her might, and faithfully she obeyed the precept. This, indeed, was the main cause of her success in after-life; she put her religion into everything she touched.

And is not this the true spirit of Christianity? Of what avail is a religion apart from daily life? Does not our Lord repeat over and over again that by a man's works he shall be judged; that His followers shall be known by the fruit they bear? It was His constant theme, and if Christian teachers more often made it theirs, the world would be very different. It is to be feared, however, that to the majority of hearers the subject is no more acceptable than it was to Felix, who listened attentively when St. Paul spoke of historical facts, of glorious hopes; but the mention of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, caused him to remember that urgent business required his presence elsewhere and to promptly end the sermon.

Heavy though Mary's heart often was, she did her best to keep baby happy and home comfortable, and as she went about her work, her musical voice might often be heard singing an old rhyme learnt long ago at home—

> "Do the work that's nearest,
> Though it's dull at whiles,
> Helping, when you meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles."

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME BROKEN UP.

CHRISTMAS came and went. Then a long frost set in, when poor Mary had to part with several little treasures that they might have bread to eat. At last, however, the frost broke, and John Hughes "got a job," mainly through his wife's application for the place on his behalf. Early one morning, therefore, he set off to work, half unwillingly it must be admitted.

As soon as he was out of sight, Mary dressed little Margaret, and depositing her with a neighbour who had promised to look after her for sixpence, went to her work; for having heard that the laundry-maid at the Squire's was ill, she had offered herself as a substitute, and was to go to the Hall three days a week till the girl was well again. The little extra money thus obtained would, she thought, pay for coal and buy a few necessaries, John's wages going for rent.

It was a fine bright morning, and Mary was so happy to think of the employment she and her husband had obtained, that her spirit seemed to harmonise with the beauty and freshness around her, and her whole soul went up in thanksgiving. The day's work at the Hall seemed as nothing to her strong healthy frame, and at six o'clock she started for the two-mile walk home.

The night was starless and dreary, and, just as the bright sunshine had cheered her, so now the gloom and loneliness filled her impressionable mind with strange unaccountable forebodings. At a quarter to seven she reached the cottage where she had left her baby, and, throwing a shawl round the drowsy child, hurried on that she might have a fire lighted before John came in at seven; for, his work being a good way off, he could not be home before then.

On reaching the gate, she was startled to see lights in the kitchen and to hear voices. Surely thieves had not got in. Mary ran up the little pathway and hastily opened the door; but the sight that met her eyes made her heart stand still and she clung to a chair for support. There sat John and opposite him Michael, where they had evidently been for some time, and by their flushed faces, and the contents of the table, it was easy to guess what their occupation had been. On seeing her, Michael slowly rose, and without a word went unsteadily out, and how poor Mary got through that wretched evening she never knew. To come home to such a scene after her long day's work seemed too hard! But it was harder to have the news her husband brought her. From his disjointed account, she gathered that he had gone out in the dinner-hour "to have a drop with Michael, who had turned up," and his conversation being so entertaining, had forgotten how time went, and returning late to his work with a suspiciously red nose, was quietly told his services would not be further needed, his morning's work being paid for with two shillings; hence the afternoon's carouse.

Mary said little; but that night she made up her mind. She knew that as long as John met with his old comrades there was no chance for him; moreover, with the character he now bore, he was not likely to meet with an employer. They must go to a place where they were unknown, and perhaps with new surroundings and away from the influence of Michael, he might make a fresh start and do well. Thus it came to pass that when the spring-time again returned, the cottage where, but a year ago, a happy family might have been seen, was empty, and the once pretty garden deserted. John and his wife had joined the great army constantly crowding to London in search of work.

I will not tell of the many disappointments Mary had; of the idleness of her husband, the wretchedness of her home, the want of food and the sickness of the baby. Had anyone at this period told the much-tried wife that she would die in an Imperial Palace, and that her remains would be borne to their last resting-place by Imperial Grand Dukes, she would have thought it madness; nevertheless, such was really the case.

"John," said Mary one morning, as she put away the cups and saucers after a rather scanty breakfast, "I want you to mind the little one for an hour or two."

"And what will ye be afther now," said he, "that ye can't even look to yer own child?"

"I'm going out to seek for work."

"For yerself, I hope, I'm wanting none; faix, and what's the good of having a wife if she won't keep yer?"

Mary looked at him steadily. Could this ragged, unshaven, lounging fellow be the smart lad to whom she had given her young love three short years ago? The hateful drink seemed to have taken away every spark of manliness from his character, of love from his heart. To him, a wife was only a slave to spend herself in working for such as he! Mary's whole soul rebelled against such an idea. How differently her father had treated her own dear mother—considering her comfort in every way! She possessed remarkable self-control; but his words had wounded her deeply, and fully confirmed the half-formed purpose in her mind.

"No," she answered, "I can spend my time better than in looking for work for those who won't do it;" and quickly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she left the house without another word.

A respectable and kindly neighbour had told her of a lady living in a square not far off, who required a scullery-maid, and thither Mary now bent her steps. Her neat and clean appearance coupled with a very respectful manner attracted the lady, who engaged her to come the next day on a month's trial.

Now that the irrevocable step was taken she was surprised to find how little troubled she was at the thought of leaving her husband, so thoroughly had he alienated from himself her once warm affection by his utter selfishness. But the baby! oh, that was a different matter. It was for the child's sake more than her own that she was going; for she could not bear the little girl to grow up accustomed to the misery of a drunkard's home, when she thought of her own happy childhood, far away in the North of Ireland; but she dared not think of the parting, lest her courage should fail her.

For the present Margaret was to be left with Mrs. Moore, the kind neighbour who had told her of the situation. Till a late hour that night, therefore, the young mother sat up carefully ironing baby's little garments. "If I send her tidy, she'll be kept so," thought she as she folded the clothes, all washed and mended, hastily brushing away the tears that would come now and then, at the thought that it was for the last time. And, indeed, the next day, when the small wardrobe was handed over and explained to Mrs. Moore, she could not help remarking, "Why, Mrs. Hughes, a scullery-maid's place isn't good enough for the like of you, it's a nurse's place you're fit for."

"I must take what I can get," said Mary, adding with a quivering lip, "I couldn't bear to be far from baby."

If anything could have confirmed her in her determination henceforth to earn her own and her child's living, it was John's behaviour on that last night. He came home very late, abused her for spending so much time over Margaret's things, to the neglect, as he declared, of his, and finally, irritated by her silence, for the first and last time in his life, struck her.

Then Mary spoke her mind, quietly but completely; told him what ruin he had brought on her by his evil habit, and that she had decided, for Margaret's sake, to bear it no longer.

"You shall not wreck her life as you have mine, if I can help it," concluded she. Her earnestness and the suppressed excitement in her tone sobered him. It was his turn to be silent now.

The next morning, waking late, he looked round and saw a cheerful fire and his breakfast laid on the table, but—the wife and child were gone, never to return. Thus recklessly had John Hughes thrown away his dearest possessions.

(To be continued.)

FILIGREE AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

FILIGREE ornaments can be made at home with but small expenditure of money and patience, so it is surprising that girls, tired of amusing themselves with needle or paint-brush, do not adopt the art more generally.

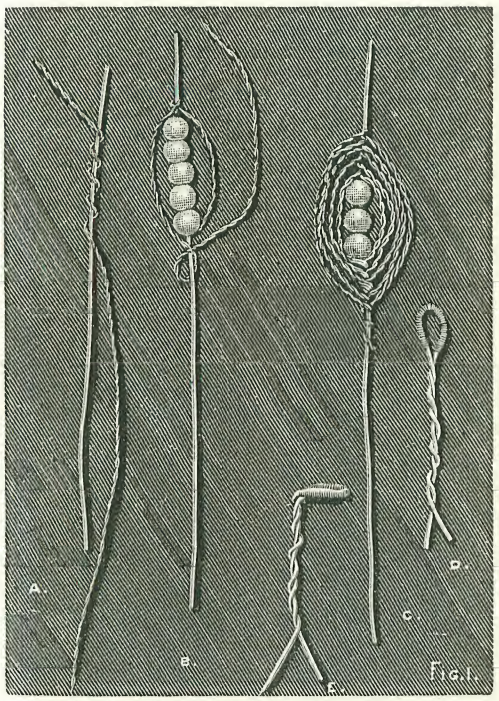
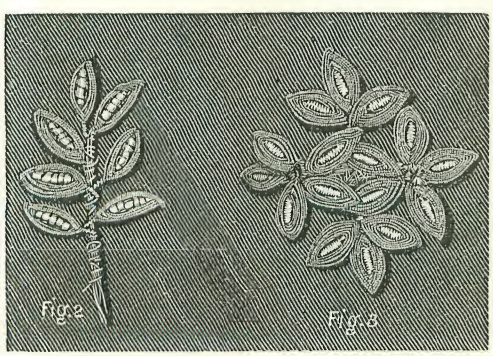


Fig. 1.

Small articles of jewellery, such as hair-pins, brooches, scarf-pins, and sprays can be successfully contrived out of gilt or silver wires, while, for the decoration of fancy articles, there are coloured materials to be had which for that purpose are not unsatisfactory.

Silver wire is less expensive than gold, and a shilling will purchase a reel of each of the two kinds required; the stem wire for the middle of the leaves and for mounting; twisted wire for making the blades of the leaves.

The processes employed in making filigree ornaments are neither many nor complicated. Leaves, whether used to form conventional foliage, or for buds, are made in the way shown in Fig. 1, where working details are given on so enlarged a scale, that but few explanatory words are needed.



Thus, at A, the worker will notice a leaf foundation made from a two-inch length of stem wire. Round the upper end of this the end of twisted wire is wound three or four times very closely, the tip of the latter is nipped off close to the stem, while the long end of wire hangs down.

Over the top of both short ends of wire are slipped four or five little beads, which are to be pushed down until they conceal the coil made with twisted wire. This done, the length of twisted wire is arranged to form the blade of the leaf, being (see diagram B) brought up to the top of the beads, there wound tightly round the stem with the twist illustrated in the sketch, carried down on the opposite side of the beads, and below them turned again round the stem. This process is continued until there are from five to nine strands of wire on each side of the leaf-centre, according to whether a small or large leaf is required.

After the last strand of twisted wire is in place it should be wound once or twice more round the stem to secure it, and then snipped away. As a finishing touch the tip of stem wire left at the top of the leaf is to be bent down to the wrong side of the work, parallel with the stem.

Before passing on diagrams D and E may be described. They represent the making of a flower centre. For this a length of bullion (purl some workers call it), measuring about an inch, or else from five to seven small beads, should be threaded on a four-inch length of stem wire, which is then bent in half and the ends of it are twisted together leaving a ring of bullion at the top as seen at D. This ring is to be bent down to set at right angles with the stem as at E.

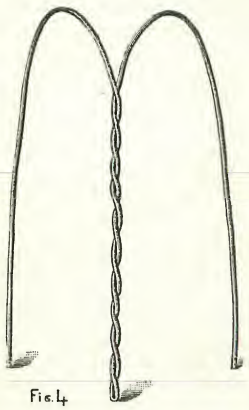
After making a due supply of these materials for leaves and flowers, the worker will naturally be desirous to mount them.

Leaves are mounted in a way rather suggestive of rose or ash foliage, notice Fig. 2, and to copy it take seven leaves. Twist the stems of two of these together, arranging that one of them shall be at the top of the spray, the other slightly lower down, and branching off upon one side of it. Put a third leaf half an inch below the last but on the other side of the centre, lashing down the stalk by winding stem wire round and round at the base of both the new leaf and those already in place. Add the remaining leaves, one below the other, on alternate sides of the centre, until all are used up, when give a final twist or two with stem wire to fasten it off. While the work is in progress the stalks of the leaves can often be made shorter; it is not possible always to judge exactly of what length to cut these when beginning to form a leaf, but when mounting is in progress, so long as sufficient of it is left to keep the leaf in position, it is better to snip off any extra length, as this only serves to make the main stems thicker and clumsier.

All mounting is done in this way. Stems are, when practicable, twisted together, and are held still more firmly as well as made neat by the twisting round and round them of stem wire. Thus also, as leaf is joined to leaf, are buds and flowers caught down to their appointed places in a trail.

Flowers or stars are easier to make than leaves. All that is necessary is to arrange four, five, or six single leaves round a centre (see Fig. 1, E), keeping the wrong side of each leaf downwards. The stalks are twined very lightly together, then made firm with a few vigorous twists made with stem wire. Often, especially at first, the result of the work will appear as a hopeless tangle, but even if much bent, careful use of a small pair of scissors or pliers will arrange it into the required form.

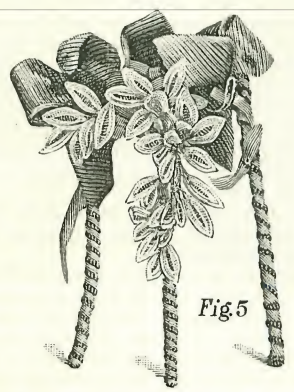
Fig. 3 illustrates a brooch such as any one who has followed the directions before given should find no difficulty in copying. Sixteen


Fig. 4

little leaves are needed for it. With ten of these and two centres, two flowers should be made up in the manner just described.

Of the six remaining shapes, two sprays of three leaflets each are formed. These are laid pointing towards each other, the stalks slightly overlapping in the middle and bound together with stem wire. With some of this also the sprays are lashed down to the brooch pin, being laid across it, while, along the pin, their stalks also crossing in the middle in the same way, the two stars are secured. The twists of stem wire must be strongly yet neatly made, the filigree being pushed aside the while and afterwards restored to position, and arranged to cover as much of the foundation as possible. The leaf centres are here, as in many other cases made, not of beads, but of a short length of bullion.

In the filigree spray seen (much reduced) in the last illustration a shape known as a bud is introduced. This is made round a centre, just as is a flower, only the wrong side of each section is turned inwards, not to the outside as with a bent-back flower.


Fig. 5

This bending or arching of each leaf is a distinctive feature in filigree work, adding much to its effect.

In this Fig. and Fig. 4 a watch-stand is shown,

partly to illustrate the appropriateness of specimens of filigree when applied to fancy articles.

The watch-stand is made on a foundation of stout wire. Of this three ten-inch lengths are cut and each is bent into the form of a hoop. One leg of each hoop is twisted to one leg of another in the way indicated in Fig. 4, where two pieces of wire are seen thus united. When a sort of triangular cage has been constructed in this manner the wires must all be covered with narrow ribbon lashed over and over them and kept down by the twisted tinsel. Bows of ribbon are added at the arch of each hoop, and also at the top of the legs. One wire-covered loop should be pulled out until it is a little wider than the others, and to the bow on the top of these a hook for the watch should be sewn.

To the left leg of this, the front of the watch-stand, a filigree spray is attached.

The spray here illustrated is composed of two trails of leaves, two flowers and a bud. Of the flowers one is double, the six outer leaves being arranged to form a bent-back star round a small incurved bud made only of three leaves and a centre.

Little further need be added. Having learnt to make leaves and centres, and to mount these for foliage, buds and flowers, the work can be considerably varied. Colours of wire, beads and bullion must be left to the choice of the worker, the sizes of the leaves and sprays made of them must depend upon the article under consideration.

No other materials will be found necessary unless a pair of small pincers are thought desirable. The wires are, however, so soft and flexible that an old pair of scissors will be found quite sufficiently strong to cut them. At the several places where filigree wires are obtainable, brooch, and scarf-pins, and hair-mounts can also be got. The brooch pins are useful not merely for the purpose for which they are more especially intended, but also, when a spray has been fastened upon them, for affixing filigree to any detail of dress, to a bracket-drape, curtain-band, pincushion, calendar, photo-frame, or other article.

Of course filigree work bends readily, and is therefore unusable on subjects liable to much handling; nevertheless it wears well, the gold wires especially keeping untarnished for a long period.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

SOME EASTERN SAVOURIES.

By MRS. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

No meal is perfect nowadays without something in the savoury line. Our menfolk despise sweet things as a rule—they prefer the mustard that biteth, to the sugar that cloys. In order to help us to please these masters of our households, I will tell my readers about a few inexpensive *hors d'œuvres* much patronised in the East. Even the Israelites—eating their passover in haste—needed bitter herbs, mint, lettuce, endive, chicory and nettles to make the rapidly roast lamb palatable. The Egyptians also rubbed garlic on their cooking vessels to give plain food a relish. The aged Isaac spake of loving savoury meat prepared skilfully and carefully by his attentive wife (Gen. xxvii. 14). Amongst the gifts sent to propitiate the lord of the land, Jacob included spices (Gen. xliii. 11). Vinegar sauce was served to the reapers at harvest-time by the master of the field (Ruth ii. 14). Crushed capers were used as a stimulant to appetite even in Solomon's time (Eccles. xii. 5, R.V.). Herbs of all sorts were prepared as pottage by the prophets of old (2 Kings iv. 39).

So I think we may fairly claim all savouries to be of Eastern origin, especially those I am about to describe.

We will begin with a suggestion of the vinegar or sharp sauce, eaten by Ruth the Moabitish rose. It renders even cold mutton palatable. Chop up very finely one onion, one tomato (a tinned one will do) and a couple of mushrooms. Rub your saucepan with garlic, warm in it a tablespoonful of salad oil in which the above vegetables have been stirred. When brown, add half a pint of water previously thickened with a little flour. After coming to the boil—and you must stir carefully or the flour will lump—put in vinegar to taste.

This sauce should be of a light brown colour, and can be used as a gravy to warm up slices of cold meat.

Recipe No. 2 is called *Savoury Fingers*. One knows how difficult it is sometimes to finish a tin of sardines; yet they so soon spoil if left uneaten for long. These fingers will use up fish often left at the bottom of a tin.

Make a mixture of one dessert-spoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper (that most acrid and stimulative of spices), and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. If not moist enough to spread on the fish, add a piece of butter and "mash" well. Case each fish in this mixture, when you have whole ones to deal with. Lay in the oven until hot, and serve piping on buttered toast.

If there are only scraps and ends of sardines to be met with, just incorporate all together in a paste and spread thickly on hot buttered toast.

These fingers of savouries should be eaten between the joints and sweets at dinner.

Anchovy Toast is a tasty addition to "high tea" or supper. An invalid also will often fancy it when unable to partake of anything else. This third recipe is entirely a family one and will not be found in any cookery-book.

Melt a walnut-sized lump of butter on a hot-water plate, break into it a fresh egg and beat to a cream; add enough anchovy sauce to make it ruddy; have ready some rounds of stale bread about one inch thick; dip each *crouton* into the sauce. Pile up lightly in a pyramid, garnishing each circle with a sprig of parsley. Serve very hot.

Another *Savoury Toast* is made with scraps of lean ham. How often such are left to cling to a bare shankbone until mildewed? Instead of thus wasting good food, take half a pound of scrappy bits and chop very finely. Warm up in a little milk thickened with the yolk of a well-beaten egg. Stir for ten minutes over a clear fire; then spread the creamy paste on sippets of hot toast. Serve piled up like bricks, sprinkled with yellow crumbs of hard-boiled egg yolk, and decorated with fried parsley.

Savoury Bread.—Mix together some chopped parsley, herbs, and a little lemon dust. Cut a few fingers of stale bread about half an inch thick; dip into a beaten egg and roll in the spicery. Fry at once until golden brown. Serve hot, veiled in chopped parsley.

Devilled Sardines:—Heat some of the oil out of a freshly-opened tin of sardines, add to it a few of the little fish, previously peppered with curry powder. Lay each "devill" on a proportionate piece of toast, squeeze over a drop of lemon-juice and serve piping hot.

Sometimes an *appétisan* is needed by a jaded appetite before dinner or breakfast. A *Devilled Biscuit* will answer the purpose. Take any kind of cracker, water or milk, butter on both sides and season well with pepper and salt. Put on a tin in the oven and eat when thoroughly hot.

Anything connected with olives sounds truly Eastern. Historically, it is the most interesting of fruits. From the days of Noah to the present time it has been esteemed both for foliage and food. For over a period of two thousand years olive-yards have been cultivated in every kind of soil in the East. Hebrews, Assyrians, Romans, Moslems, and Christians have all laboured to preserve this oily-kernelled fruit in its paternal ground. It was used by the peculiar people in all religious rites. The Greeks crowned their Olympic victors with its leaves; whilst the beautiful amber-coloured wood of the olive-tree, with its rich veinings and clouds, was employed by all nations in architecture. It was revered by the Romans, and an olive-branch considered the emblem of peace and amity. Nowadays, in Italy, bread and olives form the chief diet of the labourer. Amongst ourselves it is very little used. How long a fivepenny bottle of the hard green balls will remain in an ordinary store room without being finished! It is, I think, because most cookery books give such elaborate modes of dressing them. I will suggest one pretty, easy way of making a savoury with them.

Stone twelve olives, by cutting round in a corkscrewy way (much as you peel an apple or turnip), fill the cavities thus left with a cream made of pounded sardines seasoned with cayenne and lemon juice. Have ready twelve fried *croutons* or circles of bread; on each round put an olive; on each olive put a caper. Round each caper-olive *crouton* put a lump of coloured aspic jelly, and on each lump of jelly put a sprig of parsley.

This sounds terribly like the riddle of the old man of St. Ives; but it is easy to follow definite directions. These *Savoury Olives* will cost less than one penny apiece, and are seasonable at any time.

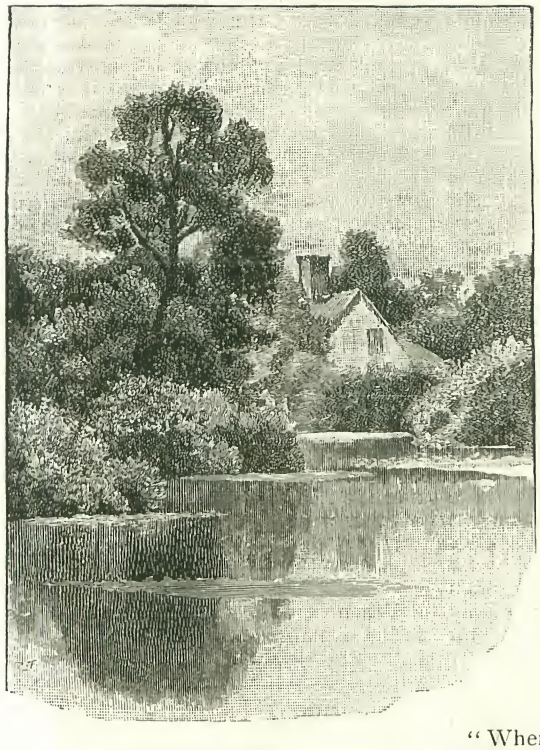
With *Savoury Eggs*, this list must close. Patties will take an article to themselves.

For the afore-mentioned savoury—and it is different to any others mentioned, in that it may be eaten cold—we must have some eggs boiled hard. When cold, decapitate each white ball and scoop out the yolks, mash the latter with a little anchovy sauce, drop of vinegar, and spoonful of mustard. Fill up the hollow cases with this forcemeat. Stand each egg on end and lay a piece of parsley across each cap. This is a pretty supper dish if the eggs are laid on a nest of watercress or lettuce. If the ancient axiom is true that "there goes reason to the roasting of an egg," this easily-made savoury should commend itself to us.

It will be soon seen how the last recipe can be varied. Green eggs, as well as anchovy ones, cheese eggs, mushroom eggs, curry eggs. Here we are at once presented with many colours—red, brown, orange. Garnish them as you like (but be sure the contrasts are vivid enough), and you will find that few folk will need pressing to partake of your savouries.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



CHAPTER XX.

It was a month after the release of poor Mr. Haydn. Mary and her lover were strolling up and down the garden walks. Through the open window came the voices of Mrs. Haydn and her broken, shattered husband—a gentle, worn voice, with a music in it that one could hardly account for, but which one knew had come from the elemental source of music—faith and love and pain lived down—and up; and a voice that might have been the voice of a ghost—falling with a strange, forlorn abstractedness, empty, dry, beyond pain or pleasure.

"I don't think he will last long," said Mary. "The shock has been too much for him."

"I don't know," De Vesci answered. "He has been granted a merciful impassivity. One might almost say of him, as of a dead man,

'He is at rest,
And pain and blame alike fall on his ear.'

I should not wonder if he lived a long time."

"No, no," said Mary. "He is like an old house, all falling together. De Vesci, his waistcoat would almost go twice round his poor body."

Mary's eyes began to fill.

De Vesci put his arm through hers. "Look at the rooks, darling," he said. "They rise like a black snow of thick unquiet flakes. Now, as they turn, see how every bird stands out carved in ebony with spread wings and, for one moment hangs as though it would hang for ever."

Mary could be charmed out of her saddest thoughts by the sunset and the things of the sunset.

"Yes," she said. "And do you hear the bass and treble of the caw?"

"I think so," said De Vesci, "but it strikes me that the voices of some of the trebles are breaking. Safe home, boys," he called to the crowd of distant wings, "and don't kick one another out of bed."

"The clouds are going home too," said Mary. "They might be a long flight of flamingoes, and the sky—oh, is it sky or sea, De Vesci? I don't think I have missed the sunset when it was possible for me to see it, for years. I love it; oh! how I love it—and yet sometimes it almost breaks my heart."

"Yes," he said, "but it is a breaking that is healing too."

"When I see that glow I feel as Moses felt when the mountain flamed with fire. I think my eyes pray," said Mary. "Can eyes pray?"

"Yes," he said, "better than lips sometimes, because their prayer is more than half praise."

For a little while there was silence, then Mary said, forgetting how far her thoughts had drifted—

"I think it was one of the strangest ironies I ever knew."

"Take me with you, dear," he said. "I am in the clouds, you know—where you left me."

"Why," she said, "that the very act of dishonesty which had so haunted my poor father, as a morbid dread, should actually have been committed in his name, by his own son, flung at a moment's notice from half across the world."

"It does seem strange," he said. "I think, however, if we could sound all the deeps of our moral nature we should find that these curiosities of coincidence are in truth not without relation. Nervous suggestion is at the bottom of most of them."

"But in this case. Well, of course, we were all thinking a great deal about the Institute, and the books, and the dreadful difficulty, and Edgar himself, I suppose, was in a somewhat similar difficulty."

"There lies the explanation of what occurred. When Edgar, as it would appear, found himself compelled to fling a sop to the untimely candour of some blackmailer, his purpose was carried, on a strong current of suggestion, to that focus of anxious thought, the books of the Institute.

"But let us talk about pleasant things."

"The postman then," said Mary. "Here he comes."

They loosed arms and went to meet the man.

"Twopence-halfpenny to pay, Miss Mary," he said, handing her a foreign letter. "Faith, I'd hardly think it was worth the money."

Half-a-crown was in his hand immediately. De Vesci felt that his correspondence, which had so often taken the bulky form of fruit or game, had trespassed on the letter-carrier's patience.

"'Deed, then," the man said, "your honour is too philanthropic entirely. If the public would get their own way they'd be putting you into heaven on the soles of your feet."

Therewith he turned away, shaking his head, and with a slight moisture in his eyes. At the little corner shop he bought two excellent rashers. Also he resolved to take his sweetheart to the circus to-morrow. Hennessy, I consider, did well with that half-crown.

"From Edgar," said Mary, and De Vesci was silent as she read—

"S.S. *City of Adelaide*,
"Off Gravesend.

"My dear little Sister,

"I bear no malice. Let bygones be bygones; also let the dead past bury its dead. I blame nobody—not even the bitter skinflint Docker, nor the savage rapparee, Hennes—; but no, Molly, I will not write a harsh word of one whom my little sister loves. I am ready to believe that all, including even Hildegarde, acted with kind, if blundering, intentions. I should never think of blaming a hippopotamus for the thickness of its skin. A person may have a heavy hand, a rough voice, coarse feelings, and brutal instincts, and yet be a very good creature in one's pachydermatous way. I daresay Hildegarde is. I daresay she is quite unaware of her tendency to make jam of her sensitive neighbours. All I would say to good old Hildegarde is this—bad temper soon makes a woman haggish, and she is rather more than cherry ripe already. Twenty-seven, eh? Let her nail her Docker before her petals fall, or I doubt if the prudent youth will think he is getting value for his money. One murmur I will suffer to escape me. I think I might have been spared the indignity of travelling as a second-class passenger. So much for that lot.

"And now, dear Molly—for you were always my little champion—I know you will try and think kindly of poor impulsive Eddy—naughty Eddy too. It is hard, is it not, Molly, that the act of a moment (as one might say) should involve the exile of a life? But I daresay that this seeming wrong is permitted—perhaps even ordered—for some wise purpose. Only, Molly, remember that

Eddy is sensitive, proud, shrinking, and that his appetite is not good. Remember that bright things are essential to his very existence—pleasant, refined people (Heavens! how I suffered from the pettifogger's voice!), well-cut clothes, music. Remember, dearest Molly, that Eddy simply cannot smoke cheap cigars. And remember (this is the last memento) that it is in consequence of Eddy's action that you are engaged to a man of large property, and not to the pettifogging pauper, Docker. I think I deserve some little consideration at your hands, Brighteyes. Whatever little tribute you like to send, send it (and quickly, little one) to the Bank of Australia, Melbourne.

"Your naughty (but loving) boy,

"EDDY."

"P.S.—Do hammer it into the dear old governor's noddle that I meant him no harm. Eddy is thoughtless, but he is not heartless or bad.

"Molly, that man could have said nasty things, horrid things, about me. I had to muffle his horrible clapper, for other's sakes as well as my own.

"If you realise at all the condition of life abroad, you would understand that even a man of chivalrous honour may find himself forced by the sheer pressure of circumstances to take refuge in shifts which, with a plump banking account he would be the first to deplore and to condemn. There is an old story about a certain Pharisee and a certain publican, which some friends of yours might find not unprofitable reading.

"Good-bye, little playmate (you don't forget the orange and licorice champagne?), and cut it as thick as you can—I mean the cheque.

"E."

Mary's handkerchief came out as she slipped the letter into her pocket.

"Poor fellow," she said, "poor Edgar! Oh, I am sure there is a great deal of good in him."

"Possibly," said De Vesci; "he certainly suffers very little to come out."

"That is not a very kind remark," Mary answered stiffly, "and I don't think a very just one. Shall we go in?"

That allusion to the licorice had been too much for Mary.

"Come, my child," said De Vesci, "let us not quarrel to-night—not to-night, Mary, after the sunset, and the rooks, and all the charming things."

At that appeal she relented and made him so happy, that, divining the yearning of her heart over her nauseous favourite, he declared, perjuring himself blackly, that something ought to be done for Edgar.

"Do you really think so?" said Mary, unconsciously pressing his arm.

"Yes," he said emphatically; "something ought to be done," while his conscience added, inaudibly, "but it's hanging."

The result of that quiet half-hour, while the rooks rose and circled, and finally sank into the elms, only remaining here and there like an edging of deeper blackness, was a question and an answer.

The question was, "Mary, will you come to me soon, next month—or in November?"

And the answer was, "Yes, if you wish it, in November."

So De Vesci rode home, happy-hearted, full of a great tenderness and a great tremulous triumph, and Mary stole to her room, and pressed her cheek against the pane for coolness, and thought how good her lover was, and how noble, and how proudly any woman might wear such love as his. And after a little while her poor throbbing head grew cooler, and some quiet tears began to fall. "I think I will try to pray," she said.

Then, while she was kneeling, and peace was growing within her heart, steps came up the drive, and voices—the voices of Hildegarde and Reginald. And suddenly all the peace cracked and sank away like a thin coating of ice, and the depths of her heart were shown to her. "Oh," she cried within herself, as her face fell forward upon the bed. "I have more need than ever for prayer, and yet I cannot pray at all."

And with those helpless words she fell again into a prayer; the strongest of all prayers, because it is the weakest. "God help me."

The natural period of Hildegarde's holidays had synchronised so accurately with the days of the family trouble that Miss Haydn found herself ready for her pupils almost as soon as the pupils were ready for her. Good Mrs. McQuaide had been on the continent all through that dark time, or most certainly she would not have failed Hildegarde in her need. As it was she received her governess back literally with open arms, and cried upon her with the most unfashionable sincerity, and did not mind how red her nose became, and hung over the girl till she had drunk a glass and a half of port, and had eaten three squares of shortbread. Then Mrs. McQuaide remembered the claims of fashion and declared that they had all had a blazing good time abroad, and waked up some of the English frumps pretty considerable. "Lady Gildie was immense, my dear," she continued. "There was a duel about her between two counts (though one of them turned out to be a waiter), and, really, I don't know who she didn't horsewhip. There was always a free current of air about her ladyship, I can tell you, and a brisk circulation of dollars. My gracious! here she is. By-bye, I must slope."

The little pupils received Hildegarde with much delicacy, openly rebuking one another for staring. Evidently they had been very laboriously instructed to spare Miss Haydn's susceptibilities in every possible way. The, perhaps, too literal interpretation of those orders produced rather curious results.

Thus Flossie, the eldest girl, having to repeat as a holiday task, Mrs. Opie's once-famous poem, "The Orphan Boy," broke down suddenly in the very first verse, and in spite of jogs and hints remained stolidly stationary. Moved to tears, indeed, she was, but to nothing else, and at length she retired to her seat in profoundest tribulation. Before long, however, it leaked out that Flossie knew the poem quite perfectly, and was willing to write it all down, if only Miss Haydn would not look at it. And it being pointed out that that stipulation might make it somewhat difficult for Miss Haydn to test the accuracy of the copy, Flossy became so hopeless and so inky (there is a future before the scientist who can explain how it is that youthful sorrow so commonly turns to ink) that Hildegarde was obliged to take her on her knee and comfort her with the story technically known as the Missionary Mouses. That story related how a little boy (moved by an appeal on behalf of Africa, and the alleged example of ladies who had dropped their treasures into the bag) returned to church that same evening, and very quietly slipped in his.

They were two white mice.

That tale (which was believed to be founded on fact) never failed to calm the stormy billows of Flossie's grief. In a little while she declared herself ready to whisper the line in Miss Haydn's ear. So she whispered it very low, while Jos and the Lobster held hands and looked another way.

"'Tis want that makes my cheeks
so pale."

When it was said, the Lobster was full of explanation.

"She wouldn't like to say them words," said the ungrammatical crustacean, "because we knew you didn't be getting enough to eat."

When Hildegarde explained that all the good people at Weir Bend had as much bread and butter as they could manage (they really did now since Mr. Haydn's affairs had been settled) all the children clapped their hands and laughed aloud in sympathetic delight. Their joy was a little dashed, however, by a sudden recollection of Jos's. "I say," he remarked, "we won't be able to play at The Starving Family now."

A little later in the morning it was the turn of that ingenious youth to get into delicate difficulties. After referring with brisk cheerfulness to the fate of Haman, he became suddenly redder than the Lobster—so named, not without reason.

"I didn't think it was quite nice to mention gallows, because you have a brother's what's going to be hung."

That evening before Hildegarde had finished the afternoon tea which Mrs. McQuaide always insisted on her having, that lady's brother came in; Mr. Grubb was, in fact, that rich widower whom Edgar, in his prospective disposition of the family fortune, had singled out for Hildegarde's beatification. He was a very large fat gentleman, who had formerly been "in bacon," and looked as though he were in it still. Hildegarde had met him twice. On the first occasion he had consulted her as to whether a Norfolk jacket or a frock-coat best became (the phrase is his own) a gentleman of full habit. Cruelly she had recommended the frock-coat, and he had always worn one since. On the second occasion he had remarked, "Ah, Miss Haydn, it isn't the largest eaters that are of the fullest habits. In my case

now—really I would not eat much more than yourself, and that's no more than the pecking of a robin."

To-day he looked at her with a full-bodied pathos, and when he wished her good-bye, his shake of the hand conveyed some idea of an eternal farewell.

Hildegarde could not make things out, particularly when she observed that Mrs. McQuaide was whimpering a little.

The Lobster, however, whose notions of delicacy had undergone a complete revolution, was ready with an explanation.

"Uncle Havelock," he said, "was going to have married you, only your brother was a murderer."

"Dear me," said Hildegarde, smiling and not at all discomposed. "Was he! and was the day fixed?"

But the poor Lobster had no opportunity of reply, for at that point her innocent claw was seized by Mrs. McQuaide and she was dragged from the room.

Uncle Havelock meanwhile had rushed—or shall we say rolled—to the window. "My patience!" he cried as he flung up the sash, "how warm it is! I'm sure there's thunder coming" (he pronounced the word toonder). And from the stairs came such a sound of slaps, that Hildegarde almost thought it had come. Whether or not Edgar had found scope for any delicate negotiations she never knew.

That evening when she related the story to Reginald, laughing over it almost in the old way, with her curious, slow, profoundly-enjoying laugh, the young man turned upon her with, "that reminds me. Why make two bites at a little parson like ours?"

"Personally," said Hildegarde, "I had no idea of biting him at all. I may say that for some years I have almost given up the habit."

"Why not kill two birds with one stone, or one parson with two weddings? They have fixed a day in November? Will you, pretty fly?"

"I'll think about it, ugly spider," she said.

And the result was, both weddings were fixed for November the 5th.

"Dear me!" said Hildegarde, *en àpropos*, "I hope we shan't forget to remember, remember the 5th of November."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

JOSÉPHINE.—We make known your suggestion that A. D. (St. Gall) should correspond with you at "Coupure, 131, Ghent, Belgium," but we fancy she needs a position in England.

WILD FLOWER FROM THE DANUBE'S SHORE.—We have heard from you before under a different pseudonym and we inserted your request on May 10th. We now advise you to write to Miss M. Crompton, Irwell House, Eccles New Road, Salford, Manchester. Correspondence with you is also offered by Miss Annie Simons, 35, Daniell Street, Truro, Cornwall, and Miss J. Brown, Hermitage Street, Crewkerne, Somerset.

BOB'S SWEETHEART.—1. Write to any music publisher such as Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street, W., inquiring for the song with the title "Dreaming of Home and Mother."—2. Bright colours will be worn this season. Blue and white are very fashionable, or greens of various hue. Any London draper would send you a selection of patterns of the shades most worn. A colour between yellow and brown is also very much approved.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—1. Haydn's Toy Symphony was written while he was Kapellmeister or director of the orchestra to Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, at Esterhàz, Hungary, between the years 1767–1790. It is a piece of concerted music for the piano, strings, and various toy instruments, some of which imitate the note of birds. The toy instruments are only introduced occasionally and have a very amusing effect. Haydn is remarkable for having infused a sense of humour into music.—2. You had better write to Novello, Ewer & Co., 1, Berners Street, W., about Sullivan's "Golden Legend," but we think the cheapest edition is 3s. 6d.

R. A. K.—1. You should procure Schumann's Album for Children, published in sixpenny parts in *The Diamond Music Books*.—2. We have not heard that the verses you mention have been set to music.

A GOVERNESS.—Apply to the Secretary, Local Examinations Delegacy, Clarendon Building, Oxford, for all the details you require. We are glad to hear your good opinion of our magazine.

VIOLETTE.—We sympathise with you most heartily, but must console you by the old adage "Where there's a will there's a way."—1. The down-strokes of your writing are too heavy, and this makes it look childish. You should practise running hand from a copybook daily, and try and keep the letters all of the same thickness.—2. The best way for you to improve yourself at home is to join the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. You will have lists of books given you and help for home study. The cost is very small. Write to the secretary at the above address.

VERONA PETITE.—1. We are very sorry for the young girl whose lines you enclose if "they express exactly her feelings," for they are indeed hopeless and dreary. They are not poetry, we must reluctantly add. There is great irregularity of form, and some lines attempt rhyme, others do not.—2. It is difficult to define poetry in a few words. Mr. Ruskin's definition is very good: "The suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions." "Poetry is music in words," says Fuller. "Poetry is musical thought," says Carlyle. We might fill pages, and yet you would not have a complete description. Amateur poetry should be, however, a metrical composition in the first place, and this your friend's verses are not.

KADJE.—You need not infer that because your stories have hitherto been returned by editors it is hopeless to get stories published "however good one might get to be." We told you before that you must read and study now; and you must not expect to rush into print yet awhile. As to what you say of editors, they do not need to read a whole story before seeing whether it is good or not. Do you need to eat a whole plum cake before you know whether it is good or not? A small portion is enough to judge from. In years to come, if you can really do good work, the way, and the only way, is to offer it wherever you think it may find a suitable place. It is a popular mistake to suppose that editors and publishers entertain an invincible hostility to publishing anything; on the contrary, they are glad to secure new and fresh writers fitted for their work by years of study and practice.

LEO.—We feel deep interest in your letter and sympathise with your perplexities; at the same time it is hardly possible for us, without knowing you personally, to advise properly in so very difficult a case. Unfortunately the hard limits of practicality often trammel and confine the ideal vision. If you did not begin the study of music till after the age of twenty, it will be a serious matter to depend upon it as your future profession. As to whether you shall do this or not, we should advise you to consult the musician of whom you speak and be guided by him. Supposing you decide as your letter indicates, how shall you earn money *pro tem.*? This also is a perplexing question. The teaching of French "in which you are as much at home as English" appears to us to be by far your best equipment. Literature, whatever your natural faculty, needs a course of training (although there is no necessity as you suggest to type-write clearly-written articles). Why not apply to the registry of the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, W.C.? and also inquire in your own neighbourhood. Have you any business acquaintances who would let you undertake their French commercial correspondence? With regard to your postscript, you must not take the apparent allusions of fiction too literally. We sincerely wish we could give you more practical help, and wish you a happy solution of your difficulties.

HONEY.—1. The forgetfulness of which you complain in attempting to play "before company" from memory is certainly due to nervousness, and would probably be cured by practice; but the process of cure is so painful to performer and listeners that we should think it is hardly worth while to attempt it, and that you had better keep the music before you for the present.—2. It is not injurious to put the hands into hot water; we should suggest also that you chafe them well together. Nervousness has much to do with these cold hands before music lessons.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—*Little Arthur's History of England* is an old book, yet we really do not know of anything better for quite young children. Dickens's *Child's History of England* is also very interesting for children a little older. Any bookseller will procure either of these for you.

EXPECTANT.—How would you like to try the Diamond Jubilee Society, mentioned below, in which "students receive direction and help with their home studies?" Drawing and painting are among the subjects, and the students' yearly subscription is only 2s. We know nothing of it personally, but you might send for particulars. It is difficult to recommend books without knowing how far advanced you are.

WOULD-BE JOURNALIST.—The keeping a journal of events would certainly help you in concentration of expression. It is also a good plan to practise writing an abstract of any books you have read. Your age is not a drawback. Women have sometimes adopted a literary career after the age of fifty. All you can do at present is to practise your pen, but we have of course no means of judging whether you are likely to succeed. Dr. Abbott's little book, *How to Speak and Write Clearly*, is most valuable.

AMATEUR SOCIETIES.—Miss Noble Green, Rowan Bank, Peebles, sends a prospectus of her Diamond Jubilee Society, the object of which is "to draw together for mutual help those anxious for self-culture, and to encourage and guide students." Apply for all particulars as above. Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., whose "Story, Essay and Letter Club" we have mentioned, gives correspondence lessons, and would like to receive inquiries for a club for the study of English subjects, French and Italian.

SILLY SIXTEEN.—We should think you could teach yourself book-keeping by the use of, say, *Chambers' Book-keeping*, which you can procure for 1s. 1½d. If you applied to G. J. Hill, Esq., 30, The Forbury, Reading, (Organising Secretary to the Berks Technical Education Committee) he might tell you of some class at a nominal fee, and of course class teaching is best.

J. G.—1. The family title of the late Prince Consort was Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield.—2. We have acknowledged your information elsewhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. KINNAIRD.—A Preparation Home for Y. W. C. A. Work has been instituted and opened at 14, Finsbury Square, E.C. Two scholarships are offered, which will enable intending students to obtain the benefit of the course for half price. Two references are required, and the age of the intending student must be stated. The training consists of Bible study, association study, book-keeping, domestic work, voice culture, scientific and historical lectures, and practical work in factories, workrooms and in the institutes. There is a gymnasium at the Home. There are two sessions per annum of five months each, beginning in October. Resident students pay 15s. per week, or £15 per session. Entrance fee £1 18s., freeing to all lectures.

LILLA.—The leather on your desk may be cleaned by sponging it with a solution of oxalic acid in warm water. If too worn and faded for mere cleaning, give it two coats of size and dye it with oil-paints specially prepared for this purpose. Rose-wood, mahogany, or any colour may be procured, and laid on with a stiff brush. A coat of varnish—bookbinders' is the best—should then be laid on. This recipe would serve for leather-covered chairs. If to remove stains from leather be desired, make a paste of mealy potatoes, a little vinegar, turpentine and dry mustard. Lay some on the stain, leave it to dry, and then rub it off.

JACK AND JILL.—The fan-tailed pigeon thrives badly in an aviary. Great cleanliness is essential. Feed yours on dried peas, crumbs of bread, barley, vetches, wheat, tares, and a good supply of gravel. Also a piece of rock salt, and fresh water daily, both for drink and his bath. Keep the large wicker cage very clean and dry, and the round thick perches well scraped.

G. AUSTIN.—Old train tickets are not of any use that we know of, save that children often play with them.

"Music Mad."—The principal difference in the construction of the old harpsichord and our modern piano was in the action, the wires in the former being "plucked" harp-fashion with a "jack," instead of being struck by a "hammer"; and the tone has been perhaps not incorrectly described as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it." Some of the old harpsichords contained two keyboards, a swell and pedals, and for this, now obsolete, instrument our great masters Purcel, Corelli, Bach, Handel and Hasse, besides other men of note, wrote and on it performed.

Esmeralda.—We cannot hold out much encouragement to you in finding a publisher who requires translations from French into English. Some few well-known writers obtain orders for important works, and are able to render the language into the highest type of English writing. Still, you might apply for work at some of the publishers of foreign books in London. Look down the lists of publishing firms given in the newspapers.

Constant Subscriber.—This correspondent writes "what is the cause of a cricket in the wall near the fireplace, and is there any sign attached to it?" In the first place, the cause of the cricket being there was, doubtless, that its papa and mamma left it there, and were former residents of that snug little domicile themselves. In the second place, the only "sign attached to it," would seem to be that the cricket was in good health and voice, and not suffering from any bronchial attack. Your hand is not formed but gives good promise.

C. F.—The best work we can recommend is one published by ourselves, *The Handbook of English Literature*, by Dr. Angus. Your English is so good that we did not detect that you were not a countrywoman of ours, and are pleased that you appreciate our Magazine.

Five Years' Subscriber.—Probably the proverbially long last words had to be restricted in length by the third person, as one of the two may have had to catch the train, and the cab was waiting.



Maud.—Brown holland trunk covers are quite out of date. If you need one, measure the top, side, and end with paper; and when you have cut out a loose fit, sew the holland seams, and bind them with red worsted braid. If for foreign travel we may warn you that luggage so covered is looked at with some degree of suspicion at the *douanes*, because it seems like throwing a difficulty in the way of their examination.

Old English Songs.—Those old songs, of which you can only give a very sketchy account, are quite out of date; and we advise you to apply to some large music-shop for any information they may be able to supply. Where did you hear of them? It is from that source you are most likely to obtain the names of the publishers.

Flossie.—The medicine stains on your silver spoons may be removed by rubbing them with a rag dipped in sulphuric acid and subsequent washing with soap and water; and those produced by eggs with salt just moistened with water, rubbing well.

Miss Raven (Melleha-Alhambra Road, Southsea).—We have pleasure in naming your Sunbeam Mission, of which the central branch is at Weston-super-Mare; the object being to send toys, magazines, pictures, knitted shawls, cuffs, etc., or a box of flowers to sick and suffering children in London, or any large town. The children entered on the lists are aged from five to fourteen or fifteen. No one can become a member of this Mission when upwards of seventeen years, but adults are welcomed as associates. We thank you for your praise of our paper.

Nil desperandum.—We do not encourage the selling of used English postage stamps, lest the use made of them should be nefarious and cheat the Government. But they may be sent gratis to the Asylum for Orphans at Neuchâtel, of which we have many times given the address.

P. W.—To restore your Japanese plaques you had better obtain some detached raised metal figures, and secure them to the plaques with strong cement.

A. D. L.—We cannot give you the history of engraving from its earliest origin. Wood-engraving, for the purpose of transfer to paper or parchment, is believed to have been invented by the Chinese, otherwise called xylography. It made its first appearance in Europe about the thirteenth century, and the earliest engravings of which we know anything were produced in Italy in 1285. Then followed copperplate engraving, attributed to a Florentine sculptor and goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, about the middle of the fifteenth century, in which art Albert Dürer, of Nuremburg excelled. He also was the inventor of etching—engraving on metal by means of corrosion. Aquatinta engraving was due to a Frenchman, about 1662. Prior to this mezzotint engraving was invented by Ludwig von Siegen, A.D. 1642.

Esmeralda is one of the characters in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, a beautiful gipsy girl, who is supposed to be a witch, and though concealed in the church by Quasimodo, is put to death in the end.

"Country Cousin."—It is very easy to make the common rose lip-salve, and cheap as it is, when a number of young people require it in a retired country place, it may be worth while to make it. Take of oil of almonds 3 oz., of alkanet ½ oz., digest with a gentle heat, and filter. Melt 1½ oz. of white wax and ½ oz. of spermaceti with the filtered oil. Stir it till it begins to thicken, and add from 12 to 36 drops of attar of roses.

Busby.—1. If a lad of seventeen have sent you a Christmas Card, we do not think it a matter for serious thought and speculation, especially as he is on such friendly terms with your brothers and sisters.—2. Get a little tub of lanoline and rub the wrinkles (across them) every night, and should the nails be disposed to crack, you can employ no better remedy than an application of this.

Lettice Kestevan.—No directions are necessary. Paint on the terra-cotta at once, having mixed the colours with Turck's velontine, which is a fixative.

Girlie.—You can obtain a handbook of instructions for crystoleum painting at L. Gill's, 170, Strand, W.C. The materials without the paints would cost about 5s.

Nancy.—The 7th Nov., 1877, was a Wednesday; the 13th June, 1841, was a Sunday.

Rose.—You should employ botanical blotting-paper to dry leaves under pressure, and you may have to use dyes to revive the colours when faded. When only for preservation in albums, the colours (of autumn) may be preserved by a thin coat of fine transparent varnish.

Katie.—We think you must be making a mistake, and the skin must be hair, not wool, to be glossy—such as a dog's coat. How could you draw in crayon on china or porcelain? You have written without reflection. Make the experiment yourself by trying the effect of a crayon pencil on a china plate.

J. E. M.—There are stamp-dealers to whom you could go in every town of any size. You say you have the Swiss address where you can send the ordinary English stamps, and we know of no other. They must be given, not sold.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 920.] AUGUST 14, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

WHEN shades of night are falling
And on the winding road,
With footsteps slow and weary,
The home-bound toilers plod.
How heart and feet grow lighter,
When through the mist and gloom,
With cheery ray across the way,
Shine out the lights of home!
O hallowed, homely beacon,
Where'er our steps may roam,
Shine out and guide, from far and wide,
The wanderers safely home!

When life's brief day is closing,
Its toils and sorrows past,
And when for peaceful slumber
We fold our hands at last,
How softly to our vision,
How sweetly through the gloom,
From mansions fair that wait us there
Will shine the Lights of Home!
O heavenly, homely Beacon,
Where'er our feet may roam,
Shine out and guide, from far and wide,
The wanderers safely Home!



All rights reserved.]

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SORE TEMPTATION.

"MIRABEL," said Willie, who had been watching eagerly for his sister to come in, "here's a letter for you. I heard the postman asking if a Miss Mirabel Dean lived here and I ran out and said it was you and got the letter."

He evidently considered that his sister owed the possession of the letter to his spirited action in the matter.

It was Friday night and Mirabel had come home even more fatigued than usual after spending many hours over the ironing board. As her brother spoke she grew very pale and sank breathless on to a chair. The idea of a letter frightened her. She so seldom received one. Her first thought was that it brought ill news. Yet her fear did not immediately connect itself with Lizzie. She thought of Mr. Bruce Collier and dreaded to learn that he was dead. Yet if it were so, who would write to tell her?

"What is the matter, Mirabel?" asked her little brother. "Don't you like having a letter? I thought you would be pleased."

"Who can it be from?" said Mirabel, as she took up the letter and examined it.

The envelope was thick and glossy, and a crest appeared at the back. The address was written in a small, fine, but somewhat shaky, hand-writing. The outside revealed nothing to Mirabel. She took a pair of scissors and cut open the top of the envelope, so as not to spoil the crest. A similar one and a stamped address were at the head of the sheet of paper she opened. Beneath were written the following lines—

"The writer, who is indebted to Mirabel Dean for her kind help when he was seized with giddiness in Kensington Gardens, begs that she will, if possible, come to see him at the above address to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve. He wishes to speak to her about her crippled brother, whom he would like to befriend."

"Well, I declare!" said Mirabel. "This is from the old gentleman we saw in Kensington Gardens."

"And who gave me a silver penny," said Willie. "He was a nice old gentleman."

"Yes, indeed," said Mirabel, "I did not know where to get the money for your shoes—the rent swallows up so much—but that just paid for them. And now he wants to do something more for you. It is very good of him. I suppose I must go. I wouldn't go to his house to get anything for myself; but I can't refuse help for you."

"Are you going to see him?" asked Willie eagerly. "Oh, do take me with you, Mirabel. Perhaps he'll give me another silver penny."

Mirabel smiled and shook her head.

"No, no, Willie," she said, "I must not take you. You would be in the way. The gentleman would have asked me to bring you if he had wanted to see you."

Willie looked much disappointed. He watched his sister wistfully the next morning as she got ready to go to Kensington.

Mirabel dressed herself with great care; but the utmost neatness could not conceal the deplorable shabbiness of her attire. The cheap mourning she had bought when her mother died was rusty and frayed from constant wear and exposure to all weathers. All that Mirabel's skilful needle could do in the way of repairs had been done. There were no rags and her boots, though ugly and well-worn, were sound; but her dress proclaimed her what she would have said she was—a girl of the people. No one could have guessed from her exterior the perfect cleanliness of her person and the refinement of bearing which was instinctive with her, for there had been nothing in her surroundings to foster it.

It was the first of February and one of the fair, mild days that sometimes come in that month. As Mirabel walked across Kensington Gardens, the sky was blue and the air soft and warm with the breath of spring. It was indeed the first day of spring, though many chill, wintry days would intervene ere spring held the sceptre of victory. She thought of Bruce Collier. Was he well enough to enjoy the beauty of the day? Would she hear any news of him to-day? Then she resolved that when she left Palace Gardens she would walk to the road in which the artist lived. It would be something only to look on the outside of his house. She wished that it might be possible to see him, without his seeing her.

It was not without a sense of timidity that Mirabel passed through the wide gate and ascended the broad steps of the house in Palace Gardens. As she rang the bell she remembered that she was ignorant of the name of the gentleman she had come to see. But the footman who opened the door was evidently prepared for her appearance. At a word he understood, and obeying instructions given to him, led her across the broad, handsome hall to a door on the left which he opened and held wide for her to enter.

Mirabel advanced timidly, her feet making no sound on the soft, thick carpet. The room was a library. Handsome oaken shelves, well-stocked with books and a few choice busts adorned the walls. The furniture was solid, but artistic, and curtains rich in tone and texture screened the windows, while a great, glowing fire diffused delightful warmth.

Mirabel had a dim consciousness of wealth and luxury in her surroundings; but her eyes were fixed on a great easy chair by the hearth in which lounged a figure which at the first glance she knew was not that of the old gentleman she had come to see. As the servant closed the door, the gentleman raised himself and rose slowly, yet with an eagerness which only extreme weakness held in check. With a thrill of both joy and pain Mirabel perceived that he was Bruce Collier. She uttered a low cry and stood motionless, the colour fading from her face.

"Mirabel!" he said, and for some moments they gazed at each other without speaking. Then she moved nearer to him, involuntarily, and her feelings found vent in words.

"Oh, how ill you have been!" she said, "how very ill you must have been!"

For she was shocked at the change she saw in him. She had last seen him a vigorous man in the prime of his life and strength. Now his form was wasted and bent, and his pallid, attenuated face and sunken eyes seemed to her to bear the mark of approaching death.

"Ah, you find me much altered," he said, "but don't be alarmed about me; I am really getting better. Forgive me for startling you so. I felt that I must see you before I went away, and Mr. Armitage has most kindly given me this opportunity."

Mr. Armitage! The name had more than one association for Mirabel, and she was surprised and disturbed to hear it now. Could it be that she was in the home of the proud lady, who had convinced her of the wide gulf that yawned between her and this friend, who, ill and changed as he appeared, had in his eyes the same look of kindness for her, which she had long treasured in her heart? The thought put Mirabel on her guard.

"Please sit down, sir," she said, for she saw that he was trembling. "I am sure you ought not to stand."

"Then you must be seated too," he said, and pointed to a low, high-backed chair which stood near.

Mirabel had never sat on such a luxuriously restful chair; but she was quite unaware of it. Her eyes were on the artist's face and all her thoughts were his.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, in a low, intense tone, "I can never forgive him, never."

"Then you know the man who struck me down?" said the artist quietly.

Mirabel started. The colour flew into her face. She remained silent.

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Collier. "You have betrayed nothing, and if you had it would not matter. I know the man who did it—at least, I know enough of him to set the police on his track. But I shall not do so. I do not choose to prosecute him. I wish the whole affair to be forgotten."

"And yet," said Mirabel slowly, "if

it was Jem Lovell, as I believe, or whoever it was, he ought to be punished."

"Who is Jem Lovell?" asked Mr. Collier.

"I knew him when we lived in Providence Street," said Mirabel. "His mother and sister lived in the same house with us."

"Is he a tall, dark man with a little goaty beard, and does he speak in a high, shrill voice?" asked Mr. Collier.

Mirabel made a sign of assent.

"And he was a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly a friend," replied Mirabel, "though he used to be kind to me, and I liked him well enough at one time."

"He was an admirer, I suppose?"

Mirabel coloured. "I don't know about that, I am sure, sir."

"He wanted to marry you, did he not?"

"He never told me so, sir."

"Ah! Would you have married him, if he had asked you?"

The question seemed to hurt Mirabel. Tears of vexation sprang to her eyes as she answered hastily—

"No, indeed. I would never have married Jem Lovell. He is not a good man. He does not believe in God—nor in man for that matter, for he thinks that everyone is bad and not to be trusted. He hates all the rich, just because they are rich. He would like to pull everything in the world to pieces, and make a world of his own."

"With Jem Lovell for its king, eh?" said Bruce Collier with a smile. "So the orator's words fell on inflammable material."

Mirabel made no reply, not knowing to what he referred. She sat gazing into the fire, and the artist leaning back in his chair and screening his eyes with his hand took a long look at her.

"Forgive me," he said presently, "for worrying you with such questions. Now I am going to ask you, Mirabel, to do something for me."

She looked up eagerly.

"I cannot see you properly while you wear that hat. Will you take it off and let me see you as you used to be in the studio?"

Regretting that his request was so slight a one, Mirabel at once removed her hat. Her hair had grown again since she had her locks shorn that she might pay for Jenny's funeral. It fell now in soft waves on her forehead and formed tiny ringlets behind her ears. The face thus framed looked sweeter and fairer than ever to Bruce Collier. The dark lines beneath the eyes, suggestive of weariness, the sorrowful droop of the pretty lips had a pathetic charm which made his heart throb with a passionate longing to take her out of her life of grinding poverty and toil, and shield her for ever with the arms of his love.

"Mirabel," he said slowly, as he looked at her, "you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Mirabel started and looked up at him with her star-like eyes, half-pleased, half-frightened, by his words.

"You should not tell me that, sir," she remonstrated. "And, if it's true, it's a pity, I suppose. Mother used to tell me that good looks were a snare to a woman. 'Handsome is as handsome does'" she said.

"Well, you are handsome that way too, Mirabel," he said. "I could say with equal truth that you are the best and noblest woman I have ever known."

"Oh, no, sir, not that," she replied. "At least you must have known few good women if you think that."

"I have never known another woman like you, Mirabel. That is why I want you to be my wife. You are the one woman I love."

Mirabel's face grew crimson for a moment and then utterly pale.

"Please do not speak of that," she said in faltering tones. "I have told you that it can never be."

"But I must speak of it," he said. "I told you before that I could not take 'No' for my answer, without some better reason than you have hitherto given me. You have said that Jem Lovell is not my rival. Does any one else stand between us?"

Mirabel made a quick, emphatic gesture of negation.

"Is it that you cannot love me?"

Mirabel was silent. She sat with her head turned from him; but he could see that she was greatly moved.

"Of course," he said plaintively, "I know that I am nothing now but a wreck of a man. I am about done for. I don't know that I shall ever be able to paint a picture again. You may well hesitate to marry one so broken down."

"Oh, you know it is not that," she cried with passionate remonstrance in her tone. "I would be your nurse, your servant, your slave, if you wanted me; but your wife I cannot be."

"Anything else is out of the question, as you must see if you think a moment," he said. "Mirabel, will you for the sake of those foolish notions you have conceived sacrifice the happiness of us both? Give your life into my hands, Mirabel, and I will arrange everything. Believe me, all those difficulties that seem to you so formidable shall melt away. You shall cease to toil and struggle. You shall be happy, darling, at last."

How his words won on her! How she longed to reply as he wished! She could not immediately put it all from her. As she sat silent she became aware of the luxuriously cushioned chair in which she rested and the soft, rich carpet beneath her feet, the warm glow from the fire and the atmosphere of wealth and ease which wrapped her round. Then with sharp force of contrast there came before her the bare attic in Limegrove Street, with its poverty and meanness, her drunken, disreputable step-father and the boys with their rough boots and thread-bare clothes. How could she pass from that home to one like this! It could not be right.

"Oh, no, no," she cried, with a sob in her voice, "you do not understand. I could not be your wife. The thing is impossible."

She started up as she spoke. She was anxious to put an end to the painful interview. She wanted to get away from this place of glamour and temptation and back to the actual life to which she belonged. But the artist put out his hand and stayed her. He, too, was pale and shaken.

"Then you do not love me," he said, "I might have known it. Well, I am going to the Engadine to-morrow. Perhaps I shall never come back. It will be best so."

Mirabel stood pale as death. She pressed her hand to her chest as though his words gave her actual physical pain.

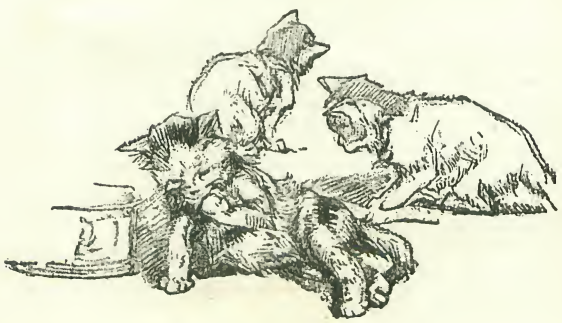
"I can't help it," she said breathlessly. "Don't you see that you are tempting me to do what I feel would be wrong? I cannot bear to give you pain; but God will help us both if we try to do right. I could not leave the boys, and Lizzie—poor Lizzie, who may come back any day. I could not be happy if I forsook my duty."

She held out her hand to him as she spoke. He felt that it was vain to say more and, exhausted by agitation, he pressed it for a moment and then let her go without a word.

Mirabel made her way blindly out of the room and across the hall; but at the door the footman stayed her.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, with an odious smirk, "Mr. Armitage wishes to have a word with you."

(*To be continued.*)



HATS OF TO-DAY.

As I sit down to write on the engrossing subject of hats, there rises up before my mind the recollection of an old picture in *Punch*, and it seems to me to illustrate so forcibly the fact "That many a true word is spoken in jest," that I think I must recall it to your minds; and you must make allowances for me if I do not repeat it quite correctly. A mother who is talking to her small son, and educating him in morals, concludes her discourse to this effect—

"Never forget, Tommy, that it is not the coat which makes the gentleman."

"No, *mamma*," promptly replies Tommy, "it's the hat."

Tommy was not so very far out after all; he knew what he was talking about, although he probably did not realise at his age how much is supposed to depend on the hats we wear.

Now, as hats are so important, they are worth a great deal of careful consideration; and, as some of you may want a little help and advice in the choice of summer headgear, I am going to tell you what are the fashions of the moment, and how to set about copying them.

To start with, let us consider the subject of straws. Satin straws are universal favourites, and can be obtained in all the softest and prettiest shades of colour, as well as the bright reds and royal blues that are so popular this year. Most of the shapes have high crowns and straight brims, but there is less exaggeration about them than there used to be, and it is quite possible to have a simple shape with a medium crown and straight brim and yet to be in the fashion. If you like to tilt the brim slightly to one side by placing a rosette or bunch of flowers underneath, you are quite at liberty to do so. Nobody, however, now wears a hat turned sharply up at the back, and I think myself that a straight brim is more becoming to the generality of girls than any curved or tilted one.

Chips, to look smart, should be fine or coarse, not medium, and our old friends, Tuscan and Leghorn, always hold their own.

A great many coloured straws are being worn, and certainly they make a delightful change to the everlasting black and white, which all of us know so well. Of all the many shades, green is the one, *par excellence*, and I might mention the fact that it is quite worth while dyeing straw hats, as they are generally very satisfactory; and I can testify from personal experience, that a last year's white chip hat may become an up-to-date coloured one at very little expense.

As I said just now, green is one of the great features of the season, and I am very glad; it is such a delightful colour, light and cool, and refreshing to turn to after the vivid mauves and pinks, and blends with every colour or flower that may be used as garniture.

Beefeater crowns are no longer considered good style, and they are so easily altered, that nobody need wear one because of using up a last year's shape. You would, I am sure, all of you be able to unpick the crown and remake it to a straight shape without injuring it or spoiling it in any way. Do not be afraid of a little extra trouble, or want to begin your trimming in such a hurry that you cannot spend an hour in getting your shape nice to start with. Put fresh satin wire round any large hat you may want to retrim, if the wire already on it has got limp or frayed, and if the straw looks dusty or white, take a little piece of velvet, ribbon or piece, and rub your hat all over with it. The velvet gets into the crevices and corners of a fancy chip better than any hat brush can do, and makes the straw look ten times better. If it is a black chip, and the black looks rusty, then I should advise you to get a little spirits of wine and clean your straw with that, using another piece of velvet to put the spirit on with.

And now that I have finished with the hat shapes, I must go on to the trimmings which are of course much more interesting. For the summer, one can use almost any flower that you can think of, and all of them seem to be equally beautiful; but it is advisable not to mix the different kinds on the same hat with an indiscriminate hand, or the result looks "messy" and without style. I saw a hat worn by a lady last week which attracted a great deal of attention, and caused much amusement. It was a buff-coloured straw, the underbrim of which consisted of alternate rows of moss-green velvet and green straw. The crown was trimmed with green velvet, cornflowers, poppies, oats, pink-tipped daisies and mimosa, not tied up in a bunch, but just straggling about the hat; a bunch of all the flowers appearing under the brim at the back. It is so much prettier to keep to one or two varieties of flowers and colouring than to crowd half-a-dozen specimens on one poor unfortunate hat.

One of the novelties of the season is the use of wild flowers on hats—convolvuli, deadly-nightshade, and many hedgerow blossoms are being used in Paris and London, and very simple and pretty they look. Foliage also of every description, cultivated and uncultivated, can be had artificially made, and some of the leaves are wonderfully made.

Chiffon and *lisse* are so pretty that I must mention them here, but they are not durable and are expensive, so that many of us cannot afford the luxury of wearing them; and we can find other materials which are equally pretty to supply their place, the silk gauze called brilliante, and all varieties of lace; and I discovered the other day some fascinating muslins which make up into charming ruches and rosettes and can be obtained in all colours.

This is essentially a ribbon season, never have the varieties been more beautiful or numerous. Alpaca ribbon is one of the prettiest, and in delicate shades of pink, *Eau de nil*, and forget-me-not blue, is most popular. Plain satin, *moiré*, and corded ribbons have almost as many admirers as ever, but the newest of them have a fancy stripe or spot; and many of them have a satin or *moiré* stripe with an inch wide border of gauze the same colour with a silk line on it. Checked and striped ribbons are perhaps not worn quite so much this summer, though black and white check or stripe is always smart and pretty in any form. As a general rule it is not necessary to use any wire now to make a bow stand upright, the ribbons themselves are so stiff and good; but if you have a softer make, alpaca for instance, then you will be obliged to wire it.

One of our illustrations shows you a charming bow which is wired in a very pretty and novel fashion, and one greatly admired. If you look at sketch No. 1 you will see the bow I mean; it is made of soft white *moiré* ribbon. Fold your ribbon straight down the middle, then run it with strong cotton leaving just enough room down the centre to slip a round wire through. When you have put the wire in, draw up your running thread, so that the ribbon is puckered very fully up the centre; and the edges stand out well at the sides. Then make up your bow into the loops you want, and you will have a very pretty and durable trimming.

The hat sketched for you in No. 1 is a fine black straw, the brim rather wide at the sides, and turning down a little all round the edge. A double wreath of Shirley poppies in two shades of yellow is tacked to the crown, and at each side a bunch of cool green poppy foliage and buds stands erect. The white *moiré* gathered bow is fastened at the left side behind some of these graceful leaves and buds. No doubt you have many of you noticed what immense favourites Shirley poppies have been this year; we see them in every natural and unnatural colour, blue, mauve, yellow, pink and pale green. In Paris too we know that they have been extremely popular, and no wonder, for they are so light and graceful; and their foliage is delightfully dainty, more so perhaps than any other flower. I saw a big blue and green shot straw hat, which was wonderfully pretty trimmed with the same kind of double wreath round the crown of blue poppies; it had foliage with a wide, smartly-tied bow of cream ribbon at the left side; while on the right side of the crown, and under the brim at the left, there were bunches of mignonette, which looked as if it had just been picked.

To return to our illustrations, No. 2 is a plainer and less noticeable hat. It is a pretty chip in a shade of nut-brown, a very full *ruche* of the pale yellow muslin, which I mentioned just now as taking the place of *chiffon* and *lisse*, is put round the base of the crown, which is of medium height; and a double *ruche* of the same wired with a fine white wire, stands up at the left side from the centre of a fancy brown *moiré* and gauze bow. Two big bunches of mixed cowslips, pale yellow, brown, and flame colour, are placed each side of the crown; and smaller bunches of the same flowers rest on either side of the hair at the back.

The next illustration shows us a toque; it is a very light one and particularly comfortable for this time of year, and is made of a coarse canvas which is stiff enough to twist into pretty folds, and does not easily spoil. This one, No. 3, is in pink, not at all a vivid shade, but a soft rose-colour; a full ruche of black brilliante forms a becoming brim, while at the right side towards the back there is a spray of horse-chestnut blossoms and foliage which lies across the crown, and is very pretty and light-looking. A bow of wide ribbon, pink shot with white and having a narrow black satin edge, finishes the left side, and a manufactured black aigrette, with very unnatural but daintily pretty tips, stands high up from the bow, giving a smart finishing-touch to the whole thing. Before I leave the subject of toques, may I suggest you should all be a little more considerate and thoughtful for other people in the matter of wearing toques and small hats when going to a public entertainment. Large hats are no doubt more picturesque and universally becoming; but a toque can be equally pretty and smart, and will be far more admired by less fortunate people who may be seated behind you. All through the summer flower-toques can be worn; and if you make a crown of flowers—roses, for instance—you can put shaded ones close together, and then, with a tall bunch of foliage at one side, and perhaps some wired lace, or a high bow of ribbon, you will have a hat quite nice enough for any *matinée*, and you will feel satisfied with your efforts.

The next two sketches show us plain shapes, smartly trimmed. No. 4 is a green chip hat, with a medium crown, which is much smaller at the base than the top; the width of the brim is graduated from four inches and a half in front to three inches and a quarter at the back. A frill of green accordion-pleated *lisse*, which is much stiffer than *chiffon*, is put round



FIG. 4.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 5.

the top of the crown, and caught down here and there on the brim. A straight band of black satin ribbon seems to tie the crown firmly in; and at the left side is a big bunch of poppies, black, and pale shades of green, with a clump of foliage, and a black ostrich-feather ornament standing straight up. A wide double bow of black satin ribbon is placed just under the brim at the back, and looks most pretty on the hair. This is an exceedingly good style of hat, and is very smart.

An ordinary sailor hat is the shape of the last sketch, and is in a delicate shade of pearl-grey chip; a band of ribbon velvet in a deeper shade of grey is laid round the crown, and buckled in front with a very handsome steel and paste buckle. Three deliciously soft grey-and white wings are sewn on to the crown near the front, with another of the manufactured aigrettes, this one being white, coming from the middle of them. The silk gauze, which is called *brilliante*, forms the soft white rosettes, some resting on the side of the crown, and others lying on the brim; and I cannot describe how dainty and fascinating the whole hat is when finished. It would look charmingly cool and pretty on the hottest midsummer day.

I hope these sketches and hints may be of real use to a great many of you, and that your summer hats may be prettier in consequence.

CYNTHIA.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

Letter V.

Chelsea, London, S.W.

MY DEAREST MARJORIE,—I am quite jubilant over your last letter recounting the grand sales from the strawberries. They were indeed a splendid crop judging by those you sent me. I weighed one or two specimens of the British Queens and found they were over one ounce each in weight. They were exceedingly fine, and so dry and well-flavoured. The Paxtons were almost as fine, but to my thinking they were rather acid; this was due to the soil, for they are a peculiar strawberry, being acid in some parts of the country and sweet in others; some people prefer them on account of this very acidity. Both sorts travelled very well indeed, and I think you could not do better than continue with the same varieties now that they have proved their suitability to your soil and climate.

As soon as the fruiting is over they will throw out runners in all directions, the strongest one from each plant must be selected and layered down near to its parent, all the others being ruthlessly cut away. The parent plants will not thus become so exhausted as they would otherwise do. Keep them still well watered if the weather be dry so that the crowns may swell and become thorougly ripened in the sunshine, but it is not now necessary to give them manure water at all. By the beginning or middle of August the runners will have become established little plants and can be severed from their parents and planted out upon a new plantation, which has in the meantime been prepared for them by manuring and digging over. You will thus have a second strawberry plantation, and if treated as liberally as the parents were they will yield equally good results when their fruiting time comes round, while the crop from the parent bed, being its second season, will be its heaviest. After three years' fruiting it is better to destroy the bed entirely, for the amount of fruit they give is then not worth the space occupied, and you will have the younger beds coming on. A good way of destroying the bed is simply to dig the plants in, thus returning to the soil exactly those elements which have been taken out of it. I should plant early potatoes on this plot for one season before using it again for strawberries.

If you are equally successful in the sale of your produce another year it will be quite worth while renting an extra piece of land for larger plantations and employing a permanent helper, as this would give you more time to devote to the flower garden, where many simple plants can be grown for which there is an equally good market. Some day perhaps, who knows, you may become the proud possessor of one or even two glasshouses and frames! Then would come the question of the forcing of early fruit and vegetables beside your outdoor grown.

But for the next year or so I would still advise you to concentrate all your energies upon the same routine as this year, only adding as much more of each crop as you are able to cope with.

After the new strawberry beds are planted the raspberry canes should receive attention; having done so well they are worthy of still more care. All the old canes should be cut out after the fruiting is over, and the best of the young ones left, the weakly suckers being all cut away so that the strength of the plant may go to the formation of good, sound, well-ripened canes for next season's bearing. It is important to see to these matters, that is the proper cutting and pruning of all fruiting plants and shrubs as soon as they cease bearing for the season, so as to give the branches as much air and sunshine during the late summer months as possible, and to prevent the strength of the plant from running to useless growth. It is in fact, the science of domestic economy applied to the kitchen garden!

I am hoping to come and see you before the plums are quite over, for of all fruit I love them best, and am grieved to hear that the wasps are troublesome and threatening to spoil them so. I should try hanging some wide-mouthed bottles half filled with treacle and water amongst the branches; it attracts them away from the fruit. The trees will require to be examined every day, gathering all that are ripe in the early morning. Plums will ripen in the house if not quite ready to eat when gathered, indeed sometimes one is obliged to do this to circumvent the wasps. They are very fastidious, and you may be sure that a fruit is fully ripe when they attack it; they will not touch it otherwise.

With regard to the apples and pears, both are improved in quality if gathered just before they are fully ripe. When the seed of either has changed from a light straw colour to a dark brown, the fruit may then be gathered and will ripen without shrivelling or rot. Both should be taken from the tree by hand, not shaken off, and should be carefully placed in baskets and taken at once to the cellar or storehouse to be laid away where the light can be excluded, with the same care to prevent injury from bruising. If you compare the fruit gathered in this way with any left to ripen on the trees, you will be surprised to find how much superior it is in flavour.

Choose a cool, dry place for storing fruit, and one which can be kept dark if possible; it must also be kept perfectly clean, for dirt harbours disease for fruit as well as for human beings. Do not use hay or straw as a covering or even paper, for strange to say, both apples and pears have the peculiar property of absorbing the flavour of everything which comes near them. A friend of mine once stored a large quantity of beautiful dessert apples in a stable loft, and to exclude the frost, burnt a petroleum lamp in it. One night this lamp smoked dreadfully for some time before it was discovered, and the whole stock of apples imbibed the flavour of paraffin smoke so that they were quite useless. We tried washing them with soap and water, and several rinsings of clear water, but without effect.

At the Chiswick Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society they have beautiful fruit, and their mode of keeping it is to lay the fruit singly in layers, not touching each other, upon plain deal boards, so that air has free access to them all round. In this way they never shrivel, but are perfectly sound and good even in the following spring, when they send specimens to the flower shows. Considering how much more valuable well kept fruit is it is quite worth while to take this extra care at its harvesting time.

After the trees are cleared it is a good plan to give them all a top dressing of manure; the rains of autumn and winter wash it gently down to their roots, and it adds greatly to the size and quality of the fruit the following year.

In October, when these matters are all attended to, it would be well to start making the mushroom beds again, and this time you might try in the open as well as your boxes under cover. They will thus come into bearing about the middle of November, and will command a good price. Proceed exactly as you did last year, being careful to obtain the spawn from a good and reliable grower, and not to allow the beds to become cold before spawning them. I forget whether I have already told you that mushrooms can be induced to grow under the orchard trees by inserting pieces of spawn about the size of a hen's egg here and there in the grass about the end of July when the temperature of the ground is, in ordinary seasons, warm enough to set the spawn running. The first showery days of August will bring up the mushrooms, but if it is a wet summer it is not worth while trying this plan, as the earth is then too cold to do any good.

In the flower garden the autumn is the best time for transplanting and dividing all biennial and perennial roots, biennials meaning, as you are doubtless aware, a plant which lives about two years, being produced the first year from seed, and the following year blossoms, seeds, and perishes. Perennial is the name given to plants which last longer than two years, some of which shed their leaves only, leaving bare stems, and others cast up fresh stems every year. Aquilegias, or columbines, belong to this latter class, and some of the new varieties are exceedingly pretty. A. Skinneri is a very distinct species, a delicate canary yellow, very dainty when cut, and another, A. Pyrenaica, a pale mauve, and other varieties in pink and crimson. These are quite worthy of being cultivated for sale, they are very uncommon, and moreover if cut before they are fully out, they travel fairly well.

The old clove carnation is another very saleable flower; the variety named Uriah Pike

is considered the best, as it does not split at the calyx so much as some other varieties. It will be of no use to try growing roses, except they were for local sale, because they do not travel well, and you are too far from London to ensure their being in the market early enough. To fetch the best price it is absolutely necessary that they should be cut the same morning, but the hardy flowers I have mentioned will all travel well. For the autumn, some of the new varieties of the Michaelmas daisies are most useful, they are very beautiful too. Then there are chrysanthemums, both early and late, of sorts too numerous to mention; they are now so largely grown by everybody that I doubt their being at all a profitable crop. The supply is far in excess of the demand, in London at any rate. Violets are a good paying crop, but I fear you would not do much with them without a frame. Myosotis, or forget-me-not on the other hand, will grow as a weed in your limestone district.

But the great secret of success in flower as well as in vegetable and fruit gardening, is to select one or two crops which are known to do well in your particular soil and climate and grow them to as great a degree as possible. Too many varieties will distract your attention and prevent you from concentrating your energies upon the points most necessary to success.

The proper packing of cut flowers to be sent for sale is a very important point. If sent up by parcels post the boxes should be of light chip wood, bought by the gross flat, and folded when required for use. They are very cheap, costing from one penny to twopence each, yet they are very strong. The flowers should be carefully cut, bunched and allowed to stand in water for an hour before they are packed, the boxes are lined with tissue paper and then well filled with the flowers. No room should be left for shaking about, and no fully blown flowers be sent; remember they will always open in water on arrival.

I remember some years ago a lady in Ireland writing to ask me to dispose of some snowdrops for her. Her estate was simply carpeted with them. I promised to do what I could, and she sent a large box of the snowdrops as a sample, containing at least a hundred bunches. They arrived in splendid condition and were the largest and whitest I have ever seen, but alas, the box chosen had previously held bloaters, or red herrings, and the poor flowers had so strongly imbibed that pungent odour that no one would buy them, and the whole boxful of lovely bunches had to be thrown away! In this market, as in every other, competition is so keen that one cannot be too particular over every detail.

I am so glad that your father is now better and able to return to his business again. He has told me of the great pleasure it has been to him and to your dear mother during these warm summer days to watch you at work amongst the garden plots, gathering here and planting there, with tireless energy; and if you have sometimes felt life to be monotonous and tame, you must remember how much they love you, and how much they would miss you if you were to leave the garden for the city, which would not really yield you more profit in the end if you had yourself to keep out of your earnings, and I know that you would quickly droop and pine for the freedom and the sweet pure air of the country.

Presently, when the autumn work is well off hand, I shall be glad to have you spend a few weeks with me before you settle down to the quiet routine of the winter, but this is a matter I must arrange more particularly with your mother, so good-bye for the present, and believe me,

Ever your loving Aunt Amy.

(To be continued.)

STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

Letter IV.

Via Seraglio,
June 1896. Florence.

My dear L.,—Your letter came like a delightful and refreshing breeze from the Fatherland. When I hear you speaking of the Thames, and the boat-houses, the regattas, and the cool evenings spent on its waters, it makes me homesick. However beautiful the scenery here, however blue the skies, we have no trees like yours, we have no river like good old Father Thames; the green, and rather stagnant Arno is a poor substitute indeed.

Oh, by-the-bye I had the most charming surprise a short time back. I was getting through a tiresome morning's cleaning when I heard a strange rat-rat at the door. It was such a distinctly English knock that I hastened quickly to find out whom it might be.

Imagine my transport, my delight to see beaming upon me the dear, kind face of Mrs. H——. She had not told me anything about coming here, nor did I in the least expect her. My surprise was only equalled by my joy. After the first exchanges of happiness at the *rencontre*, and, after I had asked her a thousand questions concerning home, and home news, we planned together a series of the most delightful excursions, including Fiesole, Vallombrosa, and Pisa.

* * * *

I have been to all the places mentioned above, and a great many others besides. Oh, the intense, the radiant loveliness of Florence and its environs, who can worthily describe them, who adequately sing their praise?

Fiesole is, as you know, one of the largest and the most important of the villa-dotted hills surrounding "Fair Firenze." Oftentimes from afar I had admired its undulating beauty, with the purple clouds throwing their shadows on the sweet green fields, and olive groves, and tender, clinging vineyards, and now, in company with Mrs. H——, I had the happiness of a closer investigation. As our carriage wound in and out the zig-zag roadway I could note with beating heart the banks of wild flowers, tulips, and anemones; the villas bright in luxury encased in terraced gardens; the graceful grouping of the farms and cottages, the grey extent of mountain ground, the ilex and the olive. It was at Fiesole where Giotto spent the first years of his life tending his flocks of sheep amongst its verdant fields. Cimabue also, and the angel painter Fra Angelica abode here. What inspirations they must have gained from such surroundings, and how their hearts must have beat with joyful pride on viewing through the network of the trees the distant spires and gables, the domes and villas of their lily city.

On the top of Fiesole is found a cathedral with a slender tower. It is dedicated to San Romulo, and has played an important part in the history of Florence. There is also a little church in the piazza beyond, which contains a tabernacle by Robbia. A number of important Etruscan fortifications on the brow of the hill are well worth seeing—these are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre half buried in flowers, and a sort of vault called *Le Buche delle Fate*, or "Den of the Fairies;" there is also an ancient Gothic archway.

On our return home we visited a villa in which Mrs. H—— had formerly lived, called "Villa Querchi," one of those ideal Florentine abodes so oft described, so often sung about; a house white, and fair, as though built by the fairies surrounded by a garden, or rather bower of roses, so wildly beautiful, so extravagant, and so bewildering, that one's very mind got puzzled, and one's eyesight dazzled by the glowing, perfumed mass.

We dined together in the evening at Doney è Nipote; an excellent meal at five francs a head including ice, and music.

For Vallombrosa, that far-famed mountain, supposed by some to be the loveliest spot on earth, we started at six o'clock in the morning. The journey thither was most interesting, especially the mountain path, up which we climbed in a curious sort of car with heavy cogs to the wheels.

You know it was at Vallombrosa that Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost*, amidst its forests, waterfalls, and mountains bare. We went reverently to pay tribute to his memory and to Paradisino, where his house once stood. It is being pulled down now to give way to a large hotel. Doesn't this sound like desecration?

To attempt to describe the varied beauties of this fairest spot on earth would be a crime, and my feeble language is indeed inadequate to such a task; for Vallombrosa is everything, and has everything, from foaming cataracts, to gentle streams, from flowery meadow-land to hoary forest. Let me content myself with a short quotation concerning it by Elizabeth Barrett-Browning. Speaking of Milton she says—

> "He sang of Adam's Paradise and smiled,
> Remembering Vallombrosa."

Returning from Vallombrosa we were caught in a most terrific storm, and the sight of the sheet lightning piercing through the clouds, giving lurid glimpses of the craggy rocks and precipices was most appalling.

Pisa took another delightful day, and I cannot describe to you the thousand thoughts which assailed me whilst gazing at that noble pile of buildings massed together including the cathedral, the baptistery, the leaning tower, and Campo Santo.

Pisa is a quiet, sweet, mediæval town, with a breath of bygone times accompanying you at every step. The people look sleepy, business seems slack, but the Arno flows just as brightly, just as peacefully as elsewhere, and the dear hills like a chain around the town show up their soft and undulating forms.

I am not going to describe to you the interior of the cathedral. It is too severe a task for a short treatise, so I will only say that the very beautiful wrought-iron lamp, under whose form the great Galileo worked, is there, and throws its deep, decided shadows on the marble pavement.

The frescoes in the Campo Santo are most interesting, but the spirits so vividly depicted frightened me not a little, and I carried away such a vivid recollection of them, that they even haunted me in my sleep.

To-morrow I am going to play the part of cicerone, and take Mrs. H—— over some of my beloved galleries and statuary.

She leaves to-morrow evening, and I shall miss her dear, kind face, her sympathy, her thoughtful goodness. I shall miss everything, but it will only be an *au revoir, à riverderci*, for am I not myself destined to return sooner or later to the dear land of my birth, my fatherland, my England?

Yours,



IN THE WOODS.



IN A HOSPITAL WARD.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

SOME heather? Oh, thank you, lady. Ah! you mustn't mind if I
It's just for joy at seeing a bit of heather before I die;
And I'd got so low and so bad with the weariness and the pain,
But the sight of the purple heather has heartened me up again.

For it seems to me I can see again our uplands purple and sweet,
Where the bracken's turning to gold, and the larks spring up at my feet,
And I hear the wind in the pines, and watch how the hills in the west
Are all in a glory of light, where the sun is sinking to rest.

I was only a slip of a girl when I went from our heather hills,
To work in this terrible city, where life just takes you and kills
The best of everything in you, till it kills yourself at the last;
But I wouldn't trouble you, lady, with the misery of my past.

Getting better? Oh, no, I'm dying! I have heard what the doctor said.
Will you ask the nurses, lady, if they could, after I am dead,
Just give me a piece of heather, to hold in my poor dead hand?
Ah, I hope there'll be hills and heather for us in the Better Land!

FROM AN IRISH COTTAGE TO AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

A TRUE STORY.

By EDITH RALPH, Author of "Step by Step Through the Bible," etc.

CHAPTER III.

BRIGHTENING DAYS.

"I CAN'T think, Mary," said cook one evening, "how you find time to wash them doll's clothes as you do: I shouldn't, I know that; but there, as you do your own work, I suppose you can please yourself."

"Oh! cook, I can't refuse the little dears," said Mary, as she carefully goffered a diminutive night-cap, "and I wanted to surprise Miss Elsie by getting it all done to-night; she was so put about this morning when she found nurse had upset her doll's 'things' into the fender. 'Never mind, missie,' says I, 'I'll wash 'em out for you again.' 'Will you really, Mary?' says she, drying her eyes, 'are you sure you have time? Nurse never has; she's obliged to write so many letters in the evening, it's very sad.' 'Oh! I'll make time, missie,' says I, and she was pleased."

So the last tiny garment was folded, and the little heap taken up to surprise Miss Elsie in the morning. But there was a surprise for the scullery-maid too; for that very day the mistress sent for Mary, told her that nurse was leaving in a month's time, and asked if she would like to take her place.

Mary's eyes filled with tears, she had been hoping, almost praying, that she might some day have such children to take care of as six-year-old Elsie and her baby brother Reginald; and here was the very place offered her. It seemed too good to be true.

"Oh! mistress," said she, "do you think me fit for the place? How can I ever thank you for your goodness?"

"You can easily do so," said the lady, kindly, "by making my little ones happy, and if you are as conscientious in the nursery as I hear you have been in the kitchen, I shall be well satisfied. The children are fond of you already; indeed, it was Elsie speaking of the surprise you gave her this morning that made me think how much better it would be to have you in the nursery, rather than a stranger."

Mary dropped a curtsey and was about to leave the room when her mistress called her back and said, "Is not Mrs. Moore, my former housemaid, taking care of your child?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, curtseying again.

"I have no objection," continued the lady, "to her bringing the little one to see you sometimes, and taking a cup of tea with you in the nursery; I can depend on your own good sense not to take advantage of this permission, by inviting her too frequently."

"You can, ma'am, and thank you," said Mary, her honest face radiant with happiness. The days did indeed seem to be brightening for her. To think she was to have that beautiful nursery, those lovely children to take care of, and, best of all, that little Margaret might come to see her sometimes! It seemed too good to be true, and Mary thanked God for giving her so kind a mistress, and for the happiness in store.

The rest of the servants rejoiced with the scullery-maid at the promotion in prospect; for her modest and unassuming behaviour, and invariable good temper, had made her a general favourite.

The end of the month saw Mary established in the beautiful nursery that had been the great object of her desires. But though the new position was exactly suited to her capabilities, it was not an easy one; for the little boy proved of a headstrong nature and Elsie required very careful management; by her tact and assiduous attention to her duties, however, Mary succeeeded in exacting good behaviour from her little charges, at the same time winning their affections.

Thus, several years rolled peacefully by, during which time Mary was enabled with her increased wages to place her little Margaret at a small school in the neighbourhood, where, under the good training she received, she bid fair to become an amiable industrious girl.

Unfortunately John Hughes, who kept very bad company, would occasionally call to see his wife, and try, generally without success, to extract money from her. He discovered, however, that if he became noisy, she was more inclined to give him something to make him go; and from that time his visits were so frequent and so increasingly unpleasant, that the other servants complained, on which his poor wife, unable to prevent the annoyance, had no choice but to give notice to leave. But her faithfulness and industry had been such, that her mistress made every effort to procure her another situation, and it was not long before she heard of one where Mary's lazy and drunken husband would, she hoped, be unable to reach her.

A family of position were shortly going to take up their residence in the Russian capital, and were making inquiries for a superior nurse to accompany them. On hearing of this, the lady at once recommended Mary Hughes, giving her so excellent a character that Mrs. Fortescue, as we will call her, engaged her without hesitation to take charge of a little boy of eight, Edgar by name.

Thankful as Mary was at the thought of being thus rid of the annoyance of her husband's visits, it was very sad to be obliged to part with little Margaret, whom she had hitherto had many opportunities of seeing. She was now, however, six years old and very happily placed, therefore her mother could not feel justified in refusing so good an offer on her account, especially as she hoped, before long, to arrange for the child to come to her in St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, her heart was very heavy when the morning came on which she was to start for Weymouth to join the family, for, although the situation seemed desirable, it was impossible to forget that she was leaving behind all that she loved in the world—her little daughter and the many warm friends made during her long residence in London—for I should have mentioned that her mother had recently died in Ireland. Besides this, it was many years since she had travelled, and in those days, a journey from London to Weymouth was not as easy as it is now; for there were no railways, and it took several days to go such a distance by coach; Mary, naturally, therefore felt a little anxious at so great an undertaking.

The coach was to start at six o'clock in the morning; but long before that time Mrs. Hughes appeared in the inn yard, laden with parcels of various shapes and sizes, and accompanied by a footman, carrying her box. As soon as possible she mounted the outside of the great vehicle and took her appointed seat.

What a height she seemed to be, and what a bustle there was all round! It was much pleasanter, however to see it from above than to be in the midst. How pleased little Margaret would be to have such a ride! This thought gave poor Mary a choking sensation. But she was determined to keep a stiff upper lip, and wiping her eyes resolutely, tried to be interested in what was going on. Gentlemen's servants were carrying about rugs and travelling-bags, ladies' maids putting cushions and other comforts inside the coach; the ostlers were bringing out the four horses, and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, was someone with a little girl; was it, could it be Margaret?

It was indeed, and they were trying hard to attract her attention. Mary nodded and smiled, but she was too far off to speak, and just then the men let go the horses, the guard blew a great flourish on his horn, and the ponderous conveyance swept past the inn amid a great waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of farewell. But all poor Mary had eyes or ears for was a little girl in a red hood, now held high in a footman's arms, waving a tiny handkerchief and calling out in a clear treble voice, "Good-bye, mother, good-bye, come back soon."

By the time she had recovered herself, the coach was far on its road, and little villas with gardens in front had taken the place of the long dingy streets. London was left behind, and Mary's life there was over for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

On, on the coach went; over endless miles of country roads, up hills and down, through woods, villages and towns, changing horses, and setting off again, after the shortest possible delay. The constant motion and perpetual variety of scene bewildered the unaccustomed traveller, whose remembrance of the journey ever afterwards was as of a long restless dream.

Towards evening, they entered the ancient city of Winchester, where they were to spend the night, those who wished to go further continuing the journey the next day in another coach.

"You ought to see our cathedral if you've never been here before," said a passenger to Mary, who had himself reached his destination.

"I'll try and go, sir," said she. The poor woman felt wearied with the constant jolting, yearned for a sight of little Margaret and was so full of anxiety as to the step she had taken, which looked so much more formidable now, that she was glad of something to divert her thoughts. Passing the old city cross, therefore, she soon found herself at the door of the great cathedral, with its hallowed associations of nearly eighteen hundred years; for the first Christian church was built there in the year 160 A.D., and previous to that there was a Roman temple on the spot.

Of this, however, the humble visitor was ignorant; but the solemn hush of the great building soothed her jaded spirit, and as she quietly wandered about in the dim light an involuntary prayer for help rose from her heart. The soft strains of the organ were echoing through the long aisles and as Mary listened a great peace filled her soul; a certainty took possession of her that the hand of God was leading her, and that however far she might be from those she loved, she would never be beyond His love and care.

Mary had never heard of the coronations, enthronements and burials of the great that had taken place in the ancient sanctuary, or of the kings, warriors, statesmen and priests who had trodden those pavements in successive ages; she only knew that she had entered the cathedral full of anxious thought, and that she left it with the burden gone, and peace in her heart, the peace of God which St. Paul tells us is worth more than all human knowledge; "passeth understanding," as he puts it.

"Why, young woman," said her fellow-passenger, who happened to meet her on the way back to the inn, "you look quite different; half an hour ago you seemed ready to drop from fatigue."

"I've been to the cathedral, sir," said Mary simply, as though that were explanation enough, "it was beautiful."

"I thought you'd like it," he said, "I wish you a safe journey to-morrow," and so he passed on, and never knew how his few kind words had cheered the lonely woman, who ever after thought of Winchester as the one bright spot in that sad week.

Arrived in Weymouth at last, the next few months were spent in active preparation for the great voyage to St. Petersburg; for in those days, when only sailing vessels were in use, it took from three to six weeks. Now that we have steamers and since the opening of the great canal which saves the journey round Denmark by joining the North Sea with the Baltic, it only takes forty-eight hours.

The ship in which they sailed was the *Fanny*, Captain Taylor. The cabins were small and close, and the weather often rough and stormy; but throughout the trying voyage Mary, by her assiduous attention to her little charge, kept him so happy that he was almost sorry when they at length reached the journey's end and found themselves in the Russian capital, with its great buildings, its enormous palaces.

Little Edgar had learnt, however, in these weeks to regard his nurse with an affection and respect that only increased with time. It was not till he was between seventy and eighty years of age that I knew him, and even then, the kindliness and respect with which he always spoke of Mrs. Hughes showed in what high estimation he held her memory.

In former times the city of Moscow had been the capital of Russia, but about two hundred years ago, Peter the Great drove the Swedes away from the neighbourhood of the Neva, thinking it a good site for a port. The place was then a great marsh, in draining which, and in driving in great stakes or piles as foundations for the new city of St. Petersburg, as many as fifty thousand men are said to have perished. But in that land men's lives were not accounted of much value, and indeed when Mrs. Hughes went to Russia in 1823, slavery existed throughout the whole country, and flogging was common in all ranks and classes. It was not till about twenty years ago that the serfs, as they were called, were liberated by Alexander II.; but much remains to be done if the vast population of the Russian empire is to attain the degree of civilisation reached by the nations of Western Europe.

Edgar Fortescue was not the only child in the family cared for by Mrs. Hughes, though I think he was always the favourite. But she was too just to show her partiality openly, knowing that nothing can cause greater dissension and unhappiness among brothers and sisters.

After about a year's residence in St. Petersburg, the good nurse was able to send for little Margaret, whom she placed at a half-English, half-German school in the Russian capital, where the child soon learnt to speak the language of the country as well as German.

Everything, indeed, seemed going well with Nurse Hughes, and she and her young charges had got through the first winter very successfully. The houses in St. Petersburg are so well adapted to withstand wintry weather, that, severe and long as the frosts are, the people very often do not suffer from the cold there as we do in our warmer climate, owing to the unsubstantial manner in which our dwellings are built.

Mary's peace of mind was destined, however, before long, to be rudely broken into, and that by the hand that ought to have been proud to protect her. But her faithfulness had given her true friends in her master and mistress, and they were not slow to help her in her time of trouble.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

One day in October, when the falling leaves hung about the trees like a flock of unsettled rooks, and the river had the look of a hen with feathers blown the wrong way, the two brides-elect were sewing in Mary's little room. There were three other rooms at their disposal, all pleasanter and more convenient, and that is why they elected to sit there, according to the custom of their eccentric kind.

Mary had just completed a wonderful darn, and consequently looked amiable and good. She gloried in her darns, and was accused of creating gaps and hiatuses for the express purpose of filling them up.

"Look, isn't it beautiful?" said Mary, tenderly exhibiting the *chef-d'œuvre*.

"Too beautiful for a world like this," Hildegarde replied, and, embracing a sort of excuse for doing nothing rather more decidedly than she had been doing it all along, she leaned back in her chair with her hands behind her head. "Molly," she remarked, "you won't require any pin-money, for you live by the *rents* of your own *lawn*."

"Miserable creature!" said Mary. "Do you suppose I think that is extempore? I suppose you have been watching your opportunity for years."

"No," said Hildegarde, laughing again, "that dates back only to the last pocket handkerchief that went wrong."

"Went wrong?" Mary echoed, with some indignation. "I should hardly say it was the handkerchief that did that."

Now the article in question (which had the sanctity of being one of a new set) had been borrowed from Mary's drawer on the occasion of a blackberrying expedition, and had been found hung upon a bramble—a futile flag of truce, waving over the very field of battle. "If people's handkerchief-boxes are to

be invaded by Goths and Visigoths"—Mary paused to observe the effect of the Visigoths, which had in her ear a pleasantly withering sound, and discovered that Hildegarde was far away, smiling to herself.

"Do take a moment's rest, dear," Mary said, after a little cluck of impatience. "Your poor back must ache so, and I am quite anxious about your eyes."

Hildegarde laughed at some inward recollection.

Then Mary said to herself, "Do your duty and never mind consequences," and she pricked Hildegarde's arm with her needle.

"Gracious me!" cried Hildegarde, jumping up. "What on earth's the matter now?"

"I think," said Mary meekly, "my needle must have gone wrong."

"Spiteful toad and adder!" Hildegarde observed, and went on with a certain marking—D in red—upon which she had been engaged for some considerable time.

"It stands for Doomsday, I suppose," remarked Mary, inspecting the slow creation. "Well, I hope it will be done in time."

"Molly," her sister said, ignoring that flippancy, "it ought to have been the other way, ought it not?"

"Certainly, dear," said Mary, "if you are referring to any little arrangement of yours."

Hildegarde stretched out her hands and caught her sister's two arms: "You are not quite happy, Molly: I don't like to hear you talking recklessly and sighing over your work. I have been thinking about you a good bit, and wondering. Are you sure—perfectly sure . . . .?" She did not find it easy to finish that sentence. So, stopping short, she laid her cheek against Mary's, and put her arms round her neck; and her meaning did not lack completeness.

"Yes," Mary answered, "oh, quite sure. But we have all been tried a good deal of late, and I'm anxious about mother, and about leaving home."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she was now grateful for them. All the morning she was longing to cry, and now she might do it under safe cover.

"Poor old girl," said Hildegarde. "Well, I'm glad it is all right." She gave Mary an affectionate slap and sat down to her interminable D. After a minute, however, she looked up again sharply. "Mary," she said, shaking her sister's knee, "you are not a deceiver and charlatan, are you?"

"Oh, no," answered poor Mary, quaveringly, "not at all."

"Good," said Hildegarde, apparently quite satisfied. "Because, you know," she added, with serene *bonhomie*, "it has been borne in upon me once or twice that there was a muddle somewhere, and that I"—she stopped, twisted and surveyed a tight thread—"had got your young man."

"How dare you say such things!" cried Mary, jumping up, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "How dare you, Hildegarde!"

"You little pepperpot!" said Hildegarde. "Why, one would have thought I had been accusing you of misappropriating mine!" Then she stepped back a pace, and clasped her hands behind her, and let her head drop forward.

A moment she stood there, then she fell on one knee before her sister and put her arm round her waist.

"Molly," she said, "I like him—I'm very fond of him—but if—if—if I thought for one moment that you—you—my little Molly—cared one . . . . I'd see him dead first. There is time yet. Molly, speak."

"Hildie," Mary said quietly, and only God knew how hard it was to maintain that calm inflection, "this is very kind of you, very generous; but it is all waste of emotion. I have told you my mind once already to-day. Do let this be enough. I care for De Vesci very much, and for nobody else."

If for a moment she had relaxed her remorseless hold upon her emotions; if she had allowed herself a tremble or a sob; she would have flung her arms round Hildegarde's neck and let her heart flow out to her in a stormy flood of tears. But she did not flinch. The words were said convincingly. Hildegarde rose from her knees with two unusual streaks upon her face.

"That's all right, then," she said.

"'I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be.'

But it is queer, as I began to remark ever so long ago; because in the nature of things I ought to have had the Jew and you the Gentile pauper. I must be very fond of Reginald, for I hate poverty as very poison. Halloa, Mrs. Mack."

That worthy woman had entered—knocking was not her *forte*—with a letter. "Master Edgar," she remarked, handing it. "Ah, well, poor master Edgar."

Mary opened the letter.

"Maison Champs Élysées,
"Melbourne.

"Madame Babette begs to inform her refined clientèle that she has admitted, as a partner in her studio aux costumes, M. Edgar, of London, England, whose cultivated taste will, it is believed, add a new distinction to her firm in a field where it has long had imitators but never rivals. Her new season's styles are superb."

"Well I never," said Hildegarde, "I am glad he has spared our name, anyhow. Look, there is something on the back."

Mary turned it over and read:

"PRETTY LITTLE SISTER,—Can't you get your trousseau here? Do, and persuade good old Hildie. Of course, it is not the amount, but the look of things. If you can't manage to do all with us, give us the furs, anyhow, and a few dinner-dresses. In fact, I am sending these out, in case there should be urgency. Mention us when you can—at the weddings and elsewhere,

"Always,
"EDDY."

"P.S.—Kisses. Dear Molly. How is the gov.?"

"Well," said Hildegarde, "as far as I am concerned those furs and frocks shall be returned, with as heavy a carriage as can conveniently accrue. The ungrateful wretch does not say one word about the money that gave him a chance of becoming a Mantalini."

"Ah, poor Eddy," said Mary. "You must not be too hard on him."

"All the harm I wish him," Hildegarde answered, "is a dozen lashes twice a day. *That* is not being too hard upon him."

Therewith Hildegarde lounged downstairs in search of what she called a biscuit. It meant a comfortable collation. She was addicted to such between her more regular meals.

"Mary," she began, on returning, "while I was in the dining-room what do you think I heard?"

"Nothing, if you crunched like that. Give me one of those cracknels."

"Here, then," said Hildegarde; "though how you *can* after such a breakfast, I don't know. But listen. They were sitting, holding one another's hand, as they have so often done of late, our dear old Darby and Joan, and twice over he called her Millicent. He was behaving as I have never seen him behave before, with a sort of old-fashioned deference, a slightly exaggerated ceremoniousness as it seems to us."

"Yes, I know how father *could* behave. There was, I am sure, some rather singular tradition of manners in his family. But what did mother say?"

"Nothing, nothing; only looked at him with wonderful longing and pity in her eyes. I have seen mothers gaze at their sick babies much in the same way."

Mary rose. "I must go and see," she muttered, with a shade of trouble in her face.

In a little while she returned, and sat down to her work without saying anything.

"Well?" inquired Hildegarde, at length. "Nothing unusual happened, I suppose, while you were there."

"Yes," said Mary, a little reluctantly, "something did."

"What was it, then? Why, my dear child, you look as white as your handkerchief."

"Oh," said Mary, pressing her hands together, "I am frightened—frightened. Hildegarde, father was bowing over her, and saying, while he held her hand between his own, 'Millicent, will you not name the day?'"

"Poor old father," said Hildegarde; "His mind is going very fast. What did mother say?"

"Oh, she smiled, smiled, as though her tears had made a rainbow somewhere, and, speaking in a low inward whisper, named the day."

"And what day was it?" Hildegarde asked. And, while she spoke, her voice sank a little in sympathy with her mother's, as that fell on her imagination.

"The fifth of November," Mary answered. "Our wedding-day."

(To be continued.)

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

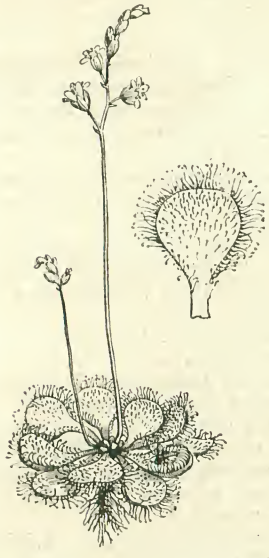
PART II.

THE statement in a previous chapter that the leaf has no power to absorb nitrogen, has to be received with certain exceptions. These exceptions are discovered in a large group of



SARRACENIA—SIDE-SADDLE PLANT.

plants, having little or no botanical relationship, and widely separated as regards their geographical distribution and habit of growth. The term insectivorous (insect-eating) has been applied to these by eminent botanists who have studied their habits and mode of growth. We may, as a preliminary to our study, summarise the main features of these interesting plants, because I wish my readers to see in them an extension and elaboration of the various processes we have tried to investigate in plant life, and not a mere description



COMMON SUNDEW (*Drosera rotundifolia*).

of a few vegetable wonders. Rather would I point out that in studying these deviations from the ordinary type, as elsewhere, the young botanist should try to arrive at some explanation of these peculiarities, bearing always in mind that every part of the plant is created for some special purpose. This train of thought, if brought to bear upon our botanical study, will prevent our regarding the contrivances of these insectivorous plants as mere freaks of nature, which appears to me to be a low and unworthy view to take of such delicate and wonderful structures.

Occasionally, it is true, we meet with monstrosities, in the formation of which we fail to see any hidden purpose, but even here by careful observation we shall probably be able to perceive that it is the result of some injury or the accompaniment of disease, from which plant life is no more free than animal life is.

Let us now trace the features that are common to the plants which form the subject of this chapter.

Perhaps their most interesting function is that of catching and retaining insects. This is accomplished in various ways, by viscid fluids which imprison small flies, as in the leaves of the sundew and other plants, by movements of the leaves, as in the Venus fly-trap, by a combination of both, as in the butterwort, or by special pitfalls and traps as in the pitcher plants, *Sarracenias*, *Bladderwort* and *Cephalotus*. Having caught their prey, these plants dissolve it by means of an acid secretion, the dissolved animal life is then absorbed and appropriated for the purposes of vegetable growth. Not all these processes are carried on by insect-eating plants. In some, for example, the secretion of dissolving acid is not very apparent, in others the absorbing glands are not fully developed; but briefly the above features are those possessed by this singular class of plants, and there is every reason to believe that powers of this kind are more widely spread than is usually supposed.

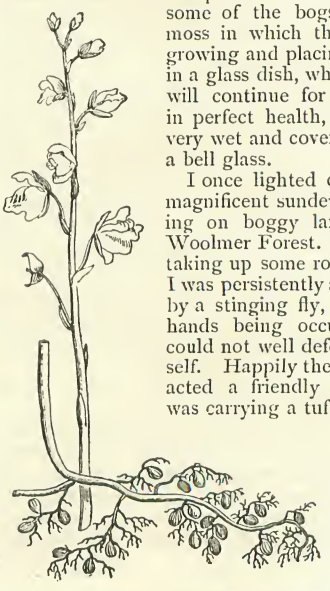
We will now notice a few types in detail.

The sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) is the pretty and poetic name of a plant which may often be found on boggy moors. It is barely an inch in height, a mere rosette of leaves shaped like a battledore, radiating from a very short root stock, and bearing, in early summer, a central flowerstalk from four to six inches high, furnished with a few tiny white flowers. The whole plant lies close to the ground, and is often embedded in bog moss, and, were it not for the crimson colour of the leaves, and their sparkling dewy effect, it would be a difficult plant to find. With the naked eye we can see that the leaves are covered with hairs, and a lens will show still more plainly that these hairs have each a club-like end bearing a gummy fluid, in appearance not unlike glycerine. These globules of fluid sparkle in the sun, hence the name of sundew, and the botanical name of *drosera*, from the Greek "*droseros*," or dewy. Leaves with glandular hairs are not rare amongst our wild plants, and if this was the only character that the sundew possessed it would not be specially noticeable. It is, however, the unusual structure and behaviour of these hairs that claims our notice. The term tentacle is a not inappropriate one to apply to these "hairs." A leaf of sundew, with all its tentacles standing out at different angles from the surface of the leaf, and each point armed with a drop of gummy fluid is an effective arrangement for catching insects. The bright glistening drops are a fatal attraction to flies, gnats, and other small insects. When they alight upon the points of the tentacles they soon find they are held prisoners. In their efforts to get free they entangle themselves more and more on the slimy points of the treacherous hairs. If we watch the tentacles after a fly has been caught, it will soon be seen that the hairs are bending over and closely pressing down the wretched captive. This folding over occupies four or five hours from the time the capture is made. The glands also begin to give out an



VENUS FLY-TRAP (*Dionœa muscipula*).

increased amount of gummy secretion, and this flow kills the insect by stopping up its breathing pores, so that literally it dies of suffocation. The fluid not only increases in quantity, but becomes acid, and its effect is to dissolve the insect and render it soluble, the dissolved parts are then absorbed by the glands and digested. This interesting process can be watched quite easily by carefully taking up a few plants of sundew with some of the bogsoil and moss in which they were growing and placing them in a glass dish, where they will continue for months in perfect health, if kept very wet and covered with a bell glass.



BLADDERWORT (*Utricularia vulgaris*).

I once lighted on some magnificent sundew growing on boggy land near Woolmer Forest. Whilst taking up some roots of it I was persistently attacked by a stinging fly, and my hands being occupied, I could not well defend myself. Happily the sundew acted a friendly part. I was carrying a tuft of it in my hand when, looking down, I saw my tormenting fly was securely caught upon its leaves. Somehow one always feels compassion for the unfortunate, and I confess I tried to rescue the captive, but the creature's wings and legs were



BUTTERWORT (*Pinguicula vulgaris*).

already so glued together by the viscid dew that it was impossible to release it, and I realised more than ever how effective the sundew is as a fly-trap.

In transplanting specimens of *drosera* great care should be taken that the leaves are untouched, else being sticky, they will cling together and lose their delicate beauty. Every few days the plants may be fed, and happily they are quite willing to accept very minute pieces of raw beef, so that flies need not be sacrificed in the cause of science. The little "beefeater" must not be fed a second time until the hairs have uncurled and the leaf has fully expanded, showing that the last meal has been digested. I have kept a large pan of sundew in great beauty for about four months in summer, and when the glass was taken off and bright sunshine lit up the jewelled leaves the effect was lovely, and a magnifying glass showed the structure of the leaves and the prismatic colouring of the dew-tipped hairs.

The Venus fly-trap is an exotic member of the insectivorous family. Its leaves are remarkably like an ordinary spring rat-trap. A glance at the drawing will show its formation. On the two lobes of the leaf are a row of stiff bristles occupying the precise position of the teeth on a rat-trap. The inner surface of the leaves is of a reddish colour, due to its being thickly covered with minute red glands; on each lobe there are three stiff hairs. If a fly alighted on the leaf and walked across its surface it would touch one of these hairs, and no matter how light the touch might be the hairs are so sensitive they would convey the signal to the hinge of the lobes, and they would instantly rise up and clasp the fly, eventually crushing it to death. Then would follow, as in the case of the sundew, the emission of acrid secretion and the absorption and digestion of the insect.

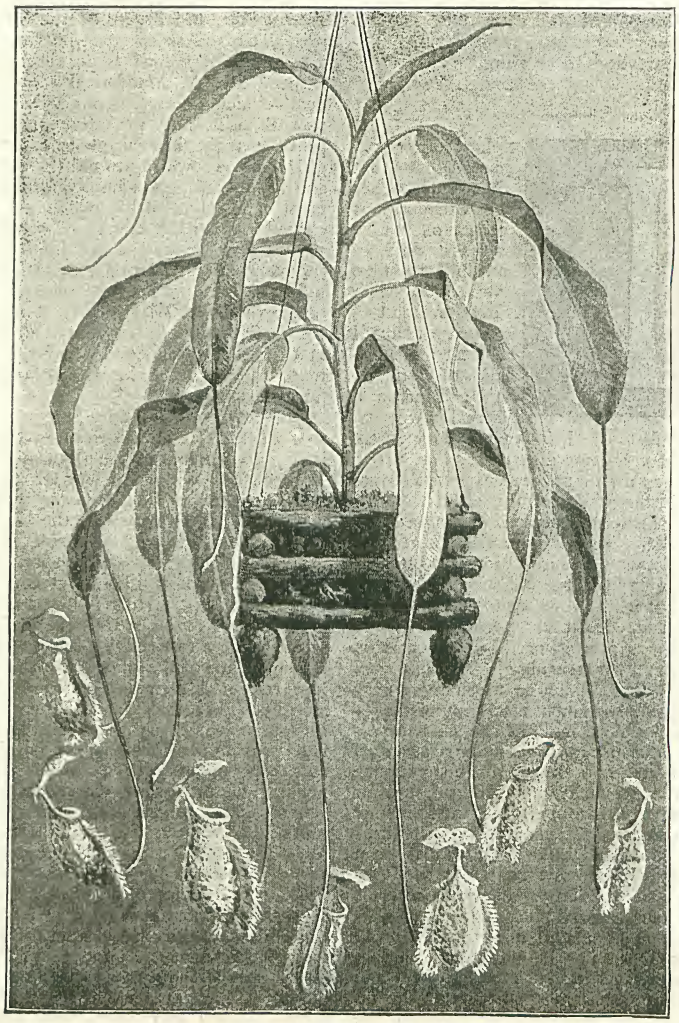
Insect-destroying plants are numerous in the vegetable world. They may be roughly divided into three groups, although there is no strict line of demarcation between them. First, those like the Red Lychnis and others which by means of sticky hairs catch and kill small insects, an operation that so far as we know results in no special good to the plant. Then there are those like the sundew which catch, kill, and digest the insect for food, whilst the third group consists of plants which catch and kill insects, but have no digestive process. Decomposition of the captured insects takes place, but the absorption which goes on is simply that of the liquid products of decomposition, the latter process resulting from the insects being immersed in fluid. To this latter group belong the pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*) and Sarracenias. These last are North American plants of peculiar structure and appearance. The leaf is folded and modified into a tunnel-shaped tube, differing in form in the various species. In all, there is a kind of cap or lid to the tube, so that rain is kept out. In one or two species the lid is so arranged that the mouth is exposed. In the bottom of these tubes there is usually a quantity of somewhat slimy fluid. The inner face of the lid and surface just inside the rim of the tube is smooth, usually of a bright shining colour, and covered with minute honey-secreting glands, a most attractive lure for insects. Below this honeyed surface the character of the sides of the tube changes completely, for down to the fluid it is covered with stiff hairs all pointing downwards. Now we see how the trap is set. The honey just inside the tube is attractive, and the insect feeding finds it very easy to descend the tube; the smooth surface offers no foothold, and the downward pointed hairs prevent it from returning, until at last the insect becomes engulfed in the pool of water at the bottom of the tube. In this fluid insects gradually accumulate, decompose, and become liquid manure.

In Georgia and North Florida these sarracenias are found in the swamps in large quantities, attaining one or two feet in height, their great tubes half filled with insects, showing their value in tending to reduce the swarms



PITCHER OF NEPENTHES OR PITCHER-PLANT

of flies which abound in such localities. We can see from these characteristics of the sarracenia a link between the insect-eating plants which have a true digestive process and ordinary plants that obtain their food in part direct from the soil. The sarracenia is simply making an attempt to collect nitrogenous food by the aid of its form and sweet secretions. Thus it lures on flies and other insects to their doom, which to the plant means an increased supply of liquid manure for its nourishment.



PITCHER-PLANT (*Nepenthes Rafflesiana*).

Between the two types of insectivorous plants and ordinary plants there are endless varieties. The largest known species of "fly-catcher" is the *Roridula dentata* of South Africa, which attains a height of six feet, with leaves similar to the sundew in character. So efficient are these leaves in catching flies that the Boers hang up branches in their rooms as fly-traps.

The smallest insect-eating plant is probably the bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), a rootless water-plant, with minute bladders on small thread-like leaves. The bladders only open inwards, so that when an insect pushes against the opening or valve it easily enters and cannot get out again. The bladder contains water, but the insect quickly consumes the oxygen in it and consequently dies, and when decayed its substance is absorbed by glands on the inner surface of the bladder.

Perhaps the most attractive of the group of plants we are considering is the pitcher-plant, or Nepenthes. It grows commonly in Borneo and Ceylon. The pitcher is a direct development of the midrib of the leaf. It varies in size from the little thimble-like pitcher of *Nepenthes gracilis* to the large jug-like receptacles of *Nepenthes sedeni* and others, each capable of holding nearly a pint of fluid. The pitchers are furnished with a lid overhanging the mouth of the receptacle. This is kept open by a thick rim. This rim and the under surface of the lid both secrete a sweet fluid which is attractive to insects, and from the rim and opening of the mouth a smooth surface directs the ill-fated flies to the sweet sticky fluid always found at the bottom of the pitcher, out of which they rarely come alive.

Another of our native plants exhibiting these insectivorous habits is the butterwort (*Pinguicula*). Like the sundew, it is a mere rosette of radical leaves, having upturned margins and a very succulent pellucid appearance. These leaves are covered with glands, which exude a viscid kind of fluid like that on the tentacles of the sundew. This natural birdlime catches and holds small flies, midges, and other tiny flying creatures, as well as crawling insects. The presence of these insects on the leaf appears to stimulate it to further secretion, which must of course lessen the chances of the insects' escape, and as a further barrier to prevent its creeping away, the edges of the leaf begin slowly to curve inwards, so that the caught insect is imprisoned in the folds of the leaf. The acid secretion which now exudes from the glands soon dissolves all the nitrogenous and soft parts of the insect which are taken up by the absorptive glands of the leaf. There are many other plants, of which I have not space to make mention, although they are full of interest, as owing to their curious structure it is probable that insectivorous habits might also be ascribed to them. The field of study is a wide one, and throws much light upon the physiology of plants, as well as the relationship between the plant and animal world. I would suggest to my young readers as a practical means of knowing more of this subject, to try and grow for themselves the sundew, pinguicula and sarracenia.

The two first can be found, as I have already said, on boggy moors in England, and the latter plant can be obtained from any florist. All can be successfully grown in a greenhouse or garden frame, and studying their growth and habits in this way will teach the young botanist far more agreeably than learning only from books.

At Kew there is always a fine collection of these insectivorous plants to be seen in vigorous growth, whilst at the South Kensington Natural History Museum (Botanical Department) there are some highly interesting cases illustrating the life history of these remarkable plants.

HELP FOR DEAF GIRLS.

Do the work that's nearest
Though 'tis dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."
Charles Kingsley.

IT has often occurred to me that Mr. Kingsley has embodied a great part of "the whole duty of man" in the verse with which I commence this paper, which will I trust appeal to girls of all ranks, to "all sorts and conditions of girls," in fact—to help—when they meet them—some very lame dogs over stiles.

It seems to me that there is so much more sympathy in the world for the blind than for the deaf, or deaf-mute person. Many a kind-hearted girl will cheerfully sacrifice her time, or pet amusement in order to read to, teach, or otherwise lighten the affliction of a blind *protégée*; but would it occur to the same girl that a deaf or deaf-mute person was in as much, perhaps more need of sympathy, encouragement, or teaching? I think not. Blindness is an affliction so much more easy to understand, so much more interesting—a blind person does not seem to be so completely cut off from human intercourse as a deaf one—it requires more courage and patience to get at the personality of the deaf; but for this very reason it is more important that they should be reached. The condition and education of the deaf and of deaf-mutes has been making steady progress throughout the Victorian era, and, thanks to the warm interest shown by our beloved Queen in their welfare, has of late made marvellously rapid strides, but there is still much to be done, much in which individual girls all over the world, if they would here and there take up the work, would be invaluable aids to the organised associations.

There is a penny monthly magazine entitled *Ephphatha*, the organ of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, published in the interests of the deaf under the able editorship of Mr. A. Macdonald Cuttell—himself deaf—which deserves a much larger circulation than it has yet attained; this would prove a most helpful guide to any hearing girls who are willing to aid their deaf sisters, and it gives all up to date information of the great and good work which is so quietly carried on by the efforts of all the various associations up and down the country, and the work of the Royal Association in aid of the deaf and dumb carried on by its chaplain, the Reverend F. W. G. Gilby, at St. Saviour's, the special church for the deaf and dumb in Oxford Street, London, of the very existence of which the larger proportion of the public is unaware.

It is proposed to hold a congress under the roof of the Royal Association this August, partly to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. In order to attend this, friends and benefactors of the deaf and dumb will gather from America, the Continent of Europe, and all parts of Great Britain, and matters affecting the cause and its various works and needs will be discussed.

It is also hoped that a fund may be raised to afford a day's outing to the poor deaf and dumb, which will be to them a pleasant and lasting remembrance of the celebration of the Queen's long reign. A Diamond Jubilee Shilling Pension Fund, in connection with the wider organisation, is also set on foot, the object of which is to provide pensions for aged and infirm deaf and dumb of both sexes. Funds are urgently needed effectually to carry out all these schemes, and contributions towards them are gratefully received either by the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, St. Saviour's Parsonage, 419, Oxford Street, or by the secretary, Mr. James Muir, 65, Northgate, Blackburn, Lancashire. It is however to associates and members of the Girl's Friendly Society that I hope most strongly to appeal by means of this paper. There are already many deaf, or deaf-mute members, but there might be many more if willing hearts and hands were forthcoming, not only to help those who have already joined the society over, what appear to be very formidable stiles, but to seek out others and encourage them to obtain aid for themselves by becoming members. Again, members who know of deaf or deaf-mute girls might inform their associates.

Mrs. Ware, the wife of the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, who has the cause and welfare of the deaf and dumb so much at heart, describes so beautifully and lucidly the "meaning and reason" of the G. F. S. for all girls that I cannot do better than quote her own words from a recently-issued pamphlet, "A word to deaf girls about the Girls' Friendly Society."

"It is for girls of all kinds, girls at home of all ranks, girls in work-rooms, shops and warehouses, girls in laundries or in service; it is for girls who are strong and in good health, and for girls who are delicate or invalids. It is for girls who are blind or deaf and dumb. It is for girls of all kinds, with one condition, namely that all who join must always have borne a virtuous character.

"It is *friendly*. Friendship is one of God's best gifts to us in this world; there is much loneliness, sadness and sorrow, much sin and temptation, and we all feel we want a friend. Some girls have to leave their homes, and some are orphans and have no homes to leave. Some are put in places of difficulty, and hardly know what it is right to do; all these and many more want a wise kind friend, and our society tries to provide a friend for every English girl wherever she may happen to be.

"It is a *society*—a number of persons joined together; the older women who belong to it are called Associates, girls and young women are called Members. They are all joined to each other by prayer, sympathy, and love. The associates, who are doing the same work for the love of God, are united to each other and to the members, and the members are also united to each other and to their associates. They must all feel friendly together, and must try how they may best help each other. The elder must help the younger, the wiser must help the ignorant, the richer must help the poorer; they must all encourage each other in doing right, in loving Jesus Christ their Saviour, and in loving others for His sake."

Will not the conscience of many a friendly girl, add—The hearing must help the deaf?

A suggestion has been made of a special branch of the Society for the deaf and dumb, but I do not fancy that this would meet the difficulty of the case. To begin with such of the deaf-mutes who have received some amount of education, are of necessity educated together, a necessity which fosters isolation from their hearing fellows, and it has always forcibly struck me that such isolation is the very thing most to be deplored. What they require is to be encouraged to mix, on as equal terms as possible, with hearing persons, not to be set apart and left out in the cold, as if debarred by reason of their affliction from the interests, sympathies, amusements, and occupations of other girls. Therefore I think more efficient aid could be rendered here and there by a special associate who would take the trouble to make herself familiar with the best methods of communicating with the deaf, who would search out and endeavour to understand them, who would make herself in fact the friend to whom a deaf or deaf-mute girl may turn in order to derive from the society the same advantages as her fellows. The difficulty of putting herself into communication with a deaf-mute (especially one whose education in either the oral or manual methods is incomplete) will be a stumbling-block to many girls, for the vocabulary of many such is necessarily limited, and the intelligence in cases that have been neglected is perhaps only partially awakened and developed, and these would only respond to the simplest and most elementary teaching. But patience and perseverance with a large proportion of goodwill and loving-kindness will do wonders; obstacles will disappear, teacher and pupil will find themselves landed on the right side of the stile hand in hand, and the work will become one of great interest.

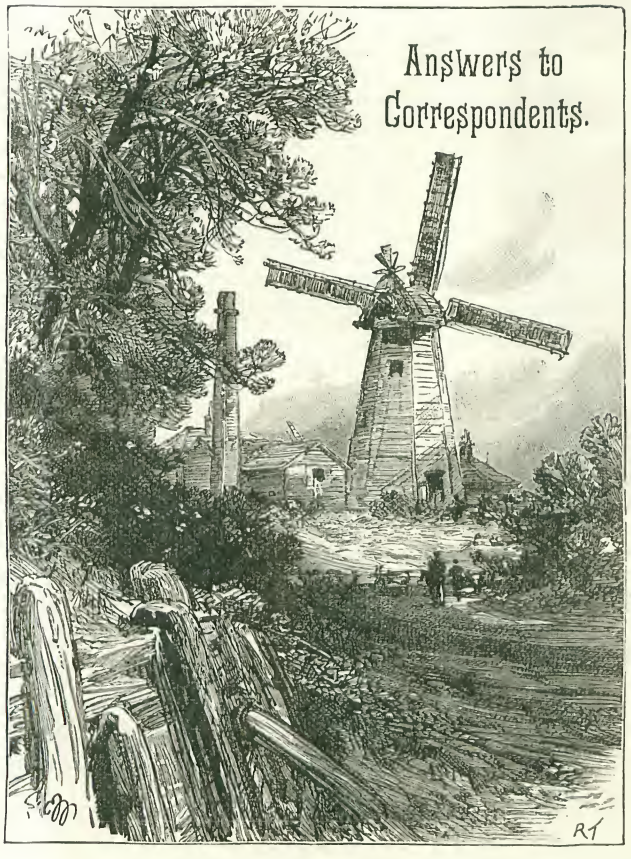
Hearing members may render good service as well as associates if they will learn to communicate with the deaf of their own branch, take them to church and translate to them what is going on, encourage them to mix freely with other girls, and join their occupations and recreations in a natural and sociable manner, at the same time protecting them from the disagreeables with which thoughtless companions might beset their path. Such services as these, lovingly and unobtrusively rendered, would make a new and comparatively happy life for a deaf girl, and completely do away with the sense of loneliness and isolation which (I speak from my own experience—having myself been totally deaf from childhood) makes their affliction in a sense a double one, though it is of course a part of it.

I trust there are many, both associates and members, in the G. F. S., who will be willing to respond to this appeal, bearing in mind that "inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these afflicted ones, ye have done it unto Christ."

There is no doubt that a person who becomes accidentally deaf, as well as, in many instances, a born deaf-mute (especially one of higher social rank) is, in consequence of the wonderful perfection of the oral system, intellectually on an equality with hearing persons, capable of being something more than a bread-winner, and of taking a prominent place in either literature or art.

Would it not be helpful if such would, from their own experience, and treating the matter from their own standpoint, prepare brief statements of their views and ideas as to how they think hearing people may best individually break down the barrier between themselves and the less fortunate amongst the deaf and deaf-mutes, and forward such statements to the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby to be read and discussed at the forthcoming congress?

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



MISCELLANEOUS.

DOREEN and AUREOLIN.—1. To press flowers successfully you require the proper botanical paper, and you must change it constantly, so as to dry very gradually indeed.—2. If badly stained the wood would require re-planing we fear.

SNOWBALL.—We never heard of getting up a bazaar without some special object in view. If it only realised 4s. 9d., put it in the poor-box, writing on a piece of paper "proceeds" of a small sale. But if you preferred it, you could send it to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

MODESTY S.—Considering that you are eighteen the badness of your writing and spelling is very shocking. Would it not be wiser and more sensible to attend to your education and general improvement than to worry yourself about your complexion, the colour of your hair, and the shape of your nose? The first is kept in good order by bathing, exercise, and moderate diet; the second is improved by plenty of brushing and careful dressing; and the third is much spoilt by colds in the head, going too near the fire after out-door exposure to cold, tight-lacing, and, well, there *is* a nose-machine! but we would never recommend girls such an appliance as that!

FOR THE RIGHT.—We have not seen your boa, but they are usually made of cocks' feathers, and if we remember rightly, there is a clause permitting members of your society to wear the feathers of any bird killed for purposes of food.

SEA-BIRD.—The steamship *President* sailed from New York to Liverpool on the 11th March, 1841, and having encountered a terrific storm two days afterwards, was never again heard of. A son of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Tyrone Power, the comedian, were amongst the ill-fated passengers then lost.

FRENCH STUDENT.—1. The "Romance Languages" is the collective designation of the six great modifications of the *Lingua Romana Rustica*, or provincial Latin of the Empire; namely, Italian, French, Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese and Wallachian (Roumanian).—2. Languedoc is one of the old provinces of France. It received its name in the Middle Ages from its inhabitants using the word *oc*, an abbreviation of the Latin *hoc*, for yes; while the affirmative of the Romance Language spoken north of the Loire was *oïl*, from the Latin *illud*, modified into the later *oui*. Thus you have the Langue d'oc, and the Langue d'oil.

IGNORAMUS.—According to Dr. Brewer, your quotation from *Julius Cæsar* presents one of the anachronisms to be attributed to the great dramatist (Shakespeare), for the former says, "Clocks were not known to the Romans till some 1400 years after the death of Cæsar." According to Thomas Lewin's *Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar*, the latter landed in Britain in August, in the year 55 B.C.; but whether so long as "fourteen centuries" after his death, or as early as the time of Pope Sylvester, at least they were unknown to Cæsar. The first that we hear of a graduated mechanism, as a substitute for the sundial, which was only of use by day; or the old hour-glass, which needed perpetual turning, and marked no special hours of the day or night, is ascribed to the monk Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., who invented one at the end of the tenth century. Nevertheless it has been stated, the first clock that appeared in Europe was a strange importation from the East, presented to Charlemagne—and described by Eginhard, his secretary—by Abdalla, the King of Persia. Eginhard wrote a description of it in about 742, or later. He said "it was of brass, and ran for twelve hours, and had as many little brazen balls, which dropped on a sort of bells underneath and sounded each other." Watches first came over to us from southern Germany, and were called "Nuremburg Eggs," which were hung at the side chatelaine-fashion. See our articles on "Sundials," vol. xiii., pp. 573 and 680; and on "Hour-glasses," vol. xvii., p. 717. In 1288, a clock of the first escapement construction was set up in old Palace Yard, and in the fourteenth century clock-towers were set up in Paris, Bologna, Strasburg, Courtray, and other large cities.

BLANCHE.—1. The fees for each course of five lectures of the St. John's Ambulance is 10s. 6d., or 17s. 6d. for the double course. The first course is, "First Aid to the Wounded," with instruction after each lecture in bandaging. The second course is on Sick Nursing, with practical demonstration also. An examination is held after each course for those who wish to obtain the St. John Ambulance certificate.—2. You give your name and address only. The second year's course is the same, but the examination questions are varied; and on passing these exams. you are entitled to receive the bronze medal or Cross of St. John. We cannot give an opinion about "what it would be sufficient to pass," as you do not say for what purpose you are doing it. The price of the second year's course is the same as the first. Our information relates to London.

G. B. A.—We cannot see your difficulty, you can send coin through the post office, and if the three sisters fixed a certain day in the month on which they would each send their contribution, it would all arrive together, thus making "one sum."

THE SHREW.—Had you looked for the word "astrolabe" in any dictionary you would have found it. It is an instrument formerly used at sea for taking the altitude of the sun or the stars.

JOHN BAKER.—Sheets of the arms of the kings of England may be obtained at any large stationer's. Also sheets of our flags.



SCOTCH LASSIE.—One of the dried leaves is from a begonia, and the other looks like a manzandya. The latter is a summer climbing-plant and can be raised from seed, or the plants may be purchased in May. It requires a light soil. Good drainage is needful for begonias, and plenty of water when growing freely.

M. WILSON.—You had better state your case to the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, 15, Buckingham, Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C., and say you wished to be helped in your efforts at self-support.

KATY DARLING.—We recommend you to apply to the Secretary of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, at 28, Berners Street, W. If they cannot supply you with the books for the blind they will tell you where to procure them, and may, probably, assist in their purchase.

TOM THUMB.—We have already given an article on basket-making, see vol. xvi., pp. 184, 282, 361, 548 and 778, under the heading "How Girls can help Workhouse Inmates." We have often given directions for restoring the whiteness of discoloured ivory. Rub it with finely-powdered pumice-stone and water, place it moist under a glass shade, and expose it to the sunshine. This moist rubbing and exposure may be repeated several times. For whitening old piano-keys it may be necessary to rub them with fine glass-paper and chamois leather. Another plan is to make a paste of whiting and spirits of wine, and laid on till dry; but take care that none shall get between the piano-keys. We are glad you so much appreciate our paper.

ADLIH WOMELC.—Apply for all such special information to the Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. You will have to get a prospectus and pass a competitive examination. A quotation from Longfellow's poems would be very suitable for an autograph album; but you had better practice writing it before you give a specimen of your hand.

BRIGHTON.—The air of Brighton is too sharp and bracing for persons subject to lung and throat affections; but favourable to sufferers from anæmia, general debility, scrofula, skin diseases and nervous troubles. Houses may be had and lodgings at all prices, the cheapest being away from the sea-front. Provisions are rather dear.

DISAPPOINTED.—1. The 13th April, 1878, was a Saturday. The *Morning Post* is said to be the best for such advertisements as yours.—2. You must persevere, for people rarely get a situation at once, and sometimes only after many disappointments.—3. You must apply by letter for the form required to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W., and when obtained, you must fill it up. The subjects for examination are arithmetic, English composition, geography and English history. Also proficiency in handwriting, spelling and arithmetic is essential.

SISTERS TOTTIE.—*Ave et Vale*, hail, or welcome, and farewell. If *we* had a sword-brooch we should choose "By love only" for its motto, knowing that "love conquers all things." Your note is so well written and spelt, dear little girl.

MAY-TREE.—The term "secular," from the Latin *secularis*, meant an age or generation. It was afterwards employed by Christian writers to distinguish the world and its rules from the Church; and in the Roman Church to distinguish the priests who lived and worked in the world from those who belonged to monastic orders and lived under rule, the former being termed the secular clergy, and the latter the regular, or under rule. Now the "secular arm" means the power and authority of the State, as distinguished from the ecclesiastical or spiritual rule, or matters pertaining to the Church. The term *kotou* is the Chinese for making an obeisance. From this is derived that which is in common use in English, "cow-tow," but employed in a sense of unworthy and obsequious behaviour, undignified and self-interested in the person who performs it; what we call toadying.

MAYFLOWER D. B.—Letters of condolence are best answered speedily, as soon as you feel able to do so. Delay only makes the duty more painful; but there is no rule about the matter.

A. F.—At almost all the large hairdresser's pupils are taken, ladies-maids especially. You should have an interview with the several managers of these establishments and arrange as to terms and hours, and the number of lessons required.

ROSE GARDEN.—The initials on the pendant appear to be those of people. It was probably a present or keepsake. You should make inquiries into the origin of it in order to find out the meaning.

CROQUE MITAINE.—The quotation—

> "Be the day weary, or be the day long.
> At length it ringeth to evensong."

is by Stephen Hawes, A.D. 1517.

RACHEL ELSIE.—"The Spectre's Bride," set to music by Dvorak, is a German legend, which has been translated by several persons. "William and Helen," by Sir Walter Scott, is one of them.

K. E. M.—The word "adult" is usually entered after the name in the register of baptisms, we believe. We never heard that the certificate of birth was needed.

A. L. B.—Women who desire to emigrate should certainly go to see Miss Lefroy, the Hon. Sec. of the United British Women's Emigration Association at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W. Office hours 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. It is very important to be well advised before leaving home, or even taking a situation to go abroad.

A READER.—St. Paul's persecution of the early Christians would come under this head, *i.e.*, "a good person thinking persecution a duty," see Acts xxii. 3, 4. Our Lord also says in St. John xvi. 2, "Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

MARGARET.—Hastings and Eastbourne have both apparently a summer and a winter season now. So you would be able to let all the year round. We should imagine, however, that a smaller place would be better to make a start in, like Bexhill, near St. Leonards-on-Sea.

A WORKING GIRL.—A children's maid should wear caps and aprons, and the wages would depend on the number of children. Her duties would be washing and dressing them and sewing, also taking the children out walking. She is the successor to the nurse.

E. A. C.—You would have to begin as an under-housemaid. You would need at least two cotton gowns, one good plain black one, half-a-dozen linen aprons, and four better ones of muslin, four caps, besides tidy underlinen and petticoats. The work would not be too heavy, not as heavy as you would have if you were what is called a "between," or upstairs and downstairs girl, with half your time given to the housemaid and half to the cook.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Of course you should offer either a prayer-book or a hymnal to anyone in your pew who happens to be without one.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Should a man say, "I am much pleased to have met you," you need not say anything in reply; only smile, and give a slight bow in acknowledgment of the polite observation. A keeper-ring is one designed to secure the safety of a wedding-ring, which might fall off. See the table (given in the Book of Common Prayer) of affinity in which all illegal unions are specified and forbidden. Cousins are not included in the proscribed list. You have asked too many questions.

COUNTRY GIRL.—The small red fungi that grow on sticks, commonly called "gipsy cups," are *pizina*. Write direct to Cassell's about their publication.

A. B. G.—A dress allowance of £30 per annum is a sufficiently handsome one for a young girl, especially if she has nothing else to pay for out of it. To improve your childish-looking handwriting, select some writing you like and copy it carefully. Write copies daily, and endeavour to make your writing more flowing and less stiff.



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 921.] AUGUST 21, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN EXILED ROSE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

A WHITE rose bloomed on a window-sill,
High up in a city street,
Reared all alone, by a maiden's skill,
Fair and fragile and sweet.

"Oh, for the land of the gourd and vine,
And oh for the radiant skies,
And the fresh wild life that once was mine!"
The pale rose sadly sighs.

"The sunbeam slips through my garret panes
To bring me a touch of gold;
But I am dreaming of purple plains
Bathed in the light of old!

"Oh, for the wooer with unseen wings
Who stole to me night and day
With soft caresses and murmurings,
In Love-land far away!"

"Alone, alone!" sighs the exiled rose, [pain;"
"I blossom in grief and
A south wind swift to the casement goes,
And whispers, "Found again!"

"Oh, rose, I have missed thy sweet white face
In the home where thou wert born; [place
I sought thee long in that flowery
At even and at morn.

"I wooed thee first in the cool dawn-light,
When over the grass I crept;
And in the hush of the balmy night
Deep in thy heart I slept.

"And dear were thy bowers of balm and bloom,
With the sapphire skies above;
But dearer still is the dusky room,
For love needs only love.

"Across the roofs of the narrow street,
I come to thy cool white breast;
Unfold thy petals, my rose, my sweet,
And let me find my rest.'

All rights reserved.]



[*Copyright* 1896 *by Photographische Union, Munich.*

"THE LAND OF THE GOURD AND VINE."

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF FRANCIS ARMITAGE.

THE footman led Mirabel to a small ante-room, opening from the drawing-room. The room was empty as she entered; but the servant, signing to her to wait where she was, passed on into the adjoining apartment, and she heard him say to someone in there—"The—hem—young person is here, sir."

Then there was the sound of someone rising and advancing with a slow, heavy step, the folding-door was thrown wide, and the old gentleman Mirabel had assisted in Kensington Gardens came in.

Seeing him now without his hat and wraps, Mirabel was struck with the beauty of his aged face and the dignity of his bearing. His handsome, regular features wore the indefinable stamp of good birth, but their expression was melancholy, and, as he moved towards her with feeble step, Mirabel was touched with pity for this man, who yet was so richly endowed with earth's good things. Instinctively she knew that he was sad and lonely, and that she, the poor laundry girl, gifted with youth and health, and having those about her who needed her and loved her, was in some respects more happy than he.

"Sit down, my good girl," he said, as the servant retired and closed the door.

He seated himself in a large high-backed chair, covered with ruby velvet, which threw into beautiful relief his fine old head with its snowy hair, the ruddy tints of his complexion, and the blue eyes which, though aged, were still bright and keen. They scanned Mirabel closely now, and noted the signs of recent agitation which her countenance betrayed.

"So," he said, "you have had a talk with Mr. Collier. Have you promised to sit for him again?"

"No, sir," she replied; "I told you that I do not mean to sit again."

"Ah, yes; but I thought he might have persuaded you to change your mind."

"No, sir," said Mirabel.

"Ah, you know how to hold your own, I see," he remarked; "that is well. But it will be long ere Mr. Collier needs a model again. Did he tell you that he is going away to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

Clearly Mirabel did not intend to be communicative respecting her interview with the artist. Mr. Armitage felt rebuked for his curiosity. He could not but admire the girl's dignity and reserve. He turned to the matter that concerned himself.

"I asked you to come here this morning," he said, "that I might talk with you about that poor little crippled brother of yours. Have you ever thought how much better off he would be in a home? There is a 'Home for Crippled Children' in which I am interested, and I can secure his admission to it, if you would like me to do so."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Mirabel breathlessly; "but—I have never thought of parting with Willie. I don't think I should like that."

"But if it were for his good," he said, "you would not stand in the way of that?"

Then he proceeded to explain to Mirabel the advantages which Willie would enjoy if he became an inmate of the home. The advantages were so manifest and great that Mirabel's heart sank within her as she listened, for she was convinced that she ought to let Willie go. Yet, how she would miss the bright little lad! It would be almost as great a sorrow as it had been to part with Jenny. Mirabel did not count it a relief to be spared the cost of Willie's maintenance. If Willie went, only Harry would be left, and he was now earning six shillings a week, so Mirabel would be comparatively rich when he alone shared her home. But she did not take that into consideration.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, rather tremulously. "I can't help seeing that it would be a great thing for Willie, and I don't think I ought to stand in his way. He won't like leaving me, dear little man, and it will go hard with me to part with him."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Armitage judicially, "but you must not let sentimental considerations withhold you from doing your duty."

Had he known Mirabel better, he would have felt such a remark to be unnecessary. She would always seek the good of anyone she loved, even at the cost of her own suffering.

"You are right, sir," she said. "I promised mother that I would always take care of Willie, and there's nothing I would not do for him; but I'm only a poor girl, and there's no saying what may happen. I might not live long, or I might fall ill, and then there would only be the infirmary for me, and I could not do anything for Willie. But if he had a proper training and was taught to earn his own living, he'd be independent of me in a way. I don't know as I can better keep my promise to mother than by letting you put him into this home as you so kindly offer to do."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. The old man listening to her was touched by her simple statement of the outlook of many a poor toiler, living from hand to mouth, with nothing in reserve for a rainy day. He knew little of the actual life of the poor, though he subscribed to many societies for their benefit.

"You will certainly be doing the best thing for your brother," he said. "It may be a sacrifice to give him up; but I feel sure that you will never regret it. Now tell me his name and age, please?"

"Willie Dean," said Mirabel, "and he is just five years and a half, sir."

"Willie Dean," said Mr. Armitage, writing it down, "let me see, you are Mirabel Dean, are you not?"

"Yes, sir—at least, that's what I've always been called," replied Mirabel; "though, to tell the truth, I'm not a Dean at all. That's my step-father's name, you see, sir. My own father died when I was a baby."

"Oh. Then this little boy is only your half brother?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was your own father's name?"

"Armitage, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, thinking he had not heard aright; "say it louder, if you please. I am a little deaf."

"Armitage," repeated Mirabel, more clearly.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Armitage sharply, "what do you mean? Do you know what you are saying? Armitage is my name."

"I know it is, sir. Directly I heard your name it struck me as very strange that you should have the same name as me. Not that I ever use it though; but mother told me that was my name."

"How did she spell it?" he asked. Mirabel spelt the name as he spelt it himself.

"Well, that's strange," he said, and he looked sharply at the girl, half-suspecting that she was practising some "dodge." Her simple, open gaze convinced him that she was speaking the truth.

"Still," he continued, addressing

himself rather than her, "names count for very little nowadays. I daresay there is a De Vere sweeping a crossing somewhere in London."

Then as he looked at the girl and noted the delicate beauty and refinement of her features, he was thrilled by a sudden, painful thought.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Eighteen," answered Mirabel.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, an excited look coming into his eyes, "tell me what you know of your father? What was his Christian name?"

"I believe, sir, it was Frank," said Mirabel. "Anyway, I know that his father's name was Francis Armitage and that he lived at some Court."

"Ah," said the old man with a gasp, "was it Hartleigh Court?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Mirabel, "mother could not remember the name of the Court."

Glancing at the old gentleman she saw that in his appearance which alarmed her. He was leaning forward in his chair and trembling visibly, while the red in his cheek had deepened to a purplish hue. Was he going to be ill again?

"Tell me," he demanded breathlessly, "did your mother ever mention having lived at Pinner?"

"No, sir, she never spoke of it," said Mirabel, "and yet—Pinner! Pinner! surely that word was on her lips when she lay dying! She said so much then that we could not understand. I know that she lived in the country before she married, and that my father was a gentleman and an artist. But mother told me very little of her early life. It seemed to hurt her to speak of it. I suppose it was because things had become so different. Oh, what is the matter, sir? Are you ill?"

For the old man's head had fallen forward on his hands and he uttered a low groan. He raised his head at the sound of her anxious tones.

"No, not ill," he said, "but in pain, in great pain."

"What can I do to help you, sir?" she asked, "shall I ring for some one?"

"No, no," he said quickly, "No one can help me. My pain is not of the body, but of the mind. You are too young, my child, to know, and I trust you never will know, the pain that springs from hopeless regret and remorse."

He leaned back in his chair and became absorbed in painful thought, while Mirabel sat watching him with troubled eyes. Presently his gaze fell on the girl and slowly travelled over her, observing with close attention every detail of her appearance. The shabby hat with its rusty crape, the worn gown, the thin shawl, the clumsy boots, the hands reddened and roughened by toil, it was strange to think that the girl to whom these belonged was the granddaughter of Francis Armitage, Esq., of Palace Gardens, Kensington, and Hartleigh Court, Sussex. At one time his pride would have revolted at the thought; but now, humbled by many a disappointment, he was conscious only of the profound pity of it. He might have taken this girl in her infancy and reared her delicately, giving her every advantage his wealth could command, and securing for her a happy girlhood and a bountiful womanhood; but for his foolish pride and hard, unforgiving heart. What a joy and comfort such a granddaughter would have been to him! But he had missed his chance and the only child of his elder son had grown up in poverty and hardship, one of the working girls of London.

"Mirabel," he said, at last, "from what you have told me I feel convinced that I knew your father."

"Oh, sir, did you really?" she cried.

"Yes, I knew him well," he replied.

"And was he a gentleman?" she asked eagerly.

"He was. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Sussex."

Mirabel smiled rather sadly. Then, after all, she was not so far removed from Bruce Collier. If her up-bringing had been equal to her birth she might have become his wife. The thought gave her both joy and pain.

"His father—your grandfather, Mirabel, treated him very harshly."

"I know that, sir," said Mirabel simply. "Mother told me that he was a hard-hearted old man."

Mr. Armitage winced.

"He lived to be sorry for what he had done," he said. "His other son died a few years later, and the son he left turned out badly, and your grandfather came to look upon these trials as judgments on his pride and hardness. Could you forgive him, Mirabel, if he asked you?"

"Is he still living, sir?" Mirabel asked in surprise.

"Yes, he still lives—a broken-down old man."

"I would forgive him," said Mirabel, after a moment's reflection; "I don't know that he has done me much harm, though of course things would have been different if—— But there—it's no good thinking of that. Somehow, my father never seemed very real to me—you see, I never knew him. I just felt that I belonged to mother and the children, and I clung to them."

"And your step-father—did you love him?" asked Mr. Armitage.

Mirabel shivered involuntarily.

"No," she said, "I do not love him; but I have tried to do my duty by him."

"Then he is living—you live with him?"

"He did live with us," said Mirabel; "but now—he is in prison."

She made the confession reluctantly, and a deep blush of shame dyed her face as she spoke. Her words gave him a fresh shock. It furnished another proof of the wide gulf that separated the experience of this girl from his own, and made him aware how difficult it would now be to set right the mistake made years ago.

He began to question her, and, as her answers revealed the life of hard struggle she had lived, he was moved to admiration for the girl's courage and endurance.

"But there must be an end to it now," he said. "It is shameful that you should have been burdened with the maintenance of that precious step-father. He must go his own way when he comes out of prison. He will fare better than he deserves in being relieved of all responsibility for his children. But so it must be. I will make myself responsible for them and for you, Mirabel, for your father's sake."

"Oh, sir, you do not mean that!" she exclaimed. "It does not seem right."

"Hush—you do not know. I could not do less," he replied; "but I must not act hastily. I must think things over. You may go now; but I will come to see you on Monday morning. Mind you are at home when I come and your brothers too."

"Harry is never at home except for meals, sir," said Mirabel, "he has to go to his work."

"Then he must take a holiday on Monday. He must tell them where he works that he can't come any more."

"But, sir——"

"Oh, don't be afraid. It will be all right. I mean to provide for him. And you must give notice at the laundry that you are not coming again."

"But, sir——"

"Nonsense! But me no *buts!* I mean what I say!" the old man was waxing excited. "Now you must have something to take ere you go."

Mirabel protested that she needed nothing; but he rang the bell, and in obedience to his orders, the footman presently brought in a tray with some wine and cake upon it.

With a shaking hand the old gentleman poured out a glass of wine and handed it to her. But Mirabel refused it.

"Nonsense; you must drink it," he said; "it will do you good." Clearly he was not accustomed to having his will crossed.

"I cannot drink it, indeed," said Mirabel, "I never take anything that is intoxicating."

"What—you are a teetotaller?"

"Yes, sir," said Mirabel simply; "and if you'd lived in the streets in which I've lived, I believe that you would be a teetotaller too."

He stared at her and made no reply. To think that this girl, with her terrible knowledge of the dark side of life, was his granddaughter!

To please him Mirabel tried to eat a piece of cake, though excitement had deprived her of appetite. Then she drew her shawl about her and prepared to go. Mr. Armitage not only shook hands with her most kindly; he preceded her to the door of the room and held it open for her. He stood to watch her cross the hall, and the footman, conscious of his master's gaze, saw her out of the house with as respectful a demeanour as if she had been a richly-dressed lady.

When she had gone, Mr. Armitage took a few steps in the direction of the library; but, ere he reached the door of that room, he halted, changed his mind, and turned back.

"No," he said to himself, "I will not tell him. There is no saying how things may turn out. I had better keep my own counsel for the present."

(*To be continued.*)

MY ADVENTURES ON A SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD always longed to climb a snow-capped mountain. Even as a child I would devour the books of Conway, Whymper, and Mummery, taking almost an unwholesome delight in their tales of risk and danger. The alpenstock and ice-axe were to me objects of veneration, and neither the perils nor sufferings in connection with mountaineering could ever weaken the desire of my heart.

It was a strange chance that on my very first journey abroad I should be introduced to a young man with tastes exactly similar to my own. He was a Swiss, and knew his native mountains as a Polar bear his ice. He ravished my ears with tales of avalanches, hair-breadth escapes and adventures worthy of the Arabian Nights, and soon he told me another story, too old to be repeated, the sequel to which was a honeymoon, right in the midst of the mountains of my dreams.

* * * *

Well, girls, so here I am on my honeymoon. I am rather busily engaged on the whole, but I am going to employ my spare time in relating to you how I climbed up that great mountain which rises like a giant in front of me, nearly 10,000 feet in height and covered on the top with snows eternal.

We are in Bellinzona, just outside the little town. The *pension* where we are boarding is situated on a slight eminence hedged in on all sides by the glorious mountains. The lady of the *pension* is a friend of my husband, and so is Dr. S—— a man who has travelled greatly and has much to tell. Mr. H——, his staunch companion, is of a cynical turn of mind. He says of himself that "he never stands if a chair is within easy distance," but he has the bright eyes and complexion which characterise the energetic Swiss, and his laziness and cynicism are plainly surface faults.

So much for my company, and now a little word about myself.

Girls, I have lived in London all my life. A row of rather crooked chimney-pots has been my accustomed outlook, a busy dusty thoroughfare my landscape. If I have ever awakened at dawn, it has been to see the sun rise through a mist of smoke and general murkiness, even the flowers around my window-sill have never thrived nor flourished. Imagine then my wonder and delight at getting up one morning and finding myself no longer in the busy Metropolis, but far in the depths of fairyland, watched over by the frowning snow-capped Alps!

"Come," said my husband. "Look at the effect of this mist. It will interest you, no doubt."

I ran to his side. A silvery veil of semi-transparency was beginning to lift itself gently, reminding one of the slow drawing-up of the curtain of a transformation scene. And lo! one by one the beauties began to appear. First came the mountains bathed in silver radiance, then the waterfalls with *chalets* by their sides, and further in the distance the deep blue waters of Lake Maggiore.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I said in three ridiculous little bursts. It was one of those moments in life when adjectives are superfluous and one has no time to think, nor reason, nor philosophise.

"It is Nature's transformation scene," said my husband, "now confess that you have never seen the like."

"In England——" I began, but my husband cut me short.

"No, no!" he said laughing at my patriotism. "Not even in England, though I suppose I cannot expect you to admire anything outside your native isle!"

I didn't listen to his sally. My eyes were fixed wonderingly on one mountain, higher than all the others round it, its snow-white summit bathed in purple shadow.

"I—I should like to reach the top of it," I murmured softly. "I should like to look down upon the world so far beneath me—to feel that I had achieved something great, and to make friends with the gnomes and magicians, who ought to flourish in those arid regions!" My husband laughed at my ramblings.

"That mountain," he said severely, "is the Camoghè, nearly 10,000 feet in height. To get to its summit you will have to pass by gaping ravines, glaciers and deep drifts of snow. You will have to leap over mountain torrents, waterfalls, and precipices. Now if you imagine that your little limbs can carry you over——"

"I am an English girl," I broke in shortly.

"There are no girls like English girls," quoted my husband with a wicked smile. "Your nationality is certainly in your favour and your stubborn pride will help you to brook over many obstacles, but——"

"What?"

"You are a girl!"

This seemed to him such a conclusive argument against anything and everything, that he was about to leave me, when I very forcibly drew him back to my side.

"And what if I am a girl?" I began warmly. "Is that any reason why I should have no courage, no energy, no ambition? Because I am a girl must I always hide my lights under a bushel whilst you men, you superior beings startle me by your brave deeds and noble achievements. No, I am a girl truly; but, as I said before, I am an English girl, and we English girls have enough spirit to assert ourselves sometimes. We are not content with fashions and frivolity, we also want to do great deeds and to achieve success!"

"Bravo!" said my husband. "You plead your cause in quite a barristerial spirit. Now go to madame and see if you can get her to participate in your enthusiasm whilst I go and dilate on your plan to the doctor, who may perhaps give his services as cicerone.

Madame, a charming, robust, Swiss lady, used to the mountains from childhood, was at first alarmed at my scheme; but eventually consented to join if the gentlemen considered us equal to such a task.

The doctor smiled leniently at my enthusiasm. I am afraid he did not have much faith in my powers of endurance; but he said kindly enough:

"There's no harm in trying, and there's nothing in life like aiming high!"

Mr. H—— suggested in his dry way that a pair of stretchers had better be included in the mountain-gear.

My husband thought a strong brand of Martell would be likewise needful.

I smiled superior!

"We will show these proud beings what the weak sex can do!" I whispered confidentially to madame. "And we'll reach the top of the Camoghè or die in the attempt!"

"We will! We will!" assented madame.

"May I ask one question?" said Mr. H——.

"Yes," I said, preparing for attack; "ask as many as you like, provided they are not irrelevant.

"They are to the point."

"Begin then."

"First question: Have you ever yet attained a higher altitude than your bed-room floor?"

"I should think so! I have climbed the steepest hill in Surrey!"

To my utter consternation, nobody was impressed.

"Darling," said my husband, "the Surrey hills and high Alps are not synonymous."

"Question the second," began again that arch-tormentor Mr. H——: "Do you intend to wear Oxford shoes well pointed at the toes, a white-lace petticoat, and a hat with ostrich feathers?"

Madame and I laughed, but our laugh ended in a sigh. Truth to tell, the question of costume had entirely escaped our thoughts.

"You must have knickerbockers," said my husband decisively, "a thick flannel blouse, and clog-boots with nails!"

This last item caused me quite dismay, and I looked lovingly at my neat little French leather chaussettes.

Meanwhile the doctor, who had left us for a moment, returned with a pair of boots in his hands.

"These trusty friends have climbed many a mountain and weathered many a storm," he said, holding them out to view.

I did not like those trusty friends. They looked as though they must have been made of walrus-hide, their weight little under a ton. However, I stretched out my hands to examine them in detail.

Flop, flop! They both tumbled from my grasp in a moment, and, it seemed to me, the very foundations of the house shook.

"However could I wear such things?" I said with disgust. "I can't even lift the horrid clogs!"

Madame here consoled me with the assurance that I was neither as big nor as heavy as the doctor, and a pair of ordinary strong boots provided with nails on the sole and heel would answer the purpose just as well.

"One more question under consideration," said the doctor, "is the food and lodging, or, possibly, the lack of it, *en voyage*. I trust madame will not be shocked at the idea of roughing it a little?"

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted! I am not at all the delicate creature you imagine."

"When you are hungry you like to trifle with a chicken and sip a little raspberry-wine," drawled out Mr. H——.

"Not at all! When I'm hungry I like roast beef and plum pudding!"

Dr. S—— was delighted.

"She is made of the right stuff after all," he whispered to my husband. "A young lady who can unblushingly admit her partiality for beef and plum pudding is just the one who will not flinch in the hour of trial nor complain if her cheeks get burnt or her feet a little swollen."

That speech of mine gained the victory. The permission to join the mountaineering expedition was obtained, and for the next two days madame and I were hard at work designing and choosing our costumes.

The afternoon of the second day all was prepared, and I presented myself in full dress to my admiring husband.

So, here I am, girls, knapsack and alpenstock all complete. I think the divided skirts quite charming, do not you? Please note attentively the loose, comfortable make of the bodice, but do not criticise too unkindly the largeness of the feet. I do assure you that the boots are entirely to blame for any undue proportion in that direction, and the contents are not a bit larger than they should be.

Next day at two o'clock in the afternoon we started. Each of us had a cloak strapped on the back besides the inevitable knapsack. In the knapsack was a flask of wine, a lemon, bread, meat and chocolate.

O ! I tell you, we were a jolly party ! The day was magnificently fine, a scorching sun shone down lustily from a cloudless sky. The heat was terrific. But what cared we ? Dressed as we were in thick wool with heavy boots and knapsacks we were not going to flinch at sunny rays. If flinching there must be, we kept it in reserve for later on.

"Halli, halli, hilli halli ho ! hoho, hoho ! " cried out my husband beginning the celebrated Swiss Jodel song, and we all took it up and shouted it out lustily until the little children in the village flew crying to their mothers thinking us, no doubt, a band of uncouth savages.

On, on we walked. Three hours of tramping under the broiling sunshine before we reached the object of our search.

At last after a turn in the road the doctor gave a prolonged cheer. We had arrived at the base of the gigantic mountain !

How beautiful were the gently undulating roads at the beginning. The tears of admiration come to my eyes as I remember the vast growths of forest trees, the meadows covered to overflowing with tall, bright flowers, the vines shooting out their tender leaflets, the peaceful *chalets*, and the mountain streams ! A thousand odours filled the air, a thousand birds sung gladly in the trees.

"Oh this is a garden," I cried, "a vast garden ! It only requires the Tigris and Euphrates to make one quite positive that it is the paradise of our ancestors ! "

"If you talk you shall be sent straight home ! " was my husband's rather curt rejoinder.

My eloquence was instantly nipped in the bud and I felt quite hurt, whereupon he deigned to explain to me that I was sinning against the etiquette of the Alpine tourist by chatting on the march !

I began to understand why ladies seldom attempted snow-capped mountains !

For fully two hours we walked along in silence when suddenly, by the side of a rushing torrent, we came across a meadow of forget-me-nots.

"It's no good ! " I cried out in desperation. "I may be offending against mountain etiquette, but I shan't and won't keep quiet a moment longer. It is all so lovely ! lovely ! lovely ! "

I almost shouted out my admiration, whereupon the three gentlemen in front turned round and laughed at me.

A laugh is better any day than a frown. I became instantly bolder by this slight encouragement and kneeling down began to pick quickly a number of the tender sky-blue blossoms. Madame followed suit, dipping her hands with quite a lingering fondness among the shining flowers.

After having gathered quite an armful, I began forthwith to decorate my hat, jacket and knapsack with them.

The gentlemen had stopped to look at us. "Oh ladies, ladies," cried Mr. H——. "Thy name is vanity. Never can you see a pretty thing in art or nature but you must with it try to adorn yourselves."

"Be quiet ! be quiet ! " said the doctor smiling kindly upon us. "What would our woman-kind be without a few of their dear little vanities and caprices ? "

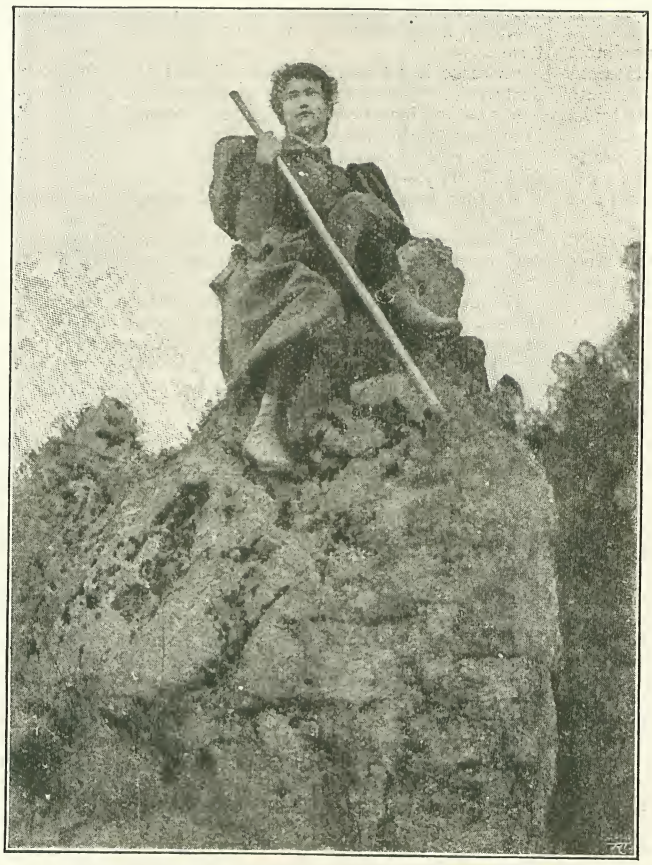
"Come," said my husband almost dragging me away from my pretty flowers. "Remember that you are not yet in the snow regions ; when that time comes a few rests by the wayside will be more permissible."

I bathed my burning hands and forehead in the stream. At that point of our journey the thermometer must have registered blood heat, and the very thought of snow was like a fairy tale.

I left the bank regretfully and our climbing now began in real earnest.

The roads had lost all evenness and masses of rock and stone covered the narrow pathways. The vegetation too had become scarce, the trees fewer.

We were walking in single file and I was beginning to understand the necessity of keeping silence. All our senses had to be on the alert and all our energy self-concentrated.



"MY EYES WERE INTENTLY FIXED ON CLOUDLAND."

For every step that I took forward I found out to my mortification that I took full half a one backward, and I remarked as much to my husband.

"It is because you don't plant your foot firmly enough on the ground," he vouchsafed to answer. "Remember that you are not walking round the dining-room table but attempting to climb a most difficult and dangerous mountain ! "

"Why is it more difficult than another," I queried, my heart beginning to sink a little.

"Because it is as yet almost untrod by human foot and consequently there is no royal road to its summit as in the well-known mountains ! "

After this I gave up all attempt at treading lightly, and planted my foot on the ground with a stamp that wouldn't have disgraced a small elephant.

By six o'clock we had already ascended some thousand feet and had arrived at the picturesque little village of Isone.

Our entry caused quite a flutter amongst the natives, who came out to greet us with bunches of sweet-scented Alpine flora.

We sat ourselves down on the edge of a picturesque fountain and with one accord called for drink !

A fresh-looking peasant girl appeared in answer to our summons and brought us some goat's milk warm and sweet which we drank with avidity. Many other young maidens had now gathered round us and, as their timidity disappeared they began to criticise us rather freely in their picturesque dialect. They made a pretty group around the fountain, but there was not one amongst them on whom the curse of the *goître* was not apparent. With the older men and women the growth of this grim appendage was so decided as to be perfectly monstrous.

The narrow roadways had already become quite precipitous, and the sweet woodland vales had given place to sterner stuff. Great rocks jutted out every here and there, and the roar of waterfall and mountain torrent almost deafened us.

One waterfall situated in a glen especially attracted our attention. It looked like a silver ribbon joining together earth and heaven.

At the base of it a crashing torrent had to be passed. I let all the party go on first to see how they would accomplish what appeared to me an almost impossible feat.

With stride and bound they managed to clear it. I would fain have followed, but my legs were too short for acrobatic achievements, so behold me standing and shivering in the middle of the stream on a rocking stone about the size of a large pebble.

"Help ! Help ! " I cried in agonised tones.

"Give a leap," was my husband's cool rejoinder.

"I can't, oh, I can't. If I jump one way I shall be drowned, and the other way I shall be smashed against the rock."

"Come, no nonsense or I leave you ! " He was as unbending as he well could be.

I shut my eyes, made one tremendous bound and the coast was cleared.

"Bravo ! " said my husband. "One never knows what one can do till one tries. This mountaineering is splendid exercise for awakening dormant energy and courage."

I was about to make a rejoinder when my curiosity put an end to my eloquence. I had discovered a natural grotto formed out of the jutting of a rock.

A large picture painted in distemper was at the back of the grotto, and before the picture were a number of curious articles, evidently votive offerings from the somewhat superstitious peasantry.

We all stopped and gazed at it, trying to make out what the subject was meant to represent.

A dreadful person in a gamboge dresscoat and sky-blue trousers was standing over another equally dreadful person in vermilion, and all around small creatures dressed in airy costumes were flitting about.

"The subject is decidedly profane," said the doctor.

"No," said I, "it must be religious because there is a halo round the man in yellow."

"I should think it might have something to do with Dante's Inferno," suggested my husband, "because the gentleman in vermilion has hoofs and claws."

"Of course," said I, "it is St. Michael and Satan."

Every one said oh, at the brilliancy of my discovery, and having given one more glance at this truly grotesque representation of pictorial art we passed on.

Only a few steps further a charming streamlet bubbled into view, and as it fell from stone it formed little cascades among the pebbles. Along this stream a number of dwarf willows had sprung into prominence, and under their shadows a thousand wild flowers bloomed in sweet luxuriance, the gentian, iris and forget-me-not, the black orchis smelling of vanilla, and beyond and above all the rich pink alpen-roses.

This latter flower kept us company almost to the land of eternal snow, its waxy blossom giving a dash of colour to the most desolate regions, and cheering up our pathway by its graceful beauty and its sweet fresh perfume.

That stream was the last bit of pretty scenery I have to record, for it formed as it were the borderland between the living and the dead.

Huge boulders and broken crags of rock had now to be passed, and it seemed to me that the vast walls of rock became more and more perpendicular the nearer we approached. No sound disturbed the silence of the lonely region save the distant roar of a cataract, or the groaning cry of some stray hawk or buzzard.

It was strange that in a country so absolutely sterile, such a thing as a man could exist; but there, sure enough in the distance we espied one approaching rapidly towards us.

Never have I seen such a curious specimen of humanity. His hair was long and tangled, his shaggy beard almost reached to his waist, his breast which was bared was also covered with long hair and, of course, the inevitable *goître* was apparent.

"Ape or man?" queried Mr. H——.

"The missing link," said the doctor.

"A man certainly," I ventured; "but one of the great unwashed."

"Hulloa, old Robinson Crusoe!" shouted out my husband, offering his hand.

The grimy paw of the stranger closed affectionately round it.

"Please don't I cried, "don't be so affectionate with that dreadful person."

But my pleading was in vain. Albert had already made friends, and the two were chatting away together in quite familiar terms.

"Crusoe has found his Friday," said the doctor.

"And you have been transplanted," chimed in madame with a smile.

"The *rôle* of parrot is the only one left," said Mr. H——.

At this remark we all laughed loud and joyously.

"And why forsooth?" I can hear my reader remark. There was no particular wit in the retort; it is not even funny.

No indeed, but our laugh came true nevertheless. You see we were prepared to laugh at anything and everything, we were full to the brim of happiness and hilarity. Had we not left the world with all its cares for miles beneath us, and were we not mounting upwards, far, far above the influence of its sadness into the wondrous regions of the clouds.

The sun was just beginning to set in a mass of green and gold. The snowy peaks of the mountain, which were coming into view one by one had assumed the colour of copper and looked as it on fire, at the same time a slashing wind bore down upon us chilling us to the bone.

To obtain a fine view of the sunset-tinted panorama I perched myself on the edge of a large jutting eminence known as the "Rock of Death." Beneath me yawned a terrible abyss, but my eyes were so intently fixed on cloud-land that I did not even notice my danger.

I was, as my husband told me later, a regular type of the Alpine enthusiast, risking my life with perfect unconcern if by so doing I could carry out a passing whim or fancy.

The "Rock of Death" is so called from the fact that two Americans lost their lives here some years back whilst trying to gather the flora that abound in masses at the edge of this picturesque but dangerous eminence.

A rude wooden cross with a simple inscription records the lamentable event.

We had walked now for eight hours and the temperature was falling with rapidity. I wrapped myself up in my shawl for I was cold and my teeth chattered. We had already reached an altitude of some 7000 feet—my limbs were beginning to give way and my courage to fail, when suddenly all apathy deserted me.

The wild shouts of my comrades filled the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! We have come to the regions of perpetual snow!"

(To be continued.)

WHAT ARE THE COUNTY COUNCILS DOING FOR GIRLS?



WILL resume my rapid survey of the work done for technical and secondary education of girls throughout England, by a glance at the county next in order, OXFORDSHIRE. The scholarships offered are open both to boys and girls, and in the published list I observe the names of several girls from national and other elementary schools as holding scholarships of the value of £18 to £24 at the Oxford High School and other secondary schools. Exhibitions are also granted to many girls to enable them to attend special classes. The County Council employs a lady to visit the villages to lecture on sick-nursing, hygiene, cookery, etc., and another lady gives courses of practical lessons in dressmaking which have proved very successful. The organising secretary for the county is P. Elford, Esq., M.A., 105, St. Aldate's, Oxford.

In BUCKINGHAMSHIRE we are struck by a new term, "Health Missioner." Ladies go as friends from cottage to cottage, by the wish of the inmates, to impress simple points of hygiene on the women and girls. At Miss Nightingale's suggestion the work done by the Health Missioners has been recently investigated by Mrs. Cheadle, the late "Superintendent of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association," and her report is most favourable. "There is not the fear of fresh air and the dread of the use of water that there was until quite lately," she says. One of these Health Missioners, through Miss Nightingale's intervention, has been sent for a special course of training to the London Hospital. We observe scholarships value £20 each offered to girls and boys who have passed Standard V. at a Public Elementary school. Local classes on such subjects as dress-cutting, sewing, etc., are also held throughout the county. Apply for particulars to W. H. Lowndes, Esq., Church Street, Aylesbury, or H. M. Williams, Esq., The Square, Wolverton.

The papers and pamphlets sent by G. J. Hill, Esq., 30, The Forbury, Reading, organising secretary for BERKSHIRE, are full of especial consideration of the needs of girls, and are written with intelligent sympathy. From one of the reports we quote the following sentence: "The time has come when it is generally recognised that under the existing conditions of modern industrial life girls should have an equality of opportunity with boys to equip them to gain their own livelihood." Disappointment is expressed that not a single girl entered last year for the Horticultural Scholarships "which opened up a new sphere of labour well adapted for girls." Surely girls will not neglect this opportunity, which we have pointed out elsewhere.

Of thirty-five elementary teachers attending teachers' classes organised by the County Council fourteen are women.

There are junior scholarships offered to girls from public elementary schools; boarding scholarships of £30 each, and day scholarships of from £10 to £20 each. Seven girls were successful last year.

"The seven scholars are doing well. Of seven scholars, six have signified their intention of becoming teachers, and the committee views with the greatest satisfaction the probable effect of bright, intelligent girls brought up in the village schools, then passing two or three years among the advantages of a good public secondary school, and eventually after years of training to take places as assistants in their original class of schools."

In BEDFORDSHIRE there are no scholarships offered to girls, but about one-fourth of the annual income of the Technical Instruction Committee is spent upon subjects directly affecting the female population, such as cookery, dressmaking, laundry work, nursing and hygiene, and straw-plaiting. A "summer cookery course for schoolmistresses" is held at Bedford.

We turn to HERTFORDSHIRE, and from the letter of A. Dean, Esq., secretary to the Technical Instruction Committee, we quote the following: "One of our first County Council minor scholarship holders is now going through a course of lectures at University College, London, preparatory to matriculation, and I hope in course of time her B.A. degree."

There are Minor Scholarships to be competed for, value £10, renewable for a second and third year, and intermediate scholarships, value £30, all open to girls.

In SURREY the County Council has founded two schools for girls, one at Wallington, the other at South Wimbledon. There are one hundred to one hundred and forty minor scholarships offered for competition, giving free education for three years, to girls and boys equally from Public Elementary Schools, and about thirty major scholarships, value

£60 a year. The girls must get two of the latter, but may get more if qualified. They are tenable at the women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, Bedford College, London, or the Royal Holloway College, Egham. Commercial classes are held, open to girls, in the ten chief towns of Surrey, for French, German, book-keeping, etc., and there are staff instructors for the usual subjects of domestic economy. There are also "Technical Exhibitions" offered for competition, of the annual value of £3 and £10. The secretary is H. Macan, Esq., County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

In KENT there seems ample provision made for the instruction of girls in such practical subjects as cottage gardening and allotment culture, poultry-rearing, bee-keeping, nursing, needlework, dressmaking and wood-carving. There are five nursing scholarships offered to women, tenable at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, Rochester, and the Gravesend Hospital, which entitle the holder to one year's training, board, lodging and uniform; and there are wood-carving scholarships, value £60 a year for two years, tenable at the School of Art Wood-carving, City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, South Kensington. There are also two scholarships offered to girl students at the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent. Other scholarships are tenable at science and art schools; and ten are offered to girl pupils of Public Elementary Schools not exceeding thirteen years of age, providing free education and travelling and personal expenses for two years at one out of four good secondary or grammar schools. The secretary is F. W. Crook, Esq., 53, Parliament Street, London, S.W.

From SUSSEX no details have been received, but the organising secretary for East and West Sussex is Edwin Young, Esq., County Hall, Lewes, who will doubtless give any information.

In HAMPSHIRE we find (at Portsmouth) a Municipal Technical Institute, in which the classes in dress-making, wood-carving, typewriting, French, and Art subjects generally, are largely attended by ladies. The principal of the institute is Oliver Freeman, Esq.

From DORSETSHIRE I hear that it has been impossible to establish scholarships tenable at secondary schools for girls, owing to the almost complete absence of such public secondary girls' schools. I read, however, of "Evening Continuation Schools" throughout the county at which the girls learn needlework, geography, vocal music, cookery, basket-making, and a variety of useful subjects, and at which they appear to excel in industry and good behaviour. There is a "cheese school," and there are also lectures on horticulture. Two nursing scholarships have been awarded. The secretary is B. R. Swift, Esq., Shire Hall, Dorchester.

In DEVONSHIRE eight day scholarships (value £10 or £15 per annum for at least two years), and eight boarding scholarships (value £30 per annum for at least two years), will be awarded to boys and girls leaving Public Elementary schools. An exhibition of £40 per annum for two years is offered for competition to girls leaving secondary schools. The secretary is J. F. Young, Esq., Silver Terrace, Richmond Road, Exeter.

In CORNWALL there are as yet no scholarships, but all the classes founded by the Technical Instruction Committee are open to girls. The organising secretary, who sends a most kind and pleasant letter, is J. Gill, Esq., F.C.S., Helston.

From SOMERSET I receive particulars of training classes for girls in cookery, laundry work, dressmaking, nursing, "first aid," wood-carving and home arts, also of scholarships tenable at the Gloucester and Bath Schools of Cookery and Domestic Economy. We quote a sensible paragraph from the report:

"The Sub-Committee considers that it would be highly advantageous to establish in the county an institution at which girls on leaving, or soon after leaving, public elementary schools, could receive a thorough course of instruction in cookery, laundry-work, needlework and dressmaking, and domestic economy and general housework.

"The course of instruction should last for six months, and students should be admitted to the institution by means of free studentships entitling them to tuition and board and lodging for that period." The Director of public Instruction is C. H. Bothamley, Esq., F.I.C., F.C.S., Weston-super-Mare.

In WILTSHIRE the intermediate scholarships, value £25 per annum for two years, are open to girls (not over 16 years of age) as well as to boys. Information may be obtained from C. H. Corbett, Esq., Organising and General Secretary to the Wiltshire Technical Education and Agricultural Committee.

From MONMOUTHSHIRE comes the prospectus of the new University College, in which all the classes and degrees are open to women equally with men. Three free studentships at the College, together with a maintenance scholarship of £40 per annum, are open to both men and women students, and will be competed for in September. There are technical classes throughout the county on the usual subjects, and the classes for art, physiology, hygiene, etc., are being more largely attended by women than men. There are dairy and cheese schools for farmers' daughters, and new schools for girls are being established. Monmouthshire seems specially alive to the needs of girls. For particulars address, Evan W. Small, M.A., B.Sc., Newport, director, secretary and inspector for industrial and commercial classes; and W. J. Grant, F.R.H.S., Bassaleg, near Newport, organising agent and lecturer for agricultural department.

"We have been very successful in our work for girls and women," writes J. Wiltshire, Esq., the organising secretary, from Shire Hall, HEREFORD. And it is evident from his successive reports how earnestly he has laboured to further the interests of our sex. A technical school for girls and women has been opened at Staunton-on-Wye, and there are six county scholarships giving free board, lodging and tuition for fifteen weeks, also three "Jarvis" scholarships. There is one scholarship of £60 per annum for two years, to be open for competition to any girl under nineteen years of age, resident in the county for two years preceding the entrance examination, which is the matriculation examination of the London University. The scholarship is tenable at some place of higher education for women. There are the usual local classes for women, and we observe that many have passed the "First Aid" ambulance examination.

At CARDIFF there is a Technical School which makes admirable provision for women. There is a "Women's Technical Department," and there are many free studentships, scholarships, prizes and exhibitions, some devoted specially to women. A prospectus giving full particulars may be obtained from J. A. Jenkins, Esq., B.A., University College, Cardiff.

We now glance at Scotland, whence we have particulars of technical education from three centres. From LANARK we find short courses of instruction are given throughout the county to girls and women in cookery, laundry work, and dress-cutting. Butter-making seems a specialty, and bursaries are given to successful students, one of whom obtained the second place in all Scotland at the butter-making competition at Kilmarnock. The director of Technical Education is William Malcolm, Esq., M.A., F.E.I.S., Hamilton, Lanark.

From FIFESHIRE the secretary, James Mitchell, Esq., Schoolhouse, Boreland, Dysart, kindly writes a letter of full information. Domestic economy is taught to girls throughout the county, and art classes are also held in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The girls at present seem more ready to excel in cooking and laundry work, than to enter the art classes, but it is at any rate gratifying to hear that the former subjects have been a great success.

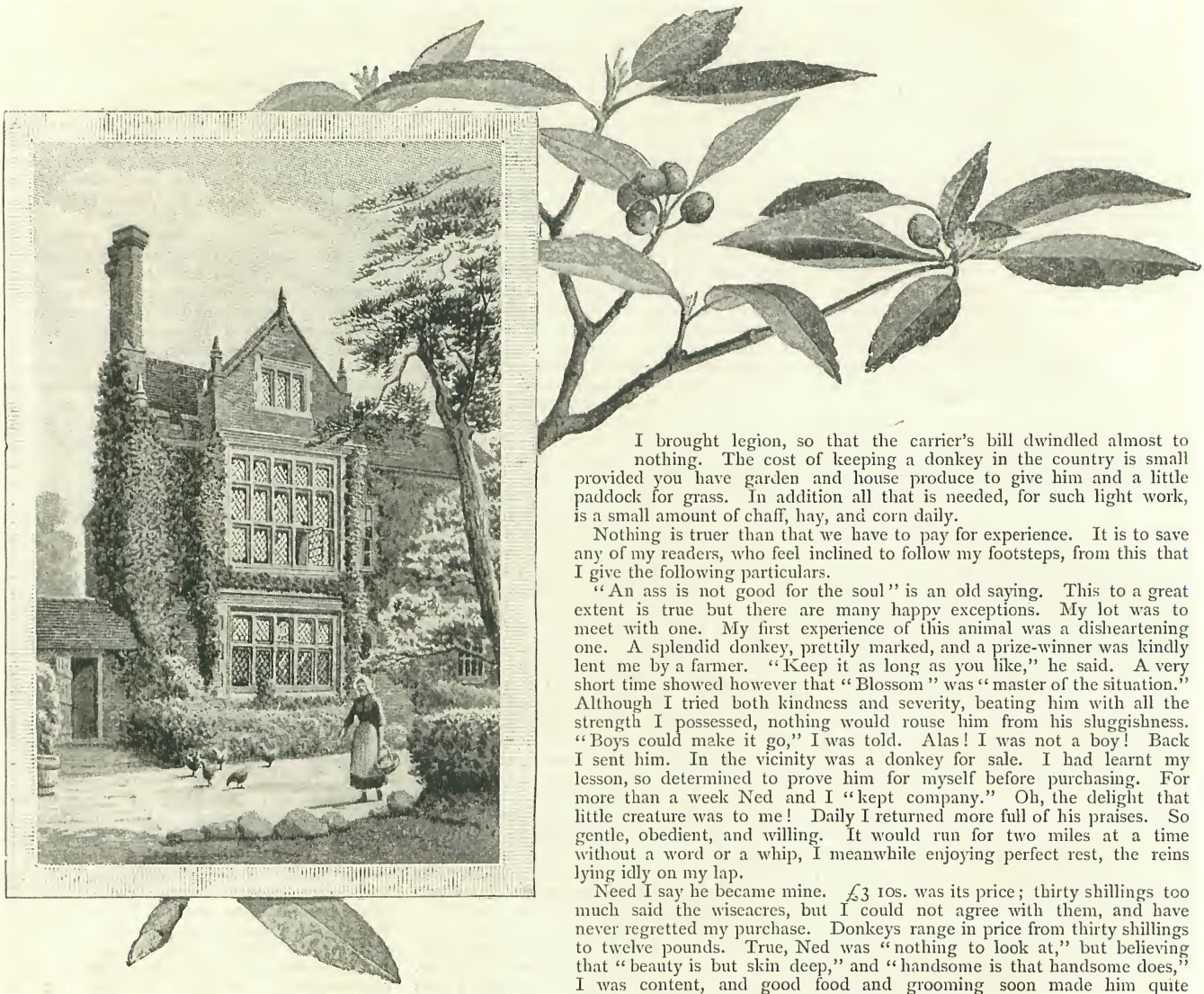
A newspaper report from ELGIN gives a most interesting account of an exhibition of cookery in connection with girls' cookery classes. The head mistress of the girls' school, Miss Stephen, has been very successful in teaching "the science of artistic cookery," and the secretary says, "The teaching of cookery and laundry in the day schools has taken such a hold that in a short time we shall never hear of a girl in this district unacquainted with these arts." There is in Elgin a good science and art school where both girls and boys receive free instruction in the evening in drawing, painting, modelling, chemistry, etc., besides (in the winter) tent iron-work, leather-work, and flower-making. In fact, the progress of technical education for girls in this far northern county seems very satisfactory. The secretary is William Stephen, Esq., High Street, Elgin.

With Elgin ends our survey of the work of technical and secondary education for girls throughout England and Scotland. The facilities, it will be seen, are enormous. No girl ought to be able now to plead ignorance of the homely arts that make life civilised, and opportunities are placed within the reach of all who have talent, to gain an insight into the art that makes life beautiful, and the literature that makes it wise.

"The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things," says Ruskin, and we may hope that England in the future will not only become wiser, but happier, through the education of her girls.

LILY WATSON.





MY DONKEY-CHAIR.

ARDENT riders, and ardent lovers of the "bike" are no doubt the majority of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and heartily do I congratulate all who are allowed to ride these machines. In my use of the word "allowed" I am not referring to the comparatively few whose parents cannot yet reconcile their minds to seeing their daughters so mounted. Solely is it to those on whom a special veto is placed by their medical man—a veto it would not only be unwise, but often suicidal to disobey. The mere prejudice against a girl riding a bicycle is fast dying out.

Eighteen months ago a lady of my acquaintance uttered these words, "If my daughter takes to riding a bicycle, I shall disown her." Some few months later she not only made her daughter a present of a beautiful one, but took to riding a tricycle herself!

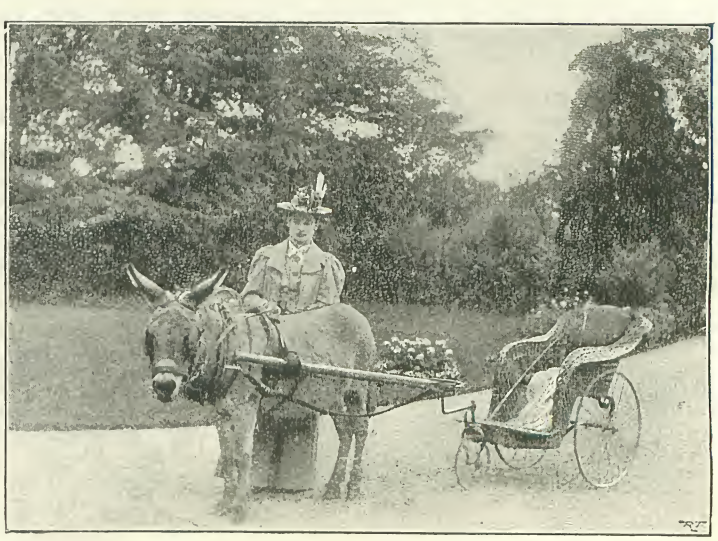
To those however, who suffer from a diseased lung, weak heart, etc., such exercise should be regarded as "forbidden fruit." "You must not think of using one," said my doctor; "but you need drives, and to be out in the air without fatigue." Drives! We did not possess a vehicle, could not afford carriage hire, and personally I had a not uncommon dislike to both Bath and Coventry chairs. What was to be done? To make a long story short, with the advice of a friend, who drove a similar one, I started a donkey-chair. Hours and hours I spent in the air wandering up country lanes, exploring surrounding villages, the result being a great improvement in health and much refreshment of mind. Or I would drive from my country vicarage into the adjoining town, for it was wonderful how often something was "wanted" in those days! The errands Ned and I accomplished were numerous, the parcels I brought legion, so that the carrier's bill dwindled almost to nothing. The cost of keeping a donkey in the country is small provided you have garden and house produce to give him and a little paddock for grass. In addition all that is needed, for such light work, is a small amount of chaff, hay, and corn daily.

Nothing is truer than that we have to pay for experience. It is to save any of my readers, who feel inclined to follow my footsteps, from this that I give the following particulars.

"An ass is not good for the soul" is an old saying. This to a great extent is true but there are many happy exceptions. My lot was to meet with one. My first experience of this animal was a disheartening one. A splendid donkey, prettily marked, and a prize-winner was kindly lent me by a farmer. "Keep it as long as you like," he said. A very short time showed however that "Blossom" was "master of the situation." Although I tried both kindness and severity, beating him with all the strength I possessed, nothing would rouse him from his sluggishness. "Boys could make it go," I was told. Alas! I was not a boy! Back I sent him. In the vicinity was a donkey for sale. I had learnt my lesson, so determined to prove him for myself before purchasing. For more than a week Ned and I "kept company." Oh, the delight that little creature was to me! Daily I returned more full of his praises. So gentle, obedient, and willing. It would run for two miles at a time without a word or a whip, I meanwhile enjoying perfect rest, the reins lying idly on my lap.

Need I say he became mine. £3 10s. was its price; thirty shillings too much said the wiseacres, but I could not agree with them, and have never regretted my purchase. Donkeys range in price from thirty shillings to twelve pounds. True, Ned was "nothing to look at," but believing that "beauty is but skin deep," and "handsome is that handsome does," I was content, and good food and grooming soon made him quite presentable.

Fortunately he is not a vain individual or his head must have been turned long ago at the many complimentary speeches and glances passed on him. "Such a nice little turn-out," say some, while the children will exclaim as Ned runs or even gallops along, "Look, mother, at that dear little donkey! Is he not sweet?"



NED AND I.

List of expenses for first year:—

	£	s.	d.
Donkey	3	10	0
Chair (wicker, medium size)	2	5	0
Food	2	12	0
Second-hand harness	1	0	0
Shafts and front iron work	0	12	6
Shoes (sixpence each)	0	8	0
Basket wings	0	5	0
Donkey clipped	0	3	0
Whip, stake, halter	0	2	0
Blacking and polishing brush (combined)	0	2	0
Grooming brush and blacking	0	1	2
Incidental expenses	0	4	4
	11	5	0
Average cost per week	0	4	3

List of expenses for second year:—

	£	s.	d.
Food	2	12	0
New tyres on wheels	0	17	0
Shoes	0	8	0
Donkey clipped	0	3	0
Chair revarnished	0	4	0
Incidental expenses	0	5	0
	4	9	6
Average per week	0	1	8½

Destruction to the tyres is caused, not so much by distance, as by driving over stones, especially granite stones; whose sharp edges make deep incisions. It pays to purchase the best rubber tyres. The large wheels will cost 7s. or 7s. 6d. each, the little front wheel 3s. 6d. The proper varnish should be obtained from a basket-maker. If you varnish yourself, which is quite easy, you can do it for half the cost. A basket-maker also will put the side wings to your chair to prevent the dirt splashing. To prevent flies teasing the donkey in summer, you should tie a bit of rag to the end of a stick, dip this into turpentine and touch the points on which the flies settle, such as the knees. The smell will keep them off for hours. Of course turpentine must not go near the eyes nor any wound. Donkeys have hard mouths; if at all unmanageable a curb will make all right. Don't buy a donkey that has been accustomed to stop at public houses in your neighbourhood or it will be sure to stop with you there! Their memory for roads and places is extraordinary and might shame some of us.

If you can afford it, get for £10 10s. a tiny donkey-carriage that will hold two persons, similar in character to that used by our Gracious Majesty. It would prove a sociable and delightful memento of the diamond jubilee year!

EMILY TREGELLES COOK.

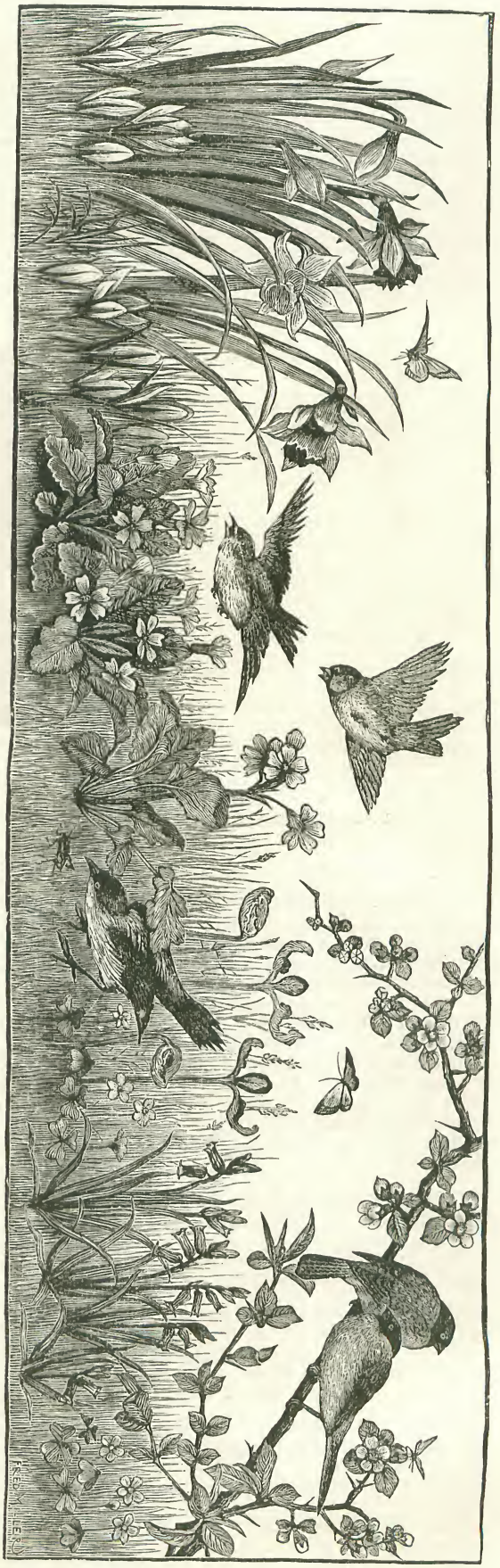
A PAINTED SPLASH-BOARD.

THE panel from which the design given was taken was one I painted some time since, the *motif* being "Spring." The daffodil, crocus, primrose, wild hyacinth and sorrel are the plants used, and the branch upon which the two bullfinches are perched is that beautiful shrub the pyrus japonica.

Ordinary artist's canvas would be the best material to use, and the edges should be turned over to the back so as to prevent the canvas fraying. You could procure a piece of canvas of the requisite size at an artist's colourman. I should recommend you to paint the canvas over with a delicate bluish-grey tint made of cobalt with a touch of vermillion or Venetian red in it to grey it and with flake white to lighten it. This tint should not be at all heavy, so use plenty of white. Thin the colour with half linseed oil and half turps, and put on with a flat hog-hair brush about one inch to one inch and a half in width, and keep the brush work in the direction of the length of the canvas. This should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the painting is begun, and it would be better to leave it a week to harden.

You must either enlarge the design on paper and transfer to the canvas with carbon paper, or sketch it on in charcoal. As you are going to paint the design in oil, there is no occasion to outline the forms, though it might help you later on to use an outline, say, of burnt sienna thinned with turpentine before commencing to paint the panel.

The grass should be painted on in soft warm tones of green made of yellow ochre, raw sienna, cobalt, French blue and brightened with aureolin and lemon chrome; but be careful not to get the greens crude, such as a mixture of emerald green and chrome gives. Remember, too, that white has the effect of greying any tone mixed with it as well as lightening it. The distant glass should be a light grey so that it almost loses itself in the background colour. For juicy greens use less white—hardly any in fact. For grey-greens such as you get in daffodil leaves, cobalt with just a touch of yellow ochre and plenty of white will give you good tones. I should advise you to keep the greens all on the side of grey rather than yellow, and don't get them too strong.



Chromes are the cheapest yellows; but they do not yield the pretty tints that aureolin, lemon yellow and Indian yellow give. Lemon chrome is the best of the chromes, or chromes Nos. 1 and 2.

Lemon yellow is the best for the pale petals of the daffodil and primroses. Cobalt and rose madder for hyacinths; chrome No. 2 or aureolin for cusp of daffodil and crocuses.

The pyrus japonica can be coloured with rose madder with aureolin to tone it; but a better way is to lay the flowers in with rose madder and white, and when dry glaze with rose madder and aureolin pure mixed with a little varnish. Glazing with transparent colours and varnish yields a good result, and may be applied to greens, yellows, or any colours; but the underneath colour should be quite dry before you put on the glaze.

Deep greens will be obtained with French ultramarine and raw sienna, or yellow ochre with more or less white; but it is a good plan when the colour you have on is wet to work into it on the canvas a little darker colour, pure. Thus, in dark touches in the grass underneath the leaves of the primrose, a little pure French ultramarine and raw sienna should be worked on the top of the existing colour while that is wet.

Instead of mixing up batches of colour on the palette, trust more to "breaking" the colours on the canvas. This is done by having your pure colours squeezed out of the tubes on the palette, and taking up a little of one and a little of another with some white, and working them out of the brush on to the canvas and mixing them at the same time. Beautiful accidental colour is obtained in this way. Always use plenty of colour, keeping your brushes well charged, and work with a free hand. As far as you possibly can try to finish each part while the colour is wet, as the tints blend and have a softness and quality which they never do if you put paint on paint already dry.

If you wish to varnish the work to protect it, wait until the paint has been dry a month or two, and then give it a good coat of some white hard varnish, putting it on evenly, seeing that all parts of the paint are covered.



THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

It must have been about a week before the day fixed for the double wedding that there came an afternoon of crystalline brightness. It was one of those rare autumn days that call to every outdoor heart with an appeal that cannot be denied. The two girls determined to go and pick a late October nosegay of gold and scarlet leaves and black and crimson berries. And, behold you! while they were putting on their hats, there came a sound of hoofs.

Then from her looking-glass sang Hildegarde:—

"'Up the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear—a horse—man ride!'"

And from hers (words original and copyright) answered Mary:—

"'I can see the horse a-leaping,
And the sparks his hoofs do strike,
And beside him, gently creeping,
Is a party on a bike:
On—a bike.'"

Moved by one impulse, the two young men had come to take the girls out into the sunshine. Beast and bike were stabled, and the party started forthwith.

There is in the delight of a crisp autumn day a certain element of recklessness.

Make the most (says the masterful person inside) of this clear, pale sunshine. Pluck the glorious leaf while it hangs. Pluck the hour while it lasts. Rain and darkness and wailing winds may hold the world to-morrow, and all life may smell of the sodden miry leaf.

This feeling (no doubt) accounted for much of the merriment of that ramble. Yet Mary, herself filled with a gaiety of which she was a little afraid, felt that the November sunshine did not account for enough of it. And moreover, deep down under the laughter she was conscious of a keen anxiety about the behaviour of Reginald.

Never had she seen him in such a mood. He was like a high-spirited school-boy, finding everywhere food and diet for mischief.

First he mounted a roadside donkey and rode him furiously, till, trying to balance himself without grip of knees or hands, he was shot off and sent rolling, head over ears, into a bed of nettles.

Next he picked the pocket of a fat priest, reading his office; and, on returning the snuff-box, begged for something towards the support of his three hungry children—(Musha! they had been fasting, the crathers, since yesterday sennight)—Hennessy and the two girls. The priest gave him fourpence and an apoplectic stare.

Then, having made a neat parcel of a puppy (lamented, but not very late) and having secured it by an almost invisible string—for it was dark there, under a double row of firs—he couched, privily lurking behind the high hedge. An old woman found the packet and put on her spectacles to read its address, and behold! it leaped out of her hands, and she fled, screaming.

Then he wrote a threatening letter—pricking Hildegarde's finger to give *vraisemblance* to the signature—and tied it round the neck of a wandering pug whom he recognised as the familiar of an unpopular agent.

"Farewell, pretty pug," he said, as, having bitten his tail, he sent him forth yelping on his mission. "I should not wonder if you woke up famous."

It seemed highly probable that that fate (with an *in* before the famous) might be Reginald's own. For he committed other follies, besides that, which might well have landed him in the strong-room—of the police station or of the asylum—laughing away the protests of the rest of the party, who were, indeed, not uninfected by the rabies of his boisterous fun.

At length, twilight having set in, Mary insisted on returning home, and, with fair decorum, the quartette entered the hamlet suburb of Gregane.

Still they were all chattering and laughing in a way that at any other time would have seemed to the girls not quite the proper thing.

Hildegarde was walking with De

Vesci in front, and Mary followed with Reginald a few yards behind. Suddenly De Vesci made Hildegarde stop to admire a magnificent cat lying asleep in a lit and blindless window.

The two who were behind stepped on, passing them.

At that moment from a cottage-door Mary saw run out, laughing at its own defiance of calls to come back, a small child, cherubically winged with two blue shoulder-knots, and with its arms dangling down in a sort of unconscious effort to balance the toddling tentative little legs.

"Oh, the naughty mite," Mary said, with a smile that must have made the child's back warm; "why, it's Keogh's little Dolly."

And then, out of the shadow of two wide trees, came a light—a shout—a sensation as of some great trampling terror—a spark—a rolling mist of breath—hoofs that struck. For some long point of time Mary saw the baby stand lifting its hands as though to push back the charging, steaming monster that was treading her down.

And then—something sprang forward; stooped under the horses' heads, caught the child, and was itself, as the thing seemed to her, caught and whirled away. Then the sliding, snorting horses were pulled up, and the face of Mrs. McQuaide looked out and the coachman called, "Is all right?" and Reginald shouted back, "Yes, all is right," and the lamps sprang forward again.

A few seconds later Constable Keogh was kissing Reginald's hands, and wetting them with tears, and Dolly was saying, in a clear staccato voice, "Poor Dolly have b'ed and jam, 'cos poor Dolly nea'ly deaded."

"How brave you are!" said Mary, as Docker lit a cigarette; "Reginald, you might have been killed!"

"Yes," he answered, with a groan; "yes, Mary, if one had any luck."

At that speech Mary marvelled, and held her peace. From a so recent buffoon it was unexpected, and from a bridegroom-elect it was—well—hardly appropriate.

The wedding presents were unusually numerous. A great many persons who had not found it convenient to call on the Haydns during their poverty-stricken years, on hearing that one of the daughters was going back to the old place as mistress of it and of half a million of new money, became quite chivalrous. "Now is the time to back them up a bit," they said, "and to show them that their friends were only waiting for a chance." And flushed and even tearful, with the glow of generous emotion, they went to their treasure cupboards (or rubbish-heaps) and brought down the particular nightmares that they had got for nothing the last romping evening of the bazaar.

It happened, unfortunately, that there was a rather striking family likeness about the design of those vases or vessels. Between them the brides had sixty-four spotted vases, not distinguishable the one from the other, except in the matter of size. Of these the little ones were sent to Hildegarde, with effusive affection—the smaller the vase the warmer the letter. It was felt that, as she was going to marry a poor man, there must be something unsuitable in sending her a large spotted vase. While in dear Mary's case, oh, dear Mary knew—how well she knew—that if only good will governed the giving of spotted vases—hers would have been twice as large.

But there were also many warm-hearted people who were truly glad of an opportunity of expressing their belief in Mr. Haydn, and their sorrow for his terrible trial. Some of these sent very handsome presents. It was curious, however, to notice, in the case of these really kindly friends, that e'en their virtue leaned to riches' side. Hildegarde would have a struggling life; Mary would be wealthy and want for nothing. Therefore the silver went to Mary, and the plate to her sister.

"Never mind, Hildie," said Mary, with tears in her eyes, as she unwrapped her fifth silver tray, and Hildegarde displayed a small bracket, ingeniously disposed so as to look as if its breakage had happened in the post. "When once we get the display over you shall have all the best of the things. What are you writing?"

Hildegarde held up a card on which was neatly printed:

"Fish-knives full. Standing-room only for cream-jugs. Spotted vases may be shot into the river."

"What are you going to do with that piece of nonsense?" Mary asked.

"Hang it in the window," Hildegarde answered, and she did. Mary, it is needless to say, took an early opportunity of removing it.

Hennessy's presents were as numerous and as handsome as Mary's. Docker's fewer than his bride's, and not more generous. Two of them, however, are worthy of special mention.

From Aunt Emily. £200 towards furnishing; with accompanying letter. "Every penny that you will ever get from me, Reginald, so that you can spare yourself the trouble of longing for my death."

From Acting-Sergeant Keogh, R. I. C.

Handsome silver dog-whistle, dog-collar, and dog-whip. Also very spacious and very splendid dog-kennel, with sitting-room and sleeping apartment, and an exceedingly ingenious contrivance that prevented the dog from upsetting his water (and, indeed, from getting at it).

Reginald had no present intention of keeping a dog. It was pleasant, however, to think that difficulties that might have closed in upon his future canine aspirations were effectually dispersed: except the one little difficulty that his garden would only take in the kennel endwise (an arrangement that would compel its occupant to "sit up" all day and all night); and the other little difficulty of Hildegarde's having affirmed that when a dog came in at the door, she flew out at the window.

About this time, by the way, Mrs. Mack grew very nervous. Whenever she looked out, she declared her eye fell upon policemen—furtive, dogging policemen. And in the night there were vanishing gleams, and clanking chains, and howlings, and an awful sound of pouring water.

"Well," she said, summing up the matter, "Fortune is kind, and I doubt we'll all be burned in our beds, unless 'tis drowned we are, or hunted with bloodhounds."

Investigation, however, proved, or at least suggested, that the police were not circumventing (or planning) mysterious crime. They were merely gloating over the kennel—which stood, covered with tarpauling, in the yard—and drawing water from the river and haling dogs of the most intelligent breeds, and challenging them to upset the secret bowl. It came out, incidentally, that the entire off-duty force would be at the wedding. Keogh's own face as he crept in, like an earthquake on tiptoe, and hung over the kennel—and stood and surveyed it from different points of view and in different lights and temperatures, and explained it all to Dolly (who wanted to go and live in it incontinently) and put bits of sulphur into the water, and laid down a carpet in the sitting-room, and photographed its east and west façades, and added (to the appreciable enlivenening of the local uniform) fresh touches of green paint—was a wonderful and a beautiful thing to behold.

"You had better get a fire-escape, Hildie," Mary remarked one day, watching Keogh as he gloated, ostentatiously invisible.

"That is a nice handy thing in a drawing-room," Hildegarde answered; "but why do I particularly require one?"

"Because," said Mary, "your time for flying out of the window will soon come. Look at that man!—why, he'd make a dog keep a dog."

So the whirling hours went by.

On Tuesday (the Day was Thursday) the bridesmaids came. They were only two, all told—Dora Docker and Adeline Hennessy—a cousin of De Vesci's.

The two houses, the great and the small, were ready for their mistresses, and the mistresses ready for the houses.

The world and his amiable lady had come and stared at their particular spotted vase, and had thought it looked extremely nice—and would have looked nicer yet if it had been accorded a proper place.

"By the way," then added the world, "did you ever see such a lot of fish-knives?"

"No," said his wife; "nor of cream-jugs. How uninventive people are! I hate being one of a flock of sheep. Wasn't it lucky I hit upon that vase?"

"You!" cried the world, with warmth: "why, my dear Emily, you must remember——"

"I do," interrupted his lady. "You suggested a cream-jug and a fish-knife."

And for some memorable minutes the noise of battle rolled round that spotted vase.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE CAN LIVE IN ROME.

By CONSTANCE HELEN ALEXANDER.



I HAVE two motives for writing this article on a very prosaic subject. Firstly, I wish to disperse the general belief that *Rome* is an expensive place to live in; and secondly, I wish to explain and show how moderately *professional English people* manage to live in this city.

Should any young girl think of visiting the "Eternal City," I would advise her following out closely all the suggestions which my experience and knowledge of Rome has taught me.

We will begin with our "room-accommodation," understanding that our young artist is restricted in means, and has not much money to spend; but a certain refinement of living having been her element for so long, she cannot dispense with it altogether. She must find a lodging, *un appartamento*,* where the *padrona* † *de casa* will cook and do everything for her. And these rooms can be found all over Rome, but I should advise taking the apartment in what is called New Rome, such as the *Ludovisi* quarter, and *Venti Settembre*. New Rome is considered healthier, having the advantages of all modern sanitary improvements. It is best to take rooms on high ground, and though fatiguing, preference must be given to the fourth *piano* ‡ over the first, as besides being above malaria height, there is generally more light and air. So much for the choice of locality and apartment. And now about the food. This is a very necessary detail, and I wish to enter most fully into the subject. As a rule, the Italians live more on farinaceous food and on vegetables than the English, very little meat contenting them. At the same time they do not ignore the use of meat (as some suppose), but use it more as a condiment and foundation for their soups, and to be chopped up and frittered. Now, as I use the word "fritter," I must expatiate on their art of cooking in the frying department. No one can fry like an Italian, and their omelets even Lucullus must have patronised at his sumptuous suppers. They are very simple in their food, and yet they understand the art of culinary and the use of herbs much better than our English cooks. Most of the padrone-folk* living more or less alike, I think I can tell precisely of what our young artist's dinner will consist at twelve o'clock (for that is the hour when the Italian dines). She will be served first with a soup-plate of *consommé* containing lentils or mixed vegetables, then a dainty-looking dish of macaroni smothered in tomato-sauce and grated cheese. This dish is quite an *entremet*, and to be seen at the tables of both rich and poor.

Next will follow the meat-dish in the shape of either cutlets *à la Milanese* with frittered potatoes, or plain *bouilli* garnished with cabbage or beans. And after the meat, there being no puddings or sweet dishes, cheese with dessert and fruit in season. Wine of the country is plentifully served all through dinner—a most excellent tonic even if not appreciated as a drink.

Here is a general *menu* of an Italian dinner, and if the *padrona* be advised beforehand to cook and fry in butter, she will do so. Oil, I know, is very much disliked by English people, though really it is purer than the inferior butter so often used in English kitchens, and really Italian fritters, under a skilful hand, would puzzle many a delicate palate to detect the savour of oil.

Coffee and rolls can be ordered at any hour in the morning. Both the bread and milk is excellent in Rome, and the latter often ordered by the doctors as the chief diet for their patients.

The last meal—supper (*la cena*)—is composed principally of salads, cold meat, fish, wine, and fruit. With the Italian, this last meal in the day is a very movable feast, the time ranging from eight o'clock to ten o'clock, P.M.; but this late hour is certainly not advisable to those who suffer from indigestion.

I think this method of living will be found the cheapest and most comfortable for an artist (or professional of any kind) to live in this capital, and the *padrona* of the house is a kind of protection to her, and often takes a motherly interest in the young foreigner under her wing.

I should certainly consider this a preferable way of living to being more independent and taking merely a bedroom, another style of living among many professional people, and I shall treat of this later on, but first I must enter into the cost of the style of living I have been describing, and which would be called living *en pension*. Well, it can be found for 4 lire a day, including everything, viz., a simply furnished bedroom (with perhaps the use of a little sitting-room), three good meals, such as I have described, lights, boot-cleaning, and general attendance; a *scaldino*,* or fire, would be, in winter, a small extra.

A *padrona* is always open to an offer, particularly if her room is engaged for the whole season; and rather than lose "a let," would accept any reasonable offer, more especially now when everyone in Italy is suffering from money difficulties and stagnant commercial affairs.

Now, as to public *pensions*, these are too much frequented by the English in the centre of the city near Piazza de Spagna, where they take people in for 5 lire a day; but this would not be so private or home-like as my *padrona* arrangement; still, it would have other advantages in the shape of society, fires, and more refined cooking.

* * * *

And now I must speak of the "independent style of living" adopted by many, but not nearly so pleasant. A room, or studio, is taken in some quiet locality of Rome, and this room converted into a kind of gipsy-tent or veritable holdall; very wonderful have been some of the arrangements and contrivances I have seen! The bed is screened from sight with festooned draperies, and the rest of the room dressed up with hangings and *bric-a-brac* till the prosaic bed-room is metamorphosed into a cosy boudoir or artistic studio. It is here my little artist friend sits and works from morn till eve.

As regards her domestic arrangements she finds it more enocomical to engage a *donna di facienda*,† who, for a mere trifle will come in for two or three hours a day to attend upon her and do the necessary cleaning. Her dinner is sent daily from a "restaurant," and costs 2 lire 50 c. a day, and so generously is she supplied that this dinner serves her for supper as well.

Of course there is a kind of store cupboard in the room filled with many excellent things, such as marmalade, jams, biscuits, potted meat, and sundries of sorts which help to supplement the daily fare. She also possesses every appliance for hot water, and with her spirit lamp and tea-pot never wants for the cup of tea at 5 o'clock.

Some of these studios have nice kitchens attached to them with the beautiful Roman water *(Aqua Marcia)* ready at hand, and when this is the case, many people cook their own food and only have a servant once a week for a general "clean-up."

The bread, butter and milk can always be ordered up to the door. The tradespeople are most attentive to foreigners, and trust them (I think) too much for their own profit.

There is one particular I have omitted, and that is the "washing." This is an expensive item in Rome where no servant is kept, and, therefore, obliged to be sent out. The charge for the simplest ironing is exorbitant. In the case, therefore, of living alone in a studio or room a woman is generally engaged to iron in the afternoon; but of course this would depend on what accommodation the studio and bedroom offered; if impossible, some cheap arrangement would have to be made with a washerwoman, who, if engaged by the month, would undertake to do the ironing at a moderate cost.

* "*Una Camera moligliata*"—"An appartment or furnished room."
† Landlady. ‡ Floor.

* Landladies.

* Brazier or portable stove with hot cinders.
† Maid-of-all-work.

When there is a *padrona de casa*, she undertakes the washing and ironing with her own, charging a small extra to her daily account.

In all the large houses and palaces of Rome the entire washing of the resident families is done in the fountain below belonging to the establishment.

Rome is so overwhelmed with artists and professionals of all kinds during the season, that no young girl need ever live alone, and indeed it would greatly smooth over one difficulty if she found a companion, as it is not considered proper for any girl to walk out alone, and the rule is hardly ever broken even among the lower orders. And although great liberty is allowed to the foreigner still, let me strongly advise young women never to walk out unattended or they will subject themselves to rude staring and insolent remarks.

I am sorry to say that Rome is the last city in the world where a woman can go out unprotected; her presence is in no way respected, and she is molested with men whispering in her ear, and following her to the very door of her dwelling.

Should it happen that a girl finds she must live alone in a studio (or room), then, of course, she has to be very careful in her selection of friends.

To get over this inconvenience and not to exclude herself from all society, it is advisable that she should reserve one day in the week for the double purpose of seeing her friends and exhibiting her works of art. This brings her publicly to notice and enables her to sell her pictures and receive fresh orders. I have known many young artists flourish in this way.

Now the usual charge for a studio unfurnished (if taken for the year) is 30 lire a month, this is the very lowest price obtainable; but for a large studio, with bedroom attached, the rent varies from 60 to 80 lire a month; if taken for the entire year it would be half this price, viz., 30 lire and 40 lire a month, the proprietor as long as he makes a certain sum a year being utterly indifferent as to the length of the let. There is no difficulty in hiring the necessary furniture for both studio and bedroom, and the price would be something very moderate.

All house-rent is dear in Rome on account of the heavy taxes a houseowner has to pay, but, beyond this item, you can live very inexpensively and even almost luxuriously on small means in this Capital.

It is, though, very necessary to study the market-price of provisions to prevent yourself from being cheated; the Roman servants are not above making themselves richer at your expense! There is always the tariff published in the daily papers and this when once studied is a great defence.

Strangers not speaking or understanding the Italian language are at a great disadvantage, for though the higher orders speak French fluently, the lower classes only speak their own tongue. I advise, therefore, before coming to Italy, a careful study of the language. It is not difficult and could be sufficiently acquired for domestic purposes in one or two months.

Should the "professional" who wishes to come to Rome, be a painter, let me suggest that the room or studio be taken in "*Via Magutta*," as the famous English sculptor Gibson has endowed in that street an English academy for artists where they can copy and paint from morning to night (models supplied). The entrance fee is only fifteen lire a month.

There is little more to say on this subject. I have discussed three different methods of living generally adopted by professionals; but there may exist, unknown to me, many other ways. I can but speak of what my own experience and knowledge has taught me, and of course it is impossible to lay down a rule on such a matter, everything depending on the amount of money that can be spent. In my treatment I have taken for granted that my artist is poor, but rising. Notwithstanding, a rich person could adopt the same methods on a larger, superior scale.

Before ending my prosaic facts I must give a few motherly hints to the young. It is a great mistake to live in Italy as you have lived in England; the climate is different, and the air is quite a tonic, and as all overheating of the system conduces to fever, it is wisest to select a lighter diet and to eat very sparingly of meat. I have noticed that all who keep to the English diet, indulging in great quantities of meat generally suffer sooner or later, whilst those who live more like the Italian are seldom ill or suffering. If you wish to keep healthy and well eat sparingly therefore of meat, and be careful to keep yourself warmly clothed in the house. In fact, I say, "Don your cloak and furs when sitting in your house, and throw them off when you go out for your walk." The truth is that the houses are very cold in the winter, and the outer air warmer, as the sun is as powerful as in summer.

To those who may be thinking of coming to Rome to try their fortune by teaching, let me tell them that there is no opening here for teaching English to foreigners. The Italians seldom care to study our language, and the few scattered pupils that might be mustered would not repay the trouble and loss of time. The Italians pay very little, and think nothing of offering 1 lira, or 1 lira 50 c. for two hours' instruction.

I sincerely hope these few words may be useful and helpful to at least one of my fellow-creatures.

"For the great wants and needs of man
Have wide manifold unfoldings;
And countless as the stars in heaven,
The variegated mind of men.
But to content one human soul
No greater feat I ask and claim."

VARIETIES.

A Beautiful Thought.

St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine, was a woman of the most elevated, tender, and devoted piety, and her affectionate and beautiful character has passed into a touching type of womanly saintliness for all ages.

Speaking of her end, Thomas Fuller, the quaint church historian, says:—

"St. Monica, drawing near her death, sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body."

Waller has versified this in the well-known lines:—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time hath made."

Mr. Preserved Fish.—One of the oddest of Christian names is "Preserved," and perhaps the strangest instance of its occurrence in real life is the case of a Mr. Fish of New York, who bore that singular prænomen. About the middle of last century, a vessel was wrecked on the New Jersey coast, and when washed ashore, a little child was discovered, secured in one of the berths, the only living thing left. The finder named the boy Preserved Fish, and he bore the name through a long and honoured life to the grave, having made for himself a good position in society.

How they lived in the days of Queen Bess.

It is often said, but it is quite a mistake, that Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasted on beef-steaks and ale, and that wine was such a rarity as to be sold only by apothecaries as a cordial. The science of good living was as well understood in those days as it is now, though the fashion might be somewhat different.

The nobility had French cooks; and among the dishes mentioned by writers of that day we find not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, rabbit, capon, pig, but also red or fallow deer and a great variety of fish and wild-fowl, with pastry and cream, Italian confections and preserved fruits, and sweetmeats from Portugal; nay, we are even told of cherries served up at twenty shillings a pound.

The variety of wines can hardly be exceeded at present; for a writer of Elizabeth's time mentions fifty-six different kinds of French wine, and thirty-six Spanish and Italian wines imported into England.

Judge Not.—The more earnestly we are engaged in trying to make ourselves useful, the less time we have to study about the motives and doings of others. And however careful we are to appear as we are, and to make our actions and purposes harmonise, others may still mistake our motives and our characters. Therefore, by judging others, we wrong them and ourselves.

An Original Way of Passing the Time.

When Anthony Trollope, the well-known novelist, was in the post office department, a man kept writing the most outrageous and violent letters of complaint about postal arrangements from some remote part of Ireland.

Trollope was sent off to investigate, arriving at his destination very wet and hungry one dark winter night.

He was met at the door in the most hospitable manner by a delightful old gentleman, who immediately ordered brandy and water very hot.

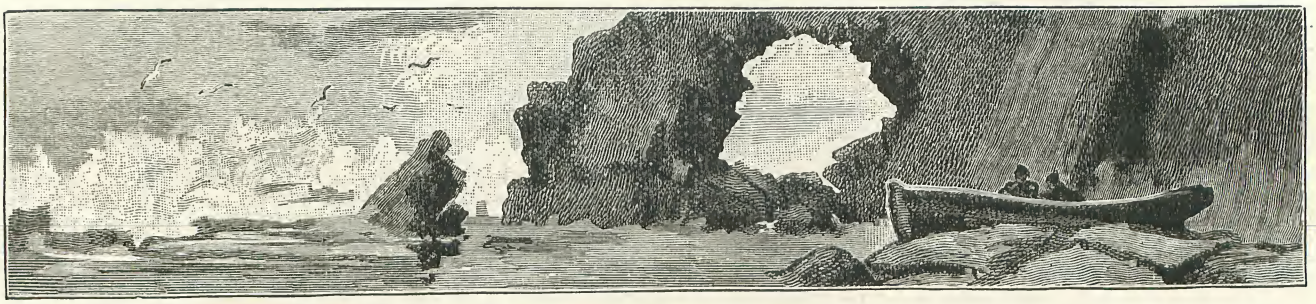
Then came dinner. Trollope must stay the night. A charming daughter joined in with the old gentleman.

After dinner, Trollope reluctantly proposed business. His host was grossly affronted, and would not hear of it.

The next day, Trollope again pressed the old gentleman about his complaint.

He became very confused. "Well, you see," he said, "the fact is I haven't any complaint; it's all humbug. It is very lonely up here, and so—and so, as I like writing letters, I took to writing to the Post Office—just to pass the time!"

Don't be Stupid.—The melancholy girl who thinks the whole world is going all wrong should reflect that, fifty years hence, those days which she despises will be called "the good old times."



FROM AN IRISH COTTAGE TO AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

By EDITH RALPH, Author of "Step by Step Through the Bible," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"THROTH! BUT I WANTED TO SEE YER SWEET FACE AGIN."

ONE afternoon a year later, when, the frost having broken, the quays of the Neva were again thronged with busy men of all nations, whose vessels lay moored alongside, Mary had occasion to go out by herself. Passing near the river, she noticed a number of people standing together, evidently jeering at some one in their midst, and presently, through the shouting and laughter, heard in a loud irritable voice, "Throth for three sthraws, this minit I'd thrash you within an inch o' your life for your impidence; lave me alone, will yees?"

Not comprehending a word of this tirade, the bystanders were perfectly unmoved by it, and continued their laughter; but Mary's heart sank within her; for she knew that voice. When, however, the tattered and gaunt figure to whom it belonged, broke through the crowd, she could scarcely believe that the object before her was he, whom in old times she had been proud to call "her John." His faded green coat was in tatters, his shoes were torn, his hat a shapeless bit of battered felt, and the face—ah! that told its own tale, and Mary shuddered as she looked. She longed to run away, but felt as though riveted to the spot, and, just then, their eyes met. Instantly his half-frightened demeanour changed to one of bravado.

"You!" he ejaculated, walking up to where she stood.

"John," said she, "is it you?"

"Sorra one else," replied he.

"But what brought you here?"

"Throth," said he, "and what should bring me but the boat, and the longin' to see your sweet face agin; so show me where you live for awld acquaintance sake; sure, I've never seen you so well dhrest beforre."

"I can't let you know where I live," said Mary determinedly, "the folks wouldn't like it."

"It's the same answer I expected," quoth he, "and so if ye'll gie me some goold, I'll not throuble ye further to-day."

"Gold indeed!" exclaimed Mary, "I have none with me, and if I had, I couldn't spare it for you; why don't you work for your own living?"

"Throth, that won't do, as cunning as you think yerself," said John, laying hold of her arm; "come, give it at wanst, I'll never let go my grip o' you ontil you hand me out the goold; come, no humbuggin', out wi' the money."

"I have none for you, don't hurt me so," said poor Mary, beside herself with fear; for how to get rid of him she did not know.

As a crowd was, however, again collecting round them, she began to move along slowly, he still holding her arm; till presently she led him into an eating-house and ordered food and something to drink.

"And let it be good," said he, "for I know the differ betune wine and wather."

Having thus established him, she hastened home to her mistress and told her story.

The lady was much distressed at the incident; but thinking it might yet be possible to save the man, she directed a lodging to be found for him, and in a short time Mr. Fortescue was able to procure him some employment. Had John Hughes now chosen to conduct himself properly, he might, before long, have been able to provide his wife and child with a home in their adopted country, where they could all have lived happily together.

But it was soon apparent that he had no intention of working; his one desire being to be kept supplied with the means for drink, to which end he constantly called on his wife. Determined therefore to put a stop to this annoyance, Mr. Fortescue paid his passage back to his friends in Ireland, and he died a few months later, in his native village, from the effects of his evil habit. One of his relations writing to tell Mary of the event, concluded his account with the consoling remark that they had given him "an illigant wake and a beautiful berrin."

Eight or nine years went happily by in Mrs. Fortescue's family, the effects of Mrs. Hughes' careful training being apparent in all her charges.

At last, however, the children grew beyond her care, and greatly to her regret, Mrs. Fortescue felt obliged to dispense with her further services. Almost immediately, however, Mary obtained a situation in a nobleman's family; for a reliable English nurse was not too easily met with. Here she stayed for a year, fully maintaining her character for thoroughness in the performance of her duties.

One morning the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon announced to the city of St. Petersburg that a son had been born in the Imperial family. This was the Grand Duke Michael, fourth son of the Emperor Nicholas I.

Mary had often looked with admiration at the great winter palace of the Czars, with its massive pillars reflected so clearly in the river below; its innumerable windows, barred, to protect the treasures contained in its splendid apartments, and its sentries ceaselessly pacing up and down. She wondered now whether all this grandeur gave happiness, and whether the great folks who enjoyed it valued the little stranger as much as she had valued Margaret. Then she fell to speculating as to whether she should ever see this Imperial baby, and what sort of a child he would be. "But how foolish I am!" thought the good nurse, "what have I to do with an Emperor's son?" and an altercation just then occurring among the little nursery-folk, her attention was at once directed to pacifying the offended, and reproving the offender, peace being fully restored by the hint of "a story."

"Oh, yes, nurse, tell us a story," said one.

"About your home in Ireland," added another, "and how your pig one day walked into the kitchen and frightened Margaret, and she screamed, and you ran in and drove him out, and he grunted—show us how he grunted, nurse."

"I will when it comes to the right place," said Mary, "and I'll begin the story the minute you have put your bricks away."

These remarks were followed by a grand scrimmage, for who does not know what noisy work it is to put bricks away, when they have to be gathered together and tossed from all parts of the room? With a little help from nurse, however, the brick-box was soon full, and then came the story, all the greater favourite for having been so often told. In thus recalling incidents connected with her little cradle in the old cottage, she forgot the cradle in the Imperial Palace, little dreaming how much she would have to do with it.

A few days later, Mary's mistress entered the nursery one evening saying she wished to consult with her on an important matter.

"I hope, madam," said she, curtseying in her usual respectful manner, "that I am giving you satisfaction."

"Certainly, nurse," replied the lady; "my children could not have been happier or better cared for than they have been, since you presided over the nursery; but I don't wish to stand in the way of your advancement."

"I never expected to serve in such a household as this," said Mary modestly, "and should indeed be ungrateful were I dissatisfied."

"I know you are not dissatisfied, nurse, replied her mistress, "your cheerful countenance, if nothing else, tells me that; but, my good woman, a better situation has been offered you; nay, do not speak yet, hear first where it is. You are aware that a son has been recently born to the Czar." At these words Mary flushed scarlet; but she remained silent. "His Imperial Majesty has consulted his chaplain, our friend Dr. Law, on the choice of a nurse. He requires one of very good character, and experienced in the management and control of children, and Dr. Law knows of no one so well answering to this description as yourself."

Mary was quite overcome by the great news, and knew not what answer to make. "But I don't know the ways of a court," she said, at length, "what can I do? I am but a simple woman."

"Such knowledge is not needed," replied her mistress, "I can testify that you know the ways of a nursery: how to care for, control and guide little children, and I venture to think that those born in a palace do not greatly differ from others. As to being simple that will be your great safeguard in so exalted a position. I do not fear for you, Mary, and," continued the lady rising, "should you give satisfaction, your services will be required for seven years."

(*To be concluded.*)

RECIPES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Mushroom Soup.—While mushrooms are plentiful we may be glad of one or two suggestions for using them profitably. Pare both large and small mushrooms with also one small onion; put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter. Let them stew gently until quite tender, then lift out all the smallest ones and continue to stew the larger ones a few minutes longer; rub these through a sieve, adding a little water to them by degrees. Pour the *purée* thus obtained back into the pan, add to it enough water to make about a pint and a half of soup. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little water, then stir it into the liquor; add a large teaspoonful of meat extract, the small mushrooms, a teaspoonful of salt, half one of pepper and a pinch of dried herbs. Boil altogether for a moment, then take off the fire and stir in threepennyworth of good cream.



Mushroom Omelette.—Make a plain omelette with either two, four or six eggs, according to the size required. Beat the eggs on a plate with the blade of a knife, add to them salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of milk. Pour this into an omelette-pan that has two ounces of butter already in it just at boiling point. Use the blade of a knife to slip round the edges and to lift up the middle; when the mixture appears to be setting leave it alone for a few moments, then set the pan in a hot oven or under the toasting grill for just a minute in order to raise the surface, after which slip it on to a hot dish, pour a few mushrooms previously stewed, thickened and seasoned, into the middle, fold the other half over, and serve at once.



Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms.—Pare and cook some mushrooms in the oven with a little butter and seasoning; they will make their own gravy. Prepare some fillets of beef in the same manner as above, and when done add the gravy which comes from the mushrooms to that which is in the stewpan; serve the mushrooms in the centre, the fillets and gravy around them.



Fillets of Beef with Cucumber.—Fillets taken from the undercut are best; they should be nearly an inch thick and two inches square; trim them neatly, as the trimmings can all be utilised afterwards for a stew or pie. Have some nice dripping at boiling-point, fry the fillets in this, first on one side then on the other, turning them every few seconds. Fry them for about five minutes, not longer, for they should be juicy, though brown outside. Lay them in a stewpan, then pour away all but a tablespoonful of the fat in which they were fried; to the rest add a spoonful of flour, one of Harvey's or Worcester sauce, a pinch of red pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of dried sage, and sufficient stock to make about half a pint of gravy. Stir this over the fire until it boils and is thick, then pour it over the fillets, cover the stewpan and set it in a corner of the oven to simmer gently while the cucumber is cooked. Pare the latter and split down into four, cut the strips across again into pieces about two inches long, then boil in salted water until they are tender; they will take about twenty minutes. When done, drain them through a colander and pile in the middle of a hot dish, laying the fillets around the base, the gravy with them. This makes a very good *entrée*.



Epigrammes of Veal with Peas.—A slice from the fillet of veal cut into pieces about two inches square, also two or three slices of streaky bacon cut very thin and three or four inches long. Dip each fillet into beaten egg, roll in raspings, and fry quickly in boiling fat, until crisp and nicely browned on both sides. Sprinkle them lightly with red pepper and celery salt, lay in a covered stewpan with a little clear tomato gravy, while the bacon is being cooked. Cut the slices across and either fry or grill them very quickly so that they roll up. Boil some fresh green peas until they are quite tender, drain them, shake them over the fire (in a saucepan) with a pat of butter, a spoonful of minced herbs and a little pepper and salt; then pour into the middle of a dish and place the fillets with their gravy round the edge, the curled bacon on the top of each fillet.



A Savoury Mince of Beef.—To make a "hash" that shall be not only palatable but welcome, we should first make the gravy or sauce, then having the cold meat cut small and freed from skin or gristle, stir it into the gravy, letting it simmer gently for sufficient time to make it hot through, but it must never boil, or the meat becomes at once tough and flavourless. For a beef hash a gravy made as follows is most suitable:—Either a pound of fresh tomatoes, or half a tin of preserved ones should be stewed, with one or two onions cut small, a little clear stock and a pat of butter. When they have cooked sufficiently, rub through a sieve, and thicken the gravy with a spoonful of flour previously wetted with cold water, add a spoonful of sharp sauce or ketchup, one of seasoning, half a teaspoonful of curry paste (if liked), or one or two pickled walnuts cut small, then boil up once more and stir in the minced beef. Serve with strips of dried toast around.



Haricot Mutton.—Take about two pounds of middle neck of mutton, two or three onions, a few young carrots (split in two if large), a turnip cut into six, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some mixed seasoning.

Divide the meat into small joints, fry each one lightly, then fry also the vegetables—this is to give a savour to the stew. Lay all in a stewpan, sprinkle the seasoning over, and add sufficient water to barely cover; stew gently for upwards of two hours. Lift out the meat and vegetables on to a dish and arrange them neatly; thicken the gravy by adding some flour that has been previously wetted, add also a few drops of brown colouring and a teaspoonful of ketchup, boil up again and pour over the rest.



A Savoury Mince of Veal.—Chop a small onion very finely, frizzle it in butter, but do not brown it. Stir in flour enough to absorb the butter, then dilute with a little clear broth or white stock, add salt and a little pepper. Boil up once to ensure its being smooth and somewhat thick; stir in the minced cold veal, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley or mixed herbs, a teaspoonful of minced ham (also cooked), and, just before dishing up, stir in a small teacupful of cream. Garnish with croutons of fried bread. A few "button" mushrooms skinned and stewed in a little water added to this mince are an improvement.



A Shepherd's Pie.—Cut up small any cold meat, removing nearly all the fat, as well as all gristle and skin. Place in a pie-dish which should be about half-full of meat. Pour over all the gravy that can be found, adding a little stock and a flavouring of ketchup to make more. Season well. Boil and mash three or four potatoes, moisten them with milk and season with salt. Lay these lightly over the meat to form a crust, mark the surface with a fork, placing little pats of salt butter on the top. Set the dish in a rather quick oven; cook for upwards of an hour, or until the crust is nicely browned.



Apricots will be ripe on country garden walls this month; let us spare a few from our dessert or rescue a few from the preserving-pan for the filling of an *Apricot Cake*. There are few things more delicious than this for afternoon tea.

For the cake, beat together three ounces of fresh butter and the same quantity of castor sugar; add the beaten yolks of four eggs. Then sift in lightly four tablespoonfuls of fine dry flour, into which one spoonful of Brown and Polson's Paisley flour has been rubbed. Butter a cake-tin about six inches in diameter and three or four deep. Pour into it the cake mixture and set the tin in a rather quick oven. It should rise until it nearly fills the tin. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. When the cake has cooled, cut it into three layers, spread between each layer some stoned apricots which have been gently stewed in a syrup of sugar until thoroughly tender; pour some of the syrup over the outside of the cake; when it has been absorbed lift the cake carefully on to a clean glass-dish and sprinkle the outside with the chopped and blanched kernels. A ring of leaves and flowers make a pretty decoration for this cake.

The same cake might be filled with whipped and sweetened cream, then be cut into triangular pieces and eaten with a *compôte* of apricots or peaches.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"NADEJDA" *would be very grateful if the Editor would give the whole poem and its author, commencing—*

"O leave me to my sorrow."

As this poem has been previously asked for, we grant the request. The words are by Thomas Haynes Bayley, and are set to music by Sir John Stevenson. We have to thank our "constant subscriber," Agnes Townshend, Ireland, for the copy of the verses.

"O leave me to my sorrow,
For my heart is oppressed to-day,
O leave me, and to-morrow,
Dark hours may pass away.
There's a time when all that grieves us
Is felt with a deeper gloom:
There's a time when hope deceives us,
And we dream of bright days to come.
In winter, from the mountain
The stream like a torrent flows,
In summer, the same fountain
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
And tears of despair gush on,
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone.
Then heed not my pensive hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now,
Can sunshine raise the flowers
That droop on a blighted bough?
The lake in the tempest wears not,
The brightness its slumber bore,
The heart of the morrow cares not,
For joys that were dear before."

STEWARDESS.—*What are the duties of a stewardess on board ship? Is it difficult to obtain such a post, and to whom should I apply?*—CONSTANT READER OF THE G. O. P.

The duties of a stewardess are to wait on the lady passengers and children, and to promote their comfort so far as lies in her power. This class of employment, like many another, is scarcely to be obtained in the open market. In making appointments the steamship companies usually think first of the claims of their own officers' widows and daughters. Or, if they permit outside candidates to enter the lists, it can be only on the score of some peculiarly strong qualifications. Among such special recommendations a knowledge of nursing should be included. Many women who take up this work begin by obtaining experience on a coasting vessel. Then, on entering the service of any of the principal companies, they are relegated first to the steerage department, and afterwards are promoted gradually to attendance upon the second and first-class cabins. It is hardly work for girls or quite young women; thirty is almost young enough for a woman to undertake such duties. Salaries usually average from £2 to £3 a month to begin with, and are raised a little as time goes on. Also it must be remembered in computing remuneration, that a stewardess does not generally scorn the gratuities of those whose sufferings at sea make them appreciative of kind attentions.

A. F. S. *writes from Calcutta, India, describing her Girls' Club.*

As we think the details given may be useful to other girls, we insert some of them in this column. The club was suggested by the first of a series of articles, "The Girl's Outlook," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for November 1894. Our correspondent while in England was a pupil of the late Miss Buss at the North London Collegiate School. On her return to India she gathered a few girl friends about her, and they now meet once a month under the title of "The Girl's Social Club," to discuss something of interest that has been lately read, or some special subject; occasionally they read essays written by themselves, or selections of poetry and prose. Afternoon tea is combined with talk. We commend A. F. S.'s example to other leisurely girls, as we know of great pleasure and benefit derived from similar gatherings, where there is a definite object kept in view throughout the conversation or reading. We are obliged by the copy of the verses.



WHITE GLADIOLUS: "THE BRIDE."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

If our correspondent who wishes for the words of "Saturday Night" will send us her address for insertion, "Annie," Manchester, offers to copy out the words and send them to her. We have also received information respecting that poem from M. Harvey, Mary Isabel Pollit, J. G., Gertrude K. Simpson, A. E. S., and others, whom we thank cordially.

Perhaps some one can tell "Nadejda" the author of a prose passage beginning "Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company."

Can any of our readers find out for "Lilaac" a poem in which words are contrasted with the "flying of kites?" One line runs thus—

"Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds."

Will any correspondent tell QUOTATION (Paris) the source of the following sentence—"'Tis life to love, but it is a double life to be beloved."



"FAR FROM THE DWELLINGS OF CARE-WORN MEN."



VOL. XVIII.—NO. 922.] AUGUST 28, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRUITS.

Drawn from Nature by MRS. BRIGHTWEN.



Privet, sloe, berberis, bramble, snowberry, yew, briony, wild-rose, solanum, laurustinus, deadly nightshade, hawthorn (two species), arbutus, fuchsia, elder, cotoneaster, clematis, guelder-rose.

All rights reserved.]

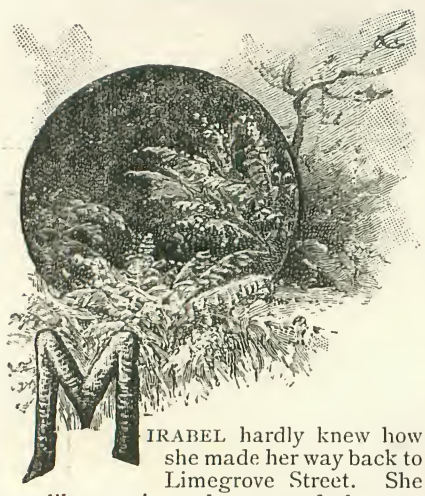
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XX.

TRANSFORMATIONS.



MIRABEL hardly knew how she made her way back to Limegrove Street. She was like one in a dream, and the persons she encountered in the omnibus and the busy streets along which she passed seemed to her no more than fleeting visions, while she lived over again all that had happened since she entered Mr. Armitage's house. To think that she was the daughter of a gentleman, and had a grandfather living somewhere, who was a thorough gentleman, although of course a proud, hard man! Perhaps Mr. Collier knew him. The artist was evidently a friend of the Mr. Armitage in whose house she had been, since he appeared so at home there. As she thought thus, it occurred to Mirabel for the first time, that since the old gentleman had known her father so well and bore the same name he might be a relative. Yet even now she was far from guessing the truth. To conceive of herself as closely related to the stately, autocratic, old gentleman in whose company she had been was a flight beyond her imagination.

As she ascended the stairs to her attic, Mirabel suddenly dropped from dreamland and found herself confronted by the actual. She entered the room and looked round it with eyes that had been recently regaled with soft harmonies of colour and beautiful objects of all kinds. She had done her best to make the place a home; but how tawdry now looked her attempts at decoration and how mean and poor all her belongings! Was she the same girl who little more than an hour ago had been treading on soft carpets and sitting on richly-cushioned seats and breathing an atmosphere pervaded by the most refined comfort and luxury?

"Oh, Mira, have you come back?" cried little Willie joyfully. "Did you see the old gentleman? Did he send me a silver penny?"

"No, Willie, but he means to be very kind to you," said Mirabel, "He is coming to see us all on Monday."

"Oh, then, perhaps he'll bring me one. But, Mirabel, haven't you brought me nothing? I'm dreadful hungry."

It was past the hour at which Willie usually had his dinner. Mirabel reproached herself for having forgotten her little brother's needs. There was nothing at hand save bread and butter and cocoa, and the fire had dropped out. Willie was despatched to a neighbouring shop, and Mirabel set herself to rekindle the fire. Things seemed very real once more.

When the fire was burning up Harry came in. He was vexed that his dinner was not ready, and when Mirabel began to tell him of her morning's visit, he listened with ill-humour. He was not mollified even when she said it was Mr. Armitage's intention to provide for him.

"Oh, I daresay," he exclaimed. "It's likely that I'm going to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. I don't believe he'll come on Monday. I know what rich people are. They're good at promising; but they don't keep their promises. He'll have forgotten all about you by Monday."

"Now don't you talk that way," said Mirabel warmly, "I call it real ungrateful. This gentleman means most kindly by us. He knew my father, and it is for his sake he wants to be kind to us."

"He won't take you away from us will he, Mira?" asked little Willie anxiously. And Harry looked up, startled by the suggestion.

"Not for good," said Mirabel, thinking of the home to which Willie was to be sent. "He will never make me forget that you are my brothers."

"I shan't give notice," said Harry, "I should be a fool to throw away six shillings a week on the chance of getting nothing, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"You can do as you please," said Mirabel; "but I know you'll be sorry if you're not here when Mr. Armitage comes."

Harry reflected on her words as he ate his dinner. His temper had improved by the time he had finished, and he could take a more hopeful view of things.

"I tell you what, Mirabel," he said, "I won't give notice; but I'll ask for a week's holiday and get them to take on Teddy Stumbles while I'm away. He is wanting a place, and I'll tell him he can keep it if I get a better one."

And when Harry came home at night he told his sister that he had effected this arrangement.

On the following evening Mirabel went with her brothers to church. It was not often that Harry would consent to accompany her; but he had been impressed by the fact that Mirabel had relatives who were not akin to himself and, like Willie, was fearful of losing her, so that she found him unusually docile. Mirabel waited after the service to speak to the vicar's wife, to whom she was now well-known. The lady listened with interest as Mirabel told her about the old gentleman, who had promised to "provide" for them, and she rejoiced heartily for the girl's sake. But it was evident that misgivings mingled with Mirabel's satisfaction.

"There is one thing that troubles me, ma'am," she said.

"And what is that, Mirabel?" the lady asked.

"I am afraid," said the girl, "that Mr. Armitage may want us to leave Limegrove Street."

"That is very likely, I should say," replied the lady; "but surely you will not make a trouble of that? It is not such a desirable place to live in."

"No, it's not," said Mirabel, "but I am thinking of Lizzie. If she should come back and find us all gone!"

"Ah! to be sure!" said the lady, "but—" She thought for a moment and then added—"If Lizzie comes back, I will look after her. Is there no one in your house whom you could trust to send her to me if she returned?"

"There's the little seamstress who lives with her blind mother in the next room," said Mirabel. "She'd do it. She sits at her machine all day and never goes out except to carry home her work. It's a hard life she leads. She often works from early morning till late at night, and the most she ever earns is nine shillings a week. But she is a good neighbour and she knows Lizzie."

"Ah, then she will look after Lizzie. Poor woman! I must try to visit her some day." And the vicar's wife reflected that whatever changes might come into Mirabel's life she could never lose her knowledge of the lives of the poor; but would understand their needs as few of the better off do.

The three occupants of the attic in Limegrove Street awaited the event of Monday with considerable excitement. They rose even earlier than usual and had breakfast over and the room in perfect order by ten o'clock. Then ensued a trying interval. The minutes seemed long as they waited, unable to settle to any occupation. Harry hung about the house door, and close upon eleven he came up to announce that a carriage was coming down the street.

It was a neat, one-horsed brougham, and it stopped before the house in which the Deans lived. An elderly woman, nicely dressed in black, of good quality, got out, and assisted an old gentleman, much muffled up, for the morning was foggy, to alight. Then they entered the house and slowly climbed the stairs to the attic, while the brougham waited at the door and became the centre of a crowd of curious youngsters and slatternly women.

Mr. Armitage was breathless by the time he reached the attic, and the impressiveness of his entrance was marred by a struggle for breath. Mirabel, alarmed by his appearance, hastily gave him a chair and stood watching him with an anxiety which made her unaware of the intentness with which Mr. Armitage's companion was observing her, and the wonder and interest her looks expressed. The old gentleman quickly recovered himself, and rising, he took Mirabel's hands in his and said solemnly: "Mirabel, your grandfather has come to ask you to forgive him for his hardness towards your father, and to let him atone for it to you in every way in his power."

"My grandfather," said Mirabel bewildered, "where is he?"

"Here. I am your grandfather, my child, your father was my elder son and should have been my heir. Can you forgive me, Mirabel?"

"Oh, is it you—you?" cried Mirabel, feeling like one in a dream, "are you my grandfather? It does not seem as if that could be true."

"But it is. Since I saw you I have been able to trace the register of your birth. You were born in the parish of Kensington—Mirabel Armitage, daughter of Francis and Mary Armitage. There is no mistake about it. Now, once more, can you forgive me?"

"Oh, sir, I have nothing to forgive," said Mirabel, "you were never unkind to me, and I know you are sorry now that you were unkind to my father."

"Then, my child, I take you to my heart and to my home, and may God help me to make up to you for all your early life has missed."

With that her grandfather drew Mirabel to him and kissed her on the forehead.

Harry and Willie had been looking on with troubled faces, realising that they were "out of it." But their sister turned towards them saying—"Here are my brothers. They belong to me."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Armitage hastily. "They too shall be cared for. I propose to take you all to-day down to my country house. There we can be quiet and deliberate on things at our leisure. You must come away with me at once. Just put together the things you want to keep; but leave the furniture and your old clothes and most of it for the good of the house. Mrs. Cowan will get you all you want."

These instructions seemed amazing to the three possessors of the home. But gradually Mirabel rallied her wits.

"May I give the things away, sir?" she asked, thinking of the little seamstress in the next room.

"Certainly, if you wish. They are yours not mine; but you will not need them more."

Not the least happiness which befell Mirabel that day was that she found in making over most of her possessions to her poor, hard-working neighbour. She had nothing of intrinsic value to carry away with her, only a few trifles which had belonged to her mother, or little Jenny, and were precious for their sakes. These were soon put together, and then Mirabel ran to say good-bye to the little seamstress and give her instructions respecting Lizzie. There were tears in her eyes as she came back. Her grandfather saw them with amazement.

"What are you crying for, child," he asked. "Surely you are not sorry to leave this place?"

"Not exactly, sir," said Mirabel, "yet we've had our happy hours here, haven't we, Willie? And I've made kind friends, and—if I'm better off—others will have to go on living here and working hard."

And then there was Lizzie, poor Lizzie, of whose life she now knew nothing. The thought of her sister alone was enough to bring the tears to Mirabel's eyes; but of her she did not speak.

Then Mirabel closed the door of her old room, with a full sense of the significance of the action and followed the others downstairs. Her grandfather made her enter the carriage first and take the back seat. He seated himself beside her, Mrs. Cowan and the boys occupied the front seat and they drove off. To this day there are dwellers in Limegrove Street, Bethnal Green, who love to tell the story of how Mirabel Dean, the laundry girl, suddenly became a lady and drove off in her carriage.

As they drove along, Mr. Armitage opened his pocket-book and took out a roll of bank-notes, which he handed to Mrs. Cowan.

"Don't be afraid to spend them," he said to her, "I do not wish any of them returned to me."

By this time they were in the City, and presently the carriage drew up before a large and handsome shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Now, Mirabel," said her grandfather, "I am going to leave you in Mrs. Cowan's hands. You must let her do what she will with you. She knew your father, and you may trust her thoroughly. She will take good care of you and bring you to meet me at Victoria this evening. So good-bye for the present."

He pressed Mirabel's hand and signed to her to alight. She and the boys followed Mrs. Cowan into the great shop, feeling more bewildered than ever, and Mr. Armitage drove away in his brougham.

Mrs. Cowan's task was not easy; but she attacked it bravely. She took one of the assistants into her confidence, and they were conducted to a private fitting-room, where Mirabel was soon engaged in trying on garments of various kinds. She could not believe that Mrs. Cowan meant to buy all these things for her.

"They're too good for me, indeed, ma'am," she protested.

"My dear, they're not good enough," said Mrs. Cowan, "they are only to serve as a makeshift, till you can have proper clothes made for you. And you must not call me 'ma'am.' Your grandfather would not like to hear it. I used to be in his service. I was nurse to your father and his younger brother. Then I married Mr. Armitage's coachman, the same who drove us this morning. Did you notice him? Mr. Armitage has known us both for over thirty years. That is why he brought us this morning, because he knew that we shouldn't gossip about anything."

These explanations only added to Mirabel's sense of amazement. When she quitted the shop her shabby gown was covered by a good tweed travelling cloak, and she wore a neat felt hat which was very becoming to her. She was so transformed indeed by the change that, coming face to face with her reflection in a huge mirror, she did not know herself, but moved aside to let the supposed stranger pass.

A cab was summoned to carry them and their purchases, and the next halt was at a tailor's, where Harry and Willie underwent a similar transformation. Other shops were visited, and finally they drove to Mrs. Cowan's house in a quiet street in Kensington where she let apartments.

Here there was a complete making of toilettes, while Mrs. Cowan hastened to prepare a good and appetising meal for the travellers. She could hardly take her eyes off Mirabel when the girl reappeared wearing a smart serge gown and dainty shoes.

"She looks a lady, every inch of her," was Mrs. Cowan's inward comment. "No one would take her for the same girl I saw this morning, though even then I thought her face the sweetest I had ever seen."

Mirabel was not a little elated at her changed appearance, but she took even more pleasure in contemplating the change in that of Willie, who looked so comfortable in his new suit. The gentle, sad-faced little cripple could hardly believe in his own good fortune and kept smoothing the serge and feeling the buttons, as if he suspected they were made of fairy gossamer and might suddenly melt away. As for Harry, he was embarrassed by his new clothes, and rendered more clumsy and awkward than usual.

There was a great deal to be done and not much time to do it in, ere they started for the station. A trunk had to be packed for Mirabel, and one for the two boys. But everything was done at last and they were on their way to the station. Mirabel was growing nervous at the thought of what lay before her.

"I wish you were going with us to Hartleigh," she said to her new friend; "I shall feel so strange when I get there."

"Oh, you need not be afraid, my dear—Miss Armitage, I mean," said the good woman. "The place will be very quiet now. There are hardly any of the servants there. I don't know whether you will see Mrs. Armitage."

"What is she like?" asked Mirabel anxiously.

"Oh, a grand lady," was the reply, and Mirabel's heart sank within her.

A little later she was seated with Mr. Armitage in a first-class carriage, travelling in such luxury as she had never imagined before. Her grandfather looked after her most kindly,

but paid little heed to the boys, who sat perfectly still and contemplated him and their surroundings in awe-struck silence. A large, old-fashioned landau awaited them at the station where they alighted, and in this they were conveyed along country roads to Hartleigh Court.

By the time they arrived there Mirabel was far too dazed and tired to receive any clear impression of the home to which she had come. With the boys clinging to her she entered the house and was led into a warm, lighted room. There, standing on the hearth-rug, tall, stately, and elegantly attired, was the lady whom she knew to be Bruce Collier's godmother.

Mirabel quailed as their eyes met, and the lady started and looked greatly surprised. But, quickly recovering herself, she was far too tactful to allude to their having met before. She welcomed the girl in a kindly, but rather patronising fashion, made her sit by the fire and herself removed her wraps. Then she slipped away to express her astonishment to her husband.

"Oh, Francis," she cried, following him into his room. "This is beyond everything! To think that the lovely model, who turned poor Bruce's head should prove to be your grand-daughter. Novels are nothing to this. She really is a beauty. Those odd little boys are dreadful; but she is quite presentable now she is well dressed. Wait till I have taken her in hand and given her a few lessons and then see! Why, I should not wonder if she became the rage."

"Now, Clémentine," said her husband, "be careful what you do with her. I don't want my grand-daughter made into a frivolous, hard-hearted woman."

"Like me, you mean," said his wife gaily, not in the least offended.

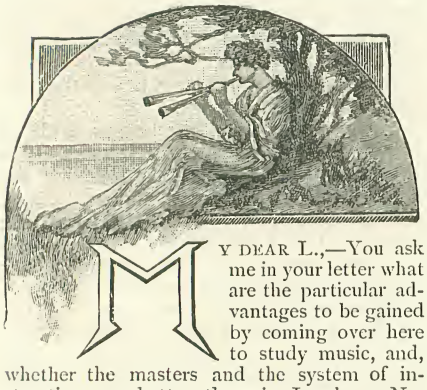
"As you please," said Mr. Armitage carelessly; "but it does not matter. I do not believe you can spoil Mirabel. She is a girl with a heart, and not at all the stuff of which fashionable, fine ladies are made."

(*To be continued.*)

STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

By A STUDENT.

Fifth Letter. Livorno.



MY DEAR L.,—You ask me in your letter what are the particular advantages to be gained by coming over here to study music, and, whether the masters and the system of instruction are better than in London. No, indeed. London boasts of masters whose names are world renowned; and what code of instruction could be better than that carried on at our great institutes and musical academies?

It is not, then, either master or method that fascinates the young student, and calls him to this foreign land. It is the life, the atmosphere around him. The beautiful city of Florence is a veritable centre of learning. You breathe it in the air, you live amongst it, you become a part of it. Your life, your thoughts, your pleasures are all co-mingled and mixed up with it. You are not alone in your artistic aspirations and ambitions; you are fighting amongst a crowd to obtain a mastership, you are spurred onward by those around you; your aims become higher, your ideas more broad: the example of greater minds than yours stirs all the latent blood within your veins. You find, to your astonishment, that yours is a genius tainted with the stain of mediocrity; you are no longer puffed up with your self-content, you desire to do better, and excel.

The teaching in Florence is of the Rossini School; nearly all its masters having been students, or having followed up the traditions of that great man.

The system in miniature is one of ease *versus* force, to give quality rather than quantity. But, though it is a system of ease, that very same ease is difficult of attainment. When one has been accustomed to talk all one's life in one's throat, and to sing in guttural tones, those brilliant, flute-like notes which echo and vibrate round the room are shy in making their appearance.

A great singer should scarcely know, or feel, that she is singing; she should, as they say over here, "feel no parts." The throat, larynx, and uvula all have their work to do, certainly, but the less you think of them the better. Muddling your brain over anatomical details creates a distressing consciousness which is most destructive to fine, free singing. What you must think of in practising are the lips, the teeth, and the front of the palate. Throw your tones forward so that the notes, like little gems of sound, seem to lie between the lips and teeth. This is something new, is it not? But you must know that the lips and nose have an immense deal to do in giving resonance. When you begin to get in the habit of these front, forward tones, you will feel your lips vibrate, and there will also be a slight sensation in the nose, and the front part of the cheeks; the throat will no longer worry you, for you will have no trouble there whatever. That this system of training tone production is the right one there can be no doubt whatever; by it, all force, all hardness, and all uneven bumping is of necessity dispensed with and a fluid, easy, brilliant voice is, in time, the certain result.

At first this system is very disheartening, for the voice seems to lose all its former power and heaviness, in fact it becomes so poor and weak that all your courage well-nigh forsakes you. Have patience! Little by little you will get back your former strength, and this strength allied to the rightly directed tone, will make a thing of beauty and sweetness, from what was before a torment to listen to.

Singing single notes, and long sustained tones seems to be a practice little resorted to here; scales, arpeggios, and octaves are more in vogue, and when once you can sing a scale evenly you may then begin to breathe and hope. Those veiled notes, those weak tones, those downright breaks in the changing of the registers are all combated with by the forward direction of tone, and an even, clear voice is the result.

Do not be alarmed at the extremely low prices of the singing lessons over here. You must remember that money goes farther in Florence than in almost any other country of Europe, and, remember also that nearly all the great masters in America and England who are charging 15s. and a guinea for a lesson, were themselves, nearly every man of them, students under the very same masters with which you are studying in Florence.

It was rather an interesting discovery for me to make the other day, that the expenses of my housekeeping, food, lodging, clothes and lessons all combined in Florence came to rather less than my singing lessons alone in England. But then, you must remember that I gave 10s. for every lesson I took in England, whereas, here I only pay a little over two francs.

Yesterday I saw the King and Queen. There was a grand display of flags, floral decorations, and fireworks to welcome their arrival.

There can be no doubt as to the popularity of these two gracious sovereigns; the multitude crowded round their carriage with utmost enthusiasm, and King Humbert would lean forward every now and then to clasp their hands.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And never was the saying more applicable than to King Humbert. I have seldom seen such a pathetic face, nor one in which intense worry and fatigue were more plainly visible.

But how charming is Queen Margherita? What a sweet smile she has for everyone, and what a mobile face! Sufficient to make whole nations mad with love and enthusiasm! Well does she deserve to live in the hearts of her people, for she sacrifices herself entirely for their benefit—organising charities, visiting hospitals, and tending the poor with her own hands. Her life is one of beautiful heroism and devotion, and as she drives along so full of gracious sweetness the hearts of the hardest warm with love and patriotism!

Scarcely had the King and Queen passed by, than my attention was attracted to another procession. A strange and beautiful sight. A procession of death.

On the shoulders of six men—brothers of the Misericordie, a coffin was borne. Before the coffin a band was playing a solemn dead march—behind were cars of flowers.

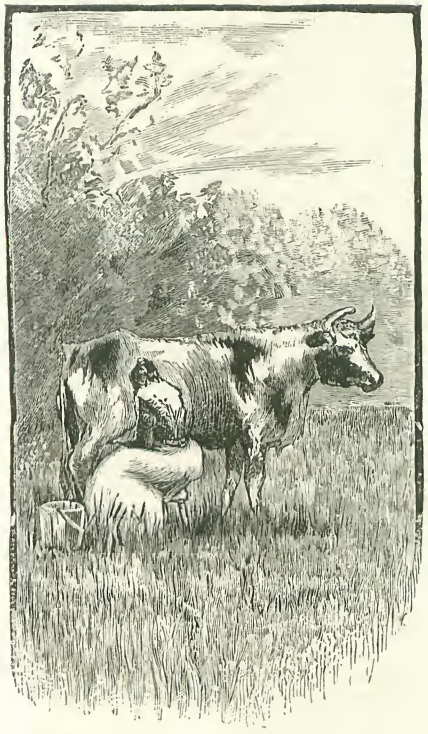
How can I paint to you in words the strange beauty, the mystery divine which seems to shroud this final chapter of the mute story of human suffering in Italy. If the music in the churches is disgraceful, the music at these funerals is awe-inspiring.

Only to see that mournful procession wending its way silently among the narrow streets—only to hear the soft strains of that music—only to witness the grave solemnity of this last sad pilgrimage to the tomb, is to raise one's spirit upwards from this busy world of strife to the rest that is eternal.

Yours, ELLEN AUBERT.

THE JUBILEE SEAT.

By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD.



Kent is a pleasant, sweet-smelling county to dwell in; it is also cheap and convenient for a battered old sea captain, who has done with tar and pitch and ocean waves, and has a wife and family to think of. Captain Butterworth—good old Tom, of the *Mary Jane*, who had faithfully served her owners for many a year, and was now pensioned off and rheumatic—had fancied the ruddy woods and chalky hollows of his birthplace would suit him in more respects than one when looking about for some quiet haven in which to cast his final anchor; and he had found as snug a birth, according to himself, as ever an old decrepit salt could swing his hammock in.

In other words he had succeeded in turning a pretty and comfortable farmhouse into as close a resemblance to a taut merchant-man as masts, figureheads, and every sort of marine relic erected at intervals, could. Purfoy Farm was the amusement of the neighbours, and its decoration and embellishment the very breath of old Butterworth's nostrils.

The Captain himself was the only man about the place. He had a wife and several daughters, while a couple of country lasses did the rough work of the establishment; but as the worthy fellow had been shrewd enough to shut his eyes to the blandishments of agricultural agents, and positively limit his energies and his expenditure to the small garden and paddock which went with the farmhouse—permitting others to annex its hop-fields and pasture-lands—he had no need of male hands other than his own; and mowed his own grass, cut his own vegetables, and shook down the fruit from his own orchards year in year out, with a cheery zest and independence, that it did one's heart good to see.

Inside, it is true, Mrs. Butterworth held her sway, and it was the by no means inconsiderable one of an invalid—an invalid to whom was brought every item of household intelligence, before whom every plan was laid, and without whose sanction nothing could be undertaken.

From her couch in the low parlour window, round which in summer the roses swung and clustered, the pale sweet face was ready with its smile, and the thin white hand with its wave of recognition to every passing figure, and there were two at least of the home circle who never failed to look round and shout a greeting or remark, whenever they came within range of those patient watchful eyes.

"Ho, old girl, got you a nice bunch of turnips this morning!" The Captain would pause in his trudge of the little path, put down his basket, and hold up in review its contents. ("She likes to see everything," he would say to himself). Anon it would be, "Now, Bess, I'm off to take a turn with the mowing-machine. I shan't be round here for a bit yet; but you'll hear me and it going along. You'll know where we are. We start at the far end of the grass, and work this way, in and out. When you hear us stop, we shall be at the walnut tree. We turn there and go back. (She likes to hear all about it," he would nod himself off, his sunburnt face glazing gaily in the sun.)

Molly, too, remembered that her mother liked to hear about things. Molly would bring peas and gooseberries to shell or husk beneath the window, and always took care to have something on hand, which brought her there, at what time her father's manifold duties lay in other directions. They arranged this together. Ernestine, the next daughter, was not to be depended upon. Ernestine would promise and forget.

Moreover, Ernestine could not see why her mother could not sometimes be left alone for an hour or two, since mother herself declared she was happy and content with her books and work. Could she not take a nap, if her eyes were tired?

And Ernestine did think it was rather absurd the way in which her father and Molly flew to the window with every silly piece of news, however trifling; as if it could possibly interest any one to hear that a Sunday school treat was passing along the lane, or that the miller's cart had broken down going over the bridge where the two streams met! Ernestine, or Nesta, as she was called in the home circle was, to tell the truth at once, the only discordant member of it. The younger sisters, the school-girls, Amy and Prilly, were as full of spirits, as good-humoured, amiable, and affectionate as the jolly Captain and his first-born; but Nesta was "difficult."

"We put it down to her having been brought up by an aunt—owing to my being away in the West Indies, and mother ill." This from the worthy Captain in confidence. "We think the good lady—to be sure she meant well, and Nesta is her god-daughter—but the fact remains that Mrs. Maskelyne put ideas into our girl's head. Seems as if she couldn't settle down to our small ways and be comfortable, after the grand house in St. George's Square. She always harps upon London. But Mrs. M. has girls of her own to take about now, and Nesta don't get asked as she used to. Her cousins ain't exactly handsome, d'ye see? Well, it's not for me to say, but they tell me—folks who ought to know do—that Nesta is too pretty a creature to be made free of any house full of daughters. And she is not just what you may call easy to get on with. There's Molly now—that lassie never wants anything for herself. It's always, 'Oh, that will just do for mother,' or, 'That's the very thing Nesta was longing for,' and Miss Nesta takes it as if it were her right! Still, I am not denying she's a pretty creature—at least, so folks tell me"—hastily correcting himself—"and if she had never been at that horrid house—if Julia Maskelyne had never taken her up, and put it into her head to look down on plain ways, and fret after finery and tomfoolery, she would never have thought of it for herself. But there! She's our daughter, mother's and mine, and she must have some stuff in her, bless her!" the old voice would round off in a contented chirrup, and the momentary cloud which the thought of Nesta's aunt and the house in St. George's Square (to his simple mind the apex of fashion) never failed to evoke, would pass from the speaker's brow.

"It is a pity she always reads the London papers," said Mrs. Butterworth.

But Ernestine refused to see that any harm could come from London papers. Her father read, and why not she?

Moreover, she took in the *Queen*; and it is safe to say that not an entertainment was given, not an engagement announced, nor a piece of society gossip chronicled, that Ernestine Butterworth—albeit the names of those concerned were to her but names and nothing more—did not pore over the lines, and find in them food for envy and desire.

And now we must proceed with our little story.

The month was June, and the year this present one of glorious commemoration. Nothing was being thought of or talked of but the Diamond Jubilee, and ways and means of viewing the Royal Progress.

"That settles it," said Captain Butterworth, laying down paper and spectacles at one and the same time. "I had thought—well, I didn't see the last Jubilee, being at sea; and none of you girls saw it either—so I did think that maybe if a guinea would have done the lot——"

"A guinea!" It was Ernestine's scornful voice which struck in. "A guinea! Why, dear me, father, one would suppose you never read anything, and never even heard people talk. The seats are to be——"

"Aye, aye, lass, hold hard; the old man is neither so blind nor so deaf as you think. I know well enough—it is plain enough here," tapping with his glasses the outspread sheet upon his knee, "what folks will have to pay who want to see their Queen on Jubilee Day, and what I say is, that settles the question. The sight is not for us; not for poor people, who haven't strength to stand in the streets."

"To stand in the streets! I should think not indeed."

"You are as like to stand, as you are to sit, my girl," said the old Captain, quietly; and took out his pipe. An obstinate look had stolen over his features; the lips protruded, the shaggy eyebrows knitted themselves together.

"It's all up now," muttered Ernestine beneath her breath. She knew the signs.

But although the case was desperate, she could not bring herself to hold her tongue.

"You need not at least tantalise us by saying what might have been," she cried, passionately. "It is bad enough, as it is. And here is Cousin Mat coming home from Australia—coming, he says, on purpose to see the Procession, and the part their fellows take in it. He will think it odd that not one of us, his own relations and the only ones he has, can even go up from here—an hour's

journey—while he crosses the ocean, travels thousands and thousands of miles."

"With thousands and thousands of pounds to do it on. Mat's a rich man, I am a poor one. He can afford whatever he chooses; and I think all the better of him for being keen enough about the honour of his colony and all that; I think he is doing the right thing to make a dash for the old country, and send up his cheer for the Queen among the rest of us."

"The rest of us? I wish it were."

"Even though he has to start off in a fortnight's time," pursued the old seaman, unheeding. "He calls it a 'short stay,' I don't see that. We were rarely longer at any port; and no doubt Mat will put enough into that blessed fortnight to last him for a lifelong memory. 'Twill be something to look back upon all his days."

"But we are to see nothing of it," said Ernestine, bitterly. "And he wrote that he hoped to 'join our party,' and would 'help to escort his fair cousins.' How mean and shabby he will think us! How amazed and disgusted he will be!"

"Can't help that, my girl;" the Captain, whose pipe was now alight, smoked in affected unconcern which hid, as it was meant to do, a not inconsiderable share of his own perturbation. He did not mean to give in; and the best armour in which he could encase this resolution was that of outward indifference. Let Nesta once perceive that he was vulnerable on the point of supposed meanness, that he dreaded confessing to his prosperous nephew the scantiness of resources which compelled him to forego witnessing the Royal Procession, and she would certainly take advantage of his weakness. Happily she had some pride; she could be depended upon not to let fall the slightest hint which could be construed into an appeal, when Mat, the Australian, turned up; but she would give her people no peace. He must hold her at bay.

Accordingly he smoked either in silence, or with an occasional sarcasm which had all the effect he could have hoped. The beauty was in tears at last, tears of mortification and anger.

"If he even minded it would not seem so cruel," sobbed she to Molly, recounting the interview, "but father is so hard-hearted. One would think he had never been young and—and pretty."

Molly laughed at her; turned the joke against her; finally gave her one gentle, positive assurance that the thing could not be done, and a sudden sigh escaped as she spoke.

"I know you care," quoth Nesta, slightly mollified, "you have been thinking and thinking of it as well as I. What I thought was, if we two could have gone, and Mat with us."

"It would have been nice, awfully nice. He would have known so much about it. And he would have told us who the big people were; and we would have cheered his Colonials."

"And we would have worn our white hats and frocks," Ernestine shook her brown curls sorrowfully. "We have been keeping them for this all along. And Molly, what vexes me more than anything is that all those Maskelyne girls, every single one of them is going; they have had their seats for ever so long in the Borough; not the best, of course; but as good as any of their set have got, and I did think father could have afforded us the same. Two guineas each is not so very much; and if Mat——"

"I doubt if Mat would be content with those seats," quoth Molly shrewdly.

"Oh," said her sister. Ernestine, for all her experience in St. George's Square, was not as wise in the world's ways as the keener-witted, more observant girl by her side.

"I think you are wrong," she said, however, after a minute's pause. "Anyone would be willing to do what the Maskelynes do: they know what's what; and if we had a chance of seats in the Borough."

"Of course we would jump at them. My dear, who am I, or who are you, to turn up our noses at seats in the gutter, let alone the Borough, if they came in our way? But the thing is, Nett, that we haven't got the money. We have not got it;" very emphatically. "It isn't only the seats, there would be the train tickets both ways; and we should have to sleep in town, and the getting to our places—what are the Maskelynes doing about that?" she inquired suddenly.

"They are breakfasting at five, and are to be in their room by six o'clock," owned Nesta, reluctantly. "They have made out the whole thing, and kept talking about it before me all the time I was there on Thursday. When I said we had nothing arranged, they looked at each other, and Ethel and Annie exclaimed both at once: 'You poor things!' I said something about our running up for the day, and you should have seen Aunt Julia's face. Oh, of course we should have to sleep in London."

"There you see!"

"All the same it is too bad. We are not as poor as hundreds of people who are going; those dreadful little Spratts have seats in St. James's Palace, think of it! St. James's Palace! No one knows how they got them; but I suppose through some of the servants. And Margaret Robsen is to be at the War Office; and it seems as if everybody could get in somewhere except ourselves," tears again rising, "it will seem to Mat as if only his relations of all the people in England, could not crawl into a corner to see the great Jubilee Procession."

Molly turned away without speaking. She felt as if for once her sister, the sister who often talked so foolishly and irrelevantly, were in the right.

"Is there no way in which it could be managed?" was now Nesta's cry, recurred to at shorter and shorter intervals. The poor girl really suffered; and there was nothing to distract her thoughts, for everyone who came to Purfoy Farm was full of the one theme, and she had to hear its changes rung from every point of view.

"The thing is growing into a perfect nuisance!" muttered Captain Butterworth at last.

Only Molly felt for and with Ernestine. "It is hard to be so pretty and bright, and feel that she could enjoy everything so much, and that perhaps Mat would admire her and fall in love with her; oh, what nonsense I am talking," cried the little homely sister blushing at herself, "but I do think Nett has more to be said for her than father and mother imagine. They cannot enter into a girl's feelings. They do not even see, because I don't grumble aloud as poor Nesta does, that I am in my heart hankering after the fun too. I don't know when I have cared about anything so much."

This "caring" of her sister, was in truth Ernestine's only consolation. The two for once felt alike and drew together in a common grief. Instead of going to bed each apart in her own little chamber, Nesta half shyly at first, more confidently afterwards, was heard to tap at Molly's door, and, brush in hand, suggest that the night was too hot for bed all at once, and that the two might talk for a while in Molly's little dormer window which stood open. Perhaps it was these talks which drew from Molly that gentle defence of her sister and those excuses which at once exasperated her father and moved him to admiration. "If that isn't the sweetest little nature in the whole world," he would exclaim. But he found Ernestine more and more "difficult."

* * * *

"'Pon my word, you don't deserve it!" But pleasure shone in Captain Butterworth's eyes as he hurried up from the small gate of his domain with an open telegram in his hand. "Here, you monkey," throwing it to his younger daughter, and still keeping up a pretence of high disdain, "here's your precious Jubilee seat come at last. You have worried for it enough in all conscience."

"Oh, father—father, it really is! Mother, do you hear?" Nesta with blazing blue orbs turned to one and the other in her ecstasy of exultation. And to go with them—the Maskelynes—and sleep at their house both nights and perhaps longer! Oh, how good, how kind! Dear Aunt Julia! Molly," as Molly attracted by the outcry came flying up, "Molly, dear, only hear the news; Aunt Julia has sent for one of us"—on a sudden the speaker's voice stopped short as though it had seen a ghost.

Molly, however, perceived nothing.

"For the Jubilee?" cried she, in answering excitement. "Oh, how glorious, how delightful. Let me see the telegram. Why, it is to go up this afternoon! Father, we must send to Surrey's about the pony-cart at once. I can go—only," she paused. "I ought to help you with your packing, Nett. But if you could run up now and put out your things, I could be back in time to do the rest. The 5.30 train will do. Is there any answer, father?"

"Answer went straight away, my lass. Your old dad knew what it would be. There was no need to consult you this time, and the reply was pre-paid."

"What did you say?" demanded Ernestine in rather a low voice.

"Say? Said 'All right, and many thanks.' Short and sweet. There was nothing more wanted."

"You—you did not say which daughter?"

"Which daughter? Nay, there is no need for that," the Captain laughed. "No need to tell the Maskelynes, or anyone who knows this house, which daughter gets all the good things."

Ernestine hastily left the room.

"Eh?" said the Captain opening his eyes. "She felt that, did she? But 'tis as well she should hear it for once, poor child. And maybe she will think of it even in her fine Jubilee seat."

"Father, don't be hard; dear father, you do not mean it, but that was cruel thought. Nesta is not so selfish as you think; she is only——"

"Look here, Moll, truth is truth. Was there ever any question either with Nesta herself or with any single one of us who should be the person to accept your aunt's invitation? You are the elder. The telegram says 'One of your daughters,' yet no one for a moment hesitated between the two. That speaks for itself, my girl," as there ensued a pause during which Molly hung her head in silence. "However, I'll say no more," pursued her father, "and to be sure I daresay the Maskelynes meant Nesta, though they would not pass you over. And now that she has got her way, she will be more peaceable; for I daresay it has fretted her a bit, being as she is a pretty creature—at least, so folks tell me"—and he rambled on. Molly was half way across the fields, ere he had said his say for the time being.

The day was broiling, and the ground heavy from recent thundery rain (we all remember how unsettled was the weather during that tumultuous Jubilee week), so that it took the willing little messenger longer than she had

expected to reach the village inn, whence a pony-cart could be hired, and by the time she had hurried back across the miry field-path, Molly expected to find an expectant head prospecting from Nesta's bedroom window; but no head was there. "She is too happy to be impatient," concluded the sister, "and I can pack while she dresses. There is plenty of time."

Accordingly she pattered upstairs, taking off her hat as she went, and thankful for the shade within the cool farmhouse; and there on the landing was Nesta and ——

"Hush!" said a voice, Nesta's voice, but suppressed in a strange fashion, "come in here, quick, I have got everything ready, and you are not to say a word." The door closed, and we will not open it to spy.

"Heyday, what's this?" the old Captain opened his mouth and shut it again, confounded beyond the power of speech. He was standing in the porch, the pony-cart was at the door, and the luggage was in. But the traveller—who—who was the traveller?

"Oh, father dear, she would make me go; father, I could not help it; I begged and prayed, and all Nesta would say was——"

"Never mind what Nesta said." Nesta was busy tucking a bunch of roses into the pretty shirt front which was her own, yet now peeping from Molly's little coat. "There, doesn't she look nice? Let mother see you, Mollkins, and I will run for a glass of milk, for I know you can't eat;" and she vanished.

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed the Captain, nailed to the spot.

Molly it was who was trembling all over, as deeply ashamed and remorseful as though detected in a crime; scarcely even yet to be forced into compliance. "Father—mother—she would not let me ask you, she would not even let me tell you. Everything was ready when I went upstairs; she would put in all her own best things that she thought I would want; and she was so dear and kind," an irrepressible sob, the father turned his head and whistled softly, the mother's eyes glistened—"what could I do?" proceeded the criminal (she really felt herself to be one), "she hustled me into my clothes, and did my hair herself."

"Now, then, time's up!"—a gay reminder from the doorway. "Drink, sister mine, and be off! Happiness go with you!"—an affectionate kiss. No one was supposed to see that Nesta's eyes were moist or that there was any suspicious redness in the lids.

"Really, father, she must go; you know how full the train will be!" And all in a bustle poor Molly, still in a kind of dream, was swept from the door.

Captain Butterworth took one stride up to his remaining daughter and held out a sunburnt hand. Not a word did he say, but its grasp and the look and nod by which it was accompanied were felt to the girl's inmost soul.

She would not allow herself to feel dull when the excitement was over.

"If Moll is taking my place, I have got to take hers." And in and out went the light figure—Nesta here, Nesta there—no one had ever known Nesta so busy and so cheerful—until at last there came a pause in household tasks, and from the lower garden, among the sweet peas and mignonette, there rose into the pure evening air the sound of a woman's singing.

"I scarcely expected to find any of my fair cousins at home!"

An unmistakable arrival had taken place. Day after day the inmates of Purfoy Farm had hoped to see their expected relation appear from the Antipodes, until at last it became so obvious that something had happened to delay his journey that the sisters had come almost to hope—it might be selfishly, but they could not help it—that he would not appear upon the scene till Jubilee Day was over.

"At least we may be spared that!" Nesta had sighed with doleful resignation.

But now here was Mat, and it was only Jubilee Eve. Her heart, in spite of a sudden thump, sank a little.

It was something, however, that one of them should have gone, and, Molly being the elder, all would seem natural; and—and she had on a clean sprigged muslin, ready for anything that might turn up (it had been donned on purpose to show to all whom it might concern that Nesta was not moping). So, putting a brave front upon it, up she rose from the strawberry-bed, over which she had been stooping, and—

"How do you do, Cousin Mat?" said she, readily. "We have been expecting you for ever so long!"

Expecting him, had she? "Faith," thought Mat Butterworth to himself, "if I had known I was being 'expected,' and by such a goddess?" And he sat down in the rose-arbour by Ernestine's side.

"She has told you all about it, I suppose," said the old Captain, strolling down to call them in presently. "My word, those Jubilee seats! Swindles, that's what I call them! I hope, nephew, I do hope you have not been let in for anything outrageous; though, of course, you know your own business best. But five, ten, fifteen guineas—anything you like to name—is the order of the day. And for what? Eighteen inches of hard board! And there you have to sit frying in dust and heat!"

"Certainly it is a vast deal pleasanter here," said the young man frankly. And, being of an open nature and bred to straightforward dealing he saw no harm in adding presently, "I am fortunate, uncle, to find one of my cousins at home; and though, no doubt, she would rather be in London——"

"She let Molly go," said Captain Butterworth, quickly. "What? Am not I to say it? Oh, but it's only fair! It was between them, d'ye see. And, poor things, they were both simply off their heads to go; but well, well, I say no more. What about yourself, Mat? Are you off to-night, or will the morning train do for you?"

"Certainly not to-night. Yes, yes, the morning; any morning train will do."

The Captain stared.

"'Any' morning train! What are you thinking of, young man? If you don't start before break of day——"

"I have my seat, you know, sir."

"You have? And a good one, I'll be bound. But how are you going to get to it? That's the point. If it's in the Borough——"

"It is not in the Borough."

"Humph, the Strand, then? Or Fleet Street? The cram will be still worse in Fleet Street or the Strand."

"It is in a corner window of Piccadilly looking down St. James's Street," said Mat, the colour suffusing his brown cheek, for he had meant to keep this back if he could. "So, you see, any time will do."

"Fifteen or twenty guineas, eh?" The Captain swallowed something in his throat. "And you seem as indifferent about getting there——"

"I am indifferent."

Now, how was it that, though Nesta was looking the other way, she not only heard an underlying meaning in the accents, but knew that a certain pair of dark eyes were turned full upon her face and rested there while her cousin spoke? She twisted off a moss-rose and smelt it.

"I am so jolly indifferent," continued the bronzed Australian deliberately, "that I doubt very much if I shall take the trouble to attempt it. Why should I? You are not going, my aunt is not going"—a pause, then—"and Ernestine is not going," concluded the speaker softly.

After the evening meal, he asked Ernestine to go out again with him. Why not? She was his cousin; and, besides, if a man is not to have a girl to himself, how can he tell whether the pretty face be nothing but a pretty face, or whether the dawnings of a deeper feeling than mere admiration within his bosom may dare expand into maturity?

Round and round the little gravelled garden the two sauntered in the scented dusk.

"I wonder whether I did not dream of something like this," said Mat at last. "I think if I had found you all agog for the Jubilee with its fun and fume, I should have been almost disappointed. At least, it seems so to me now. Of course, I hope your sister will enjoy herself, and I am sure she will; but I am so glad she went, and"—again the softer more significant note—"so very glad you let her go."

Poor Nesta had never felt so much ashamed and yet so happy in her life. It was of no avail to stammer out a confused explanation which only served to show her to more advantage than ever in his companion's eyes. She had to accept his homage and his obvious conviction of her unselfish character, and inwardly resolve that, in the future, she would try to deserve it.

"And you are not going up at all?"

It was perfectly incredible to Captain Butterworth that a man who had paid fifteen guineas for his seat should not go near it when, moreover, there was not even a chance of getting his money back; but it appeared that this was his strange nephew's intention. Mat had made up his mind in the night. The idea of Ernestine wandering lonely among her sweet peas, of leaving her behind in however sweet a spot while he ruffled it among grandees in his costly place at the great Jubilee show was not to be borne.

"If I could have taken her with me!" he thought; but that could not, of course, be done.

"Then, here goes!" cried Mat Butterworth valiantly, and tore up his ticket into small pieces.

Space forbids us to tell how that long summer day passed for him and for Ernestine. Wherever she went, there went he. Whatever duties and occupations she engaged in, he shared. She showed him her favourite walk; and they sat together in a shady nook by a bubbling stream at the very hour when, had things fallen out otherwise, each would have been differently ensconced, "And not together," as Mat significantly observed. He pulled out his watch and told her exactly what would be passing as the moments flew by; he hoped Molly would be able to remember and tell him if his conjectures were correct. He did not seem at all to mind when a new telegram arrived—this time from Molly herself—to the effect that, as the party durst not venture forth to see the illuminations the same night, the crowd being too great, her aunt insisted on keeping her till Thursday. As for Nesta? Nesta was almost frightened to feel as she did. That telegram was like a reprieve.

So the next day it was the same thing over again; and by evening Nesta had learned all about her cousin's home-life in that far land, perceived that, in spite of his wealth and the luxury in which he lived, he was a solitary man with starved affections, and a large heart longing to be filled; and scarce daring to believe it was so, yet had a conviction which thrilled every vein, namely, that he had already decided who could fill it.

"Seems to me you didn't lose so much through giving up your Jubilee seat after all," said the old Captain when they told him.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

If I were asked to describe the most popular apparel of the present moment, I should find a certain difficulty in answering the question. There is no doubt that the skirt and jacket is quite as popular as ever in one of its many forms, and for travelling and sight-seeing what could be more perfect? It was quite comical to see, during the jubilee, how all the nicest-looking women and girls with one accord



GOWN OF FANCY SILK.

selected this form of dress in preference to any other, as being most suitable to a crowd. The touch of smartness was lent by the blouse, which was sometimes extremely pretty. Pink-and-blue silks, plaid, and flowered, were all used, but the most fashionable seemed to be the blouse of muslin. This was the most popular with those who were going to the various covered stands, rooms, windows, and the many clubs, where everything had to be of the smartest; and it was worn with various kinds of skirts, *moiré* being the most frequently seen, I thought. There were some lovely muslin gowns, both in white, and in colours, worn over colours. These were all of them trimmed with lace. The fashionable idea is to use yellow laces with white or pink muslins. In fact, we see white, cream-colour, buff, and string-colour, and yellow, all used together on the same dress, a most peculiar fancy, and one quite new this season. *Écru* muslins are very pretty this season, and as to the foulards, they are quite delightful, both in colouring and design.

The liking for greys of every tone seems to be likely to survive the summer, and extend into the autumn and winter. The chief favourite appears to be dove-colour, or quaker-grey. But it seems very needful to select our tone of grey, for some of them are only suitable to the very young, while others look best with a grey head. There is a soft, bluish grey, which seems to suit every one, and with which pink can be mingled with excellent effect. Next to grey, I think pink is the favourite colour for hats and bonnets, as well as dresses, and the third favourite is blue, of that rather cold cornflower shade, that seems rather unbecoming to most people.

An example of a grey cloth gown with one of the new Eton jackets with *révers*, is given amongst our illustrations. The front is of white satin, with chiffon over it, and narrow black velvet. Braiding will be much used for these gowns this autumn, and two or even three different widths of braid will be employed; or, perhaps, graduated rows of braid in widths varying from wide to narrow.

Two new materials have made their appearance this season. One is called serge *piqué*, and the other is a shot silky fabric called *moiré mousseline*. Both of these are distinct improvements, and are, I think, come to stay.

The drab and fawn cloth capes seem likely to be still worn, and there was a novel jacket made of fawn cloth, braided with the same, which, though said to be for bicycling, seems likely to have a wider scope in the autumn. The front was Eton-like, with a waistcoat under it, braided in horizontal lines, and the back was plain, but cut with a basque, which extended to the sides underneath the arms. Round the waist was a band, which went underneath at the sides, and did not show in the front at all.

We give an illustration of two of these cloth capes with braiding, which is now generally put in rows between half-a-dozen rows of cording. The white and drab jackets will be very popular this autumn, and will be cut a little shorter, with, perhaps, velvet collars, and *révers* of a darker shade than the cloth of the jacket.

The use of fancy silks of all kinds has been much noticed during the last year, and this year they were more tempting when seen in the shops than ever. They make a very useful gown, and are smart, without being expensive. Shepherds' plaid seems to be a favourite amongst them, as well as grey, and a very dark blue. The one shown in our picture is a dark blue, shot with dull gold-colour, and it is simply made, so as to be a very useful little frock. Horizontal tucks, which are thin lace-edged, are very much seen. They are arranged in groups of threes and fours, and there is quite a space between the groups. The tucks are not narrow, the last I saw were about an inch wide, and were edged with cream-coloured lace.

Black and white headgear seems to be likely to remain in favour, and there are various ways of using white wings, and black wings, that make the hats look extremely stylish and *chic*. Poppies of pink, with black middles, and of mauve, with the same, are very much used in juxtaposition; and blue poppies with wonderful greenish-blue leaves are worn, to trim blue hats, mixed with blue chiffon or tulle.

Sashes have gained in favour within the last month or so. Some of the prettiest are of white, pale pink, and very pale blue, with *chiné* designs widely scattered over them. These are about six inches wide, and have a large knot at the waist, at the back, and not a bow.

The newest veils have very small spots thickly scattered over the net, the latter being in large meshes. Very pale pink tulle veils are being worn with pink and red hats; and I have also seen mauve and blue tulle used for the same purpose. Veils of washing-net have had a revival, and are now more used with sailor hats than anything else.

Amongst the fashion items coming from America, I notice that it is announced that ladies in New York have dismissed their long stockings and begun to wear socks like the male portion of the community. No reason is given for this change except that it is more comfortable. I can only reconcile this idea, according to my mental capacity, by remembering that the woven combinations for women and girls in the United States are made very long in the leg. This is in accordance with their ideas of sanitary dress. So, perhaps, in the very hot weather, the long stockings and the combinations too, would be too warm. I cannot imagine anything more



GREY CLOTH GOWN.



WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSE.

uncomfortable than the loose socks and heelless slipper of the Turkish women. A well and closely-fitting stocking seems an absolute necessity for comfort, and I am more sure every day that we only can secure perfect comfort with "our poor feet" by taking pains to purchase only stockings that fit us well; not too tightly, for they wear out, but tight enough to feel that we are wearing a stocking. Stockings are marked at the top, according to size, and, by holding the tops up between you and the light, you will speedily find the tiny sign in the weaving, which looks like a star or a little hole. One of these indicates a "small woman's" size; two is called "slender," or a medium, and three would be a large size. The position of these marks differ somewhat in the arrangement; but you can always inquire of the shopman selling them to you, and when once you have found your true size be sure to stick to it.

The subject of stockings reminds me to tell you that there is a great deterioration these last two or three years in the value of black thread stockings, while black cotton ones have increased in goodness, and are now quite perfect, so far as washing is concerned. They are made in England, while the black thread hail from Germany, I believe. In purchasing them, even at a really good shop, I would advise you to examine the seams carefully, for you will find that they are oversewn in some manner which causes quite a ridge to stand up; then, if you examine an English-made one, you will see the difference, and notice that the seams are flat and carefully joined. These German stockings run into holes at once; and, if they be open-worked by the second wearing, you will find holes in the lattices of the front. I think we should always ask for English-made goods, and never take any others.

And now I find I have a note on the question of pockets, which may be of use to some people who require indiarubbers, and who fear taking cold if caught in a shower of rain with thin shoes on. The last year or so a new idea in pockets has been to have one placed about two feet or so above the hem of the dress, in the right-hand seam of the front breadth. Here the rubbers can be carried without trouble as well as other things. I even saw a lady taking her purse from this pocket one day in an omnibus. But this I should not think so safe, nor so comfortable, as to have two pockets in each of the front breadths at the top, and in the left side the purse will be safe. These pockets can be hidden by lapels or a jet trimming. I am sure it is quite a wonder how we women do without pockets; we have so few to hold our manifold things.

The tan boots and shoes of this season have been extremely dark in colour, a positive brown in shade, not at all like the originals. With them are worn, of course, stockings of the same colour. A very pretty new style of shoe is called "Cromwell." They have a high-rounded flap and a buckle, but are neatly tied behind the flap by a lace or ribbon. This is a very great improvement, as they keep much more tidy-looking. One of the drawbacks to this kind of shoe, has been that it so soon grew loose and ugly below the ankles. The green Morocco shoes have taken in a very modified degree, but many white shoes are worn, as a white gown always entails white shoes, and white stockings with them. But nobody is favourably impressed by the white stockings, and one realises that their day is quite over.

In Paris the large apron has come into fashion, either for morning or afternoon wear. They are very ornate, and are of alternate rows of lace insertion, and ribbon of flowered silks, or flowered muslins, with flounces, and lace-edged frills. Apron effects are also to be much used this autumn on the fronts of dresses, which will be frilled and flounced in this style. The attempt to bring in flounced dresses does not seem to have proved a great success, even the three deep ones being much objected to by most people as cutting the figure into a series of unbecoming horizontal lines.

The liking for violet and heliotrope has extended to the underclothing, and the newest corsets are now of violet, yards of silk and satin being used for the most expensive ones, and sateen and *coutil* for the cheaper kinds. I hear that more white stays have been sold this year than usual, and that people are revolting against the constant use of black ones. So long as the white ones are kept clean, they are very nice, and they can be washed and cleaned, and reboned, and if the stays purchased be of a good quality, they will wear well, and clean several times.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART XI.

SURROUNDINGS AND INFLUENCES.

"In the way of righteousness is life" (Proverbs xii. 28).



THINK, dear girls, we may spend a profitable hour in talking of our surroundings and the influences they exert in forming our characters.

The word surroundings, in the sense I would use it, includes so much. First and most important come our home and those that live beneath its roof; our parents and those who are most closely united to us by the ties of kindred; then those who come as guests and are numbered as friends. Perhaps I should have placed those who serve even before occasional visitors, for the servants of a household have a vast influence for good or evil on the children of it.

Outside the home, or it may be within it; come teachers, schoolfellows, companions who are friends and confidants. Our studies and occupations, the conversations we listen to and take part in, our amusements, and though last not least, the books we read, all have their place in forming our characters.

The grand question for each of us, dear girl friends, should be, "how can I best utilise my own surroundings, so that they may have a purifying and elevating effect on my character and life, and that I, in turn, may be helpful to others and an influence over them for good?"

It is the happy lot of many girls to have been placed under good influences from their very birth. Loving Christian parents have watched over them and striven to guard them from every taint of evil. They have bestowed, without stint, everything that could be given without injuring their dear ones by over-indulgence. They have placed their children's happiness before their own, and their lives have been models of beautiful unselfishness for the young to admire and imitate. I am sure I am speaking to some amongst you who have been thus blest in parents and home surroundings. How have they influenced your characters?

Has the thought of wants lavishly supplied, wishes anticipated, freedom from anxiety and toil, of care in childhood and sickness, of unvarying love, in spite perhaps of waywardness and disobedience on your part, of readiness to forgive at the first sign of repentance, of all, in short, that has made your young lives happy; have all these things filled you with grateful love and made you long to show it by the truest filial devotion?

You know that such parents as I have briefly pictured desire but one reward; the knowledge that their efforts have made their children happy in the best way. I plead with you to let them reap a rich harvest of joy in return for the seed they have so lavishly sown.

Alas that any other harvest should be possible from seed sown in faith, nourished by ceaseless care and often watered with a parent's tears! But I am bound to suggest another question, because I have lived many years in the world, and seen many harvests, some scanty, some plentiful, and some where weed-covered fields made sorrowing hearts.

Have any of you who have been the objects of tenderest care and love, taken all your home blessings and privileges as mere matters of course? Have you, owing to the very abundance of the good things at your disposal and the consideration shown for your wishes, become self-willed and exacting. Because so much was yielded, have you resolved to have all your own way; no matter at what cost of sacrifice or sorrow to those who love you so dearly? Have the blessings you enjoyed made you selfish, instead of grateful?

I am not willing to imagine that one of you, dear girls, who have become also dear and close friends of my own through these evening communings, will shrink from answering these last questions with an indignant "no."

A picture of unmitigated ingratitude and selfishness generally excites horror and repulsion. Nevertheless it is quite true, that the lavish love of parents has, at times, won no better return, and has even been used as a weapon to wound them with. God forbid that the conscience of any one of you should have to speak with an accusing voice, as this picture is brought before you.

There is another kind of selfish ingratitude which is rather the result of want of thought than of wilful unkindness. We do not pause to think how much we owe to others, so we neither try to repay them nor to pass on such gracious influences to those who are less favoured than ourselves.

We all remember that beautiful parable of the two debtors in Matt. xviii. 23. After reading of the generosity of the King who listened to the debtor's plea for patience, and was willing, not only to give him the time he asked for, but to cancel the obligation; one feels that the man from whose shoulders such an awful burden had been lifted, would rejoice at having an opportunity of showing mercy, even in his little way. But his unforeseen good fortune had hardened him, and he, who had been forgiven the debt of ten thousand talents, had no pity and would give no time to his poor fellow-servant who owed but a hundred pence.

Christ read men's hearts, hence this parable of the two debtors for us to read and benefit by. It says to us now, that you and I, dear ones, cannot receive a blessing without at the same time incurring a debt.

If our home influences and surroundings have made our lives, by God's blessing, pure, useful and happy beneath the old roof, we owe it to the parents who have trained us aright, to the companions, over whom we must possess some influence, and most of all to our Heavenly Father, to pass on to others the good we have received, and in full measure.

So far I have been picturing you all as if blest above measure in your surroundings, and yet showing you the possibility of misusing such mercies. Let us look together at another side of the leaf, to find that it is possible, through God-given strength and grace, not only to triumph over evil surroundings and examples, but to use them as beacons and warnings which shall save us from moral wreckage.

Many years ago there was no law for limiting the hours of labour, even for children, and the quite little ones were sent out, hours before dawn on the bitter winter mornings, to work in the mills through days which were long even for strong men and women. Amongst these children was a boy of nine, one of a large family, who herded together in a poor cottage. Down-stairs was one good-sized room, opening into the narrow street, and a small back kitchen. Overhead were two sleeping rooms of corresponding size. Below the house-place were cellars in which another family lived.

Twelve children were born in that poor home, of whom only half grew to manhood. But the place was always overflowing with young life, and never less than four of the children had to share the larger bedroom in which the parents slept. Amongst these, for years, was the boy I have named.

The father was an educated and gifted man, an inventor too, and able without much effort to keep his family in more than comfort, even luxury, but he made money by fits and starts, spent it in the society of boon companions, and then staggered home to illtreat his patient wife and make his children fly with terror at the foul language with which he assailed them.

The wife, who had been brought up carefully in a sweet country village, had followed her husband to the crowded city, proud of his gifts and hoping for great results from their exercise. Hers was a terrible awakening, but through all the sad years that followed, she kept her childlike faith in God; strove to do her duty to her husband and to influence her children for good, though the life she led was a daily martydom to one brought up as she had been. She toiled amid bodily suffering too, but she held this as nothing in comparison with the mental torture she endured at seeing her husband's abasement, and feeling how little she could do for her children. I will tell you nothing of the rest, but Jack, as I will call him, was a hero in his way. He simply worshipped his mother. Child as he was, he realised what she suffered. The thought that cheered him when he went out in the cold and darkness was, "I shall have some money to give my mother."

Jack knew that whilst many women sank to the level of wicked husbands and returned abusive words with the like, he heard only what was good from her lips. She was upheld by some power that he could not see, but she told him what it was. "I go to God with my troubles, Jack. I pray and He helps me, or I could not live."

Jack wondered how she found time. She had taught him to pray as soon as he could speak, and he had kept on doing it, though had he dared to kneel in the bedroom in sight of his father, he would have been mocked and driven from his knees to the poor pallet on the floor, which he shared with three others. Cowering there, amidst a storm of abuse, he found it hard to pray, yet longed to get the help which made his mother so patient and so strong.

This, my dear girls, is a picture of adverse surroundings which it shocks us even to look at. But it is drawn from life. Is it wonderful that most of the family were influenced in a wrong direction by such a father, and that some members of it, rivalled him in his excesses? Surely not! The wonder is that one child should have been stirred by the sight of so much wickedness to resolve never to be a partaker in the vices which had ruined the happiness of his home and his mother.

Jack heard her abused and saw her ill-treated, and straightway said to himself—

"If ever I grow up to be a man and get married, I will be good to my wife."

He sat down to a scanty meal and left the table hungry to return to work. On his way he said to himself—

"If ever I have any children, I will work hard to earn money, and I will spend none in drink, so that they may have plenty to eat and good clothes to wear, and be able to go to school and learn."

There was always a sigh at the end of this, for Jack was amongst the younger troop, and, though his elder brothers had been fairly educated, the father's downward course had become more rapid, and now his one thought was to make the little ones the bread-winners, that he might have more money to lavish on self-indulgence.

Jack's limbs were very weary after his day's work always, for he had a long walk at the end of it; but at the sight of his mother's worn face he straightened himself up and stepped more briskly to her side. He fetched the water from the tap at the street corner; he persisted in helping her in the house, and was rewarded by her sweet smile and the words—

"Jack, you are handier than a girl!"

Some day I hope to write in full the story of the beautiful life which grew out of and in spite of its early surroundings and influences. Now I will only add that when Jack was advanced in years, holding a position second to none in the esteem of all who knew him, as rich as he cared to be, and honoured most of all in his home, he used to say that one little memory, connected with his childish days, always brought a glow of happiness to him. This was the memory.

"I was washing the steps up to the door, though I was so tired I could scarcely move my arms. There were several of them, the steps I mean, and they were muddy, through the trampling of many feet, and it troubled my mother to see them so, for she kept things clean in spite of all drawbacks, so long as she had strength to move.

"An old Christian woman, who loved her and pitied her, stopped for a moment to look at me. There were tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said to me, 'Jack, dear lad, I do pray that God will bless you for being so good and dutiful to your poor mother.' She did not know how much her words cheered me then, and helped me always. The thought that a good woman constantly prayed for me, made me strong and influenced my life for good in after years."

After looking on this picture, let us pause and each think for a few moments of our own home surroundings, the influences they exert over us, and our responsibilities in regard to them. If they are specially favourable, let us be thankful in proportion. If adverse, let us ask God's help, that even the evil we are compelled to see may warn us from falling into temptations which have allured some who are dear to us from the paths of safety and peace.

If we could each relate our home experiences, no doubt many amongst us would express sorrow or dissatisfaction with some part of our surroundings. It will be well, however, for us to be quite sure whether any of the blame rests on ourselves before we complain, and to see what we can do to remedy the evil. It may be that the picture we have just looked upon, of a sorely-tried wife and mother in a miserable home, of her prayerful life, her long suffering, her persistent and patient well-doing, may not have been given in vain.

I know what wonderful influence for good girls may have in the home if they choose. Not merely as the mother's helpers, but as sources of brightness and happiness to all around. It is a grand thing for the elder sisters to win and to deserve the confidence of their brothers. The boys—bless them!—often get into minor difficulties and scrapes, which they would shrink from owning to their parents, and which are not very formidable after all.

Oh the blessing of a true-hearted, loving sister in such a case! One who will not try to make wrong look right, or say that "it is a shame" that the boy's inclinations are crossed about something he has set his mind on, but which the parents have decided will not be for his good. A sister who will be firm on the side of right, yet very loving to the culprit brother; who will not only condemn the fault, but will smooth the way for its confession to the parents, and join in the plea for forgiveness; who, when this has been won, will use all her influence to prevent the boy or youth from again falling into the old temptations is a very jewel in the home, and will shine brightly there, no matter how rude the setting may be.

Amongst you, dear girl-friends around me, are many who, brought up in cottage homes, now serve in larger ones. Let me say a special word to you. I want each of you, dear girls, who are in domestic service, to try and realise what an important place you fill in the home, and how great may be your influence for good, if you are also a disciple and servant of Christ.

You cannot help knowing how much of the comfort of the family depends on the way in which you fulfil your duties. But far beyond the service of your hands, you can use the other powers you possess for the good of those around you. As a peace-maker you may be a blessing to fellow-servants. You can be an example of faithfulness to the bargain you have made with your employers, of strict honesty and uprightness, even in the smallest matters.

You can take care that in you the children have an example of modesty, patience, gentleness, purity of word and act, of kindness to each other, and to the animals which are so dependent on us human beings.

By your very manner of ushering in a guest, you can give the impression that your nature is gentle, kind and courteous, and that you do your best, because it makes you happy to make others happier for your Master's sake.

I, who, for many years as wife and mother, have been deeply indebted to good, faithful, unselfish servants, gladly acknowledge what I owe, and pray that God will bless and help you all in your several situations to be to your mistresses what mine have been to me.

As I say good-night to you all, I look forward to our next meeting with mingled feelings, for it will be our last, and whilst looking back on the past ones with pleasure and thankfulness there will be a note of sadness in our next farewell.

FROM AN IRISH COTTAGE TO AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

A TRUE STORY.

By EDITH RALPH, Author of "Step by Step Through the Bible," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



FEW interviews took place; questions were asked and answered; with the result that in a very short time Mrs. Hughes was installed as nurse to the Grand Duke Michael, in the gorgeous palace, henceforth destined to be her home.

The State nurse at this time was the great Princess Apraxine, first lady of the empire, whose rule was as severe as that of the Emperor Nicholas I. himself. It was no easy matter so to act as to give satisfaction to these august personages; but Mrs. Hughes was sensible enough to concern herself solely with her own duties, and always acted with the greatest discretion. Years after, she told Mr. Edgar Fortescue of the many difficulties she had encountered at that time, and he asked how she had been able so constantly to retain their good opinion. She said she had often been at a loss what to do, and that at such times when the little grand duke was safely in bed, she had taken refuge in prayer, and it was wonderful how the way seemed to open for her when she had thus confided her anxieties and cares to her heavenly Father.

Some of the strangers had been inclined to regard Mrs. Hughes with dislike, as a stranger and interloper; but her gentle and pleasant behaviour soon disarmed jealousy, and they saw that she was not one likely by word or deed to hinder their advancement.

Meanwhile the good nurse did not concern herself merely with the physical well-being of her little charge, for she well knew that a child's character is more capable of being formed for good or evil in his earliest years than at any later period; and that should these be allowed to pass away unimproved by precept and example, it is to his permanent loss.

> Ere your boy has reached to seven,
> Teach him well the way to heaven;
> Better still the work will thrive
> If he learn before he's five.

Severe as the Emperor was, he was an affectionate father, and when able to visit his children at bed-time, was very pleased to do so. He spoke English well, and often conversed with Mrs. Hughes. One evening when he went to see the little Grand Duke Michael settled for the night, his attention was attracted to something resembling a birch-rod, tied with blue ribbon, hanging behind the nurse's bed. "What is this?" he said.

"Your Imperial Majesty," replied Mary, "that is a rod wherewith to punish my little grand duke when he deserves it."

"And pray have you ever found occasion to use it?" asked the great Emperor.

"Yes, your imperial Majesty," answered Mrs. Hughes, quietly. "It is not suitable that a child of the Emperor of all the Russias should cry when he is washed! The first time he did so, I showed him the rod, the second time I made him kiss the rod, and the third time he transgressed I applied the rod and have never needed to make use of it since."

Placing his left hand on the faithful nurse's shoulder, the Emperor exclaimed, "I thank God I have one woman in my empire who is not afraid to do her duty."

The self-control acquired by the grand duke in childhood was not lost; for, many years later, when he was grown to be a man, the Emperor, after referring to the incident, one day told Mrs. Hughes that her grand duke was the only one of his children he had not needed to punish with his own hand.

In fine weather, Mr. Edgar Fortescue often met Mary walking with her little charge on the beautiful granite quays of the Neva. She was always quietly but very well dressed, as became her position, and when the weather was unsuitable for walking, she and the little prince drove out in one of the Imperial carriages.

The seven years glided by, and at last the day came when the grand duke was removed from the care of his faithful attendant and placed under officers appointed for his education and training. But he did not forget his old nurse, often visiting her in the rooms provided for her in the Imperial Palace.

It was this Grand Duke who recently held the important post of Vice Emperor at Tiflis, over all the Caucasian and Georgian districts.

Mrs. Hughes' daughter Margaret, now a comely, well-educated woman, over twenty years of age, was married to a young engineer of good standing. She was ever warmly attached to her mother and frequently came to see her in her beautiful home.

The good nurse was, however, not destined to be idle for long. The eldest son of the Emperor Nicholas, who afterwards became Alexander II., had married and his first child, Nicholas, the future heir to the throne, was confided to the care of Mary Hughes for a term of seven years. The experience she had already gained, rendered her doubly fit for her new task. Her position, too, was now far superior to what it had been; for her truthfulness, humility and respectful behaviour, joined to great competence had gained her the esteem of all the members of the Imperial family. The little Grand Duke Nicholas became as much attached to her as his uncle; but before he was four years old, circumstances occurred which compelled Mrs. Hughes to ask to be relieved of her charge.

A German-Russian baroness was appointed governess over the nursery. Anxious, apparently, to prove her capability and enthusiasm for her new duties, she set herself the task of inquiring into the whole of the nursery routine, improving, or rather altering, existing rules wherever they seemed to her to need it. Such inquiries need, of course, to be entered into with great discretion and consideration, especially where many responsible and capable people are concerned. Mrs. Hughes felt the indignity keenly of having her various methods criticised or condemned by a new-comer, after having occupied the position of nurse in the Imperial household, to the complete satisfaction of her august employers for upwards of ten years.

Moreover, apart from her feeling of annoyance, she greatly disapproved of the innovations of the baroness. Had she not done so, she would, no doubt, have mastered her vexation; but, under the circumstances, no course seemed open to her but an appeal to the Emperor himself. Having enumerated the changes the baroness proposed to introduce, and her own reasons for objecting to them, Mrs. Hughes concluded by saying that if the lady had authority to compel her to act against her judgment in the management of the young prince she, herself, must resign her position.

The Emperor quickly understood the situation of affairs, and decided on parting with the baroness. "There is but one Mrs. Hughes," said he, "and many such as the baroness."

And so faded the last cloud that darkened Mary's sky.

CHAPTER VII.

AN HONOURED OLD AGE.

At the close of this second seven years' service, Mary Hughes' work was over. She was provided with comfortable apartments in one or other of the Imperial Palaces in the city during the winter, and in the country for the summer. Thus she was enabled in the evening of her life to enjoy many years of well-earned rest, frequently visited by her daughter and her children, in whose welfare she took the keenest interest.

Nor was she forgotten by the Imperial family, for, very often, when entertaining her grandchildren, one or other of them would drop in to inquire after her. The Dowager-Empress, too, widow of the Czar Nicholas, who had died in 1855, often sent for Mrs. Hughes to attend her at the palace. Indeed she was offered the title of nobility, but respectfully declined, feeling that such distinctions were unsuited to her nature and previous station. Everything, however, was done for her comfort, and she was allowed the use of a royal carriage whenever she wished.

As she drove about the city or along the country roads in the luxurious conveyance, her mind often went back to the days of her childhood, and she thought of the joy it had given her to be jogged along in an Irish car, if a neighbour happened to pick her up on the way home from the town. What would her mother have said could she have seen her now? Ah, well, the time was not far off when they would meet again, and when she thought of that meeting, and of where it would be, it was wonderful how insignificant all earthly honours seemed.

On the death of the Czar Nicholas, as already stated, his son Alexander II. had become Emperor of all the Russias. But the change of Sovereign in no way affected Mary's position; for her second charge was the son of this Emperor, and on his father's accession became Czarewitch, the title always held by the heir to the Russian throne. Not that he ever mounted it, however, for he died before his father, consequently the succession passed to the next son, who, some years later than the period of which we are speaking, ascended the throne under the title of Alexander III.

In spite of Mrs. Hughes' exalted position, she never lost the modest and quiet manner which had characterised her from the first, and her example in this respect to the Imperial servants, with whom she was a universal favourite, was most beneficial.

She lived to a good old age and had the joy of seeing her great-grandchildren. So numerous indeed were her relations and friends, that she seldom passed a day without receiving a call from some one. Among her most frequent visitors was Mr. Edgar Fortescue, to whom the long flight of steps leading to her apartments was very familiar. Many a half hour did he spend with his old nurse, listening to her stories, and admiring the pictures that adorned her walls. Of these she had a unique collection, from photographs of slightly-clad infants to Emperors and Empresses in full state with crown and sceptre; but the place of honour was accorded to the pictures of her own Grand Dukes, as she liked to call them.

So, loved and cherished, many years rolled peacefully by for Mary Hughes, until, at last, her strength began to fail, and she finally took to her bed. The Grand Duchess, wife of the Grand Duke Michael, was constantly at her side, as well as many other members of the Imperial family. She died peacefully, the faith which had supported her in the many trials and difficulties of her life sustaining her to the end.

Mr. Edgar Fortescue happened to be in St. Petersburg at the time of her death, and, as one of her friends, assisted in making arrangements for the funeral.

Just as the service, fixed for one o'clock, was about to commence, the Grand Duke Michael and the Czarewitch entered the church in full uniform, and took their places in the English Ambassador's pew. When the portion of the service to be read in the church was concluded, the Grand Dukes advanced to the coffin, at the head of which stood Mr. Edgar Fortescue, as one of the chief mourners, and helped to carry it out. Having placed it on the hearse, they followed, bare-headed and on foot, for half a mile, thus showing the affectionate respect they entertained towards their old nurse.

The Imperial family erected a beautiful marble monument to her memory in one of the foreign cemeteries near St. Petersburg.

So died Mary Hughes, respected and loved by all who knew her. Industry, unflinching loyalty to duty and faithfulness in all she undertook, joined to remarkable humility, were her sole claims for the honour shown her. Hers is a noble example and one well worth copying, though very few could attain the position she did. But there is a commendation greater even than that of an Emperor of all the Russias; and happy will those be who, when they come to the end of their journey, will be greeted by the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." No earthly honour could be a greater reward than this.

[THE END.]



HYDROS AND HEALTH.

By "MEDICUS."

My first intention was to give, in this paper, a description of various hydropathic establishments, with which I am more or less well acquainted. Second thoughts, however, are always best. You see, reader mine, there are so many hydros in England and Scotland that it would really be unfair to mention a few without describing all, and this were impossible.

I believe I can manage to write a useful article nevertheless.

To me it has often been a marvel that more invalids do not seek for renewed health and life at them. But I dare say many are like myself, namely, of a somewhat retiring disposition among people whom I do not know, and probably care less than I do about Fair Helen of Troy, my beautiful St. Bernard. I feel perfectly at home in a wood, but never in a crowd. I prefer to take mine ease at mine inn. At one's hotel one feels a fine sense of independence. At the *table d'hote*—"separate tables"—one can stick one's newspaper or book in front of one and be lapt in elysium, oblivious of all the living world, satisfying the mind while satisfying the inner man. He need speak to no one save the waiter, if inclined for silence. A half-crown tip to that swallow-tailed individual secures him the greatest of respect, and the under-cut of the joint; so there he is, you know, a free-born Briton—he thinking of no one—no one thinking of him.

For the same reason, while travelling long journeys, from London, say, to Aberdeen or Inverness I avoid the Pullman Car. Tipping again comes in handy, and something solid often secures me a first-class compartment all to myself. Here I may put up my legs and rest if I choose; I may compose a song, or sing one if so inclined; I may write a short story or I may go to sleep if I feel disposed.

Well, then, this is all the objection I have to a hydro. I rather like the douching and the tubbing, and if the doctor gives me medicine I can always manage to throw it out of the window or into a flower-pot when his back is turned. Shocking, is it? And you wouldn't have believed it of me? Perhaps not. But then I don't mind telling *you*, reader, because free confession makes the mind so easy; and now, having said all I know against hydros, let me turn to the other side of the picture. There is a mental difference between girls and shy sailor-boys like myself. Girls love society. They like, well enough, to sit down to table with a great heap of people whom they never saw before. They like to look at these and to be looked at in turn. It is no trouble for them to put on their company manners; they don't mind mincing their English: they are as fond indeed of minced English as they are of minced pies, and, mark me, all this being the case, company does them good, and aids their recovery to health. Moreover, there is a kind of sacred quiet reigning around the hydro, that you never find about even the best-regulated hotels in Britain. In a hotel, people are coming and people are going continually; there is the trampling of many feet on the stairs; the knocking and bumping as luggage is being removed or is arriving; the shouting of waiters; the rattling of carriage-wheels and the ringing of bells, very often by night as well as by day, so that sleep becomes almost an impossibility to the nervous invalid.

Even were a delicate girl to reside at some such watering-place as beautiful Harrogate, for instance, were she ever so rich, I should not advise her to stay in a hotel but in quiet private apartments.

Again, your hydro if well chosen is sure to be situated amidst beautiful scenery, and in a pure and bracing atmosphere, such as some of those for example in Yorkshire, in Wales, down the romantic Clyde, or away up among the wild mountains of Scotland.

In Bradshaw's Railway Guide you will find many hydros advertised, a residence at which you would most thoroughly enjoy. Only I have to remind you that a stay of a few days or even a week can do but little good, and as you must undergo quite a course of treatment, it will be well if you make a good choice of your hydro to begin with. Your own doctor must assist you in doing so, though at the same time you should write to the place itself, and not to one place, but to several, in order to get all the information you can concerning them.

So much depends upon their elevation and temperature, their sheltcredness, or the reverse, and their vicinity to, or distance from the sea or a river.

A seaside or mountain hydro is bound to be bracing. It may be somewhat exposed, however, for chest complaints, though those who should know tell us that even at the hydros on the higher hills and moors of Yorks, chest complaints do well, and if not phthisis or consumption, at least long-standing cases of chronic bronchitis, summer catarrh, hay fever and winter cough take unto themselves wings and fly away. Well, you may guess that I favour the high hydros more than the low situated. And I will tell you why. At the former, even should it sometimes be a bit cold and breezy, it is always bracing and you can easily protect yourself by woollen wraps or a Highland plaid. While around hydros that stand not far from the banks of river or lake, or among the tangled greenery of woods, a damp fog frequently hangs, like a wet blanket, and hardly even, in the sweet summer-time, can you carry your windows open all night. That is just *the* drawback, pleasant and all though it may be to wander among the silent woodlands by day, to cull wild flowers in meadows green, or fish in the streamlet near by.

Again, at the higher placed hydros the appetite is stimulated. You cannot be long out without getting hungry, and I've often advised patients who were going to a particular hydro, high up in the highlands of the Dee in Scotland, not to go abroad on their rambles without either some eating chocolate, or light luncheon biscuits. It is also easy to obtain a glass of delicious milk at a cottage, cow's milk, or better still that of the goat.

From my knowledge of hydros I have frequently been asked about the expense of these, compared to that of hotels. My answer is that they are, considering everything, very much cheaper. Besides, you have just the kind of food and treatment suitable for your particular case. If you have managed to leave all care behind you, you really have nothing to do but to get well. And what a glorious thing that is.

There is always the presiding genius, the doctor, and you must not forget that it is his interest to get you well for the honour of the establishment as well as for his own credit.

Of course he must be obeyed in everything, whether you understand the rationale of his treatment or not. There is small good in having a doctor, if your disobedience to his orders forms a stumbling-block to his treatment.

There is one thing that an invalid or convalescent under the charge of a doctor has no right to do, and don't you forget it, she has no right to think. The physician does all the thinking, that is his work. On board a ship at sea you would not think of interfering with the man at the wheel, I am sure. Well, when treating a case the doctor is the man at the wheel, and yours is the life-barque he is doing his best to steer out of the storm-tossed ocean of illness, into the quiet harbour of rest and health.

Besides, would you believe this, that when even a medical man himself is ill, he trusts all to the brother physician who attends him, knowing full well that when the body is weak the mind is quite incapable of concentrated or exact thought.

I am going to tell you presently what class of cases do best at hydros, but first let me give just one brief hint or two about what you should take with you. Not too much anyhow. In a manner of speaking you will have to live in boxes for a month or two. Your dresses may be neat and fashionable, but they need not be gay, nor do you require many of them, but good, warm, all-wool underwear, and plenty of that is essential. The stockings should be extra warm, the walking-boots or shoes serviceable or strong.

There may be many little night or day comforts as regards underclothing which you have been used to, and the same may be said for the toilet. Well, in order that you may forget nothing, have a small note-book and pencil always at hand for at least a week before you start, and note down everything as you think of it. This note-book comes in exceedingly handy when packing, and you go away with an easy mind knowing you have forgotten nothing, not even your favourite poet nor your writing-case, nor cakes of eating chocolate and fishing-rods, tennis-bats, nor your pet golfing gear.

At the hydro itself, you may be perfectly sure you will get all that is necessary including good and proper medical treatment, excellent well-cooked food with rest and quiet.

Roughly speaking, the classification of treatment at one of the highest and best hydros in Yorks may be given as follows:

1. The Water Cure. In this we have the application of pure water at various degrees of temperature and different degrees of force to the body while at the same time water is used internally. "With this," says a late friend of mine, "I associate gymnastics, dietetics, and regulation of habits. This section of treatment is second to none in its importance, or in the knowledge required for its safe use. Its aim is to give strength to the nutritive force, to give vigour to the nervous power, to regulate the circulation of the blood, to prevent the formation of lower structures in the place of higher ones, and to hasten the removal of effete matter from the system."

Well, I have only to say that, for these purposes, the treatment at hydros is eminently successful as thousands of cases testify. People from various causes may have impure blood. Such girls or women are never really more than half alive. They often feel dull, drowsy, stupid; their duties have no pleasure for them and their systems are completely out of order. The pity of it if they fly to the blood medicines of the quack! In cases like these even tonics excite.

2. There is the "Reparation Treatment," in which, after the blood is rendered pure, the system is gently built up and strength restored.

3. Treatment for special cases, medicinal and hydropathic, and

4. Special local treatment.

Well now, having advised you to send for all information from the various hydros advertised at the commencement of Bradshaw's hotel list, I need not prolong this paper. I shall therefore end by naming a few complaints for which the treatment received at these water-cure establishments seem eminently suitable. All the cases are, of course, chronic in their nature.

1. Nervousness, and this is a most inclusive word, as most of us know.

2. Irregularities of the digestive organs.

3. Irregularities of the system generally.

4. Sleeplessness.

5. A peevish and irritable state of the mind, no matter how induced.

6. Neuralgic pains.

7. Loss of flesh and general debility.

8. Chronic cough.

9. Wheezing and hay asthma.

10. Gloominess or lowness of spirits; a sad state for anyone to sink into.

11. Chronic rheumatism, which is really caused, you must know, by an acid and impure condition of the blood.

12. Chronic liver botheration.

13. Dyspepsia in all its forms.

14. Many kinds of irritating skin complaints, especially eczema.

15. Illnesses: the dregs of bygone severe attacks of, say, dysentery, influenza, etc.

16. Illnesses caused by the abuse of patent pills, etc., or, in older ladies, from the abuse of chlorodyne or opium, fatal habits that darken the lives of thousands in this fair land of ours.

17. Threatened paralysis and blood derangements generally.

18. Fits.

19. Many local ailments of the muscles and joints.

20. Chronic troubles whose names are legion.

I have great hopes that this paper may do good and bring back the rose-hues of health to the cheeks of many a delicate and tender lassie. I *pray* it may, and so bid you farewell for the present.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "STILL-LIFE."

SOLUTION.

STILL-LIFE.

The nick-nacks on the what-not are picnicking together,
A Chelsea shepherdess invites a Chinese god
To eat the fruit so golden from off a piece of leather
That came from fair Japan or from a land as odd.

Behold the Dresden fiddlers industriously are making
Inspiring music that is mute to mortal ears,
And see the merry dancers whose limbs are never aching
Though on they always dance through never-ending years.

Some dainty cups there are too—though some of them are dusty—
Which come from Sèvres, Vienna, Worcester, Delft and Leeds;
We'll leave them these to drink from in case the leather's musty
And trust they'll suffer not from any rash misdeeds!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
M. S. Arnold, The Birches, Malvern Link.
Mrs. and Lydia Belling, Wribbenhall, Bewdly, Worcester.
Ethel Dickson, 2, Bank Parade, Preston.
Mabel Edge, Ivey Lea, Bexton Road, Knutsford.
A. and F. Fooks, Bryndene, Yeovil.
Emmie Holgate, Prospect Terrace, Burnley.
Violet B. Hunt, Budbrooke Vicarage, Warwick.
Ada Rickards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood Green, N.
Elizabeth Yarwood, 110, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.

Special Mention.

A. C. Carter.

Very Highly Commended.

Gertrude Barker, Eliza Blunt, Amy Briand, Herbert A. Brown, Effie S. Connan, Frances J. Cox, N. Coxon, Mrs. Crossman, Fan Cunliffe, K. M. Cunliffe, Elsie Davey, Beatrice M. Dodd, Jennie Ewins, Herbert V. French, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Winifred Gotch, Jennie A. Jenkins, Elizabeth Long, Eliza Learmount, E. Mastin, F. Miller, Lilie Milner, L. P. Molloy, Margaret G. Oliver, St. Clair Conway Poole, Lucy Richardson, Mildred Richardson, Ida Rivington, Mrs. Sill, Rev. R. J. Simpson, Miss R. Carr-Smith, Ellen Rothery Smith, Mrs. T. Swift Taylor, Beatrice K. Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Helen Vale, Edith M. Younge.

Highly Commended.

Mary Aitchison, "Blair," Mary Bolingbroke, Kate B. Brett, E. H. Brookfield, Alicia M. Brown, Ines Bryson, J. Christie, F. A. Clarke, Constance Daphne, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Martha A. Fitzwilliam, Louie Grant, Annie M. Harker, Louie Humphries, C. Honneybell, Eva Marrable, Bernard Mercer, Mary Matthews, Ida Rafford, Cissy Summers, N. Sylvester, L. Constance Walker, J. White, Oscar Whitworth, M. Woodcock.

Honourable Mention.

Dorothy F. Alexander, A. Barnett, Grace Barnett, Ellen Bason, Louie Bull, Rev. S. Bell, Beatrice L. Benson, Alice Biddle, Elizabeth M. Caple, Alice J. Chandler, Lilian Chard, Madge Clarke, Edith R. Clegg, O. F. Clifford, Frank R. Cooksey, Fred J. Cooksey, Mabel M. Cooksey, T. O. Cooksey, Helen M. Coulthard, Dr. R. S. Coulthard, Lizzie Edwards, Elizabeth Field, Herbert Flood, Nettie S. Galbraith, John Gordon, Thomas Gordon, Mrs. A. D. Harris, M. A. Hartnell, E. A. Harrington, Winifred Hickman, Mrs. Hill, E. Hooper, Mary F. Howard, Walter C. Jones, H. Keene, Ethel Knight, Carlina Leggett, Annie G. Luck, Janet L. McLardy, Rachel A. Morgan, Mrs. A. M. Motum, Wm. A. Ray, K. M. Richardson, Alexandrina A. Robertson, Ellen Sarjant, A. A. L. Shave, Ethel M. Smeal, Mary E. Spencer, J. F. Swann, Miss Thomas, A. L. Trounson, Clara A. Turner, Daisy Tyler, K. M. Wakely, Florence H. Walton, Carrie West, Mary Wetters, H. G. Williams, Mabel B. Wilson-Ewer.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

AN adjudication finished in a railway carriage, somewhere between Canterbury and Dover, ought to please every competitor by reason of its devotedness—but we know it will not. Competitors know nothing of the difficulty of deciding between fifty word-perfect solutions, and are apt to be captious, because, after diligent search, their inadvertent and trifling faults are discovered. Well, the diligence is ours and the faults are theirs, so that we can afford to be generous and give all kinds of commendation to even imperfect solutions.

It is not necessary to call attention to many of the verbal mistakes, as the puzzle was evidently an easy one. The first occurred in line 4, "far" being often substituted for "fair." Japan is, of course, as far as it is fair, but that is not the point; f a r e does not spell far even in puzzle language. In the same line we were introduced to a new place, Alandasob, new, at least, to us, though a score or two of girls seem to know it. In the following line, "laboriously" very often supplanted the right word; how it was obtained, we know not. S-in-dust is right enough, but S-in-labo seems to us to be pure nonsense. The mute was generally identified, but it baffled several competitors who made despairing shots at an appropriate reading. The y *all ways* in line 8 was too much for quite half the solvers. Circling was the favourite of the alternative readings, but though it is not hopelessly bad, it is not probable that anyone who adopted it thought of "always" as a possible solution.

In the tenth line "Vena" continually appeared in place of "Vienna;" it was a pity that such a little difficulty should have spoiled so many chances of success.

We took no notice of sundry additions to the title, as *A Picture of* Still Life; Still Life, A STUDY, and so on, for the drawing was a sufficient warrant for their use.

One competitor laments the cleverness of those who can solve the whole of a puzzle poem correctly. She need by no means despair; perfection is not always required, and her own solutions do not fall far short of that standard.

Another writes: "The Puzzle Editor needs a holiday. The puzzles get more exasperating every month." Her first statement shows profound wisdom, and as our barque is already on the shore we will say "good-bye."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

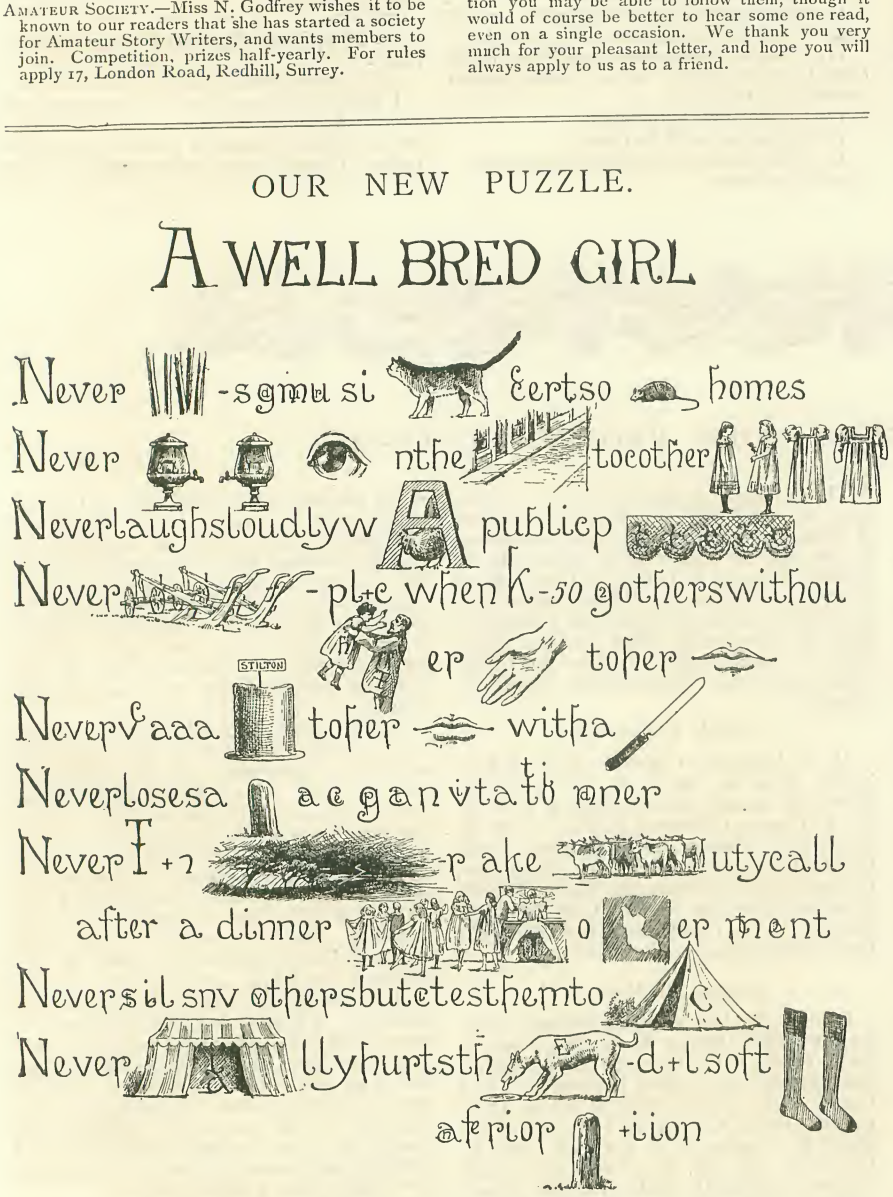
STUDY AND STUDIO.

WHITE VIOLET.—Grammars usually give the rules of prosody. You will find them in Dr. Angus's *Handbook of the English Tongue*, published at 56, Paternoster Row.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—Miss N. Godfrey wishes it to be known to our readers that she has started a society for Amateur Story Writers, and wants members to join. Competition, prizes half-yearly. For rules apply 17, London Road, Redhill, Surrey.

"ARTHUR'S LASSIE."—Certainly you can teach yourself Italian. It is the easiest of all European languages. The grammar we recommend is that by our former Italian master, Dr. Lemmi. See our answer to "Iris," June 19. You will find it very plain, and if you study the rules for pronunciation you may be able to follow them, though it would of course be better to hear some one read, even on a single occasion. We thank you very much for your pleasant letter, and hope you will always apply to us as to a friend.

OUR NEW PUZZLE.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be October 12, 1897; from Abroad, December 14, 1897.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

NANCY.—Personally we should advise Lausanne as a foreign centre for the education of English girls. The air is bracing, the scenery is magnificent, and the schools are very good. In reply to your inquiry respecting a special school, we know a great deal of Miss Wills, Champ Fleuri, Cour, Lausanne, to whom we should recommend you to write. French and German are both excellently taught, and the domestic arrangements are adapted to the needs of English pupils.

HOLLY.—It is never supposed to be necessary for authors to "send in a bill" for articles published in magazines. Unknown writers are often satisfied with the mere honour of appearing in print; but payment is usually made, as a matter of course, and a cheque is sent after publication. A great deal depends on what magazine it is. You had better write a courteous, pleasant little note, inquiring whether the Editor's contributors are paid or not. It would be quite impossible for you to insist on any remuneration, if no arrangement was made beforehand.

NAOMI.—We feel very much sympathy for you. It would be far the best plan for you to join some class. Are there no evening schools of any kind where you live? If we knew your address we might suggest some plan of this sort that would help you. You need to learn to spell, and for this purpose you should practise copying from a book daily. It had better be some book of useful information, such as *Collier's British Empire* for junior classes, so that you can study it at the same time. Any simple school-books that you can get hold of you will find useful, on geography and grammar, arithmetic and elementary physics. But we think it is so far better for you to have a teacher and "learn how to learn," that we should most strongly advise you to pocket any scruples and to profit by the numerous opportunities that now abound everywhere for education. See Mrs. Watson's articles on "What are County Councils Doing for Girls." You should procure some copy-books and practise writing every day, also read as much as you can. Take heart, and you will find that you will improve in time, because you are anxious to learn.

L. SEELY.—The "Jubilee Ode" seems to us very good; but we should not publish what had already appeared in a newspaper, and our Summer Number is long since completed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEATHERLESS.—It is difficult to prescribe for your featherless hen. You do not give the age of the bird, which is important. If it is a two-year old bird the defect may have been brought about by its not having been allowed to breed, which sometimes causes this defect. Too frequent use of hemp will often cause it, especially if given while moulting. We would advise feeding on canary seed alone, no hemp. Very small quantities of green food, well washed watercress for instance; frequent baths are very valuable, which should be taken in full sunlight. Possibly it has gone wrong during the last "moult," if so the bird may recover next moult. Examine the cage carefully and have it thoroughly well washed; keep it supplied with fresh sand and cuttlefish. Of course if the hen is an old bird there will be little chance of any remedy. We hope to give a good practical paper on canaries next February, which is the time to commence preparations. Your other canary must be a marvel if he sings like Albani and Santley rolled into one!

A. B. C.—The healthiest cities in Europe may be Stockholm, Christiania and London, according to statistics recently taken, that is within two or three years. Notwithstanding that sufferers from throat and chest affections prolong life by residence in southern latitudes, the damp, cold and cloudy north shows the cleanest bill of health, and by far the greatest longevity. Rome has a death-rate of 27·6 and Venice of 30·1. The most unhealthy city in the world is Alexandria, showing a death-rate of 52·9 per 1000. In America, Quebec is reputed to be the healthiest city. We believe that the average taken of the Alpine climbers, amongst the Swiss tourists, annually killed, amounts to about twenty-four at least, dating back in the calculation for some ten years; but they seem to be on the increase. In 1890 there were thirty-three deaths.

ROBINA.—1. If you wish to preserve your hands from exhibiting the marks of manual household work, you should perform as much of it as possible in gloves. Keep your nails neatly cut and short, and the skin at the quick well pressed back. Grease them and your hands, after thorough washing, at night, and put on a loose pair of old white kid gloves in bed.—2. For a plain family cake get ½ a quartern of dough from your baker, 1 egg, ¼ lb. each of sugar and sultanas, 2 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of candied peel. Mix all together in a basin (the dough, sugar, sultanas and peel cut up), then add the egg and butter, and beat the whole mixture well together. Grease a tin, turn the latter into it, and bake for forty minutes. When removed from the tin turn it on its side to cool.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

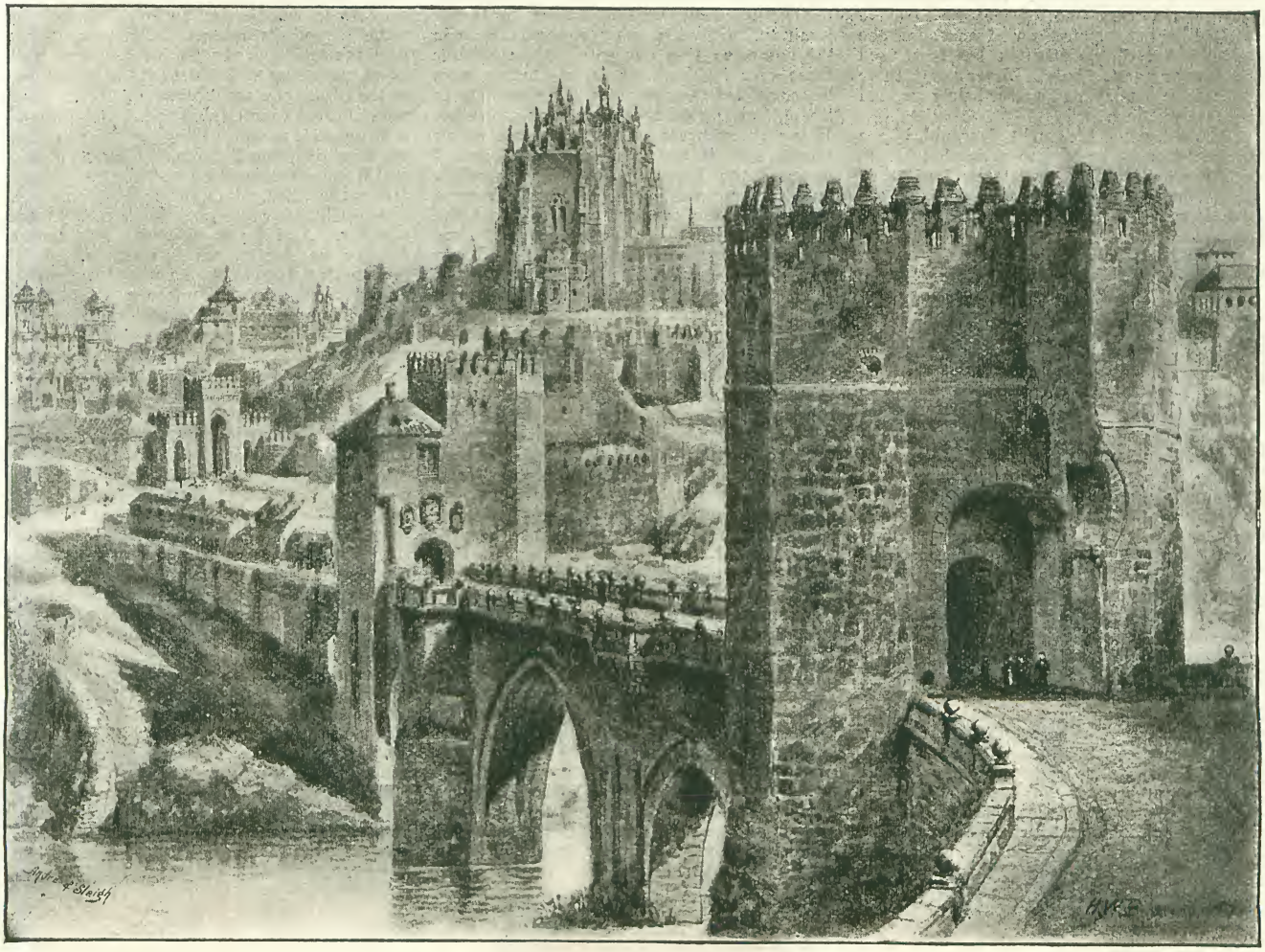
VOL. XVIII.—No. 923.] SEPTEMBER 4, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TOLEDO: THE SHEFFIELD OF SPAIN.

BY FRED HASTINGS.

I HALTED at Castiglione about seven o'clock one evening. As this place was a railway junction, I thought I should find a resting-place for the night and then take the morning train to Toledo. There was a large square enclosure for cattle with a few cottages at the back. Outside these cottages several women were at needle-work, and four or five girls and children were dancing. They danced in the peculiar Spanish style, using their voices and castanets. When they caught sight of me, they ceased and speedily hastened to bring a guitar; putting it into my hands they wished me to play for them, but this was beyond my powers.

The sun went down behind the hills, and I had shelter to seek. Seeking in the gloom I stumbled over several mounds which proved to be "dug-outs," or dwelling-places of men employed on the railway and their families. Certainly these homes were not so good as the cave dwellings of the gipsies of Granada. After considerable difficulty I managed to find a room in a small house near the station.



TOLEDO.

All rights reserved.]

There was no bed in the room. It was arranged that a mattress should be laid on the floor, but there was one great objection to the place, viz., that it had been newly painted that day. I feared to sleep in it, and yet I was weary and wished to stretch my limbs. I accepted the great-coat of the old man for a coverlet and shut my door. The old-fashioned Roman lamp gave forth much smoke, and the basket in a corner with sundry paint brushes, rags and tins a dreadful smell. Opening the window I placed the basket outside, and then found I had no fastening. How about brigands and robbers?

Beetles began to run about, and I committed murder on them ere committing myself to sleep. It must be confessed that a slight sense of loneliness crept over me, and memories of what one had read of Spanish assaults began to float through the brain.

Pitching back my rush-bottomed chair, a survey of the room was further taken. On those shelves for ornaments are a number of bottles of all sorts and sizes. In the corner is a large stone jar with the drinking water of the household. The table is of rude construction, but that fireplace in one corner, with a projection half over the room is very odd. I had to be careful lest my head should suffer by contact with that square projecting corner.

But I must lie down and rest. That window is unfastened; never mind, I shall probably hear any intruder, and that little pistol is with my girdle-purse under the pillow. Sleep was sweet. It is five o'clock when I awake. My host and hostess are up before me, for I can hear them moving about. Here is water to wash, but a towel—no. I manage to make the old lady understand what I want, and she brings me a dirty cloth that has been used already for paint. Bah! Never mind, there is sunshine outside, and a clear balmy air, and my face will soon dry.

Before leaving I thought I would like a memento of my hostess, so persuaded her to sit down outside the house while I sketched her. She had a face broad enough for the largest smile and a form dumpty enough for the lowliest door.

At the restaurant attached to the station some sort of breakfast was obtained. The coffee was good and the bread of very fine flour, and made in cakes as is usual in shape like a flat-iron. One could take a number of them on a string like the loaves of Syria.

News of my portrait-painting had spread. A man brings one of the railway porters and intimates that I should try my hand on his face. I did not care for the subject. An old man came up and the porters said "paint him." He placed himself in position on the platform; soon his form was transferred to paper. He looked well in his very broad brim, which I afterwards tried on my heretical head. The old priest and myself afterwards rode together to Toledo, and as our knowledge of each other's language was limited we entered into no discussion to spoil the harmony of our brief acquaintance. Poor old man, he was in trouble too, for his housekeeper was going to have some operation performed on her upper lip in Toledo, and naturally his countenance was rather gloomy. I sympathised with both. The old priest tried to comfort himself with a cigarette which he made as deftly as any young *cabillero*.

It is tiresome to trudge through Toledo. The city is on a hill and a climb is inevitable, whatever way you go. But it is a most charming city. Nowhere, perhaps, save in modern Jerusalem would more places of interest be found so close together. As we approach the city, we notice the romantic double-arched lofty bridge guarded by two gates which span the yellow-watered river running round the city in deep rocky channels. A little further and we pass under another Moorish gate with large gilded medallions of the sun and moon. Then we come to an old mosque; further on a Jewish synagogue in style like the Alhambra; then a church in rich Byzantine decoration; then to San Juan de los Reges, a church built by Ferdinand and Isabella after the battle of Toro, when they gained a victory over the Portuguese. Outside this church a number of manacles and fetters are hung, which has been struck from off the limbs of Christian captives when Granada was taken by the Moors. Then there is the cathedral, the palace of the Primate of all Spain, another romantic bridge and churches seemingly uncountable. Yes, Toledo is a charming place, although somewhat tiring.

As I only had my knapsack as impedimenta, I went to search out the place at which a friend had told me I should find comfortable quarters. The house was not easy to discover, probably because in asking for Isabel Street I omitted to say "Saint" Isabel, but I was rewarded when I found the place, for it was an old Moorish house with a courtyard shaded by evergreens and with a quaint old well in the centre. The broad stairway led to galleries which ran round the court. My bedroom was delightfully cool, for no sun could get in. The furniture of the whole house was in keeping with its age, and the two old ladies were in harmony with the furniture. Only five other strangers were in the house, so that our gatherings were like those of a family party. The dinners were better cooked than any we had elsewhere in Spain, and the charges were very moderate. If my experience at Castiglione was rather rough, here it was most pleasant, and I lingered the longer. Four of my fellow boarders were amateur artists, and our great pleasure in the evenings was to show the sketches we had made during the day. And we found subjects enough in Toledo. Every corner, lane, outlook is a picture.

The cathedral at Toledo is one of the largest in Spain, if not in Europe. It is a most elaborate building. Perhaps nowhere will better cutting in stone be seen. There are some wonderful relievos in Carrara marble of the thirteenth century in the large chapel behind the coro or choir. That place is a perfect mass of bewildering and exquisite carving, with richest colouring mellowed by age. Behind the choir is a sculptured design, of angels and the virgin, in marble and brass running up for about seventy feet. Above where light is let in from the roof is like a peep into heaven. As I entered from the north door and first caught sight of this, I had to stand for some minutes gazing on an arrangement, the like of which I had never seen elsewhere. It was a represensation of the giving of the law to Moses on the Mount.

In the cathedral a service is still kept up for Moorish Christians. Various attempts had been made to set aside this liturgy, but the cathedral chapter conquered the Vatican. The ancient liturgy was in vogue all through this part of Spain until Isabella made it a condition, in obedience to the Vatican, that no church should be consecrated that used it. Now in only one little chapel of the cathedral is this liturgy used. I went to hear it. To me it was much like the other services, with one or two exceptions, viz., the practice of having an acolyte to point out to the officiating priest with a silver wand the place in the liturgy to be read, and further the signalling by means of a number of silver bells attached to a wheel when the faithful are to kneel.

The sacristan pulled the ropes which moved the wheel very energetically, especially when he caught sight of one present who fell not prostrate before the elevation of the host. Directly he ceased ringing, he walked over to me, and although I was seated, with my body bent, that I might not disturb the worship of the five others of the congregation, and the ten ecclesiastics, he motioned to me to adore the host. As this was against my conscience I quietly slipped out.

The sacristan of another chapel was much more affable. He showed me a sort of vestry where the business of the diocese was transacted, and it was a most gorgeous mass of colour with Moorish hangings, rugs, furniture, frescoes of the Resurrection, and numbers of portraits of all the various cardinals and archbishops who had had sway over this see. That of Cardinal Ximenes was pointed out with some pride. As this sacristan or ecclesiastic could talk French, we had a pleasant little chat, and at the end confessed that the one important thing for Catholics and Protestants was to seek by faith in Jesus Christ alone to get to heaven.

There is a tradition that Adam was the first king of Spain and that Toledo was the capital. The Jews believe that it was first settled by their forefathers who fled from Palestine in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, and they say its name is derived from Toledoth, or "the city of generations." Anyhow, it was once the capital of the Gothic kingdom, and there, according to tradition, Roderic, the last of the Goths, was unfaithful to his trust, an act which moved Count Julian to call in the Moors to avenge his private wrongs, and those of his beautiful daughter Florinda. Toledo was and still remains famous for its steel manufacture. It was the Sheffield of the middle ages. A Toledo blade was equal to a Damascene scimitar. A visit was of course paid to the Fabrica de Armes, which is subsidised by government, but although a very large place, is but a shadow of its former self. Here several hundred men are still employed in making swords, daggers, etc. We handled several antique blades and found they were for wear in the procession in honour of a poet. Others were ordered for duellists in France and Germany. One blade was so supple that it could be bent into a perfect circle without breaking.

A section of a blade was shown in which a strip of iron is laid between two of steel, and then being welded and heated together they form one blade. The careful inlaying of steel with gold wire was a very interesting process to watch.

Toledo perhaps more than any other town we visited in Spain exhibited traces of decay. It was a most important and populous place. This was first when the Moors had possession. When the Christians gained power in the eleventh century they promised at first protection to the Moors, but soon the terms of capitulation were neglected and violated, the property of the Moors was taken from them, and their mosques turned into churches. After a period of decline it rose again in the seventeenth century, until it had nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it has about twenty thousand, but it is as attractive as ever.



THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE day before the wedding-day had come.

In the morning the two young men made a formal visit, attended by old Mr. Potter, who had been Mr. Haydn's lawyer. To them entered the parents of the brides, and the two bridesmaids.

Then, in the matter of Docker, the ancient lawyer explained the settlements—rendering them inexplicable, until, while he was reading the documents at length—at great length—Reginald pencilled a couple of lines upon a card and made everything quite clear. There was an insurance for £1500 and a settlement of securities bringing in altogether something over £40 a year. This was not splendid. But the practice was advancing by leaps and bounds, and, with the conduct of the Hennessy law business now to be added, there was the prospect of quite a comfortable little income.

Then came Docker's turn to act professionally. Mr. Hennessy, he explained, had given him no choice in the drawing up of the settlement that was about to be read. Its purport, Reginald declared, was dead against his advice. Perhaps such a marriage deed had hardly ever been drawn up before. He was almost tempted to say, slightly parodying a famous observation, "It is magnificent, but it is not law." Of course he did not mean to suggest that there was any actual contravention of the law, or that the document would not hold. What he meant was that it went against the stream of precedent and the drift of prejudice; was, indeed, so unrestricted in its terms that if ever there should be given the slightest ground whereon to raise the question of sanity that question was very likely to be raised.

Then Reginald read the deed. It was short and sweet. It gave to Mary, unreservedly, from the moment of its signature, the Ballintober property—her father's old estate.

"Once again, Hennessy," said Docker, "I think it my duty to point out that a good many things may happen between now and to-morrow—among them Miss Haydn's refusal to complete the marriage, and your death. If this document is to be signed at all, the marriage register ought to be signed first."

De Vesci laughed. "'Ought is nought,' we used to say at school, forcibly, if unscientifically. Be thou dumb, oracular Docker; we long to taste the silvern sapience of thy salubrious silence. Is this the place?—good."

He took up a pen and signed, rapidly but clearly. "There," he said, tossing the quill away, "that's done. Now you witnesses—only don't witness this," and he caught Mary up in his arms and kissed her.

"You have been too good," said Mary; "you are a belated knight-errant."

De Vesci laughed. "That reminds me of an answer I got from a child. 'What was a knight errant?' I asked. 'A boy that went on messages for a doctor,' he answered, 'wid bottles, your honour, and maybe, leeches.'" Then De Vesci stooped over his love and whispered, "I'd do more than that for you, Molly; try me."

"I don't want even leeches at present," she said; but her eyes were misty.

De Vesci moved away, and pretended to jog his cousin's elbow, as she nervously prepared to sign. He was whistling to himself that ancient and loyal melody, "The King shall have his own again."

That day of the settlements was a very unsettled day. The day before the wedding generally is. The arrangements had been pushed forward with such energy that there was really nothing to do. A sort of languor fell upon the party at Weir Bend, such as is wont to fall upon folk whose excitement is over, not about to begin. Now this depression ought to have brought out the great qualities of the two best men. It only brought out their incapacity. One of them (Reginald's misrepresentative) proceeded to lie down, complaining of the Irish sea. And the other—De Vesci's imbecile—having ascertained where he could get the keys of the church and a boy to blow, proceeded to practice something on the organ; cipher-ing, apparently. But when our natural protectors desert us strangers become kind. The two forsaken bridesmaids, having remarked, "Best men! indeed! I wonder what their worst are like!" linked arms and wandered down the river bank. And there they chanced upon two curates—most delicate curates—and lo! one of the girls had met one of the crescent divines before.

They had a splendid walk, nearly all stiles, and lovely lightning under a tree. "Shan't we get a scolding!" remarked Kitty Docker.

"Oh," said one of the ecclesiastics, "tell them you fell in with us."

Kitty surveyed her dripping skirt. "They will think you were rather slow," she said, "in getting us out."

Whereat both of the curates roared, and one of them nearly saw the joke when he got home.

Meanwhile the river had attracted other members of the party. Hennessy, it was believed, had walked out waterward in search of some leaves or berries that were wanted for a vase; and Mary with a sort of vague idea that she ought to try and combine the scattered arcs of her circle, had followed after the girls, leaving word that Reginald (he had been obliged to run down to the office) had better come on after her,

Hildegarde was sitting with Mrs. Haydn, who had been ailing all the day.

Having strolled on for half a mile or so, Mary came in sight of her strayed lambs. When, however, she saw how they were being shepherded, she dived under a tree, the first of a long line, and sat down, with the river at her feet. Blindness is sometimes the better part of discretion.

The air was warm, almost sultry. But the fleecy clouds that sailed overhead were darkening as with pencil shadings, while here and there they took on a purplish stain or a tint of indigo. The sun, nowhere visible, was felt as a diffused and smouldering dazzle in the south-western sky, and every cloud that went past fretting his hidden track caught an inward illumination. One might have fancied, beholding one of them, that the body of some vast spider was kindled by a central fire. The river was very high, and was rising yet.

Mary took in these appearances almost unconsciously. To be indifferent to nature's mood was hardly possible to her. But to-day she could not observe; she could only feel. She realised that a storm was coming on, though, as she read the weather signs, not for some hours yet—and she was glad; there would be relief in the vicarious abandonment. For herself she must be calm; but it was good to hear the wind lift its voice, and see the elms fling their wild arms, and rock themselves to and fro.

Ah! how the storm was growing. The trees were making a sound as of water, and the water was moaning like a wood. There were wild scurries and strange alarms, coming she knew not how or whence. All the world, earth and water and sky, was rolling, rushing, swinging.

Oh, she thought, why did not those foolish girls return. The rain would come before its time. They would be wet. For herself she had no uneasiness. It was relief to try and feel oneself for a little while only a bit of blown and battling nature.

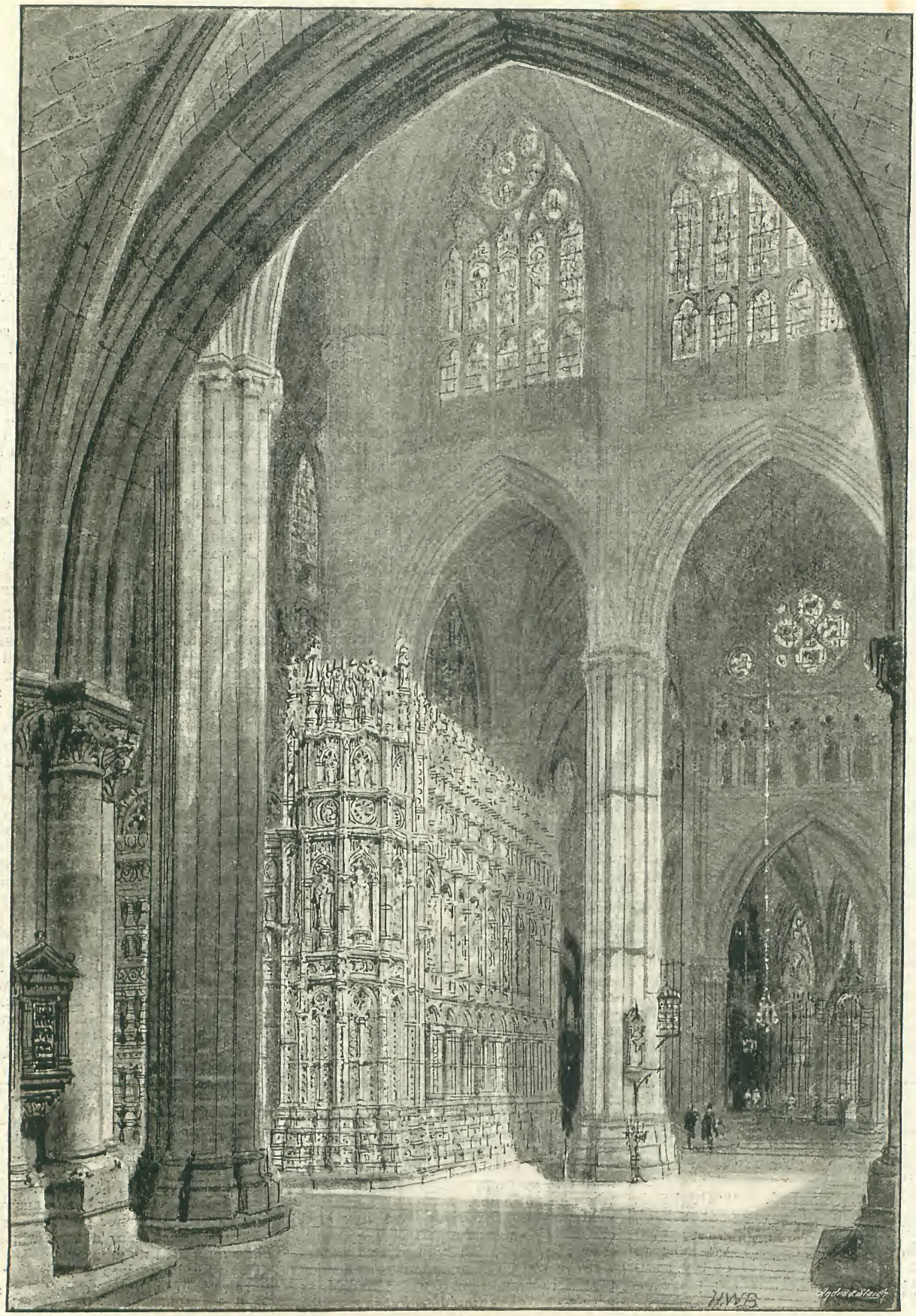
Suddenly Mary heard a voice at her side. In the tumult of her world, outward and inward, she had not caught the sound of the steps that brought it.

"Why are you sitting here?" the voice asked.

It was the voice of Reginald.

"It suits my humour," she answered, dully surprised by her lack of surprise at his presence. For a little while the young man said no more.

Then he burst into a laugh. "To-morrow is the happy day," he said. "But the weather seems hardly rising to the occasion—except indeed the wind. The sun ought to shine on such a bride as you, Mary. If I had De Vesci's



INTERIOR, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

money I wouldn't let my beautiful lady go to church in the rain."

"Money can hardly bribe the weather office," Mary said.

"Dear me," he answered, "is that so? Then there is something that money can't buy. What if it were happiness, Mary? You would have made a bad bargain then."

"What do you mean?" said Mary.

"Look here," he answered, springing to his feet. "You cared for me once, I know that. For a little while my belief was shaken, but I am quite sure now. Mary, why did you send me that message, so quick on the heels of all your kindness? What had I done, Mary, what had I done?"

He looked at her, and she pitied his miserable face with the great purple rings blackening visibly, as it seemed to her, under his eyes.

Mary shook her head. "I never sent you a message."

"How can that be?" he said. "I saw the words, 'Tell Mr. Docker,' and you told Hildegarde too, Mary—she would not tell a lie—that you did not care for me."

"Yes, yes," she said. "I did that. But you had never said anything to me, and I hardly thought I should be taken at my word." Mary started up with flaming cheeks. "I did not mean to say that," she sobbed; "let me pass."

"But you have said it," he answered, catching her hand. "That, at least, can never be unsaid. Mary, I don't understand it. I never thought you would sell yourself for money. I suppose they forced you——"

"Nobody forced *you*," said Mary turning upon him. "If you cared for me why did you ask Hildegarde before I had been away a week? But all this is too late."

"Because I was mad," he answered. "Mad with jealousy and despair. Mary, why is it too late? Better a nine days' wonder than a life's misery."

Faintly in the rush of the storm came the sound of a paddle, a little sound, received into the sense of those two, but not into their consciousness.

"It is too late," said Mary firmly. "We must think of others beside ourselves. Do you suppose that I would break his heart—the heart of the best man in all the world, and the noblest—the man who has done so much for me?"

"Mary, do you love him? Answer me that question in one word."

The sound of the paddle came clearer. A flash of lightning quivered on Mary's lids. "Hush," she said, "there is a boat coming."

"Whisper, if you like," he replied; "but speak. Mary, do you love Hennessy?"

"No," she answered, as though she were thinking aloud; "what I feel is all but love, but it is not quite. No, I do not love him."

At that moment there fell upon the ears of the two a wail—a moan—a lost and lonely cry. It was a sound Mary knew well. The Calling of the Weir.

And sharp on the heels of that cry Mary saw a cot break from the line of elms and fly like an arrow down the stream.

The paddler was De Vesci Hennessy. She knew him at once, and yet almost wondered at her recognition. For his face was white and blotched, and drawn, and he stared straight before him with the stare of a drowned man.

Mary could not speak. The terror—the insistency of the need—clutched her throat and closed it as with strong hands. For a second—or for a minute—time has no place in such eternal crises—Mary stared while the boat swept on to destruction. Then she laid her hand on Reginald's shoulder and pointed, and at last the words came.

"Save him," she said, in a strange husky voice.

"It is too late," he answered; "the game is up."

"Then," said Mary, quietly, but with conviction, "you have killed him."

At that moment from a little lane pertaining to one of the riverside villas there appeared a boy leading a horse saddled and bridled. Almost before Mary knew what he meant to do, Reginald had mounted the horse and was galloping with loose rein in the direction of the weir. As fast as her trembling limbs would carry her Mary followed.

Far ahead, a small tongue of land ran deep into the rush of the river. At that point Reginald flung himself from the saddle. He had outstripped the boat, which now came gliding towards him with a swift sinister smoothness. The current in which she was caught showed like a broad oily band, its edges fretted with white. Twenty yards below the water rounded like an elastic wheel, and even as it made the curve seemed to turn to gold. Below, there was a broad semi-circle, formed, one might have said, by hovering white wings. It was the foam flung up by the river, after its great plunge. The sound that stormed the ears was a shout, a roar, a crash, a yell; fierce, blind, mad; but above all, irresistible. One might have wondered that anything in the world stood firm while all that rolling volume of destruction swept, and trampled, and leaped.

Mary's heart reproached her now. She was only flinging one life after another.

"Reginald!" she cried, and with the utterance of his name all her love swept over her heart in a great flood, "Reginald! It is too late."

He only lifted his hands, pressed together, above his head.

How could he hear her voice in that riotous dim? Her cry sounded to herself like a whisper coming from far away.

Yet she called again, torn by fear and self-reproach, and yet conscious of a sort of desperate joy in uttering his name. "Reginald, it is too late! Reginald! Reginald!"

And even as the name was blown away from her lips, she saw the boat quiver and draw itself together almost opposite the green jut of land. And at the same second she saw Reginald bring his arms down and plunge.

A minute or two later Docker staggered up the bank, bruised and breathless, beaten back for the second time by the strong current that set landward for a quarter of the breadth of the broad stream. And an hour after that the lanterns of a search party that had gone out in two boats to examine the pool below, showed a cot, empty and broken, that went circling round and round under the rapids.

"Let us be thankful," said Keogh, leader of this search, "that's all we'll ever see of as fine a gentleman as ever stept, and as free and as bounteous. May heaven look this day on her that was to have been his bride, for the deep heart of her is broken."

"Troth," said another man, "they'll need neither coffin nor winding-sheet. The Great Weir never gives up its dead."

(*To be continued.*)

MY ADVENTURES ON A SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

How can I describe to you the first impressions of those fields of whiteness, the glaciers and ravines all shining under the silver radiance of the moon? How can I tell you my feelings at the awful grandeur and solemnity around me? There are some scenes which baffle all description, some moments in life which cannot be recorded.

Madame was on her knees dipping her hands in the snow. The doctor's hat had already been adorned with half-a-dozen snowballs. I stood for the moment silently apart wondering at nature with all her strange surprises.

For half an hour longer we tramped onwards. In some parts the snow presented quite a hard surface agreeable to walk upon; at others it was sloshy, and we had to wade through it nearly knee-deep. Once the doctor almost entirely disappeared in a snow-hole, and in trying to drag him out, my husband likewise fell. The moon was beginning to get covered, thereby rendering further progress dangerous if not altogether impossible. We were all thoroughly tired, and were contemplating a melancholy camping-out when, bravo! the bleat of a goat fell upon our ears, and presently a curious little hut was seen.

"Any shelter in a storm," said the doctor, coming up and rapping his alpenstock against some planks of wood which served as a doorway. There were no windows apparent, but a few rough openings innocent of glass or even straw.

At our summons a dreadful head peeped out of one of these apertures.

"*Che vuoi?*" it said, in thick guttural accents.

I flew to my husband and clung to him in terror.

"The black man of the woods, or at least a smuggler," I suggested in a whisper.

The doctor was not so timid.

"What we want, my good man, is a shelter for the night and a drop of milk," he shouted.

At the sound of his voice several other heads, as unprepossessing as the first, began forcing themselves out of the same aperture.

"They are not good men, doctor," I said disconsolately; "they are savages. Please—please come away, I am so frightened."

"Nonsense, little coward," said my husband reassuringly, "there is no need for fear. Those poor, ignorant creatures are much too stupid to know how to commit murder."

"If you don't let us in at once, I'll break your heads!" said the doctor, in language which was more forcible than polite.

It seemed, however, to find favour with the natives, and the next moment the clumps of timber which blocked the doorway were removed and we slipped inside.

Never have I felt or smelt anything more unsavoury than the interior of that hut. Everything was wrapped in pitch darkness, and we found ourselves stumbling hither and thither in hopeless confusion.

The doctor immediately struck a match, and, perceiving a halfpenny dip in a bottle, at once lit it. This dip was one of those tiresome articles which make a great deal of fuss. It began to spit and splutter, then it died out to a blue glimmer, anon shooting up into a sickly yellow flame; always giving just sufficient light to make the darkness round more hideously apparent.

We were in a regular cave which must have belonged to the primeval ages. The floor was strewn with wet dirt, the only furniture consisted of a number of stools, made of two pieces of wood nailed together in the shape of a big T. A few large barrels and a number of sacks smelling strongly of cheese completed the furniture.

"Pray be seated, ladies," said the doctor.

I clung to my husband, and with his support I managed to descend fairly gracefully on my stool.

The doctor was less fortunate. The T was insufficient for his bulky weight, it cracked under him, and the next moment he was deposited on the ground.

At least a dozen men were gazing at us with drowsy half-opened eyes.

By this time madame and I were genuinely alarmed, but the doctor again reassured us, and very shortly feet began to appear in the place where heads had been, while a gentle snoring lullaby proclaimed the enemy were sleeping.

The utter unconcern of these men at our intrusion was really amusing. The doctor had to almost drag one from his lair before he could get him to bring us the milk and bread which we had already demanded several times.

When the food did at length appear, the question of a table was the next difficulty, and eventually the man, after much cogitation, fixed us up three planks of wood on the top of a barrel.

"Now," said the doctor, "when I say one! two! three! all put down your bowls simultaneously, and when I again say one! two! three! all raise the bowls to your lips. It must be done methodically, because if one bowl is put down before the others, the table collapses and the milk runs on to the carpet."

"It is the most ingenious contrivance ever heard of," said my husband.

"It should be patented at once as the latest American invention," chimed in Mr. H——.

The milk had a strange taste and the bowls were not remarkable for cleanliness, but our throats were parched, and I think the meal did us good.

Another man, evidently the factotum of this smugglers' establishment, now entered with bread. It was in a coarse sack which he emptied out upon the table.

Oh!" cried Mr. H——, who had been looking aside when the bread came rolling out. "Was that a landslip on the Camoghè?"

"No," said the doctor, "it is only the arrival of the breakfast rolls."

Oh—that bread! Even when new it must have been peculiarly nasty, but it had now become absolutely uneatable.

"Where are the ice axes?" cried my husband, trying in vain to enter one of the loaves with his penknife.

"It's my firm opinion that these—these articles have become petrified from exposure," said the doctor.

"In the interests of the state we should at once secure one as a geological specimen!" exclaimed Mr. H——.

All of which remarks were doubtless very funny, but they didn't provoke much laughter, and presently the doctor and my husband suggested that we should try to compose ourselves comfortably for the night.

After choosing for madame and myself the least grimy corner of the hut, they stretched some of the cheese-sacks across the floor, and over these placed their shawls. Our knapsacks served us as pillows and our own cloaks as coverings.

They then deserted us, and, going to the other side of the hut, eventually settled themselves amongst the savage band.

In the morning my husband was discovered with his head in a tub and his feet in the bread-sack. The doctor had been more fortunate, as he had secured the ancient saddle of a mule in which he had been enabled to roll himself up, Turkey fashion, out of the dirt.

Of course my readers can imagine that sleep was impossible under these circumstances. We didn't even attempt to close our eyes.

"Let's have a concert," called out my husband from his tub. "You begin and sing us a lullaby."

I was quite equal to the occasion, and began in rather a dreadful voice—

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

My voice sounded so strange and hollow in the queer den, and, to my amusement, I noticed by the candle-light that where the twelve pairs of the peasants' feet had been, the twelve heads again appeared, just as they had done when startled by the doctor.

"Bravo!" said the doctor. "Just see how the natives enjoy your song. They've probably never heard anything more musical than the bleating of the goats in all their strange existence.

After this there was some more singing ending in—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O, keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings."

This we sang in canon, and glorious was the effect.

Then there was silence. The candle spluttered angrily in its grimy stick, gave three little blue jerks and then went out.

I tried to close my eyes. I did my very utmost to woo the "Sweet Restorer," but all my efforts were hopeless, and my pillow, oh! so hard.

"Madame," I said, approaching close to her, "are you asleep?"

"No."

"Then let's get up and have a look at Nature at this solemn hour of midnight."

Softly as two mice we crept from our den and let ourselves out into the air.

A sharp cold wind bore down upon us, almost taking us off our feet; but it passed quickly, and was followed by a calm.

A bright full moon was sailing in the sky, lighting with mystic radiance the terrible grandeur of the scenery before us. Vast masses of rock, high and bare, with chasms each side of them, showed themselves up in bold relief against the fields of snow. Iron-grey boulders of enormous size were so suspended on the edges of these rocks that it seemed as though they only required a whiff, a breeze to send them thundering down upon us. Everything was awful and uncanny, even the high points of the cold white Alps seemed full of grim mysteriousness.

"It is a land of enchantment!" said madame, taking my hand tightly within her own.

"No, it is the domain of the ice-king," I said, shivering. "Fate seems to be written in its stillness, and tragic death upon its icy gloom!"

"Don't you think it must be like this up in the regions of the moon?"

"I do, and our next trip should be to her majesty's silver kingdom."

"You are joking again."

"No, indeed! I am horribly serious! I feel as though I were under some spell, and that any moment the gnomes and fairies might come tripping out to meet us."

"Pan with his pipes, or Diana with her lute?"

"No; but a magician of evil omen."

"You are like the peasants, who hedge this mountain round with all sorts of curious and blood-curdling stories. They call it the 'Great Ghost,' and if ever there is death or misfortune in the towns around, they point to it with their fingers and shake their heads significantly."

Even as madame spoke another gust of wind sprung up. It was more violent than the first and, playing havoc amongst a newly-fallen avalanche, came bearing down upon us charged with snow.

We escaped quickly back into the hut. We were just in time, only another moment and we should have been drenched to the skin.

At half-past three the following morning behold us tying on our knapsacks and off again on the tramp.

Girls, we were unbrushed and unwashed! We couldn't even obtain sufficient water to clean our teeth! We all thought with a sigh of our morning tub at home, and madame and I had to quickly hide our hands in our pockets, so ashamed were we of our grimy appendages.

The thin transparent mist which veiled the mountain tops, made our ascent at this early hour somewhat dangerous, especially as there were a plentiful supply of gaps and ravines sprinkled about.

The doctor, however, cautiously led the way, and with firm tread, and our alpenstocks well planted in front, we were soon making rapid progress.

At half-past four the mists disappeared and a sunrise full of unearthly beauty brought us the necessary courage to attempt the final climb.

The ascent became now almost perpendicular. There was indeed no "royal road," as my husband had warned me.

As we got higher walking became almost impossible, and we had to edge ourselves onwards on all fours. The boulders of rock were very uncertain foothold, but the hardy little plants which grew here in great luxuriance were very serviceable in an exploit which was becoming momentarily more dangerous.

I quite tremble when I think of the jeopardy our lives were in during that last hour's climb. One false step, one uncertain foothold and we should have been crushed to atoms at the

bottom of some yawning ravine. Our daring attempt at cutting short the longer route, and taking the shorter and almost perpendicular one was certainly more valorous than discreet.

However no accident befel us, and at six o'clock A.M. behold us at the top of the snow-capped Camoghè with Europe at our feet!

We sent forth a wild cry of triumph which echoed ominously through the deathlike stillness. We brought out our handkerchiefs and, tying them to our alpenstocks, flourished them madly in the air. We were intoxicated with the result of our labours, and the keen freshness of the atmosphere affected us.

As for the view I can only tell you that all around us like a chain, touching each other and rising higher and higher, were the summits of the high Alps, Monte Rosa, the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn. Their desolate untrodden regions were exposed to us as in an open book, their snowy summits bathed in the rosy tinge of dawn, appeared to us at intervals, those intervals when the veil of mist was vanquished by the piercing rays of sunlight.

At our feet were the Italian lakes studded with citadels which looked like snowy birds, and all around us was a blank white world solemn, mysterious sublime!

A silence had fallen upon us. One of those long, long silences which must come to every one in solemn moments of life when the eyes are too full to shed tears, the heart too full for speech.

How long we should have stayed thus there is no telling, had not the wants of the inner man asserted themselves so strongly that we all, as by one accord, unstrung our knapsacks and deposited them on the ground.

We sat down on a heap of snow, huddled up in every available wrap, and we enjoyed the finest little meal in all the world! No nectar or ambrosia could have tasted more delicate than that stale bread and those dried-up sausages, and the chocolate, which was pulpy from exposure, was most delightful.

After eating we of course felt thirsty, whereupon the doctor compounded for us a drink which was as novel as delicious. First of all he collected a mass of snow which he compressed into a hard ball, and then he squeezed some lemon juice into it making it quite a pretty colour and serving it round in pieces. We named this welcome refreshment the "Camoghè Ice."

After our meal we began searching for geological specimens, and we put ourselves in all sorts of dangerous positions to obtain them.

In my search I was suddenly attracted by what appeared to me like a thin gleam of green and yellow light. I put out my hand to clutch the treasure when it slowly glided out of reach. It proved to be no more nor less than a snake at least a yard in length.

"Mercy!" I cried, "I have just had the narrowest escape. Look at that venomous monster which is wriggling itself into its hole."

"It's a rattle-snake," said the doctor.

"Why not say a cobra straight away?" laughed my husband. "It's only a harmless adder come out to take its morning constitutional!"

And now came the question of descent, for the advancing day warned us that it was well-nigh time to quit our frosty perch.

"Now, ladies," said the doctor, giving the order for departure, "keep well on your feet and follow me closely."

We obeyed him for the space of about thirty yards when the order changed.

"Now," he said suddenly, "on all fours, please!"

In a moment we were scrambling along like animals, clutching at everything and anything within reach. Presently the strip of flat ground disappeared entirely, and now the doctor gave us the rather alarming injunction to trust mostly to our hands for support, as the foothold was uncertain. For the space of a few moments our descent was truly perilous, and the idea of being hurled headlong into space was not delightful. However, our feet shortly landed on firmness, and to our relief danger was over. We had now come to a sloping field of snow of vast dimensions.

"Now," said the doctor his genial face wreathed in smiles, "please sit down, balance yourself well with your alpenstocks and let's have some tobogganing.

Whiz! Whiz! At what a rate we went, and what a delightful sensation it was cutting our way so rapidly through the sharp and frosty air.

Presently a strange rumbling sound began to be heard. Nearer and nearer it came, and it now resembled the cannonading of great guns.

"Pray keep close to this rock," said the doctor, "it is an avalanche, and may be upon us any moment!"

Even as he spoke a vast wave of snow came rushing down the mountain with a vehemence simply terrific.

It was a miracle that we escaped it, and we did so only by the skin of our teeth. So peppered were we by the snow that we were drenched through to the skin.

"Oh, these regions of eternal snow!" said Mr. H—— recovering the first from the shock. "Do let us get out of them and into the land of the living at the earliest possible convenience!"

The sun had now begun to shine down upon us with vigour, and the effect of the burning heat above and the icy cold beneath was anything but advantageous to our complexions, and I am sorry to relate that by the time we had arrived at the land of the living our appearances were anything but prepossessing.

Never shall I forget the figure that the doctor cut as he entered a little village about a couple of hours later.

His bright red blanket had become unfastened from his knapsack and was drooping gracefully behind him, his hat, which had lost all shape long ago, was slouched on the side and filled with flowers of gaudy hue. A yellow silk handkerchief was round his neck, and his face and bare arms were of a special kind of red which baffles all description. How we all laughed at him and how amiably he took our derision. Never could a kindlier, gentler or more interesting man have been found for a cicerone, who had by his ready wit and absolute unselfishness become quite a hero in our eyes.

At the village we called, as usual, for drink. The children flew from us in terror, especially from the doctor. They thought him, no doubt, some wild man of the wood or wizard from a Christmas fairy tale.

Great bowls of milk, warm from the cow, were brought to us with cast iron ladles from which to drink it. Needless to say we did not use the latter, but our five heads disappeared quickly behind the huge bowls. We each demolished a goodly quantity before we thought of eating. The food provided was more substantial than appetising. It consisted of pollenta, a sort of coarse yellow flour, boiled in milk and seasoned with salt.

Our descent after this village, though steep and rocky was comparatively easy, and the country by degrees became wildly luxuriant again, with an abundance of cherry and peach trees, fields of flowers and glowing vineyards.

In the shady dells wild strawberries and the mountain whortleberry flourished, providing us with light and appetising refreshment.

Terrific, almost intolerable heat prevailed in these valleys, and by the time we had reached Bellinzona our arms and faces were beginning to peal, suffering, as was natural, from the varieties of temperature to which they had been exposed.

We arrived home at 7 o'clock P.M., having been on the tramp for no fewer than twenty-nine hours with slight intermissions.

My first impulse on arriving was to throw myself on my couch and give vent to three long gasps.

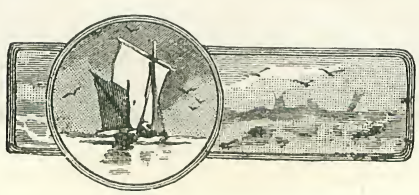
I was thoroughly tired. I am not going to make myself out either a Cyclops or a Hercules. I am going to tell you the truth. I was thoroughly weary both in head and limb. I had worked and I had suffered. Heat, cold, hunger, thirst and fatigue had all been dispensed to me during those nine and twenty hours. But I had also lived! What was the fatigue by the side of the satisfaction in having achieved success? What were the deprivations in comparison to the feelings, infinite and sublime, with which I had been filled at the sight of Nature in all her splendid majesty.

Even as I lay on my couch all tiredness vanished, as I again viewed in my mind the high rocks of the Alps with their eternal glaciers and snows, the wild mountain brooks and Alpine meadows, the silent lakes between the gigantic heights, the crashing waterfalls and mountain torrents.

"*Cui bono?*" I can hear the philosopher cry, and the misanthrope with the same continual argument. "What is the good of all? Why take so much pains to attain so little? Where is the use of tiring oneself out, and what is the result?"

Girls, I carry about the result within myself. I have my memory, that magic chain between the past and present, to bring me moments of delight in times of trial and sorrow. I have that noble panorama, and those scenes of soft enchantment sealed in my brain so carefully, that no one can rob them from me, no years nor time diminish them.

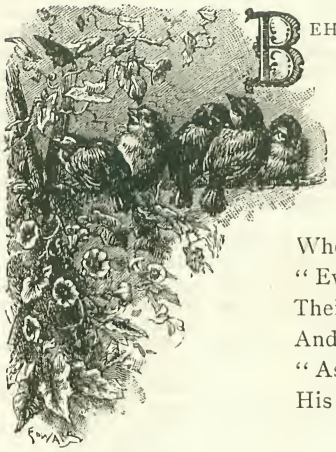
Is it not the remembrance of our achievements and the distance which lends enchantment to what was already enchanting, that brings to us its meed of satisfaction? A satisfaction which is so great that it enables us to smile with happiness, and in spite of misanthrope, philosopher and stoic declare "This life is good! This world is fair to look upon!"





A CHAMPION.

"EVENING ON THE TREES."



BEHIND our cottage a great hill ascends,
Where Gothic larches grow into the sky,
The hierarchies of heaven in snow-white clouds
Touch their green tops as they go sailing by;
And when the sun across the vale descends
He to the trees a parting glory lends.

When this reflected warmth illumes the hill
"Evening is on the trees" the children cry;
Their mother gazes rapt, and bends her head
And with her trusting heart she seems to sigh:
"As my day sets, then may I thus depart,
His borrowed radiance glowing in my heart!"

C. P.

A CHAMPION.

By IDA LEMON.

WE were all very fond of Mary Wynne. She was the most popular girl in the school. There are some people who are good at whatever they attempt, and she was one of them. She did her lessons well, she was musical, and she was splendid at games. She was pretty too, and good fun. Some of the girls said she was conceited, but I never thought so, and even if she did have a good opinion of herself she had more right to it than many people.

We were friends. I don't know why she cared for me, because I was her opposite in every way. I had to plod at whatever I attempted, and except my music there was nothing in which I could equal, much less surpass her, but I suppose the music drew us together, that and my undisguised admiration of herself.

Perhaps the thing I thought most of in Mary was her skill at games. Since my childhood I have been a little lame, and never have excelled in anything athletic, for which reason I have envied those who do. Mary had been the only girl in a family of seven and had consequently always played with her brothers. She could run and swim and jump as well as any of them, I believe, she was a good cricketer and she was the champion lawn-tennis-player of the neighbourhood. I have seen a great many of the best players since my schooldays, but never anyone who played more easily than Mary Wynne. She was so quiet, standing with her racket held lightly and firmly, her great eyes watching the ball with apparent carelessness, but knowing exactly where it would fall and where to return it. There was no rushing and tearing and wild hitting with her; if there was running to do she did not shirk it, but like all people who excel, she could spare herself a great deal that inferior performers thought necessary. Her tennis-playing brought Mary more admirers than any other thing she did, and when she went to garden-parties with her mother, it was a wonder her head was not turned. Perhaps it was a little. At any rate her own success and brilliance gave Mary a wrong estimate of things. I did not understand it then as I do now, partly because I shared her views, I suppose, to some extent. But there is no doubt she was inclined to look down rather scornfully on those who had nothing to recommend them in the eyes of the world. If people were not rich, or clever, or pretty, it did not occur to her that they could be of any interest whatever, at any rate they were of no interest to her.

"It's only So-and-so," she would say, and "So-and-so" would be passed by as of no account.

When we were in our last year, she and I, and were beginning to talk of separation, for she was to go to Newnham and I to a musical college, there came to the school a new girl. She had a pretty name, Lilias Margetson, and we looked forward to her being an acceptable addition to our little family. There was few enough of us to make variety pleasant. The mistress of the school never accepted more than a certain number of pupils, and it was the departure of our head girl, Rosamond Paget, that made it possible for her to come. Rosamond was, next to Mary, the school favourite. She was not remarkable but she was good-natured, always had plenty of pocket-money, did her lessons well and took an interest in the games and pleasures our life offered to us. She and Mary were good friends, and perhaps no one more wondered what the new girl would be like than Mary.

"Oh," was the long-drawn monosyllable which greeted my ear, an expressive exclamation that made me look first at Mary and then at the door, where by the side of the principal stood the new-comer.

And "Oh," repeated I involuntarily.

She was not in the least like what we had hoped or expected, and our disappointment seemed to turn to contempt of the innocent cause thereof. She certainly was not attractive. She was short and meagre-looking, she wore glasses; she had thin, sharp features, and was dressed in what we afterwards said to each other was a very dowdy style.

Miss Cuxon introduced her and left us together.

There was about eight girls in the room including Mary and me, and it is no wonder if Lilias felt shy. She walked awkwardly towards the window and stood looking out into the garden. Most of the girls went on with their occupations, but Mary, whose manners were usually gentle, moved towards her and standing by her side tried to draw her into conversation. I followed, but in spite of our well-intentioned efforts we did not manage either to entertain or be entertained. We saw at once that the new girl was not likely to be a substitute for our merry Rosamond. She was monosyllabic and heavy in the extreme.

"I don't like her at all," whispered Mary to me as we went downstairs to supper with our arms round each other's waists.

"Perhaps she's shy," I suggested.

"Stupid," Mary answered. "And I could sooner forgive anything else. There is something so aggravating in a stupid person."

Mary's verdict soon became unanimous; "dull," "stupid," "uninteresting," were the comments that went round after the new girl had been with us a few days. I was no exception to the majority. I did not care for her, though she did not annoy me as she did Mary. I was so much less brilliant than the latter that I could not feel quite as she did, and yet I did sympathise to some extent with her. Lilias was one of those passive people, who to very active and energetic ones are particularly uncongenial. She went about quietly doing her work to the satisfaction of her teachers though never with striking merit; she never spoke unless spoken to, and her remarks had no originality about them. She took no part in the out-door games in which, it being early autumn, we were still able to indulge, but sat with a book or her work watching us, or strolling up and down, as Mary said, "like a middle-aged person."

"She is inoffensive at any rate," I said once.

"Not to me," was Mary's quick rejoinder. "I'll tell you why, Nell. She makes me angry with myself. It's not right to dislike people, and yet she makes me dislike her. She has never done me any harm, of course. But she is so utterly uninteresting. One feels that people like that ought to apologise for their existence. That very grey dress that she always wears and the bit of stuff in the neck annoy me."

"Perhaps she is poor," said I, who felt bound to say something in defence of her.

"It isn't that. You are always making excuses for her. No, she has no taste. She is altogether heavy and clumsy. Look at her boots now."

I could not help laughing at that. The flat feet in their unlovely coverings were certainly a contrast to Mary's pretty, daintily-shod ones, but yet I felt a little sorry that the new girl had called out a side of my friend's character so completely at variance with its usual sweetness.

For my part I set to work to find out if there were not something to love in Lilias. She did not welcome my society as if it gave her any pleasure, but she suffered me to talk to her and answered my questions, of which there were few enough, quite naturally. She was an orphan, it appeared, and had been brought up by an uncle, who was a bachelor. She had one sister who was in Germany. They had never been parted till lately. The first time that I had seen any approach to good looks in her was when she spoke of her sister. Her eyes lit up and a smile flickered round her set mouth. There was something shy and nervous about her manner. She said a thing and then would add "at least," and "that is to say," or "I mean," and say the same thing differently. She did not seem capable of giving a clear, definite statement. I am not clever at forming conclusions, but I somehow understood after that day what it was that set her at a disadvantage. It was just the reverse of what constituted Mary's charm. The one girl was so used to appreciation that she took it for granted she would please, and did so. The other had evidently been snubbed and contradicted till the spirit had all been crushed out of her. Mary was frank and open. Lilias had a sneaking air. There was something mean about her, or rather she gave one the impression of being ashamed of herself. She had no confidence in herself, and as a result others despised her. There was something touching in the way she said, reddening, "You would like Eva. She is different from me."

It was easy to see that there was no one like "Eva" in her eyes.

Still she did not talk to the girls about her sister till the day when she and they had the discussion about the tennis. And this was how it happened, and how a change in public opinion about her was started.

There was to be a tournament, the last of the season in the grounds of Mrs. Crooke, the squire's wife, and our girls were to be permitted to take part in it, Mary and the three other best players being chosen. Consequently there was not a spare half hour that was not spent on our lawn. One beautiful afternoon we had nearly all gone there to watch the play. Even Lilias appeared to exhibit a little interest. She was sitting by me, and she put her book on one side instead of, as usual, burying herself in it. It was a long set, our champion Mary and her partner were not in quite such good form as usual, and that gave their opponents a better chance. The games were nearly equal, and it was by one that they were conquerors at last.

"Don't you think Mary Wynne is a very good player?" I said to Lilias. "I have never seen a girl play better."

"I have," said Lilias quietly.

"Who then?" inquired one of the others who had overheard the remark and the answer.

"My sister," said Lilias blushing.

"Oh," muttered the girl sceptically. "Well," she added, "she is not here for her powers to be tested."

"What is that?" inquired Mary, who had joined us at that minute.

"Why, Miss Margetson is making out she does not think much of your play."

"Oh," said Mary coldly, "she is entitled to her opinion."

Mary was not in her best mood, being rather annoyed with herself for not having played as well as she wanted.

"I didn't say that!" said Lilias; "I only said my sister could play better!"

"Unfortunately," said Alice Grain, Mary's partner, "your sister can't give us a specimen of her skill. For my part, I doubt your assertion, unless she is a very exceptional player."

"She is," said Lilias.

"Oh"—with a sneer—"how is it you can't play at all, then?"

"I can play," was the answer, somewhat to our surprise.

We had gathered round her, and perhaps the fact that she was standing up for her sister before us all had given her spirit. At any rate, it remained with her now she had to defend herself against our suspicion.

"Dear me! Why, you always said you couldn't!"

"I said I didn't—not I couldn't!"

"Oh, if you could you would, fast enough. Seeing is believing with me. I suppose you can play better than Mary too?"

Lilias glanced for a moment at Mary who, though now taking no part in the argument, was listening. Perhaps she saw the half-scornful smile which was on her lips. At any rate, she suddenly drew herself up, and said, clearly and defiantly:

"I believe I can!"

They all laughed.

"Well, I never, she is not wanting in conceit," said one.

"I don't think Mary need tremble for her championship yet," remarked another.

"Suppose we try," said Mary, stepping forward.

Lilias cast down her eyes, and was silent. One or two of the girls laughed again. I could not help contrasting the two, Mary, with her beautiful figure, her supple limbs and look of power; Lilias, angular, shrinking, feeble. She did not seem a formidable rival. I wondered if she had meant what she said, or was sorry for it now.

"Well," somebody remarked.

"Miss Wynne is tired," said Lilias.

"Oh, no!" cried Mary. "And, if I am, you are out of practice, so we are equally matched."

"Perhaps, after all, you would rather not play," said Alice; "only, you can't expect us to consider you our champion on your word only."

"Never mind," answered Lilias, "I think I had better not play."

"Ah," was the general murmur.

"I thought as much," said Alice. "Only, if we have no sample of your powers, you can't expect us to believe in your sister's!"

She turned on her heel, and Mary was just following her, when Lilias sprang up.

"I will play," she said, in a voice high with excitement.

There was some difficulty about finding shoes to fit her; but one of the girls had feet the same size, and lent hers unwillingly. I offered my racquet, and the game began.

Poor little Lilias! Every girl in the group that watched them desired Mary's conquest and her defeat. She knew it. She knew too that here was her chance of triumph that was not to be despised. She was for the moment quite dignified as she walked to her place in the court.

Mary, of course, had no belief in the skill of her opponent. One could see that by the way she served. And she won the first game. But it was evident that Lilias was not quite so insignificant as we had imagined. It was true she was a little out of practice, but she had been, was still, a thorough mistress of the game. Her playing was most scientific. She seemed to divine by instinct where every ball would fall. Gradually, as she warmed to her work, she gained more and more on Mary. We marvelled why she had never before manifested her skill, why she had rather avoided than sought the tennis courts. She was a splendid player. Mary saw it too, and her own play grew more careful. But it was no use. Long before the set was finished, we were all obliged unwillingly to admit that Lilias had spoken the truth.

By degrees we ventured on a little applause, and, at last, when she took a most difficult ball which had fallen at the very extremity of the court while she had been near the net we could not help clapping. She turned towards us for the first time with a look of pleasure. Mary, who was on her mettle, gave her a great deal of running about to do, placing her balls very cleverly. But Lilias shirked nothing.

All of a sudden, when our excitement was at its highest, she flung down her racquet and sank against the bank which bounded the court.

"What is the matter?"

"Is she ill?"

"Tired out?"

Lilias did not move. I ran across the grass to her, followed by the others. We were terrified by what we saw. Her face was deathly white; she was struggling for breath, one clenched hand was on her breast, and it was evident she was in extreme agony.

"Run for Miss Cuxon, quick, quick!" I cried, and one of the girls was off like a shot. We others stood silent, watching poor Lilias. She seemed sensible, but she could not speak.

Mary, who probably had guessed now why Lilias had never played, was almost as white as herself.

It was only a minute or two before Miss Cuxon arrived, but to us it seemed ages. She had brought restoratives with her, and Lilia managed to swallow a little. Either the paroxysm was passing or it did her good. The struggle for breath became less painful.

"Has this poor child been playing tennis?" Miss Cuxon asked, in a voice that alarmed us all, and made Mary burst into tears. We had all now come to understand that she had heart-disease.

Miss Cuxon and Mary helped her indoors when she was a little better, and the doctor was sent for.

We were all very subdued, feeling, as indeed we might, that we were guilty of her illness. We could not, of course, know that she had been forbidden to take violent exercise, and that was why she abstained from the game in which she delighted. And she had not cared to tell us the reason. But if we had behaved more kindly towards her we should not have driven her to play in sheer desperation. The excitement and the running had proved too much for her.

"Will she die, do you think?" said poor Mary, creeping into my room after tea, which we had all of us made only a pretence of eating. "I heard Miss Cuxon say something about 'angina pectoris,' and I know people die of that."

"Oh!" I cried, clasping her hand in mine, "what shall we do, Molly?"

Mary's eyes were red with crying. She began again now.

"I don't feel I dislike her now," she said. "There must be something in a girl who can do a thing so well and say nothing. I believe it was because she minded for her sister's sake that she played then. She was forbidden by the doctor only this spring, Miss Cuxon told me so just now."

"She ought to have told us."

"I don't suppose she liked to. Well, it's a sort of comfort to me she played better than I. She didn't do it for nothing, after all. We all think more of her. I do, I know."

"I believe if she was going to die she would have fallen down dead," I said. "I've read of such things."

"I wish, dear," said Mary, in a whisper, "you'd pray about it. I have."

Lilias was kept very quiet all that evening, and Miss Cuxon had her in her own room that night. The next morning, at her special request, Mary was allowed to go and sit with her. From that day she took Lilias under her special care, and her kindness seemed to act on the poor girl like sunshine on a flower. She opened out wonderfully, and we all tried to follow Mary's example. No one but her sister had ever been really fond of her before. They had lived in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, and had had no friends. They had played tennis together for hours and hours, and to that was partly due her proficiency.

Mary won the ladies' single in the tournament and had a pretty pearl brooch as a prize. But she would not keep it. She insisted on giving it to Lilias in the presence of us all.

"I should like you to have it," she said, "because you are really our champion player."

This little act of kindness, so like Mary, seemed to draw her nearer to Lilias. *I don't* think she was ever so annoyed by her ways after it, and indeed, as she grew to know the unattractive school-girl, she learnt that there was something to admire in her, and something to be learnt from her. She was slower to look down on others, and I believe it was to Lilias she owed her first leaning towards a more serious view of life than her happy girlhood had yet led her to.

Lilias died from angina pectoris, after all; but not in our school-days.

A YOUNG QUEEN-CONSORT.

(QUEEN CHARLOTTE.)

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

When these inevitably grave ceremonies and gay rejoicings were ended the Court settled down into what was to be its every-day life. This was marked by a well-ordered simplicity and a virtuous, affectionate domesticity, rare in royal annals at any time, and especially rare a century ago. Dissipated men about town, women of fashion craving for excitement and finding it in a constant racket of routs, *ridottos*, auctions, etc., might complain of the dulness of the Court, but the nation at large, above all the better part of it, sick of the mingled coarseness, waste and profligacy which had distinguished the last years of the Court of George II., welcomed gladly a new *régime*, a reverent, honest, sound and sweet reign which did much to reform social vices and abuses throughout the country. Whatever might have been the intellectual rather than the moral shortcomings of the young King and Queen this inestimable credit is due to them. They raised the standard of belief and behaviour throughout Great Britain. High and low, who had any worth themselves, were proud of their good young King and Queen and thought twice before indulging in senseless profusion, not to say in riot and debauchery when they recalled that wisely temperate and modestly economical household in the highest place in the kingdom. If the quiet decorum and strict frugality were carried too far and provoked future rebounds into foolish and shameless excess, the error proceeded from defects in temperament and judgment which were perhaps inevitable. Neither King George nor Queen Charlotte had the smallest taste for display and extravagance, for late hours in the company of the great idle world which cared nothing for its sovereigns, and only desired to use them as tools to countenance its own frivolity and folly. The King and Queen could be splendid and sumptuous on occasions in dispensing or accepting hospitality, but they did not care for the splendour or sumptuousness in themselves. A visit to the opera once a week, an occasional appearance at the theatre formed enough public gaiety for the couple. Their private relaxations were unceremonious visits to the City for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its industries and manufactures or of inspecting its lions, such was their witnessing the Lord Mayor's show from the private house of Barclay the great Quaker silk mercer opposite Bow Church.

But the rural pleasures of Richmond and Kew far outweighed in their royal eyes the diversions offered by the town. At old Richmond Lodge, which was George and Charlotte's country house till the old palace at Kew, with the gardens adjoining those of Richmond Lodge, was left vacant by the death of the Princess of Wales, the Queen gave such simple little parties as a well-to-do citizen might have given, in which ten or twelve young couples were refreshed with tea, and danced to their hearts' content for three or four hours. In the morning the King had his kingly business and his hunting, while the Queen had her reading, her music, her needlework, with her daily walk or drive. In the last reign nightly gambling had been the evening routine, in which not only the King but his daughters, the princesses—notably Princess Emily, and the ladies and gentlemen of the suites won and lost large sums. This was replaced, under King George and Queen Charlotte, when the family were alone, by a game of chess, of which the King was fond, or a game of backgammon played by the King and one of his gentlemen, or a game of cribbage in which the Queen took part. If card-playing had a place it was in the shape of some innocent sociable game which did not drain the lightest purse. But mostly the evening was occupied with music, which the King loved, in which the Queen excelled, or the Queen worked at her embroidery and the King read aloud what were reckoned standard books.

With remarkable good sense for so young a girl the Queen devoted much of the first year of her married life, not to gadding here and there pursuing pleasure in any form, or to the eager exhibition of all the fine dress and jewels to which the homely but well-bred little German Princess had succeeded, which she might now wear every day in the week; the resolution which she carried out was to accomplish a serious study of the English language under a competent tutor. A like course in French had been prescribed for poor Marie Antoinette, but the youthful Dauphiness, though she had all the fairy gifts of beauty, wit and ineffable charm which Queen Charlotte lacked, was giddy where Charlotte was sedate, and idle where Charlotte was diligent. For practice in her attainments, Queen Charlotte had those evening readings of the King to which she listened dutifully and attentively for his sake as well as for her own, that his mind not less than hers should be cultivated as became his rank and dignity. When the two were in their happy country retirement, the Queen not only rode and drove with the King in the hours when he was at liberty to enjoy her company, a favourite resort in their afternoons for a period of years was a garden pavilion (these were the days of pavilions and summer-houses), where the Queen's fingers were busy with her needlework and the King's readings were resumed with greater leisure. Unfortunately George, who was dull as a boy, remained a stupid man but that was neither his fault nor his Queen's, she made the best of him and of herself. The result where she was concerned was that, though she had not the brilliance any more than she had the coarseness and unscrupulousness (as far as a virtuous woman could be unscrupulous) of her predecessor on the throne, George's grandmother, Queen Caroline, though Charlotte could hardly be called a woman of talent and was without a spark of genius, she was an intelligent, well-informed, and by dint of her energy and perseverance a fairly well-read English lady. She might prefer Beattie as a poet just as George preferred West as a painter to their more gifted compeers, but that was a defect in perception which no amount of culture could prevent.

The young Queen in her seclusion was not insensible to the benefit to trade of such seasonable *fêtes* as she inaugurated at Buckingham House, and attended in the houses of the nobility with becoming magnificence. Her presence along with that of the King at the weddings or christenings of the golden youth of the kingdom, the royal progresses to this subject's country seat, to grace one of the two great universities, to honour a favourite admiral on board his man-of-war were all as they should have been, models of stately simplicity, of frank, well-nigh boyish cordiality

on the honest King's part, and on the Queen's unaffected, gracious interest in all around her. As a bride Charlotte had no objection to deck herself with her ornaments; indeed, she had a woman's love of jewels, and she had not only her lifetime of the Queen-Consort's jewels, George showed his affection for his young wife by magnificent presents of jewels to her in her own person. But she judged that they should be worn in season not out of season. Walpole tells a story illustrative of the subjection in which the Princess of Wales, who was not a favourite either with the Court or the people, tried to hold her daughter-in-law. Charlotte and George were going to take the communion, a solemn duty which was then discharged in semi-state. Charlotte's dead mother had made her promise not to wear jewels when taking the communion, and she was prepared to keep her promise. Her intention was discovered by the officious tattling Princess Augusta, who conveyed it to her mother. The Princess of Wales then, in spite of the Queen's promise and of her tears of remonstrance at being compelled to break it, so insisted, and so employed the authority which she had been accustomed to exercise over her son, that Charlotte had to kneel before the altar and confess her sins in glittering array. Long afterwards, when no doubt jewels, except for their marketable value, had palled upon the Queen, she told Fanny Burney that after the first few times of wearing the crown diamonds, when she had been entranced like a child with their splendour, they grew rapidly a care and burden to her. The trouble of having them selected and put upon her, the dread of losing them, the obligation to restore them with her own hands to the firm of bankers with whom they were habitually deposited, did more than qualify the passing intoxication of girlish pride and vanity.

The King and Queen rose at six o'clock and went to bed early to ensure health of body and mind. When in town the pair were carried in their sedan chairs every evening at eight from St. James's and Buckingham House to Carlton House to pay their respects to the Princess of Wales. There was a large household of young people under her roof, lads who were already, or were about to be Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester; girls who were soon promoted to matronhood, as Duchess of Brunswick, and Queen-Consort of Denmark.

The sickly little Princess Elizabeth, whose precocious ability and child-wisdom had impressed even a *moqueur* like Horace Walpole, was to be followed to the grave by Prince Frederick William, a promising boy of fifteen, and by Princess Louisa, a bright amiable girl, who fell a victim to consumption in her twentieth year. None of the survivors, unless the young King, was distinguished by even ordinary discretion. Thick-headed and obstinate as George has been considered, he had the sense and stability in which his younger brothers failed. His elder sister, Augusta, who styled herself his "favourite sister," was a chatterbox, who was to merge into a vulgar gossip and mischief-maker. Caroline Matilda, a fair-haired, handsome girl, was indeed quick-witted and high-spirited, but she was rash, impulsive, and destitute of the self-restraint, reasonableness, and prudence, which were Charlotte's safeguards. In looking back on the family, one can understand why their clever aunt, Princess Emily, called her troop of nephews and nieces "the best-natured young asses in England."

For good nature in youth is frequently only another name for youth's light-heartedness and buoyancy. These are elements welcome to kindred youth, and must have lent somewhat of a gay and breezy atmosphere—in which there was room for skirmishes and jars without question, while it was still the natural environment of life in its early vigour—to the home of the staid and severe Princess, who had been a strict disciplinarian to her little boys and girls, but was no more able to command her young men and women than similar mothers usually find themselves.

Charlotte was not forgotten by her own family, neither did she forget them, though, in these non-travelling days, she could not hope to revisit Germany, nor could she trust that her sister or her girl friends could brave the perils and discomforts of a journey of many miles to visit her. She had to content herself with sending them letters and gifts, but she had the gratification of receiving each of her three brothers. She had the still further satisfaction of finding the appointment of Governor of Zell conferred by George on her second brother.

From the first Charlotte adopted the sagacious policy of non-interference in State affairs. It may be thought that a girl of sixteen had small temptation to such interference, but one must recall the kind of girl she was, serious, shrewd, capable of a keen interest in all which concerned the welfare of the King and country, in order to give her credit for her modesty and moderation in remembering her foreign origin and her proper sphere as a Queen-Consort. She refrained from every attempt to put her finger in the Government pie. She did not seek to wield any undue influence. She did not dictate or take the first place in any relation of life, a fatal fault not uncommon in Queen-Consorts, and not rare in women of all ranks who have decided views and resolute wills. Charlotte could hardly be called an ambitious woman. She usurped no province, was no interloper, no arrogant intruder into domains beyond her knowledge and scope. She had her reward in many years of domestic happiness, and in her early popularity with her husband's subjects of all grades of intelligence, and all shades of political opinion. In this respect she stood in strong contrast to the Princess of Wales, who, rightly or wrongly, was accused of trying to rule the King, her son, in his public capacity. For this reason as well as for the absence in her of all winning grace and graciousness, she was heartily detested by the nation. As for Queen Charlotte, she lived to realise in full the fickleness of the mob, but these dark days were still far ahead.

The Queen pursued the same upright, friendly course in reference to her husband's family. She abstained from questioning their rights. She was on good terms, in the main, with her mother-in-law, to whom Charlotte always behaved with fitting respect. So long as George's sisters remained in England, and his aunt, Princess Emily, survived, the Queen treated them with kindness and consideration. To have gone farther, to have allowed them the privilege of more intimate friendship, would have been in all probability to undermine her position, and to render it difficult, if not intolerable, for one at least of the princesses.

Augusta was a foolish Mrs. Malaprop, a creature without natural reverence or truthfulness, whose tongue was as disrespectful as it was glib. Dr. Doran, who was severe enough to Augusta's foibles in the end, seems to have adopted the spiteful gossip of the time on the King and Queen's behaviour to her at the date of her marriage with the brave, rough soldier, the Duke of Brunswick. Doran dwells on the shabbiness, the positive penuriousness of the marriage doings. Another authority, who must have some warrant for his statement, tells a different tale. He enlarges on the supper at Leicester House on the evening of the marriage day, at which the King and Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the younger members of her family, together with the bride and bridegroom, were present; on the ball afterwards, which was opened by the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick; on the special drawing-room given in the couple's honour, with the farewell concert, supper and ball which followed. He mentions among the gifts to the fairly dowered Princess, the King's diamond necklace, valued at £30,000, the Princess of Wales's diamond stomacher, and the Queen's exquisite gold watch set with jewels.

When the King was greatly displeased, with much reason, by his brothers' idleness and dissipation, and in the case of the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, by their *mésalliances* with two widows (the Duke of Gloucester marrying the beautiful Lady Waldegrave, a kinswoman of Horace Walpole's; the Duke of Cumberland a Mrs. Horton, one of a wild racketing county family of the name of Luttrell), the royal sister-in-law of the culprits, however offended in her own strong sense of what was due to the King and to herself, did not seek to increase her husband's resentment. It resulted in the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, precluding the marriages of members of the royal family without the consent of the sovereign and the Houses of Parliament. Edward Duke of York, who was nearest the King in age, was as unprofitable a representative of the race as were his younger brothers. He did not marry, though he kept the upper circles of society ringing with rumours of some more or less imprudent match on his part. However, he was not to blame for the persistent claim on his regard and the mysterious hints of a secret marriage circulated by a third widow, one of the most incorrigibly wilful and perverse of the fine ladies of the day.

Lady Mary Coke, born Lady Mary Campbell, was a daughter of the patriotic John, Duke of Argyle; she was nick-named by her acquaintances "the white cat," on account of the albino fairness of her skin and the light colour of her hair and eyebrows. In addition she was largely endowed with a certain feline tricksiness and mischievousness of conduct. To such an extent did she carry her unwarranted pretensions to the hand of the Duke of York, that though her assertions were unsupported by any attentions on his part, and were flatly contradicted by his family, she assumed the airs of an ardently wooed, privately wedded wife. She went abroad on an ostentatious visit to his aunt, Mary, Princess of Hesse. When the news arrived of his death from fever at Monaco (he was the only one of the brothers who had developed a taste for travelling, and had repaired to Italy, possibly in flight from the craze of Lady Mary), she shut herself up as if in the extremity of grief. She reappeared in public presently in what was the nearest approach to widow's weeds, till the dead man's aunt, Princess Emily, took the audacious pretender to task for her mingled deceit and impertinence. The final froward act of this extraordinary being, after she had reached old age, was to refuse to change her dress, or to lie down in her last illness, so that she actually died with a steeple-crowned felt hat, adorned by a plume of feathers, on her head.

But the real tragedy among George III.'s brothers and sisters was the melancholy fate of his sister Princess Caroline Matilda. With this Queen Charlotte had nothing to do—either in advocating or in reprobating the disastrous marriage which led to the catastrophe. Indeed no alliance could have appeared more suitable and promising beforehand. Princess Caroline Matilda was troth-plighted to Christian VII., the young King of Denmark, who was her cousin through his mother, Princess Louisa, one of the younger daughters

of George II. and Queen Caroline, a sister to Fritz, Prince of Wales, father of the present bride. She had shown no reluctance to the marriage with her kinsman, an idea with which she had been familiar for years, since at the time of the betrothal both bride and bridegroom were considerably under age. It was in the usual order of such alliances that the couple had not met, and were personally unacquainted with each other, and that even when the marriage took place at Carlton House, Edward, Duke of York, was proxy for the bridegroom. The only person who seems to have foreboded evil was the stiff and sombre Princess of Wales. Caroline's tears at parting from her mother and family were a simple tribute to the fact that she was not likely to see them again. For when a princess married a foreign prince she, of all women, was destined in the quaint language of an old song, to "drink the brewst" she had brewed to the dregs, unsupported and unrelieved. Bitter indeed was the brewst which poor Caroline had to drink, but so little did she foresee it, that she arrived in her adopted country in a fearless spirit. It dictated the proud, cheerful message which she sent back by the captain of the frigate in which she had sailed to the King, her brother, that his sister had borne the discomforts of the voyage as an Englishwoman should. She might have been her predecessor Princess Louisa, whose memory the Danes long cherished. When she came to Denmark, she consented to the return of all her English ladies and attendants, saying that she herself was henceforth to be a Dane. But as it happened, the circumstances and the sequel were wholly different.

The king whom Caroline Matilda went bravely and light-heartedly to marry, was so tiny in person as to be likened to a fairy prince when he came to England a year or two after his marriage, unaccompanied by his wife, in the course of travel he was pursuing. At the same time a resemblance was traced between him and his portly cousin, King George, and, what was felt to be a little ominous, between him and his wrong-headed uncle, Fritz, Prince of Wales. Still, though small and pale, King Christian was neither misshapen nor ugly in the sense in which his uncle by marriage, the Prince of Orange, who came to wed Princess Anne, eldest daughter of George II., had horrified his worthy mother-in-law on the occasion of his visit. King Christian was credited with a fair amount of brains, though the faithful chronicler goes on to state that he "strutted about like a cock-sparrow." In truth, he was weak both in body and mind, and was completely in the power of the Queen-Dowager, Julia Maria, who rivalled in wickedness the most black-hearted step-mother of fiction. Her scheme was to get rid of the incapable King, either by his early death or by shutting him up as insane, and to place in his stead his younger brother, her own son, Prince Frederick. Caroline and the children she bore to King Christian were formidable obstacles in the Queen-Dowager's path, and she hated and plotted against them accordingly. Caroline behaved, in the miserable situation, as a very young, dauntless, passionate young girl might have been expected to behave. Finding that her husband was an utterly untrustworthy stay, she went her own way in reckless defiance of the sharp eyes and sharp tongue of the Queen-Dowager, and the malicious gossip of a divided court. Not content with amusing herself by riding and hunting in a fashion not practiced in Denmark, Caroline played such pranks as disguising herself in a young man's suit of clothes and seeking foolish adventures under false colours. There was a picture of her, which may still be extant, in a page's dress, with her long fair curls (a reversion of her father's and her grand-mother's beautiful hair) escaping from its confinement and betraying her sex, while she held the horse of Count Struensee, of all men. Alienated from her half imbecile husband by the wiles and misrepresentations of Queen Julia Maria, Queen Caroline seemed to wake up to her danger; but alas, the steps she took only accelerated her ruin. King Christian had come across the clever young doctor named Struensee and taken a great fancy to him, ennobling him, and gradually entrusting a large share of the Government to him in gratitude for the improvement in the King's health effected by his following Struensee's advice.

Caroline had recourse to Struensee to reconcile her to her husband and to counsel her in turn. There is no proof that Struensee abused the confidence of either husband or wife. So far as his country was concerned, he strove to serve it as an enlightened reformer of many existing errors in the constitution. If personal ambition had something to do with his zeal it was the only fault that could be fairly and plainly laid to his charge.

For a time the King stood by his minister, and Caroline, eager in everything she did, courted his friendship, and entered warmly into his reforms. But a reformer is sure to create enemies, and there was one deadly enemy already in the field, who caught at the association of Struensee and Queen Caroline as a means of accomplishing their ruin and furthering her cherished project by one decisive blow. Julia Maria again secured the ear of the King and poisoned his weak mind beyond recovery. Struensee was arrested and executed on a charge of high treason. Caroline was also arrested in her palace on the accusation of complicity with Struensee and infidelity to her husband. She was hurried to Cronberg, where her life might have been taken also, had it not been for the spirited intervention of Sir Robert Keith who was lying with his fleet in the Baltic. He obtained her liberation on condition that she should be taken to Zell, to remain a prisoner in the Castle of Zell. There, separated from her husband and her children, in disgrace and confinement, to the last solemnly asserting her innocence, she died after three years at the age of twenty-four. The Princess of Wales did not long survive her younger daughter's downfall. She died at Carlton House, dutifully waited upon by the King and Queen, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Quite early in Queen Charlotte's happy married life, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and yet sadly indicative of what might happen, appeared on the horizon. Though it passed away as quickly as it came, it could never have been altogether absent from the Queen's mind in time to come. There must have been a shadow of doubt and dread haunting her even in her brightest moments.

When George was a mere lad, before his grandfather's death, it is said there had been occasional symptoms in the heir to the throne of threatening brain disease, hanging over his doomed head—such an honest, manly head in its very limitations and in its dogged blunders! He was not a strong lad, and the consumption which carried off his youngest brother and sister was feared for him. He escaped that danger, and by temperate dieting he was enabled to check the corpulence which was a tendency of his family. It culminated in "Bluff" Bill, the butcher of Culloden, William, Duke of Cumberland, George's uncle who was enormously stout. But while the King and Queen's marriage was yet young, and every prospect was bright, George had one of his premonitory attacks in which it was necessary to seclude him from company and to avoid all excitement. The particulars were kept closely hidden from the public, but imagine the shock to the young wife, the bolt from the blue which ever afterwards hung over her, even when the sky was most serene. And she had to mask her feelings, go in state to the royal chapel every day, and hold drawing-rooms in order not to alarm the country. Happily a few days' retirement dissipated the fever of body and mind, and for a long time the terrible malady was in abeyance. Charlotte celebrated her King's recovery by a birthday surprise for him in the shape of the transparency of a temple, at the gate of which the King appeared, dispensing peace to all the world.

These transparencies were simple "make-believes," in great request at the time. They appear to have been composed of oiled silk cut and fastened together in the figures to be represented and illuminated from within. On one of the Queen's birthdays a famous exhibition of transparencies, in which the whole royal family was symbolised,* was part of an entertainment got up in Charlotte's honour by no less a person than Miss Chudleigh. Strange to say, she was one of the good girl-Queen's maids-of-honour, for where will not folly and wickedness enter in? Lady Mary Coke's performances were nothing to Miss Chudleigh's. She married privately a son of the Earl of Bristol's, who was a sailor and for the most part of his time at sea. In his absence, his wife still passing to the world as Miss Chudleigh, received an offer of marriage from the Duke of Kingston. Loth to lose the opportunity of wearing the strawberry-leaves, the lady drove down in her coach to the village church in which she had been married, asked for the register, and there in the light of day, before the astounded eyes of the clergyman, boldly tore out and demolished the page on which the marriage had been recorded. She was under the credulous conviction that by withdrawing this important piece of evidence she annulled the marriage; thus she went back and without any further sign married the Duke of Kingston. But the sailor husband, who was by this time Earl of Bristol, returned and took his revenge by claiming his wife, and a trial for the crime of bigamy on the part of the Countess or Duchess ensued. She demanded the privilege of being tried before the House of peers, as she herself was a peeress, whether as Countess of Bristol or Duchess of Kingston. Part of the sentence pronounced upon her—the part which was commuted—was that she should be branded on the hand by the common hangman in punishment of her act of bigamy. The lights and shadows of those bygone days were strong indeed—the good were very good, the sinners sinned "as with a cart rope."

Great events were stirring and shaking the world at home and abroad. One was the rise of Methodism, when the Wesleys and Whitfield had the glory of re-christianising the dark places of England, and made converts—as St. Paul did of old—among the noble women, notable among them Lady Huntingdon, Lady Chesterfield and in Scotland Lady Glenorchy. The American war ran its course, and to George's mortification he saw his greatest colony wrested from him. The "No Popery" riots convulsed London, which was for days at the mercy of the mob, while the King and Queen remained intrepidly at their posts, he at St. James', she at Buckingham House, or as it was more commonly called the Queen's House. Clive and Warren Hastings were annexing more territories in India, Clive laying a portion of the spoils in a cluster of magnificent diamonds at the feet of the Queen, and still George continued sound in body and sane in mind.

* The emblems were somewhat far-fetched and consisted of Birds of Paradise, orange-trees, etc.

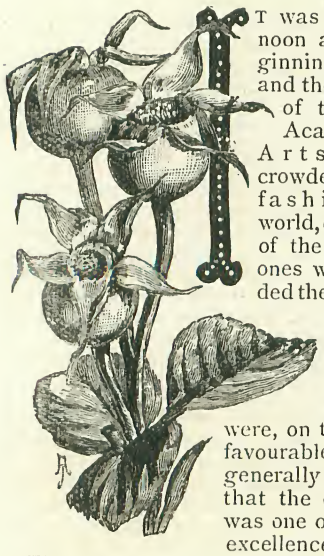
MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "FAIR GERALDINE."



IT was an afternoon at the beginning of May, and the galleries of the Royal Academy of Arts were crowded by the fashionable world, consisting of the favoured ones who attended the "private view." The criticisms they expressed were, on the whole, favourable. It was generally conceded that the exhibition was one of unusual excellence.

The name of Bruce Collier was represented by but one picture, a fact which surprised none who knew what had befallen him before Christmas, and how, for many weeks, he had lain between life and death. It was a painting of rare beauty, and the space before it was always crowded with eager gazers, who got into each other's way and hustled one another rudely in their attempts to secure a good view of the masterpiece.

Two artists had halted on the border of the semi-circle of which the "Fair Geraldine" was the centre. They were tall and could look at the painting over the heads of the people before them. Said one judicially:

"That is the best thing Bruce Collier has done. He was inspired when he painted that. The conception and the execution are alike—perfect. The form, the harmony of colour, the expression are all pleasing; one looks at it and sees nothing one could wish different."

"That is high praise from you, Bagot," returned the other; "but I believe you are right. It is a thousand pities to think that it is probably his last piece of work. They say he is utterly shattered by his illness."

"Nonsense! Don't believe everything that people tell you! I saw him for a few minutes before he went away, and I don't despair of him; though he is certainly sadly altered. The worst of it is that he is so frightfully depressed, poor fellow."

The speaker was not aware of a girl, who stood almost at his elbow, and could hear every word he said. She moved away now, her face white, her lips quivering. She could not bear to look at the picture; she wanted to get away from it, but the lady she was with was pushing forward for a closer view, and the girl had to keep at her side.

"Now where in the world," asked the other artist, "can Collier have found his model for that picture? Look at that small, perfect head and the curves of cheek and neck. One never sees anything like it, save in Greek sculpture."

"Of course not. Whoever sat as his model, he idealised her. That face and form were mainly evolved out of his inner consciousness, I feel sure."

"Well, really; I declare," exclaimed his companion, in low but excited tones, "*there she is!* Don't you see her? Look here—no, not there, man! Here, to my left!"

Mr. Bagot looked in the direction indicated. An elderly lady, dressed far too smartly for her years, with the gayest of French bonnets surmounting her snowy locks, was standing well forward to his left, and gazing through her *pince-nez* at the picture. But it was not to her that his attention was directed. His eyes next fell on a girl, who stood a little behind this lady, and was looking down with a timid, shrinking air. She was a tall, slight girl, neatly dressed in grey, and wearing a small black velvet hat which admirably set off the pretty waves of her golden brown hair and the beautiful oval of her cheek. As he observed her, she raised her eyes, and, for a moment they met his. To his amazement he perceived that they were the hazel eyes of the "Lady Geraldine."

"Well, I never! How extraordinary!" he ejaculated. "The eyes, the features are exactly alike!"

"The only difference is in the hair," said his friend, "the 'Fair Geraldine,' you observe, has long tresses. This young lady must have had an illness since she sat for the picture."

"Could she have sat for it?" questioned Mr. Bagot.

"Why not?" asked the other. "Artists sometimes persuade their lady-friends to sit for them. And see—she is with Mrs. Armitage, and we know what a favourite Bruce Collier is with her."

"Let us go and speak to her," said Mr. Bagot eagerly, and they essayed to join Mrs. Armitage; but she foresaw their intention and frustrated it. She nodded gaily and waved her hand to them; but at the same time edged off through the crowd. She did not mean to introduce anyone to Mirabel, if she could help it. The time for that had not yet come. She had brought Mirabel there that afternoon just for a freak, that she might enjoy the sensation her appearance would cause, and see if anyone would observe her resemblance to the "Fair Geraldine." But it was rather a dangerous diversion, and now she was anxious to get away.

They were only in town for a few days in order to do a little necessary shopping ere going abroad for a prolonged period of travel, undertaken chiefly with a view to Mirabel's benefit. Mrs. Armitage had become so interested in her task of forming the girl's manners and initiating her into the mysteries of fashionable life, that, though passionately fond of society, she was willing for once to forego the delights of the London season. Certainly Paris and Vienna offered much in the way of compensation.

Mirabel could scarcely feel at ease in that fashionable crowd. Yet, she had tasted such strange and varied experiences during the last few weeks, that already it seemed as if years rather than months separated her from the old life in Limegrove Street. Her brothers were no longer with her. Harry had been sent to a good private school in the country, and Willie to a home (not a charity) at the seaside, where his weak little body would have medical care and every chance of gaining strength. So Mirabel's heart was at ease concerning her brothers. Now the "higher education," which Bruce Collier had begun for her, was to be carried on under her grandfather's supervision.

But Mirabel had not forgotten Lizzie, and, strangely enough, while she was at the Royal Academy her sister was vividly brought to her mind. She was following Mrs. Armitage through one of the doorways, when with a start of surprise she recognised an elderly lady with calm, serene face, who was advancing towards them.

"Mrs. Pitt!" The name came involuntarily from Mirabel's lips, and she said it so clearly that the lady heard and turned to see who was greeting her. Instantly she recognised Mirabel's face, but, meeting her under such different circumstances and in the attire of a young lady, she, naturally, could not recall who she was.

"How do you do, dear?" she said kindly, "I know your face well, but you must forgive me that your name will not come at my call,"

"Oh, don't you remember?" said Mirabel eagerly, "I'm Mirabel Dean that used to live in Limegrove Street, Bethnal Green."

"Hush, hush, Mirabel!" cried Mrs. Armitage, for Mirabel in her eagerness had raised her tones, "you can't enter on such explanations here. How do you do, Mrs. Pitt?" for the friend Mirabel had recognised was an acquaintance of her own.

Mrs. Pitt shook hands with Mrs. Armitage, looking in wonder from her to the girl.

"This excitable girl," continued Mrs. Armitage, "has a wonderful story to tell you; but this is not the place for it. Let us get more into the shade—see, here is a quiet nook. We are just going. Can you not come home with us and have a talk, or have you only now arrived?"

Mrs. Pitt had not long arrived so she excused herself from accepting the invitation. Mirabel, checked by her guardian, made no further attempt to give the explanation which had been upon her lips, but she stood looking at Mrs. Pitt in a way which made that lady keenly regret that she could not recall the circumstances under which they had met before. But she promised to call and have a talk with Mirabel in a day or two, and, much relieved that nothing more had transpired, Mrs. Armitage led the girl away.

In a few minutes they had seated themselves in the carriage that awaited them below and were driving out of the great portal. Two gentlemen halted on the edge of the pavement while the carriage passed out. Mrs. Armitage nodded and smiled at one of them, who smiled back at her as he raised his hat. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, and with a start Mirabel recognised him as one whom she had seen before. She could not forget the fashionable young man, whose bold and insolent admiration had inspired her with such aversion when she encountered him in the artist's studio. The colour rose high in her cheeks as she recalled their former meeting.

"That is your cousin, Captain Armitage," said Mrs. Armitage as they drove on; "but I did not dare to stop and introduce him, for he is very much in your grandfather's black books just now."

So he was her cousin. Mirabel felt devoutly thankful that the introduction had not taken place.

Meanwhile Captain Armitage was saying to his companion—"Did you notice that girl who was with Mrs. Armitage? She is the newly-discovered grand-daughter, who is to step into my shoes."

"Really, then I congratulate you, my dear fellow, for she is a charming girl, and she blushed so prettily on seeing you, that I am sure you will have an easy conquest."

"Did she blush? Then it must be pure *gaucherie* on her part, for I have not been allowed to make her acquaintance yet. My uncle went to the dogs before he died, and this girl must have had a queer bringing up, and be quite unfit for society, I should say. They are going to take her abroad for a while—to coach her up in the forms, I suppose. I wish enough she had remained in obscurity. Still, as you say, the girl looks all right, and I shall not hesitate to play that card, if I get the chance."

And, as Captain Armitage stroked his moustache with a complacent air, he felt pretty confident of being able to win the girl's affection. He had no idea that he was heavily handicapped for the part he meant to play.

"Mirabel," said Mrs. Armitage, as they went along, "you gave me a dreadful fright when you began talking to Mrs. Pitt. I was afraid you were going to tell her there and then the story of your having been a laundry girl."

"So I was," said Mirabel simply.

"But, my dear! In that public place," protested Mrs. Armitage, "anyone might have heard you, and we do not want people to know what you have been."

"Why not?" asked Mirabel, in slightly raised tones; "surely there is no disgrace in my having worked for my living."

"Oh, no; no disgrace exactly, since you really could not help it," said Mrs. Armitage.

A curious smile passed over Mirabel's face. She thought the disgrace lay with those who led useless lives; but she was too wise to utter this sentiment at that moment.

"If I see Mrs. Pitt, I must speak of the past," said Mirabel; "she was my friend, when I needed one sorely. She gave me comfort in trouble, and I want to speak to her about that trouble."

"But you are not in trouble now," said Mrs. Armitage.

Mirabel was silent. She could not speak to Mrs. Armitage of Lizzie. She felt instinctively that her companion could give her no sympathy in her grief for her lost sister.

"Are you in trouble, Mirabel?" asked Mrs. Armitage.

"Not on my own account," said Mirabel. "Oh, no; I have everything to make me happy. You are only too kind to me."

Mrs. Armitage smiled.

"Well, Mirabel, you may say what you like to Mrs. Pitt," she said; "she is not the woman to make capital of it in any way. She can be trusted to keep silence. A most extraordinary person is Mrs. Pitt."

"Do you not like her, Mrs. Armitage?" asked Mirabel, struck by something peculiar in the other's manner.

"Oh, yes—I like her," replied Mrs. Armitage. "She is really most kind and good, but quite mad on certain points, you know."

Mirabel was puzzled. She thought of Mrs. Armitage's peculiarities, her frivolous talk, her conspicuous style of dress, and the coquettish airs that so ill became her years, and then recalled the face of Mrs. Pitt, with its serene, benevolent expression and her quiet dignified bearing, and it seemed to the girl that if indeed her friend were mad, it were better to be mad than sane.

She thought so still more, when, two days later, she had the pleasure of a long quiet talk with Mrs. Pitt.

Mrs. Pitt could give Mirabel no news of Lizzie. The girl had not crossed her path as she had hoped might be the case; but she promised still to look out for her, and she helped to bear Mirabel's burden by showing her the sympathy for which her heart yearned. She was able also to give the girl many hints that were of value to her in the new and strange position in which she found herself. In the time of her wealth, as in the days of her poverty, Mrs. Pitt proved to her a true friend.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When sweeping a floor with a short broom housemaids should be careful to keep the mouth shut so as not to inhale the dust, and to sweep away from, and not towards themselves, always using damp tea leaves for carpets.

Indian tea contains much more tannin than China tea, and should therefore be avoided by those who have weak digestion, and in no case should tea be ever taken at the same time as meat, which it toughens and renders most indigestible. Cold meat teas are answerable for much discomfort.

All fruit should be washed or at least wiped before it is cooked or eaten raw; especially any that has been exposed outside a shop or on a barrow.

Many people have a prejudice against tinned meats. This is a pity, as they are very useful, and generally very wholesome, but one cannot exercise too much care in their choice. Only the best brands of well-known firms should be bought, and no tin should be taken which has any deep dent or bubble in it, as this shows that air has got into it which has made it unfit for food. It is well also to avoid eating the jelly which is on the top of the meat when the tin is opened, and the meat should never be left in the tin but turned out at once. This also applies to tinned fruit.

Jet ornaments on millinery or dress trimmings can be much improved in appearance by taking them off and washing them in cold water and ammonia—left to dry and then replaced on the dress or bonnet.

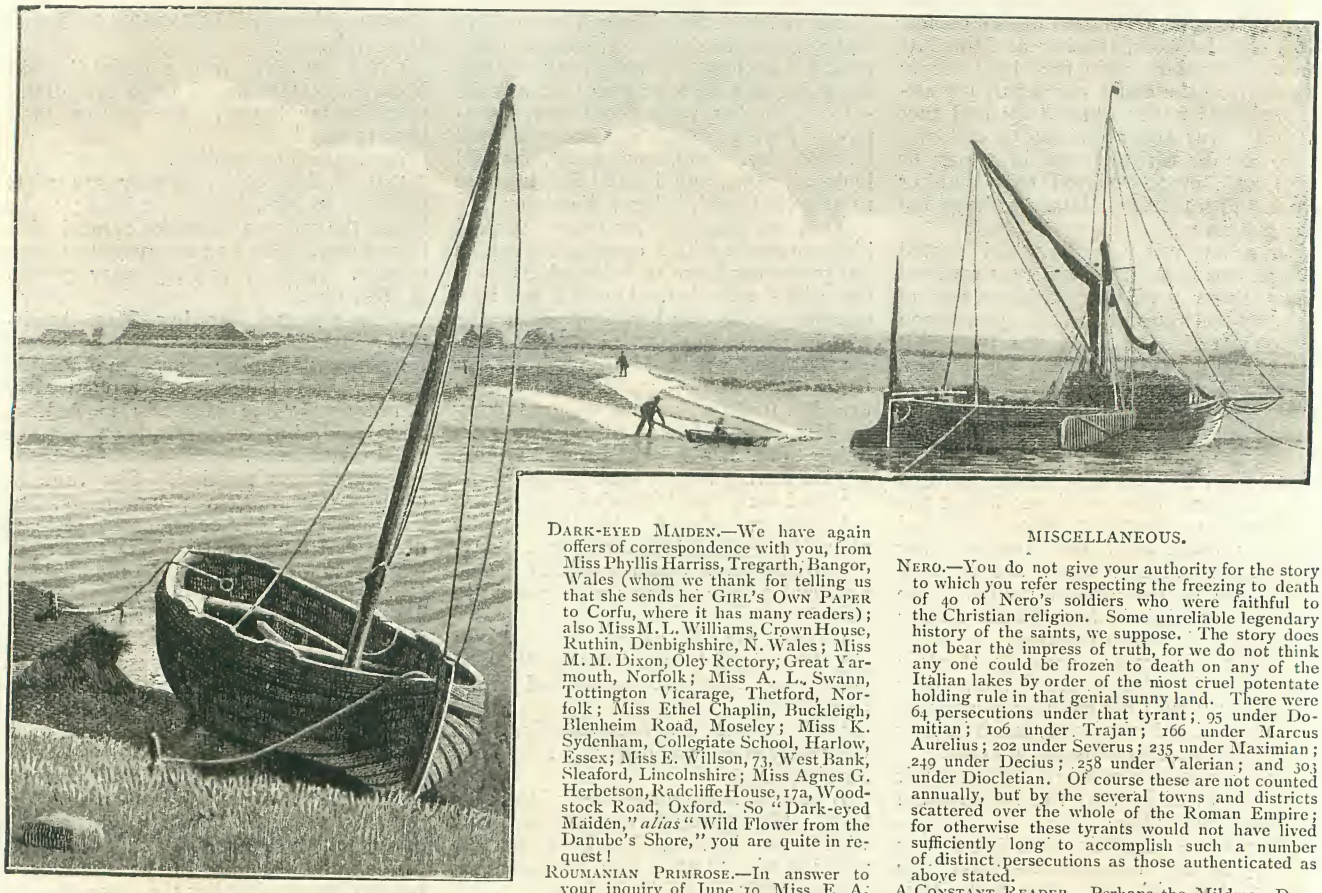
A solution of powdered alum in water effectually keeps mosquitos and gnats away from the skin.

Where ice is not to be got for cooling the head of a fever patient cut a strip of cucumber peel rather thick and lay the inside part on the forehead. It is deliciously cool and remains so for some time.

When making a vegetable and meat stew, be sure to put a layer of vegetables below the meat as well as above it. This prevents the meat from boiling hard and gives a much better flavour.

Raisins in cakes and puddings should always be cut or they are apt to turn sour in the cooking.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

VIOLET AND VICTORIA.—My dear correspondents, are you not one and the same person? Your handwriting is identical and you use exactly the same sort of ruled paper. If you are twain, the coincidence is marvellous. We answer one question from each letter.—1. The lines written by Victoria's friend contain a very poetical idea. This might be amplified so as to avoid the suggestion that the forms of Love and Grief, afterwards seen to be one and the same, appear simultaneously. The seventh line—

"Then Love raised her mask and I"

is halting. We should advise the friend to persevere.—2. If Violet reads attentively, and practises writing a short abstract afterwards of what she has read, she will soon strengthen her memory. She should join some society for help in self-education; either one of the amateur clubs so often mentioned in this column or the National Home-Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London.

GARRY OWEN.—1. Your first two quotations beginning:—

"How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate; how wonderful is man!"

and:—

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,"

are from Young's "Night Thoughts," Night 1, lines 68-80, and lines 417-419 respectively.—2. Your quotation—

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,"

is from Thomson's "Seasons," Spring, line 1149.

H. C.—If you will send us a stamped addressed envelope we will forward you a written copy of the poem "Changes," as we happen to have one. This must not be taken as a precedent.

A. J.—We only recognise one of the lines you quote:—

"God can lead the blind and seeing"

is from a very sweet hymn by T. T. Lynch, beginning:—

"Mountains by the darkness hidden
Are as real as in the day."

DARK-EYED MAIDEN.—We have again offers of correspondence with you, from Miss Phyllis Harriss, Tregarth, Bangor, Wales (whom we thank for telling us that she sends her GIRL'S OWN PAPER to Corfu, where it has many readers); also Miss M. L. Williams, Crown House, Ruthin, Denbighshire, N. Wales; Miss M. M. Dixon, Oley Rectory, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; Miss A. L. Swann, Tottington Vicarage, Thetford, Norfolk; Miss Ethel Chaplin, Buckleigh, Blenheim Road, Moseley; Miss K. Sydenham, Collegiate School, Harlow, Essex; Miss E. Willson, 73, West Bank, Sleaford, Lincolnshire; Miss Agnes G. Herbetson, Radcliffe House, 17a, Woodstock Road, Oxford. So "Dark-eyed Maiden," *alias* "Wild Flower from the Danube's Shore," you are quite in request!

ROUMANIAN PRIMROSE.—In answer to your inquiry of June 19, Miss E. A. Bath, Aviary Cottage, Greenway Lane, Lyncombe Hill, Bath, England, would like to correspond with you in English.

CHAOS.—1. The lines you quote, beginning—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,"

are, as you suppose, by Tennyson, and occur in "Locksley Hall."—2. In playing the guitar the little finger should be rested on the instrument. We can never answer questions in our "next issue," as we go to press long before you receive the magazine, and have many replies to print.

BEATRICE STANHOPE.—"Rubbish" is a harsh word, but your lines do not rhyme, and contain many errors in grammar and spelling. You should say, "those friends *whom*" not "*who* you love."

ECILA.—We cannot read your signature very clearly. Your verses are not at all bad, but to write really good poetry is within the power of very few. The "Children's Hymn" is the best.

E. C.—We are interested in your letter and are very glad you can feel towards us as your friend. We would gladly answer you by post but it is against our rules ever to do so; and as you say we must not put anything in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "unless about the bicycle," we are afraid we cannot help you with sympathy and advice for self-improvement as we should wish. Unfortunately we cannot tell you of any "easy way to earn money" as we know nothing of what you can do. If you are in the country could you cultivate and sell flowers, keep poultry and sell the eggs, or bees, and sell the honey? In any case, put the money received for your old bicycle into the Post Office Savings Bank and add to it when you can by degrees. Your writing is very clear and not at all bad.

E. N. G.—We are pleased to note your perseverance, and the musical compositions now sent are decidedly in advance of the last. There are errors in harmony, however, especially in the symphony to "Distant Bells," and the close of "Welcome, Spring," which make us feel that it is very important you should have instruction. A teacher would do much for you by pointing out mistakes and weaknesses, and helping you to avoid them. Cannot you arrange to have lessons, if only by correspondence? Your lines are up to the average of those found in part-songs; but "clear" and "air" do not rhyme, and it is not poetical to say that "flowers have left their *tombs*." We should advise you to go on studying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NERO.—You do not give your authority for the story to which you refer respecting the freezing to death of 40 of Nero's soldiers who were faithful to the Christian religion. Some unreliable legendary history of the saints, we suppose. The story does not bear the impress of truth, for we do not think any one could be frozen to death on any of the Italian lakes by order of the most cruel potentate holding rule in that genial sunny land. There were 64 persecutions under that tyrant; 95 under Domitian; 106 under Trajan; 166 under Marcus Aurelius; 202 under Severus; 235 under Maximian; 249 under Decius; 258 under Valerian; and 303 under Diocletian. Of course these are not counted annually, but by the several towns and districts scattered over the whole of the Roman Empire; for otherwise these tyrants would not have lived sufficiently long to accomplish such a number of distinct persecutions as those authenticated as above stated.

A CONSTANT READER.—Perhaps the Mildmay Deaconess' Institution (founded by the late Rev. W. Pennefather) at Mildmay Park, would suit you. There is a branch Home, and one at Effra Road, Brixton, S.W. Also the Sisters of the People in connection with the West London Mission, Katharine House, 10, Fitzroy Square, W., address, Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes. Also the Deaconess' Home, Stepney Green Branch of the East London Deaconess' Home; the Rochester Diocesan Deaconess' Institution, address, The Sisters, 83, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W., secretary the Rev. Canon Reith, St. Andrew's Vicarage, Watford. Another is the Winchester Diocesan Deaconess' Home, Portsmouth, address, Sister Emma.

ROSEBUD.—The girl whose complexion has gone off at the age of twenty, when still a minor, and described as an "infant" by law, must be out of health, or exceedingly careless of herself. We should say that there must be

"A worm i' the bud"

of some description, for a woman in our northern clime is not fully matured and come to her full strength till twenty-five. Wash your face with rain-water, and if hard, the use of a little bran in it would soften it. Rub in a little "lanoline" to heal any abrasion or roughness; wear a veil, and when you wash, use the mildest unscented soap. After having been out on a cold or frosty day do not go near a fire. We have no better advice to give you.

DAFFODIL (Lyons).—We were interested in your letter, as we are in a special degree, as regards those of our girls of a foreign nationality, and thank you for the kind expression of your approval of our paper.

AN AUSTRALIAN.—To be a hospital nurse you should be very strong and healthy, and what you say about your eyes seems to imply some delicacy. The occupation is greatly overstocked, and hundreds of qualified applicants are unable to find vacancies. Multitudes of ladies are engaged in the arduous and most trying work. It need not necessarily make them coarse and indelicate. But no girl should choose a vocation against the wishes of her parents. You will have to attain the age of twenty-five, or for admission into a children's hospital twenty-one at earliest.

ROY.—The highest church steeple in England—omitting any cathedral—is not St. Michael's, Coventry, though next in order of measurement, but St. Walburg's, Preston, which is 303 feet, the former being less by 3 feet only.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 924.] SEPTEMBER 11, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



All rights reserved.]

"MY BONNIE LAD."

MY BONNIE LAD.

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

O, HAVE you seen my bonnie lad
Who sailed away to sea?
He said in spring his ship would bring
Him home again to me!
But spring has passed, and summer too,
And snows of winter reign.
O, have you seen my bonnie lad
Who sails upon the main?

I know you speak the ships at sea
That chance to pass you by,
And p'r'aps you might, some day or night,
Have sailed his vessel nigh.
My lad is fair, with chestnut hair,
And winsome eyes of blue.
O, have you seen my bonnie lad?
I prithee tell me true.

Ah, no! you have not seen my lad,
Your pitying looks betray
The truth, alas! and so must pass
My lingering hopes away!
I do not know what I shall do,
Now lost for aye is he;
For O, my lad was all I had—
He was the world to me!

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Mary reached home that night she was outwardly calm. In a certain sense she was also calm inwardly. The extreme suddenness of what had happened, caused, as it is wont to do, a temporary numbness of feeling, while the complexity of the issues that it involved, and the antagonism of the emotions that it brought into play, combined to produce a sort of equipoise. A great march of the passions was defiling through her mind, but its drums were muffled in heavy folds of fog, and its feet sounded dully on thick snow.

She knew, however, that the greater the numbness now, the sharper would be the pain of reawakened feeling. She knew too that in that sweeping of the keys of emotion which was to come, one chord would be held down, striking her ear with a dreadful insistence. It was a feeling made up of remorse, horror and despair. And its root was in the belief that between them, she and Reginald were responsible for De Vesci's death.

Hers was indeed only a physical guilt. She ought not to have let herself be so mastered by panic. But his? Mary felt sure that for a critical second or two Reginald had heard the Calling of the Weir, and had seen the peril of Hennessy's boat, and had held his peace. In the supreme moment he had consented unto his rival's death, and no after effort for his rescue could undo that fatal passivity.

During their short walk together to Weir Bend only two sentences had been spoken.

"I will go round and put everything off," he said as they entered the avenue.

"Yes," she answered. "Change your clothes first," mindful of him even in her torpid suffering.

Then he had turned away, and Mary had seen within his eyes something that shocked her—joy. Many other feelings were there, but above them, still and masterful, not to be repressed, rose joy.

When Hildegarde received the news, all in one leaden weight, for Mary had no present tact to break ill tidings—her words were few.

"My poor child," she said, and she drew Mary to her and kissed her, letting one or two quiet tears roll down over Mary's cheek.

Then she said, "Keep everything from Mrs. Mack, or she will make a noise and wake mother. Mother has just fallen asleep."

Mary was impressed, even in her apathy, by her sister's self-possession. She looked at her, as from a distance, in a vague wonder. Then, after an interval, for her speech, it seemed, was hung somewhere out of easy access, she spoke.

"You do not seem surprised."

"No," said Hildegarde. "It is a shock, but hardly a surprise. I knew that something was coming, Mary, we haven't seen the end of the matter yet."

Feeling quite unable at that time to tell her sister more, and dreading—for there was in Hildegarde's eyes a light, deep and searching, and almost prophetic—that at any moment secrets might be surprised, Mary turned away.

She walked up to her own room, and, locking herself in, sat, trying to think, in the dark.

After a little time she heard noises as of very careful stepping in the room which had been allotted to the two bridesmaids.

And, after another short period, she heard the girls go downstairs. Hildegarde had broken the news to them, and had suggested, or acquiesced in, their going away. Again there was noise as of something heavily drawn. Then, stillness.

Suddenly Mary aroused herself. She was leaving everything to her sister. She must help her—though she did not know what there was to do. She moved to the door of her room, and saw Hildegarde with a light in her hand, entering her bedroom. Then Mary felt that she must tell her sister all, before they two could work together at any task. She followed Hildegarde into her chamber, and, with her hands dangling before her, quite inert, began to speak.

"Hildegarde, you ought to know——"

"No, darling," said Hildegarde, lifting her hand, and with one of her slow imperious gestures, pushing the speech back. "Not to-night. Perhaps I do know. But no matter. There is only one consideration just now—mother. She is ill."

Then Mary observed that a small stretcher had been placed right across the recess of Mrs. Haydn's door. "I shall lie awake all night," Hildegarde said.

"The doctor?" Mary asked, as soon as the slow words would come.

"He has been and gone," Hildegarde said, and he did not seem anxious."

"Where is father?" Mary asked.

"In mother's room. Sitting in his dressing-gown. The sofa is made up as a bed for him. He is quite clear to-night, and very gentle and kind."

"May I not take half the time?" said Mary; "all the night is too much for you; and I should like to have a share in watching."

"No, darling," said Hildegarde; "go to bed; you are almost asleep already."

And indeed she was. Mary withdrew in a little while, and slept till the full daylight shone upon what was to have been her wedding day.

But Hildegarde had risen before her, and had entered their parents' room; and before her had entered another.

With her two hands crossed over her

heart, where one had been so often pressed, lay Mrs. Haydn. And beside the bed, bending over her, with a face where one could almost see pain turning into peace, kneeled her old husband. They were both quite dead. He had bidden her name the day, and that was the day that she had named, and that was how the appointment was kept.

So the fourth of November did see a wedding in the house after all.

The third day after that (in Ireland they bury very soon) the husband and wife were laid to rest.

The funeral, owing to the notoriety which the doings of the family had been unfortunate enough to attain, was attended by half the country round.

The line of cars and carriages must have extended full a mile, and the walking procession was like the passing by of a great army. It was well that the etiquette of grief precluded the attendance of the two broken-hearted girls.

The cheery conversation of those on the outskirts of the crowd—even while the very coffin was being covered; the unrestrained professional chatter of the sexton and gravedigger—with "aisy there, Paddy!" and "wait till I have a hoult taken"—would have been too much for endurance. People don't mean any harm; but if somebody tells a good story (and a story-teller will hardly throw away such a concentrated circulation) just as the hearse reaches the gate, they will not take much trouble in subduing the guffaw; and a slow man will hardly have finished his snigger before the service is half over. A funeral is a kind of supplement to the market and the fair, paving the way for first steps in love and horse-dealing, and generally diffusing the news and needs of the neighbourhood. It is a very popular institution, and a great stimulus to hospitality and to trade. In some districts it seems the sole industry.

But should you fancy, from what has been said, that the folk are hard-hearted you would make a great mistake. If one listens one may hear sobs as well as titters, and from the same group and perhaps from the same man. Irish nature is ungraduated—that is all.

During those two days that she remained with her, Mary barely left her mother's room. It was her father's room, too, but she was hardly conscious of more than one presence. Mr. Haydn's death seemed to her now, much as she had loved him, quite a little thing. It was only another drop or two in a fathomless, shoreless sea of grief.

She sat beside her mother, as still and almost as cold. For the first day it was all dull, dead, leaden sorrow. The clock had run down. The world had come to an end. The tragedy of the day before seemed an old remote story, concerning people with whom she had very little to do. There was only one thing anywhere, and that a thing not to be believed—not to be borne; and yet—and yet—— Yes, it must be true. Her mother lay there. Yes, she was dead. Perhaps she, Mary, was dead too; for she could not feel. Then came the perception, the agony, and, in the heart's breaking fulness, the tears. After them, the prayers. And after that, the peace.

When the coffin had to be nailed down, and the last look taken of the deepest revelation that God vouchsafes here of that peace which passeth understanding, Mary's grief burst out again. But that was its last paroxysm. From that moment she gathered her robes about her, and, with a firm step, and even with a calm smile, began to tread the path of daily duty.

But during those two days much had had to be done. It was Hildegarde that did it, With a white face, indeed, and swollen eyes, yet calm and silent and collected, she moved about the house. It was she who superintended its routine, the little wheel that must go on though all the world's great wheels stood still, it was she who provided for all the grim necessities and the sorry pomp of death. It was she who carried the little meal to Mary, and persuaded her to eat that she might live.

One would have said that the characters of the two girls had been exchanged, at least that their parts had been reversed. There are surprises in all natures. The weak are sometimes very strong, and the strong are often very weak. The true dark continent will always be the human heart.

As soon as Mary could think about anything that lay beyond the next step of daily duty, she became aware of a strange thing. Hildegarde knew that Reginald's heart did not belong to her. Mary found that out in some quite indirect way, but the fact was clear enough. It was not till a few days after that discovery that she was informed, by Mrs. Mack, who had the information from no worse authority than that of the genial and observant post-mistress, that Hildegarde had returned Reginald's gifts and letters, and had broken off the engagement.

The young lawyer had called at the house more than once, and had been received by Hildegarde. He desired to speak to Mary, but she would not see him. The meeting between the lately affianced pair was quite free from bitterness. Mary heard their voices below, and Hildegarde's was kind, gentle, almost tender.

After the second interview Hildegarde came up to Mary and put her arm round her waist.

"Molly," she said, "I have made what reparation I could, but it was not very much."

"You did not know," Mary said, "you did not understand."

"Then I ought to have understood," Hildegarde answered. And after a short silence, she added, "Molly, I believe that in my heart I did understand. I was blind because I would not see."

"Poor girl," said Mary, "dear, good girl. Hildie, you are a heroine, and I never knew it."

"Not much of a heroine," said Hildegarde, and she laid her head on Mary's shoulder and burst into tears. "You will be happy, darling," she said at length; "he loves you with all his soul."

"It is all of no use, Hildie," Mary said "There is something you do not know, and I cannot explain. But *that* can never be."

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

The Victorious Life.

"That life is all victorious which looks
onward, not behind,
Human life is high and glorious if it mark
the steadfast mind.
In God's sight that life is greatest which
is highest of its kind.

What is Culture?—It is quite a mistake to think that "culture" means to paint a little, to sing a little, to dance a little, and to quote passages from the latest popular books. As a matter of fact culture means nothing of the kind. Culture means mastery over self, politeness, charity, fairness, good temper, good conduct. Culture is not a thing to make a display of; it is something to use so modestly, that people do not discover all at once that you have it.

Studying Economy.

Little Dick: "Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economise?"

Papa: "I did, my son."

Little Dick: "Well, I was thinking that if you'd get me a pony, I wouldn't wear out so many shoes."

A Designing Man.

"'A designing man I hate!' she cried
With scornful head erect;
And yet within a year she loved
And wed an architect."

Three Things.—Think of three things—whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and before whom thou must appear—*The Talmud.*

Rational Desires.—We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

The Stream was almost Dry.

"I see, Walters, that there hasn't been enough water-power of late to run your mill. What's the matter?"

"Three farmers above me have gone into the milk business."

Is she a Lady?—We often give the title of lady to those who do not deserve it. A lady is a woman who is honourable, truthful, refined; who regards the comfort of others before her own; who never forgets how important little courtesies are to the happiness of life; who is loyal to her friends and never betrays a trust; who scorns to think a mean thought or speak a mean word or perform a mean act; who reverences age, protects weakness, and maintains her own womanly self-respect.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART XII.



WHEN I began to write of the recollections of my childhood, I thought that all of those days which I remember could well be told in these twelve chapters. But the remembrances of that long ago time crowded thickly on me, and I wandered in the pleasant fields of memory, where time ceases to be. So my twelfth chapter is reached, and finds me still only ten years old, and finds me, moreover, with not one-tenth of the events of those ten years recorded. If only one's memory were as good for the events of yesterday—of last week, of last year!

I have left myself no space to tell you of my adventures in Germany and France during the war of 1870, of my English school-days, of much that is not ever to be forgotten by me. Since I must needs choose one out of many remembrances, I choose my Kentish home, dearer to me than all. After many wanderings my mother took a house at Halstead, "The Hall" it was called, but the house itself did not lend itself to the pretensions of its name. A long, low, red-brick house, that might have been common-place but for the roses and ivy that clung to the front of it, and the rich, heavy jasmine that covered the side. There was a smooth lawn with chestnut-trees round it, and a big garden, where flowers and fruit and vegetables grew together, as they should, without jealousy or class-distinction. There never were such peonies as grew among our currant-bushes, nor such apricots as hung among the leaves on the sunny south wall. From a laburnum-tree in a corner of the lawn we children slung an improvised hammock, and there I used to read and dream, and watch the swaying green gold of leaf and blossom.

Our garden ran round three sides of a big pond. Perhaps it was true that the pond did not make the house more healthy. It certainly made it more interesting. Besides the raft (which was but a dull thing when the boys were away at school), there were nooks among the laburnums and lilacs that grew thickly round the pond, nooks where one could hide with one's favourite books, and be secure from the insistent and irritating demands so often made on one's time by one's elders. For grown-up people never thought of spoiling their clothes by penetrating the shrubbery. Here, on many a sunny day, have I lounged away the morning, stifling conscience with Mrs. Ewing's tales, and refusing to remember the tangle of untidiness in which I had left my room involved. For I had a little room of my own, a little, little room, with a long low window and a window-ledge, where bright plants in pots, encouraged by the western sun, withstood the intermittence of my attentions, and blossomed profusely. My bookcase stood by this window, an old mahogany bookcase with a deep top drawer, that let down to form a writing-table. Here I used to sit and write—verse, verse, always verse—and dream of the days when I should be a great poet, like Shakespeare, or Christina Rossetti! Ah me! that day is long in coming! But I never doubted then that it would come.

Here I wrote and dreamed, and never showed my verses or told my dreams for many a long month. But when I was fifteen I ventured to show some verses to my mother. She showed them to Mr. Japp, then editor of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, and never shall I forget the rapture of delight and of gratitude with which I received the news that my verses had been accepted. By-and-by they were printed, and I got a cheque for a guinea—a whole guinea, think of it! Now the day when I should be a poet seemed almost at hand. Had I not had a poem printed?

Besides the desk and the well-oiled key, that formed so excellent a defence against "the boys"—for what young poet could ever set down a line with the possibility of even the best-loved brothers looking over her shoulder?—my little room had another feature, by turns a terror and a charm. A little trap-door in the ceiling led to that mysterious and delightful region between the roof and the beams, a dark passage leading all round the house, and leading too—oh, deep and abiding joy!—to a little door that opened on the roof itself. This, until the higher powers discovered it, was a safer haven even than the shrubbery. Enclosed by four pointed roofs of tiles was a central space—safe, secluded—whence one could see the world around, oneself invisible, or at least unseen. Another trap-door, from the linen-closet by the boys' bedroom, afforded them an equal access to this same paradise. We kept a store of books and good things in the hollow of the roof, and many a pleasant picnic have we enjoyed there. Happy, vanished days, when to be on the roof and to eat tinned pineapple in secret constituted happiness!

It was an uneventful, peaceful, pleasant time. The only really exciting thing was the presence, within a stone's throw of our house, of our landlady's son, who lived all alone in a little cottage standing in the fields. He was reported mad by the world, eccentric by his friends; but, as we found him, perfectly harmless. His one delusion, as far as I know, was that he was the rightful owner, nay, more, the rightful tenant of our house, and about once in six months he used to terrify the whole household by appearing with a carpet bag at the front door and announcing that he had come to take possession. This used to alarm us all very much, because if a gentleman is eccentric enough to wish to "take possession" of another person's house there is no knowing what he may be eccentric enough to do next. But he was always persuaded to go away peaceably, and I don't think we need have been so frightened. Once while he was in the drawing-room being persuaded by my mother, I peeped into the carpet bag he had left in the hall. It contained three empty bottles that had held mixed pickles, a loaf of bread and a barrister's wig and gown.

Poor gentleman, I am afraid he was very eccentric indeed.

Did I say that his existence was our only excitement. Is it possible that I have forgotten the dreadful day when my brother Alfred shot a fox?

He drew me mysteriously aside one morning after breakfast.

"Daisy," he said, "can you keep a secret?"

I could, I asseverated.

He drew me into his room, locked the door, and then opening a cupboard displayed the body of a big dog-fox.

"Where did you get it?"

"I shot it."

"Oh, poor thing."

"Poor thing indeed," repeated my brother indignantly. "Don't you know no one would ever speak to me again if they knew I had shot a fox?"

"Then why did you?" was the natural rejoinder.

"I didn't mean to. I was out this morning after wood pigeons, and I saw something move in the bushes. I thought it was a rabbit and I fired, and it was *this*. What shall I do with it?"

"Bury it, we can have a splendid funeral," I said.

"You baby!"

I was constantly forgetting that Alfred, at seventeen, was grown-up, and that our old games no longer interested him.

"Well stuff it, then."

You will hardly believe it, but we really did try to stuff that fox. My brother skinned it, skilfully enough, and we buried the body. We bought a shilling book on taxidermy. We spent many shillings on chemicals; we nailed the fox's skin to the inside of the cupboard door and operated on it. My interest in the process was not lessened by the fact that I felt that the fox when stuffed must be kept from all eyes but our own, hidden for ever in the depths of that cupboard, lest the world in general should find out that Alfred had shot a fox, and that I had been an accessory after the fact, and should so decline "ever to speak to us again."

But we never stuffed it. We never even succeeded in curing the skin, which after awhile cried aloud for vengeance so unmistakably that we had to take it out and bury it secretly beside the body it had covered.

Both interments were conducted in the very early morning before even the maids were stirring, when the dew was grey on the grass, and the scent of the wet earth was sweet and fresh.

When all the fox was buried I breathed more freely. Perhaps no one would ever know, and people would go on "speaking to" us.

I remember after the burial of the skin we went for a walk through the long wet grass, and came home with wet feet and happy hearts.

Oh, those dewy mornings—the resurrection of light and life in the woods and fields! Would that it were possible for all children to live in the country where they may drink in, consciously or unconsciously, the dear delights of green meadow and dappled woodland! The delight in green things growing, in the tender beauty of the evening light on grey pastures, the glorious splendour of the noonday sun on meadows golden with buttercups, the browns and purples of winter woodlands—this is a delight that grows with one's growth—a delight that "age cannot wither nor custom stale," a delight that the years who take from us so much can never take away—can but intensify and make more keen and precious.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

My book of memory lies open always at the

page where are the pictures of Kentish cherry orchards, field and farm and gold-dim woodlands starred with primroses, light copses where the blue-bells and wind-flowers grow. Yes, blue-bells and wind-flowers to me and to all who love them. Botanists who pull the poor, pretty things to pieces may call them hyacinths and anemones.

And most plainly of all, among the dream pictures shows our old garden at home.

There is a grey-walled garden far away
From noise and smoke of cities where the hours
Pass with soft wings among the happy flowers
And lovely leisure blossoms every day.

There, tall and white, the sceptral lily blows;
There grow the pansy pink and columbine,
Brave holly-hocks and star-white jessamine
And the red glory of the royal rose.

There greeny glow-worms gem the dusky lawn,
The lime-trees breathe their fragrance to the night,
Pink roses sleep, and dream that they are white
Until they wake to colour with the dawn.

There in the splendour of the sultry noon
The sunshine sleeps upon the garden bed,
Where the white poppy droops a drowsy head
And dreams of kisses from the white full moon.

* * * *

And there, all day, my heart goes wandering,
Because there first my heart began to know
The glories of the summer and the snow,
The loveliness of harvest and of spring.

There may be fairer gardens—but I know
There is no other garden half so dear,
Because 'tis there, this many, many a year,
The sacred sweet white flowers of memory grow.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART XII.

TEACHERS—COMPANIONS—BOOKS.

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep His Commandments" (Ecclesiastes xii., 12, 13).



On the last occasion we met, dear girls, we talked mostly about home-surroundings and influences. It is but a step from these to school-life, for it is always said that, next to parents, teachers have most to do with forming the characters of the young. In looking back on my own girlhood I feel how true this is, and thankfully acknowledge how one beloved teacher influenced for good, not only my own life, but the lives of many others. When I call to mind what she was to me, and what she did for me, I still thank God for giving me such a friend and guide when I was of an age to be specially susceptible to her influence.

It does not, however, always happen that girls value their teachers as amongst their best friends. Think, dear ones. Are there not some of you, even in these days of much learning and hard study, who regard teachers rather as task-mistresses, and shirk the work that is given you to do?

Are there no girls, nowadays, who consider lessons as tasks, necessary evils for a season, but to be dispensed with as soon as possible?

I want you who have such ideas, to give more serious thought to what is of the greatest importance to yourselves.

School discipline is good for you in teaching self-restraint and laying the foundation of orderly habits. If teachers are strict in exacting a fair measure of work, it is for your sakes, and that you may be able to render a good account of the talents God has entrusted to you.

What you gain will not add to their store of learning, but will make you fitter for the duties that lie before you.

The young are often thoughtless—I do not like to use a harsher term—in causing anxiety and pain to their teachers by littlenesses of conduct and temper.

Some of these are childish, some contemptible; but they all sting more or less, though perhaps not in the way intended by the authors of them. The high-minded, God-fearing teacher, who is profoundly impressed by the responsibility inseparable from her noble calling, does not grieve for herself when her pupils act unworthily.

She grieves for them, because she would fain see them true in word and deed; industrious, not merely for their own sakes, but to show their gratitude for the talents entrusted to them by God and the advantages given them by their parents.

She would like each to be an example and an influence for good to all the rest. Little acts of deceit, signs of joy in the failure of another, or of envy even when success is well-earned, are so many wounds to the teacher who loves her work and would fain see her pupils attaining a high standard of personal excellence as well as of learning.

Dear girls, I want you to value rightly your teachers and their work; to consider by what long years of study they have fitted themselves to teach; of the pains they bestow that you may benefit; of the sorrow you cause them when you neglect your true interests; of their unselfish joy in your success. Let them do you good. Be grateful for the firmness against which you have sometimes rebelled, even when conscious that your best interests were served by it. Just a word as to what you can do for your companions. If you have superior talents, they are God's gifts to be well and humbly used in His service. You have no cause for pride in them, but much for thankfulness; so be patient and helpful to those less favoured.

If you have wealthy fathers and mothers who delight to clothe you in soft and tasteful raiment, do not cast a contemptuous glance on your poor schoolfellow who, it may be, is rich in many sweet Christian graces, and who possesses the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

There are many lessons to be learned as you go in and out amongst your schoolfellows. That you may use your opportunities well, let the Bible be your text-book and your teacher.

Hear the words of Jesus. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Hear what is written of Jesus. "Though he were a Son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."

To be obedient to all lawful authority; to be meek in our bearing and conduct to others and lowly in our opinion of ourselves, is to be Christlike. And it is the way which tends to peace, happiness and even to the winning of that esteem for which pride and self-conceit look in vain.

Ask yourselves, dear ones. "Is it to the arrogant and self-asserting that we pay willing homage and render respect? Or is it not rather to those who lead a life of lowly good doing, for the sake of their neighbour and out of love to God?"

Your consciences will answer these questions and own that a life of quiet, unassuming self-devotion compels your respect and admiration, though it may be you have not courage to imitate what is so admirable in others.

A word or two about companions and confidants.

Let me urge you, my dear girl-friends, to be very careful in choosing these. You will all remember an oft-quoted verse from one of the most solemn chapters in the New Testament, 1 Cor. xv., "Be not deceived. Evil communications corrupt good manners."

It is possible for one bad companion to influence your whole future life in the wrong direction. This seems a sweeping statement, but it is a true one. Early influences are the most enduring and early surroundings are the last to be forgotten.

If you talk to old people you will find that recent events pass quickly from their minds, but speak of the things that happened when they were children or young men and maidens, and you will see wrinkled faces overspread with smiles, eyes beaming with intelligence, and tongues will become eloquent about the memories you have awakened.

Be careful, then, in choosing your chief school-companion and friend. Never mind her worldly position, and do not be dazzled by a showy outside or a fashionable wardrobe. Choose her for her higher qualities—her conduct and conversation will help you. These and her refined habits are of vast importance. Choose her prayerfully. Such a matter is worth praying over. You will soon be able to judge by her influence over your own daily life whether you have chosen wisely or not.

As I speak there comes to my mind the

picture of a young life that was hopelessly wrecked through the influence of one bad companion. I can see a boy's face with its winsome smile and wonderfully sweet expression. Such a lovable lad he was, but so easily led by any stronger nature than his own. At school he was always in difficulties, through the ease with which he fell into temptation, and his own want of application. Inclination could always plead more persuasively than duty, and the moral weakness which caused him to transgress, left him the scapegoat for his tempters.

At a high-class boarding-school the youth met another somewhat older, who exercised a boundless influence over him in the wrong direction. The advice of teachers and friends proved of no avail when opposed to that of this chosen companion, whose own after-life was a moral wreck, in which the younger was entangled. I have only told you this, dear girls, to show the importance of choosing right companionship outside the shelter of home.

One of you asks, "How can I be sure of choosing wisely? Sometimes first impressions are favourable, but time does not confirm them."

I answer, "Do not be in too great a hurry to pass from mere acquaintanceship to friendship. Sudden intimacies are not often lasting and satisfactory. Be sure that you can trust and respect your acquaintance before you make her your friend. See that she has proved faithful to others, before you give her your confidence. If, by chance, she should say to you, "I am going to tell you something, but you must never breathe a word of it to any one else. It was told me in confidence and I promised not to tell, only I know I can trust you not to tell." Be sure that speaker is unworthy alike of your trust and your respect. Turn a deaf ear to the intended revelation. Be no party to such treachery in another as you would scorn to commit. Let the flattering words warn you to withhold your confidence from one who is sure to betray it sooner or later.

On the other hand, if you are seeking information and are met by the reply, "I would tell you if it concerned only myself. Though it is a trifling matter, it is not my secret. Do not think me unkind for refusing to tell it," you may rejoice at having met with one who will be faithful even in the smallest matter.

Again, after being in the company of others, a little thought will enable us to judge what has been the effect of their companionship on ourselves. Has it encouraged what is best in us? Has it made goodness appear more beautiful, or has some word or act shown a tendency to smooth over what is wrong, to defend a wrong-doer, or even to allure us into dangerous paths?

We can to some extent, judge for ourselves from what we see and hear, but our best course is to seek the help of the One infallible Guide, by earnest prayer. To ask Him to give us earthly friends who will help us to love and serve Him better. At the same time we must never forget the duty we owe to the parents who love us, and, if they object to our choice of companions, we should at once yield to their wishes, and believe that they are better able to judge than we are and desire only what is for our real good.

I could say much more on this subject, but it must not occupy a larger share of the little time still left us.

Many years ago when I was a mere girl writer, an editor wrote these words to me. "Have you ever realised that each paper you write for our magazine will be read by at least a quarter of a million of persons?"

Such a thought had never crossed my mind, for I did not know how large was the circulation of the magazine in question, but the editor went on to tell me what it was, and to prove that a very small average of readers for each part issued would give the figures named.

I cannot make you realise the effect of these calculations on my mind. I asked myself, "Is it possible that such an awful responsibility rests on me? Can it be true that I have power to influence, either for good or otherwise, so many human minds? If people do not remember all they read some abides."

Can you imagine, dear girls, what was the first result of this mental questioning?

I will tell you. It brought me to my knees and, as well as tears would allow me, I lifted up my voice in prayer that God would help me to write only what would leave an impression for good on all who might read it.

From that time to the present I have never dared to begin my work without asking this Divine help and blessing, and my longing desire has been and always will be the same, namely, that when my pen drops from a hand too feeble to guide it, I may be able to say, "Thank God, I do not wish to withdraw anything that I have written. Thank God, He has given me blessed proofs that I have not sought His help in vain."

You will judge, dear ones, that it is about the importance of what we read that I want to talk with you for a few moments.

In these days, people of all classes read more than they used to do, and the young are allowed, or they take greater license in choosing books for themselves, than was customary a few years ago. Parents cannot find time to read works of fiction, before passing them on, or otherwise, to the young people, and many would be disinclined to give the time if they could do so. Then the facilities for obtaining books are so great, that much has to be trusted to the young in this matter.

There is a widespread notion entertained, I regret to say, by many good women, that in order to fortify girls against certain temptations, they should be made acquainted with every description of vice and the consequences entailed by it.

"Don't you think girls should know everything?" was the question asked me one day by a really good mother who earnestly desired the good of her children. By "everything," she meant just what I have already said.

That the worst side of our frail human nature should be shown to the young, innocent pure-minded girl for instance, in order that she should loathe the thought of it all, through seeing its horrors and its ugliness.

My answer was, "God forbid. Let us keep our children's minds pure from the mental sight even of such evils as you sum up in that word 'everything.' Would you sow a garden with weeds, ugly to look upon and diffusing rank odours; weeds that once rooted, cannot be entirely got rid of by any amount of painstaking, in order that the flowers which adorned it before, may flourish the better? You know you would not. You know that the weeds would overpower and choke the blossoms that were so fair and beautiful. Even if you would fain eradicate them they would crop up again and again, in unexpected places, and in the meanwhile, the flowers would have been killed by their close companionship."

Shun bad books, dear girls. They are mental poisons, and once absorbed you can never get rid of them. Sentences and passages linger in your memory. Perhaps you forget them for a time, but something recalls them. They are as tenacious as the weeds I spoke about, and will not be dislodged.

You have nowadays to judge much for yourselves. For your own sakes try to judge wisely. You can soon tell whether a book is likely to lead your thoughts in a right or a wrong direction. If the latter, put it from you, no matter how fascinating the story, how fashionable the author and the book. Never read by stealth a book to which your parents have objected, or one which would bring a blush to your cheek if a friend you esteem were to see it in your hand. A middle-aged lady was talking to me about books one day, and she said, "I don't think it matters what a person of my age reads. I am not likely to be wrongly influenced, if even the book is not a good one."

I could not agree with her, and I replied, "It seems to me that, as we grow older it is even more important for us to avoid evil of every kind. Surely, when we know that our days are becoming few, we should try more and more to turn our thoughts to those things which though 'not seen, are eternal.'"

"We cannot touch pitch without being defiled." An old saying, but as true to-day as ever.

I was staying with a friend a while ago, when her nephew brought in a fine, white cambric handkerchief and showed her that it had tiny black spots upon it.

"See," he said. "These spots will not come out. I was walking with some friends, and one lady being weary, sat down to rest near a fence which had been lately tarred. It seemed to be dry, but lest it should not, I put my handkerchief down to protect her dress thinking that, if spotted, it would wash. It is spotted as you see, but all the washing will not remove a mark."

The handkerchief was left for an old servant to experiment upon, but days afterwards it lay in water with every spot visible on the otherwise snowy cambric.

Do not touch mental pitch, dear ones. Ask God's blessing on what you read and you will not turn over many pages before you find out whether it will be for your good to go on. His Holy Spirit is given in order that his children may be guided into all truth.

If after you have read a book you feel more inclined to love and serve God, do not forget to thank Him for this, and may I add? ask a blessing for the writer whose work has been helpful to you.

And now, dear girl friends, our twilight talks must end for the present, though I feel how much remains to be said and how many subjects have not been touched. Still we have gone the round of the year together. We began with shortening days, we sat by the winter fireside and listened to the stormy winds outside, feeling thankful for our own comforts, and sorry for those who were less favoured. We came to our meeting-place in spring, between the budding hedge-rows; and, later on, we heard the mower's scythe and the swish of falling grass, whilst the scent of wild roses was borne to us by the softest breath of wind. We saw summer in all its glory and even talked together on the moonlit shore, our voices mingling with the murmur of the waves as they broke upon it.

Now autumn is here again and the reapers are at work in the golden fields. Let us each ask ourselves what promise of spiritual harvest there is in return for the seed sown in our hearts during the past year? I do not mean only the few grains that I may have been privileged to scatter, but from all the opportunities for spiritual improvement we have severally enjoyed. Not you alone, dear ones, but you and I. Have we not all to render our account to the Lord of the harvest?

Dear girl friends, I bid you a loving farewell. I shall often think of our meetings and talks, and I trust we shall not forget them or each other. I earnestly pray that God will bless you abundantly according to your several needs, and when His great day of harvest shall come, may you and I be amongst the golden grain which He will store in the heavenly garner.

[THE END.]

Odds and Ends.

It has often been asked "What becomes of all the pins that are lost?" But a satisfactory answer has never yet been given, and seeing that in Europe about 86,000,000 pins are made every day, there must be a large pile somewhere. Ingenious scientists have said that all lost pins are attracted to the centre of the earth, but whether this be true or not, it is certain that at one factory in Birmingham alone 37,000,000 pins are made upon every working day, and that 19,000,000 are turned out by all the other factories in England. France provides over 20,000,000 pins every day, and Germany and other countries, about 10,000,000 each. A statistician declares that only an infinitesmal proportion of all this large number are broken, spoilt by bending, or worn out, and that almost ninety-nine per cent. are lost. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000 every third person must lose a pin every day to use up the 86,000,000 produced.



The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess one of the finest collections of jewels in the world. They are kept in the Seraglio at Constantinople in one particular room. A striking feature of this treasure house is the many gilded bird cages which, studded with jewels, hang from the frescoed ceiling. And odd as it may seem a jewelled clock lies face downward in each cage. The finest and rarest gems in the Sultan's collection are woven into embroidered texts from the Koran on deep red velvet, whilst the necklaces too are particularly fine. One of them, of most exquisite workmanship and containing diamonds of the first water was once worn by a Royal lady when she was attending a Court reception in Constantinople. It was presented to her with the most elaborate pomp and ceremony, but it was only a loan, as she had to return the magnificent gift later. The curiosity of the collection is a parasol said to be the most valuable in the world. It is made of white silk embroidered with gold thread and richly besprinkled with precious stones, whilst the stick is made of one long solid piece of coral.



A fact that is little observed because it is so common is that the majority of English dolls' eyes are blue. Like everything else they are ruled by fashion, and the reason of this preponderance is that when the Queen ascended the throne she was very fair and had blue eyes. Consequently every doll-maker in the country began to send blue-eyed dolls from their factories, and during the reign have continued to do so. Every nation has its own standard of doll beauty. For instance, in Italy and Spain, where all the celebrated beauties have dark eyes and olive skins, a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll of native manufacture is practically unknown. In Japan the eyes of the dolls are small and are set aslant like the natives.



"There are two traits of character I should do my utmost to develop if I had children to bring up," says a woman whose daily work brings her into contact with many different people. "Those are the traits of generosity and unselfishness. If they were born in the children I should encourage them, and if they were lacking I should do my utmost to plant and nourish them."

There is a race of cats in Naples which live entirely in the churches, and which are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to catch the mice which literally infest all the old buildings in that city. The cats are always in evidence, and may often be seen calmly walking about amongst the congregation during service.



An extraordinary scene happened at Jerusalem not long ago. From sunrise until nine o'clock a swarm of flying ants settled on the holy city, filling the entire air and blotting out the sun. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils. The natives declared that this flight of ants was the precursor of an earthquake, and whether there was any real connection between the two phenomena or not two slight shocks of earthquake were certainly felt in Jerusalem on the evening of the same day.



There are two interesting instances of the effect of water upon the human system. In the Alps and the Pyrenees there is a race of people who are old men at fifteen years of age and who die at thirty; this being entirely due to their drinking lime-water. The Chinese, on the other hand, never drink anything but rain-water, and, as a nation, their longevity is proverbial. Scientists explain that ordinary old age is merely the effect of the gradual deposit of limy matter in the tissues of the body, and that by the use of lime-water the particular race mentioned above cut off years of their life every time they drink.



Statistics have proved that when women start in business for themselves they more often than not are successful. Out of all the large numbers of dressmakers and milliners only forty-five failed last year, and only thirty-five women-drapers went through the bankruptcy courts. The reason perhaps is that women are not so speculative as men and are more timid in soliciting credit. Consequently their businesses are, for the most part, relatively small and insignificant; but it is better to prosper in a small way than to bring ruin upon oneself by incurring debts in the hope that an increase of business will enable them to be paid. These statistics speak strongly for the carefulness of the sex.



The use of quicksilver for looking-glasses was unknown to the ancients, and consequently the Greek and Roman ladies had to content themselves with highly polished thin disks of bronze to which handles and stands were attached. Later on silver was used, and the first mirror of solid silver is said to have been made by Praxiteles, the famous Greek sculptor, about the time of Julius Cæsar.



The oldest love-letter in the world is at the British Museum. It is a proposal for the hand of an Egyptian Princess written three thousand five hundred years ago upon a brick. It is therefore the most substantial as well as the oldest love-letter in existence.

The use of aluminium is gradually spreading, and has now been applied to the making of violins. Violins made entirely of aluminium are said to have a richer tone than those made of wood, and the inventor declares that he has found a property in the metal which consists of a tendency of the fundamental tones to outweigh the upper partial tones. For this reason means are employed by which the player can regulate or introduce the partial tones to suit his individual taste. Naturally the feeling for wooden violins is still very strong, but the aluminium instruments are having a steady sale, especially since Ysaze, the great violinist, warmly praised them.



An old woman, called Hannah Brewer, has been a post woman in Gloucestershire for the whole of the Queen's reign. She has just retired upon a superannuation pension, having begun her work when twelve years old. Her father was sub-postmaster of the district lying between the villages of Wick and Bitton, which included many scattered hamlets. Almost daily for sixty years Hannah Brewer trudged eleven miles delivering letters, in all weathers, and it is computed that she has walked a quarter of a million miles in that time. She has never left her native district except to go to Bath or to Bristol. Her health has been good, and in consequence her abstentions from duty have been very few indeed.



Some recent experiments have led those who carried them out to declare that ordinary plate-glass will make more durable monuments than either the hardest granite or marble. Glass, they say, is practically indestructible; whilst the hardest rock will eventually crumble away under the influence of rain, wind, heat and cold. One can very rarely read the inscriptions upon a tombstone fifty years old, add these glass-workers, whilst a glass monument will look as fresh after the lapse of centuries as upon the day it was made, and any inscription would be ineffaceable. As an example of the resisting power of glass, they quote the port-holes of steamers which resist the force of the heaviest seas; but whether the effect would be so decorative or so dignified as marble or granite is a matter of much doubt.



Character may be told by the texture and colour of the hair. Thus, men with fine, light hair are said to be conceited, and if they do not marry until late in life are apt to grow cross and selfish. Men with fine brown hair, light or dark, are quick and thoughtful and are less apt to be selfish than those with light or very dark hair. Men whose hair turns grey early in life are a little nervous, but are intelligent, sympathetic, and most honourable. Red hair is a sign of keen intelligence. With women, pale blonde hair is a sign of an impulsive, loving but fickle nature; on the other hand those with dark hair are loyal, are full of sentiment and easily affected. They enjoy and suffer keenly. Women who have fine black hair are highly-strung, but those with coarse dark hair are very often small-spirited and near. Dark hair may be taken as a sign of the possession of stronger feelings than light hair, and dark-haired women as a rule are much more loyal than those whose hair is of a light colour.



BEATRICE.



MENTAL MELODIES.

SOME strains melodious—floods of pregnant sound—
For ever in my surging mind abound;
Sometimes I know not whence they come nor how,
If from the birds or great composer's brow;
Or from the wind-blown vales or sea-waves' moan,
Or from the viol's soul-enthralling tone;
But when the music stirs me most of all,
Then know I well it from one throat did fall—
Maybe in years agone, maybe last night—
For then sweet Mary's face comes to my sight;
Her song is my companion—surest sign
That an embodied melody is mine!

C. P.



STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

By A STUDENT.

Letter VI.

Via Seraglio,
Florence.
July, 1896.

MY DEAR L.,—The weather has become hot here, almost unbearable. Mrs. D—— in connection with a friend has decided to leave Florence without more ado, and has already engaged a flat at Leghorn for the months of July, August, and September. She has invited me to join and share expenses, but my heart fails me at the idea of quitting Florence, and I vacillate strangely.

I know I greatly need a whiff of pure sea air, and that a perfect rest from gallery-seeing and from study would be beneficial; but Florence is the city of my dreams, and even its dusty streets bathed in the heat of glaring sunshine are to me objects of grace and beauty. Besides I should have to leave my fellow-students behind me, for they are mostly poor and consequently unable to afford a change of air.

I cannot understand, by-the-bye, how it is that Ruskin came to give the Florentines a bad name. When he did so his mind must have been on the loungers of the Via Tornobuoni, a class of men who seem to pass their lives in sipping sweet drinks and staring. The students are a different set altogether, and are thoroughly earnest and sincere, although their estimate of the English is anything but correct. To them we are a stiff-backed people devoid of sentiment, devoid of fancy, poetry, or enthusiasm; automatic figures, men of wood; our aspirations steeped in plum pudding and beef-steak; our whole minds taken up with money-making and athleticism.

Our trip with the students to Galileo's Watch Tower by the moonlight was one of those delightful experiences never to be forgotten in a lifetime. The evening was fresh and clear, the nightingales in full song, the scenery around unreal, bewildering. As we walked along the students produced their sweet-toned mandolines and guitars, and sung soft ditties till our minds were wrapped in cloudland, and all the earth and sky seemed music.

Oh, by-the-bye, I have been "talked over" at last and am starting for Livorno to-morrow. The prospect of being left alone in my uncanny little flat appalled me. I never knew myself to be superstitious before, but truly those dead Vechetti, or Medici, or Soldinari, or whoever they may be, have been most persistent in their sighs and groans the last few nights. Of course I am still open to the conviction that they may be rats, but I never knew rats to be so mysterious before. My packing up was a most dismal proceeding. To begin with I am an atrocious packer, and, after having locked and corded my box, I found that I had left out a pink silk blouse, a pair of white kid gloves, my oil stove, clothes brush and two saucepans. There was nothing to do but make an impromptu bag, and bundle them all in precipitately. This I did, but with very sad misgivings as to the close proximity of my pink blouse to the greasy oil-stove.

* * * *

We have just arrived here. Leghorn or Livorno, as it is called in Italy, is indeed hideous when compared with my beloved Firenze. I shall never forget my parting sight of that beautiful city. The first rosy tinge of dawn was in the skies and bathed the Duomo with the fairy light, showing up to distinctness its myriad statues, and its gleaming marbles. Giotto's Campanile and the rugged Signoria seemed intensified in their beauty as our train steamed slowly from the station and I gazed enraptured.

My American friend was with me and asked me in laughter if I ever intended taking my eyes off Florence.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "it is a fairy city. It is glorious. Its narrow streets, its dusky passages, its frescoes, and its churches all—all appeal to me so strongly. The happiest moments of my life, the most intense, the sweetest have been spent there, and I am loth to leave it, for who knows if I ever shall return, and if I do return will it be with the same glad feelings, the same light, youthful heart?"

In the broiling sunshine Livorno looked hot, unsympathetic, and glaring. The wide, open piazzas have no shade whatever, the tall straight houses are utterly bereft of beauty—even the great cathedral is exteriorly hideous; but the sea is grand, and my first view of the Mediterranean made me utter an exclamation of bewildered admiration. The blue of the water is very vivid and intense, and there is a wide, broad growth of feathery palm-trees fringing the beach; between the trees are beds of glowing oleanders, trailing rose bushes, and clumps of rhododendrons reminding one somehow of the artistic hot-houses at Kew.

We arrived at our Villino at mid-day very tired and dusty, but we regaled ourselves with a good soup plate of "broda" and "minestra" and a well-cooked beef-steak, after which we rested for about an hour.

* * * *

Another day has passed and I haven't posted my letter. I see in reading it through that I have forgotten to relate to you about the great curse of existence down here, the mosquitoes. They are terrible, and wherever you go you hear the word "zinzari" brandished on every lip, whilst arms, hands and foreheads are immediately bared to show the full extent of the mischief these venomous little insects have caused.

For my part I seem to be their special prey, and have thirty-three bites on one arm alone.

And now let me describe to you the method of their attack.

In the middle of the night, without any warning, I am awakened by hearing a buzzing sound close to my face. It is the "zinzari" saying grace before meals! At this unwelcome noise I immediately bare my arms, and cover up my face with them. The insects must be fed, and I prefer that they take their meals off arms than face. As soon as they begin to bite I slap my hand violently down upon them and manage in this way to destroy quite a number. In the morning I apply arnica to the bites, which are like little red hillocks and very uncomfortable.

They tell me there is an invention for smoking these little strangers out of the room. It is called "zampironi." I shall buy some at once.

So much for my first impressions of this rather flat Italian watering-place.

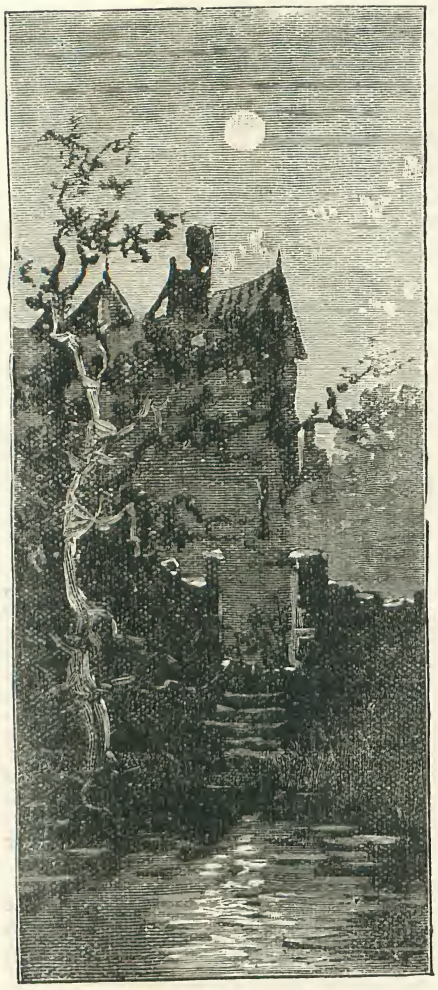
Write to me soon all news about the dear Home Land.

Yours, ELLEN.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.



CHAPTER XXII.

A REVERSED POSITION.

MIRABEL was much pleased when she learned that her grandfather was going to take her abroad. She had but the vaguest notions of what the word covered; but she knew that Bruce Collier had gone "abroad," and she could not help hoping that they might meet him where they were going. It was a hope, however, doomed to disappointment. Bruce Collier was moving about from place to place on the Continent at the same time as they were, but their paths never chanced to cross. He returned to London at the end of the year, improved in health, but still incapable of steady work. He made sundry attempts to trace Mirabel, but without success. He heard that in some mysterious way Mr. Armitage had discovered a grand-daughter, the child of the son he had disinherited, and that the girl was likely to become his heiress. There were various versions of the story, all wide of the mark, and none of them conveyed the least notion to Bruce Collier that Mirabel could be the girl thus discovered. He wrote to congratulate Mr. Armitage, and received a cordial reply; but Mirabel's grandfather was careful not to enlighten him as to her identity with his model.

Heart-sick and disappointed, Bruce found himself unable to settle at home. His sister, Mrs. Leslie, wished to join her husband in India, and she persuaded her brother to be her escort. They set sail early in the year, and twelve months passed ere Bruce Collier returned to England.

He came back in every way the better for his Indian tour. He had found fresh inspiration for his brush amid the picturesque scenes of the East. The faculty he had fancied was lost returned to him endowed with new power. Work was once more a delight. The past was not forgotten; its memory still clung to him; but the present was once more interesting, while hope brightened the horizon of the future.

One afternoon, shortly after his arrival in London, Bruce Collier was in his studio with two or three friends, to whom he was showing the studies he had made in India.

"Surely you will work up one or two of these for the Academy," suggested a brother artist; "you have time. It wants six weeks yet to the sending-in day."

Bruce shook his head.

"No," he said decidedly—"I will not send in again till I can send in something good."

"You are right, Collier," said Mr. Bagot, the artist, who was present. "It would be a mistake to send in anything inferior to your 'Fair Geraldine,' in which, according to my humble judgment, you touched your highest mark. We missed your pictures sadly last year, and their absence will again be felt as a lack; but it is better to wait till you can paint a really great picture."

"By-the-bye, Collier," said the one who had first spoken, "who bought your 'Fair Geraldine?' I never heard where it went."

"It did not go far," said Bruce, with a smile. He went to the end of the studio and brought forward an easel, which was covered with a cloth. He removed the covering, and the "Fair Geraldine" looked out on them from the canvas beneath.

"Why!" exclaimed his friend, in amazement, "you don't mean to say it never sold?"

"It did not sell, simply because it was not for sale," said Bruce.

"What! you never meant to sell it? My dear fellow, you must be rich if you could afford to reject the sum that would bring you."

With a smile the artist named the sum, in four figures, which was the highest he had been offered for the picture.

"It is worth more than that to me," he said.

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Bagot, "looking at that picture reminds me that I saw a young lady at the 'private view,' who was so marvellously like your 'Fair Geraldine,' that she might have sat as your model for the picture."

Bruce Collier smiled rather sadly.

"My model was not likely to appear at the 'private view,'" he said, "nor is it possible that you saw anyone to compare with her. You may have fancied a resemblance between some young lady and the face of my picture, which does but scant justice to the exquisite charm of the original."

"But I saw the girl too," said another gentleman, "and she is really wonderfully like that. I can tell you who she is—Miss Armitage, the new heiress, whom Mrs. Armitage has lately introduced to society, and who is charming everyone by her beauty. You know the story, Collier?"

Bruce nodded.

"Have you made her acquaintance?"

"No," replied the artist carelessly; "you know I have only been in town four days, but I hope to have the pleasure to-night, since my god-mother has sent me a card for her 'at home.'"

"Well, see if you do not think her like your 'Geraldine.'"

Bruce smiled with an air of superior knowledge. It was too absurd of these men to talk as if they had seen some one worthy to be compared with the original of the painting. If only he could show them Mirabel, they would see how mistaken their idea was. Ah, if only he knew where she might be found! Jarred and irritated by what had passed, Bruce re-covered his picture and carried it out of the way.

His friends went on talking of the Armitages.

"It was awfully rough on Captain Armitage, that girl's turning up no one knows where," said one. "He was brought up to believe that he should be his grandfather's heir."

"It was only what he deserved," said Mr. Bagot coolly. "Old Armitage paid his gambling debts again and again in the hope that he meant to reform; but that last transaction was too much for his patience."

"They say the captain is now to some extent restored to his grandfather's favour, and has hopes of wedding the heiress," remarked another gentleman.

"It will be a shame if he does," said Mr. Bagot warmly. "A man of his stamp has no right to marry an innocent young girl."

"But they say he is a reformed character," replied the other.

"He would need a deal of reformation to make him fit for that," said Mr. Bagot; "what say you, Collier?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bruce, who had been giving but a divided attention to the talk that went on; "Captain Armitage has his points. I should be

sorry to think that he would lose everything."

"But surely you would not have him marry a guileless young girl?"

"Oh, no, certainly not, unless he is really reformed," said Bruce. "A woman who marries a confirmed gamester has a poor chance of happiness."

"Ah, you do not know Miss Armitage, or you would not speak so dispassionately," replied the other. "He is not worthy to touch her shoe-strings."

Enough had been said of the young lady to excite Bruce Collier's curiosity; yet he felt no eagerness to make her acquaintance when he set out that evening for Palace Gardens. His mind was full of Mirabel as he approached the house, and when he crossed the hall he glanced in the direction of the library, and thought, with a throbbing heart, of the interview he had had with her within that room.

He was late in arriving, and the large drawing-room was full of guests when he entered. Mrs. Armitage welcomed him warmly, and then looked round for Mirabel. She had counted on seeing the meeting between these two. But, to her disappointment, Mirabel was nowhere visible.

"I wanted to introduce you to Miss Armitage," she said, "but she has vanished. Never mind, she will be here presently. Don't go far off, please."

Bruce remained obediently by her side for some time; but at last he did stray. Greeting one acquaintance after another, he gradually made his way to the end of the room where heavy curtains shut off the little ante-room in which Mirabel had talked with her grandfather on her first visit to the house.

Bruce was standing at one side, somewhat in the shadow of these curtains, when suddenly they parted, and through them passed an apparition at the sight of which his heart seemed to stand still and his breath fail. It was as if his "Fair Geraldine," suddenly endowed with life, had stepped out of her frame and followed him to this gay assembly. Mirabel in her white evening gown, with soft lace falling about her shoulders, her pretty neck uncovered, and her shining hair, no longer short, gracefully twisted into a Grecian knot, looked as different as possible from the girl to whom he had said "good-bye." She recalled the artist's model, dressed for her pose, rather than the poor girl in shabby black, who would not be persuaded that she was good enough to be his wife. This was the Lady Geraldine and not Mirabel Dean. And yet it could be none other than Mirabel, for now he could hear her speaking to the gentleman who followed her, and no one else could speak in accents which had such power to thrill his heart. Utterly amazed, he felt as if he must be losing his senses and seeing things that were not.

"Ah, Mr. Collier, you are looking at Miss Armitage," said a voice beside him, and he became aware that a lady of his acquaintance was addressing him, "Is she not lovely?"

"Miss Armitage?" he repeated in bewilderment, "is that Miss Armitage?"

"Yes. Do you mean to say you did not know? She is the daughter of that son who turned out so badly and was disowned by his father. It is said that he married very much beneath him; but the girl looks quite a lady."

"She is—a thorough lady," said Bruce slowly.

"Oh, then you do know her? Of course you, as an artist, would feel the spell of her beauty, though, indeed, everyone does."

Bruce slipped away from this talkative individual as quickly as he could. He was greatly disturbed by what he had learned. He wanted to get away into some quiet place to think it over, and yet he could not bear to withdraw his eyes from Mirabel. To think that he should find her here of all places! Of course he ought to be glad that her life was so changed for the better; but somehow he was not conscious of gladness. Mirabel in her loneliness and poverty had seemed to belong to him; but now it was as if she had been stolen from him and changed into someone else.

He stood and watched her as she moved about the room. Evidently Mr. Armitage's grand-daughter was popular and admired. And with what simple, natural dignity she received all the attention paid to her. She might have been a princess, so noble was the simplicity of her bearing. Could this be the girl he had known in her poverty, the girl with whom he had stood beside that little coffin, and who had sold her hair in order to pay for her sister's funeral?

As he observed her, he became aware that her eyes were wandering round the room, as if in search of some one. Suddenly they reached him, and the change in her expression told him that he was the one she sought. He saw her face flush and then grow pale, while her eyes grew large and brilliant in their intensity of expression. Gently disengaging herself from those about her, she came quickly towards him. Her eyes were downcast and her face colourless when they met.

"How are you, Mr. Collier?" she asked breathlessly. "Mrs. Armitage told me that you would be here to-night. I am so glad to see you. Are you really quite strong again?"

"Far stronger than I ever expected to be," he replied; "what a wonderful meeting this is! I must congratulate you, Mirabel—Miss Armitage, I mean."

"Don't," she said simply, "let me be the same to you. You can't think how nice it is to see someone who knows everything about me. I need keep up no pretence with you. Do you know when I am in company like this I often think how I should electrify all the people if I told them that I once worked in a laundry. Ah! how many smart fronts, like that of the gentleman opposite, have these hands got up. It's a nice piece of work."

She ended with a gay, happy laugh.

"I have no doubt of it," said Bruce, looking round for a spot, which offered a little seclusion; "shall we go in here?"

He held back one of the curtains of the ante-room as he spoke, and Mirabel slipped through. The room was empty save for an elderly couple, conversing together on the sofa, and far too occupied with each other to observe anyone else. Bruce drew Mirabel to a corner screened by a stand of palms, and they sat down.

"It is so nice to feel that you cannot be shocked at anything I may say," she observed merrily, "you know what I have been."

"I always knew that you were what others now see you to be," he said.

"You were very good to me," she said, and her colour rose as she remembered their last talk together. He was thinking of it too and remained silent.

"Don't you want to know about my brothers?" she said. "Harry is at a good school in the country, where he is doing well, and Willie is in a happy home at the seaside, and much stronger for the change. They will come to us at Hartleigh for the summer holidays. Grandfather is so good to them. I can never be grateful to him enough."

"Then you are free from anxiety concerning them?"

"Quite. I have only Lizzie, poor Lizzie, to be troubled about," said Mirabel.

"You have never heard of her since she went away?"

"No. Sometimes I fear that she is dead," replied Mirabel with a quiver in her voice. "I should be very happy but for the thought of her. Yet I lead a terribly idle life. These hands"—she held up her daintily gloved hands as she spoke—"are growing quite soft and white; but they still bear the marks of toil, to Mrs. Armitage's disgust and my secret pride. I sometimes think that the old life was more real and true than that I now live; still I believe that grandfather is happier for having me."

"I have not a doubt of it," said Bruce Collier warmly.

The next moment Mr. Armitage appeared to answer for himself. He came into the little room seeking Mirabel, and did not seem best pleased to find her there *tête-à-tête* with Bruce Collier. He led her away, and when Bruce next saw her Captain Armitage was by her side. Certainly Mirabel did not appear to be paying much attention to him, but the sight of them together recalled the morning's talk in the studio and caused Bruce a sharp pang of dread. He was now entirely of Mr. Bagot's opinion, and even more strongly convinced that it would be a sin and a shame if the peerless girl were allowed to marry a man so unworthy of her.

As he thought of it, Bruce Collier realised what a complete change had taken place in his own position. When he had asked Mirabel to marry him, his doing so would have been an act of condescension and the match a grand *mésalliance* in the eyes of the world. Now she might easily do "better," and he was only one, presumably, of many suitors, who might or might not be thought good enough to wed her.

(To be continued.)

GARDENING FOR PROFIT;

OR,

AUNT AMY'S LETTERS TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.



Letter VI.

Chelsea,
London,
S.W.

My dearest Marjorie,—In reply to the question which you ask in your last letter as to whether it would be feasible to add a small stock of poultry to your "gardening business," I must say that I think it would be not only quite feasible but also very profitable. Years ago, when I was a young girl, we lived in a large country house in France, where we had a large stock of poultry of various sorts, and so far as I can recollect they gave but little trouble and yielded pleasurable results in the way of good eggs and pullets for the table.

The French, as a nation, are extremely fond of eggs, and so they contrive to have them in great abundance all the year round. They feed their fowls well, chiefly on curds and buck-wheat, and keep them very warm, roosting them in a stable, or even in the kitchen during winter-time. Keeping the hens warm in winter is really the great secret of obtaining eggs during the cold weather.

French breeders also make a point of keeping their fowls in as small a space as possible in order to generate the warmth that will induce them to lay, while English breeders on the other hand allow more space for exercise, larger houses and freer circulation of air. A close warm roosting-place does certainly cause the production of more eggs in winter when they are scarcest and most valuable; but air and exercise are very necessary to rear superior fowls for the table, for if they have the run of a farmyard or good fields in which to pick up grain and insects, their flesh is much superior in flavour, and a little confinement and crowding at night will do no harm.

A small, lean-to house or shed could very easily be made for them with boards about an inch thick against the west or south side of any wall. Felting should be laid over the roof because it keeps in the heat; but it must be tarred over once a year to maintain it thoroughly waterproof. The ventilation should be so arranged that no draught is caused, and will be best done by a small opening at the top covered by some perforated canvas or a sheet of perforated glass. Under the roosting-place some boards should be fixed, or better still a broad shelf, and under this shelf the nests could be arranged. The shelf should be sanded and scraped clean every morning, not only for the sake of the cleanliness which is so necessary to the health of the fowls, but also to collect the manure which is very valuable, being strong, stimulating and nitrogenous, possessing great power in forcing the growth of vegetables, particularly strawberries; but, being so strong, you must be careful to dilute it with an equal quantity of earth.

Fowls are very liable to be troubled with insects, and to keep these down the roosting-house should be lime-washed three or four times a year. For this purpose also a dust-heap must be allowed them in a corner of their run, where fresh-sifted coal-ashes can be thrown every day. This dust-heap is just as necessary to them as water for our baths is to ourselves. It cleanses their feathers and skin from vermin, and is very instrumental in promoting their health. If they should seem to be much troubled with insects, some wood-ashes and a little flowers of sulphur can be mixed in the heap. Plenty of old mortar rubbish kept in a dry place under the shed provides them with the materials for egg-shells, and also aids their digestion, for hens kept in rather confined spaces are very apt to lay soft-shelled eggs if not provided with the necessary material. A square or two of fresh turf to peck at does them good and amuses them too.

Having so many valuable crops in the garden, you will be obliged to keep them in a covered-over run for the greater part of the year, and they will thrive quite well, provided they are kept clean and properly fed. In the autumn you could perhaps let them out into the fields near you for a time, when they would pick up a good part of their nourishment for themselves.

While they are confined to the run they will require to be fed three times a day. The morning meal should be of warm soft food, potato parings boiled and mixed with meal or bran, or mangold-wurtzel, swedes, or other turnips mixed with poultry meal. The mixture must not be too soft, but dry and friable, or the fowls will refuse to eat it. The mid-day meal may consist of the house scraps cut up small and thrown out. They are particularly fond of these, and soon learn the time of day when they may expect them; you will find them waiting anxiously when you go out with the plate. At night a good feed of corn is the most nourishing and sustaining meal, because it is not so quickly digested. Fresh leaves of cabbages and lettuces may be given them freely, it gives them employment as well as food; but, above all, do not forget to see that they have a constant supply of fresh clean water, for this is indispensable.

If eggs alone are wanted it would be better for you to commence in the spring by buying as many hens as you have room for—six or seven hens to one cock. They should not be more than a year to eighteen months old, and if in good health will already be laying, or will begin almost immediately, and if well housed and fed, will continue to give you a constant supply of eggs until they moult in the autumn.

Before they cease laying and begin to lose their condition by moulting, it is best to kill them and replace by young pullets hatched in March or April. These would begin to lay in November, and might be kept until the following autumn, when they too should be disposed of and the stock again replaced in the same way. This is the most profitable plan to follow in rearing poultry, though it sounds rather cruel. It gives a good supply of eggs all the year round, and at the same time provides some good and saleable table fowls. If you could give them a run over the fields a week or two before killing, you would find them as fat as anyone could desire, being more like Michaelmas geese than chickens.

With regard to the breeds, the Wyandotte is considered a prolific layer, some having been known to lay over three hundred eggs per annum. It is also a very good table bird, and not inclined to broodiness. Black Hamburghs are noble-looking birds, the cocks often weighing seven pounds. They do not, however attain to maturity until they are three years old, and therefore should not be killed off in autumn like the others. They are also prolific layers, and not large eaters, so they are a profitable bird to keep, but they do not thrive quite so well in a small run. Dorkings are the very perfection of table birds, but they are not good layers, and do not thrive really well, except on a very dry soil.

Of French breeds, the Crêve Coeur is perhaps the best. It is a fine bird and much kept in France; it lays very large white eggs. La Flèche is another very good variety. Cochin-China, Brahmas, Malays, Minorcas, Andalusians, Leghorns, Houdans, are all very good birds both for the production of eggs and for table use, and as general "barn-door" fowls.

In addition to these there are many fancy varieties, some having one excellence and some another, and to those who go in for keeping "pure breeds," there is a considerable profit to be made by the sale of eggs for hatching purposes. There are many advertisements of such in the *Bazaar* and the *Feathered World*, so that some people must find it fairly remunerative.

I do not know what varieties are most common in your neighbourhood, but with these notes regarding the chief peculiarities of the principal breeds, you will no doubt be able to make a fair selection. In any case do not buy too many fowls to begin with; a dozen hens and two cocks would be quite sufficient until you have thoroughly learned how to manage them, and even then it is not advisable to go in for poultry-rearing upon a large scale; it has frequently been stated that fowls pay well in a small way, but not at all when reared wholesale. After all, they are not unlike children; they want individual attention if they are to thrive as they ought to do.

A French farmeress, who was noted for her eggs and poultry, used to say that sixty hens were as many as any farmer ought to have at one time. They seemed to thrive well with her at any rate, although the attention they received was very scanty; a little corn thrown down night and morning, and the rest of the day they found their own living in the farmyard or by the wayside, a perch or two across the stable being their resting-place at night. As a rule, English people err in fadding after their poultry too much; giving them elaborate hutches and runs, and feeding them with expensive meal, but doubtless the "happy medium" between neglect and fuss is productive of the best results.

Now I am sure you have quite enough on hand (or will have when the poultry come, if you decide to try them) to fill profitably every spare moment of your time. I want you "to get on," and feel sure that you will do so now, gaining in knowledge day by day. After a year or two of this quiet experience, I doubt not that there will be a possibility of enlarging your sphere by turning the garden, with further ground added to it, and glasshouses and frames, into a successful nursery garden. There are already several lady market-gardeners in business in various parts of the country; the majority, if not all of them, are much older in years than you are, but I know that one or two at least have not had the advantage of being country born and bred, but have taken to the work later in life. You have this much in your favour—that you begin quite young—and with an elementary knowledge of the subject gained in childhood. Age and experience are therefore now the chief requisites to ensure your ultimate success, and each day you live adds to these.

So, my dear Marjorie, take heart of grace, and go cheerfully forward, rejoicing that you have in your hand the means of becoming not only a stay and a comfort to your dear father and mother, but also a useful and honourable member of the great community. At the present moment you are helping your own family chiefly, but by-and-by it is possible that you may have an opportunity of helping other young girls, perhaps by employing them to work with you in the "nursery garden." Who shall say how far your influence may extend, or of how great an undertaking this may be but the small beginning?

And now, dear, remember that whenever you want advice I shall be greatly pleased to help you as far as it is in my power to do so. Therefore do not fail to write when you can, for I am deeply interested in all your efforts, and however busy I may chance to be, will strive to find time to reply to you at once.

Believe me,

Ever your loving

AUNT AMY.

"AGATHA'S CHOICE."

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON, Author of "A Commonplace Woman," etc.

CHAPTER I.



IT all happened thirty years ago. Time enough, you will say, for the events to have grown old and faded, but that it seems to me memory knows no flight or passage of time. And so it comes to pass that the array of pictures as they file before me are as fresh to-day as if they had been painted yesterday.

The first one that comes naturally to my mind is the eve of my sister Lily's wedding, my own little room at Aunt Theresa's, and my sister kneeling at my bedside, her sweet, grave face bending over me, the words falling from her lips with almost the tender intonation of a mother.

"Agatha," she said, "I have come to say 'good-bye.' I hate leaving you so, but it cannot be helped. Harry must go abroad."

"I shall be all right," I faltered.

"You will come out to us by-and-by; but meantime, promise me, you will live for something better than the world and its ideals?"

She had always been serious-minded, I think she was moved by the thought of the crisis at hand. Her emotion partially communicated itself to me.

"You will live for something better than the daily round of gaiety—you will have some higher ideal than—than Aunt Theresa's?"

"I wish you were not going," I burst out, aware of a panic of unprotectedness I had never contemplated before.

I saw her again in all the glory of her wedding-garments, through a vista of faces and falling rice, but it is kneeling by my bedside, oh, my sister, that your image comes to me across the years.

We do not live for long without discovering that the comic has a way of treading on the heels of the tragic. The day after Lily's wedding, I found Aunt Theresa standing at the window of the breakfast-room, her tortoise-shell *pince-nez* uplifted, her shrewd eyes through them, keenly on the outlook. The house inside had been reduced to a condition of remarkable order. Not a trace of anything proclaimed that Lily had been and got married and left us for ever. Some people have a faculty for dispatching things and people so that they leave hardly a vestige of their presence behind them. Aunt Theresa had it.

"Dixon," she said, as the servant entered with breakfast. "Look here, there are still traces of rice on the pavement, in the corner beside the doorstep. See that it is cleared away."

The man departed and Aunt Theresa sailed forward and took her place at the breakfast-table. I handed her the toast. The last trace of Lily inside and out had been removed. Dixon, with something of the instinct of his mistress, had refrained from setting a chair opposite to mine, so that I was spared the pang of seeing it vacant. Aunt Theresa was apparently thinking. At last she spoke. I could trace her train of association from her words.

"Lily," she said meditatively, toying with the wing of a chicken. "Lily has done fairly well, but you, Agatha, ought to do better."

Back came my thoughts from the choking contemplation of Lily's absence and the blank in my own heart.

The words brought a reaction, painful at first, by-and-by more bearable.

"You are better-looking, you have more variety, more piquancy."

"Not so sweet-looking," I interjected, half-laughing, half-tearful, as I recalled my sister's charms.

"Perhaps not," assented Aunt Theresa; "but sweetness has been known to degenerate into insipidity, and insipidity palls."

Was it then came the first faint stirrings in my heart of worldly ambition, emulation, desire to have men speak well of me? It is only in looking back that we are able to mark epochs. After Lily's marriage I acknowledged the approach of no special crisis in my life.

And it was as unlikely a thing to contain significance, more unlikely than most, only a quiet little dinner-party at a cousin's of Aunt Theresa's. Aunt Theresa had lately lost her husband, and our diversions and gaieties were of the quietest. "Unfortunate for me," Aunt Theresa remarked, "but in the circumstances unavoidable."

I knew she intended to clear me off as she had done Lily, indeed that until I was settled she would be haunted by a sense of duty unfulfilled.

I remember distinctly that the prospect of that evening bored me. Mrs. Frere's house was dull and commonplace. It was only after we were seated at the dinner-table that I discovered I was interested. When we were half through dinner I ceased to regret that Hugh Grazebrook, seated half-way down the table, or Arthur Fenwick, whose smooth dark head I could just distinguish above the lamp, had not been my partner.

"Mr. Templeton." That was the name on the tiny square of pasteboard opposite to the place on my right hand. With the carelessness born of the smallest expectations I had not noticed anything remarkable about him when he was introduced. On nearer inspection with the aid of the lamplight I saw he had rather uncommon deep-set dark eyes, a square chin, and lips whose decision was half-concealed by his moustachios.

The man himself was, strictly speaking, not so good-looking as either of the other men, whom if left to my own inclination I should have chosen as a partner. It was his conversation that first caught my attention.

I happened to ask him if he were related to Major Templeton who was causing some excitement at the moment in the exploration world.

"No," he said, "I believe he is a North of England man. We are not related." Then after a pause: "I hail from Surrey."

"It must be nice to make a noise in the world," I remarked idly.

"For an ambitious man," he assented, with a smile.

"Most men are ambitious," I returned. "I think a man without ambition not good for much."

"I suppose we all have our private ambitions," he said. "I know nothing whose nature varies so much."

"You have yours?" I asked looking up at him, on the spur of the moment. His eyes danced in the lamplight.

"It sounds a modest one," he said, "to fill my place."

"I don't call that ambition," I began.

"Ambition with you means not filling your own place but struggling to fill up somebody else's place?" he asked, with another flash from his eyes.

"My ambition moves forward," I corrected. "Yours is content to stand still."

"I score in the long run," he answered quickly. "You go on and on but are never satisfied. You make one step only to pant for another. Now my ambition leaves me my peace of mind."

"Is peace of mind among the most desirable of things?" I asked.

"I think one of them undoubtedly," he returned, and again his eyes smiled at me, and

I noticed that they were dark grey and not brown as I had at first imagined.

"You don't feel as if you wanted peace of mind just yet?" he went on after a pause, seeing I suppose something like disagreement written on my face.

"What I want first of all," I said with a sudden impulse to candour, "is to have 'a good time,' as the Yankees say, but unfortunately I do not find that circumstances always conduce to my having my will."

"Why not mould them," he asked promptly.

"Mould what—circumstances?"

He nodded.

"They are capable of being moulded," he returned.

"How?" I asked, not sure whether he were serious.

"I must know first what you mean by having 'a good time' before I can advise."

"Oh, having things generally smooth," I said; "no worries, no *ennui*, plenty of variety."

I thought his lips twitched under his moustachios, but he was grave when he spoke.

"I see," he said, "a maximum of pleasure with a minimum of responsibility in life."

"I did not say, 'no responsibility.'"

"You implied it."

"Well," I said, I have no one to consider except Aunt Theresa, and she does not wish to be considered. Is that an Irishism?"

"I see," he said again. "Then the matter resolves itself into a nutshell, You want to get as much pleasure out of life as you can?"

I demurred a little. There was a frivolous, butterfly flavour about the ambition when so defined that I was not altogether prepared to acknowledge as mine. Also there was something behind the inscrutable grey eyes that suggested disapproval.

"Well," I said again half on the defensive, "I am young; I have not as yet had much of it. Most people have their share."

"Quite right," he said, "so long as you do not go and mistake what constitutes a good time."

I looked up quickly but there was nothing more to be gathered from his face. I glanced round the table. It conveyed a blurred impression of people's faces. Aunt Theresa's large aquiline nose opposite, seen across a vista of feathery maidenhair fern and white geranium, cut glass and shimmering silver, other faces dotted down the table at intervals, and one face in the foreground. Was it symbolic of the place it was to hold long after in my life?

A gentle flutter of garments called me to join the ladies as they trooped from the room. I gathered up gloves and fan. I never feel that peculiar hot-house scentless scent of geranium but it carries me across the years to Mrs. Frere's cramped, low-ceiled room with its dingy wall-paper and her dinner-party.

I remember perfectly sinking into a chair in the drawing-room, and half turning my back on Miss Frere's attempts to interest me in a volume of scenic photographs, and thinking what an odd and new experience it was to discuss such questions as life's responsibilities at a Midford dinner-party.

My dinner partner did not join me again in the drawing-room, but I heard him in the distance. He sang "The Three Singers" in a voice that brought tears to my eyes, and that for me has hallowed Longfellow's words to all time.

And I sat between Hugh Grazebrook and Mr. Fenwick, and we discussed Midford and its people. I was the society butterfly again, and a great gulf had intervened between me and the man who had deprecated the mere pleasant passing of time as life's highest interest.

But after this glimpse of a more earnest aspect of life, I assumed the world's chains again. I was courted and flattered. Aunt Theresa speculated sanguinely on my worldly prospects, and the wave of influence that had momentarily touched me from Edward Templeton rolled back again, leaving me just where I had been before our courses met.

And yet not quite. In that winter I saw him from time to time, and that God-like thing that men call influence, reached me in the midst of thoughtlessness and carelessness and worldliness, like the touch of a detaining hand.

We always took tickets for the Orchestral Concerts, Aunt Theresa and I. Aunt Theresa went occasionally, but I was usually chaperoned by a sister of Hugh Grazebrook. Bertha had recently married the Reverend Theodore Wilmot, but occasionally ran up to Midford from her husband's vicarage in Surrey.

A regular attendant at all of these was Edward Templeton. As clear as if I had seen it yesterday that concert-room rises before me. In niches behind the orchestra stood smoke-discoloured statues of the Muses, and round the somewhat bare, grim walls were painted gay floral wreaths entwining the names of the Masters.

Half-a-dozen seats in front of us, immediately under that of "Mozart," there was always to be seen a dark, close-cropped immovable head, which I recognised as that of Edward Templeton. Usually he sat with his arms folded, his profile slightly turned towards us, his eyes directed straight in front of him. He never missed a night, and I began mentally to dedicate that seat to him. He never missed coming to speak to me in the interval, and in spite of my devotion to music, the brief pause between the first and second parts of the programme came to be for me the pulse of the evening.

There was no time for sustained conversation—only broken snatches, and yet there was always the look or tone or something that gave me the feeling that he had a grip of life where Hugh Grazebrook and others like him merely skimmed the surface.

Is it true or only a childhood's fiction, that there are unseen forces warring for the mastery over us?—that fiends and angels fight for our souls? Then it may have been that Aunt Theresa and the world were trying to gain me as against my sister's prayers in a far-off land and the power of this man's subtle influence.

About this time Hugh Grazebrook got some money left him by an aunt, and his attentions to me became more marked than ever. As one of the most eligible men in Midford Aunt Theresa encouraged him. Bertha, I perceived in a vague way, was for some reason displeased with me.

"He will never do," she said, driving home one evening in the brougham after the concert. "I mean Mr. Templeton. Take my word for it. I have some experience of life. The sort of husband you want is a man who will give you a long rope. Edward Templeton would only clip your wings."

Mr. Templeton was not a society man—not the flattered favourite that either Hugh or Mr. Fenwick was in Midford. In fact as Bertha took frequent pains to remind me he was not by any means received into the first circles of that select town, and that had accident not endowed him with a voice that raised a lump in your throat and brought a mist before your eyes, he would not have been taken out as much as he was. I smiled at the idea of Mr. Templeton being "taken out" as Bertha expressed it, but part of the aim of my life that winter was secretly to cultivate the people most likely to make the attempt.

He came one afternoon to call. I had heard Aunt Theresa with a fine disdain that seemed to concentrate itself in the point of her aquiline nose refer to him as being "something in cotton," but she received him civilly enough, though without the effusion she extended to men like Hugh Grazebrook.

She was engaged with other visitors, and he talked to me, and again there came to me the subtle feeling that life had responsibilities (higher ones than the mere round of pleasure that occupied me), the vague discontent with self that his presence always evoked, and the inexplicable feeling that contact with him brought out the best in me.

We were sitting near the window, the Venetians were drawn shading the room from the glare outside. Every now and then they flapped coolly in the breeze of the open window. The voices of Aunt Theresa and her guests floated towards us from the far end of the room in a distant murmur. I remember every circumstance—every little incident as things that occur for the last time have a way of engraving themselves on our minds.

We talked of nothing in particular. He said I looked pale. And I said it was the heat of town and the treadmill of Midford "season." He remarked with a smile that evidently "having a good time" was not all play.

I said it was the hardest work that was ever invented, but that rest and the country air would revive me. He asked me if I were glad of the respite, but some fresh tea coming in at the moment I succeeded in evading a direct answer to that.

By-and-by he went away. He promised he would come again on some trifling little pretext of a piece of music or something of the kind. And I looked for his coming.

Aunt Theresa, with her list of country-house invitations, pushed forward her plans for leaving Midford. But ah, to me, broiling and dusty as it was, with close, stifling air and hot, palpitating, unshaded pavements, it had never seemed so fair! I was passing through that time of life that seems to tinge all the world with rose colour—that we search our vocabularies in vain for poor words to describe—that we haltingly call "golden," "blessed," "happy," and still leave whole volumes unexpressed.

Memory needs no jogging about this time. Aunt Theresa—she may have scented danger. When the suspicion creeps into my heart I crush it out as we crush a deadly flame that if encouraged might ignite and spread to our undoing. Aunt Theresa hurried on our departure and we left Midford a week earlier than we intended. I did not see Mr. Templeton.

(To be continued.)



RELIGION AND INSANITY.

THE editor publishes the following interesting letter with best thanks to the writer for sending him real personal experience on a matter of great importance and one on which there prevails much misunderstanding.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On receiving THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for June, one of the first things that caught my eyes was "The Influence of Religion on Insanity," and I cannot refrain from writing you a few lines on the subject. I give you leave to publish this letter should you think it might do good.

I myself, through trouble and mental shock at one time almost lost my reason. My bent of mind is religious, but if you asked me if that religion tended in the slightest degree to aggravate the trouble, I should answer emphatically—no; rather, it saved me. I do not say I did not suffer at that time from religious depression, I did; but I know, when I consider the matter carefully and thoughtfully, that this was the effect of general depression, and that the general depression was not the effect of any religious excitement or depression whatsoever. Through my troubles, too, I had no one to whom I could speak freely of religious matters; I was thus thrown back upon myself as it were; if religion, then conduced to insanity, would it not (my being just in a state through other causes to lose my reason) have been the finishing point? Instead of that, I am convinced that had I not had through everything—though, sometimes, oh, so faintly—a glimmering of faith in God, I should have gone out of my mind.

But, on the other hand, whilst I believe true religion to be the greatest safeguard against insanity, I think nothing will sooner overthrow the mental balance, where a liability to anything of the kind exists, than a false conception of God. Some people think they know, or perhaps do know a little, and draw upon their own imagination for the rest. God has revealed Himself to us in the Bible, and in His works; if people neglect these revelations, and look for Him instead in their own minds, already perhaps morbid, they will conjure up all sorts of forms which have no reality. But if they will be learners in all humility, following the precepts of the Bible and trusting to God, they will find health not only for their souls, but for their minds. Is it not in religion as in all else, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But let people know and realise that their knowledge is never complete, let them realise that it is indeed only "a little," and that little will be dangerous no longer; they will be always trying to learn more, using carefully, not arrogantly the knowledge they possess, and trusting all the rest to a Higher Power.

Dear Mr. Editor, please give one who has passed through the furnace a chance of helping some poor mental sufferer, if there be any such among your readers. Let him or her not fear the truth however dark it may seem, for the promise is for ever. "The truth shall make you free." Let him or her say bravely, in spite of all trouble, all fear, all soul-tormenting thoughts: "This is not caused by belief or trust in God; this is caused by rebellion in some way against His laws. Lord, help me, teach me those laws, and bring me into the right way."

And let any who fear religious mania remember that our religion is not one of thought and belief only, but that it is eminently a practical one. "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, . . . but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." Through the whole of the Bible it is, do; believe and show you believe by doing. Why, the very activity demanded by the Christian religion tends to health of mind. True religion, too, is so simple. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Can that upset anyone's mental balance? No need here of deep inquiries into the mysteries of God.

Oh, do not ask to know all yet, but learn and do; do the little you can, and for the rest trust Him who is a loving Father, and who will reveal Himself, slowly as they can bear it, to all who earnestly seek the truth.

Thanking you and "The New Doctor" for having broached a subject upon which light is so much needed.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Very sincerely yours, JOAN.

SOME NICE WAYS OF USING UP STALE BREAD.

THERE are few things more puzzling to careful housekeepers than the difficulty of entirely preventing waste of bread, for it is impossible in most houses to avoid an occasional accumulation of broken bread, and it is not by any means easy to devise ways of using up odds and ends in a palatable manner. Of course much can be done to reduce these accumulations; if the cook be careful she will use stale scraps for making crumbs for various puddings, bread sauce, etc, and she will always keep a supply of baked crusts pounded finely for sprinkling ham or frying fish and cutlets. But no matter how careful she may be, there will always be some pieces remaining over which are unsuitable for these.

Children tire of the usual refuge, plain bread puddings, when they have them very frequently, but even these can be made more attractive in the following way. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, and put the yolks only into the pudding. Then, when it is baked, a layer of some kind of preserve may be spread on the top of it, and over this the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. The pudding should be returned to the oven for a few minutes to set the whites of the eggs, but they should not be allowed to colour.

School-room tea-cakes are excellent for using up scraps, and of them our young folks never get weary. Take threequarters of a pound of scraps of cold toast and bread, both crust and crumb, cut these all up into tiny pieces, discarding any burnt bits in the toast. Put them into a basin and pour over them a pint of boiling milk, cover with a plate and leave them for some hours; beat the mixture to a smooth pulp with a fork, removing any lumps which have not softened. Into another basin put one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-soda, and the same of cream of tartar, mix these thoroughly, rub in a quarter of a pound of butter, and add six ounces of sugar. When these are all well mixed, add by degrees the pulp of bread and milk, beating all the time. Whisk two eggs and add to them enough cold milk (about a quarter of a pint) to make all into a thick batter. Have ready some greased patty pans, fill them three parts full, and bake in a tolerably quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. The above quantity makes about thirty small teacakes.

This is the receipt for the cakes in their simplest form, but they can be very much varied by adding fruit, caraway seeds, citron, ginger, or any flavouring that may be fancied. Though we call them school-room cakes, they often find their way into the drawing-room for a family afternoon tea. They keep very well for a few days if they are put into an air-tight tin, and they can be heated up again in the oven when wanted.

Bread for making fried *croûtons* for various savouries can be cut from small pieces. A very favourite breakfast dish is made by spreading anchovy paste upon nicely fried bread, seasoning it with a very small sprinkling of cayenne pepper, and serving it as hot as possible. Many persons like to have fried bread as an accompaniment to sausages or ham and eggs at breakfast.

After a large afternoon party there is often a quantity of sandwiches and cut cake remaining. Stale sandwiches are never appetising, so that the sooner they can be made use of the better. Many of the sweet sandwiches so popular now make delicious fritters. To make the batter for fritters the following is an excellent receipt. Put a quarter of a pound of flour and a good pinch of salt into a basin and mix them, add an ounce of melted butter, stirring it till smooth. Continue stirring while you gradually add a quarter of a pint of warm water. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and add them lightly to the batter. Leave it for an hour, and just before using it stir it a little. Dip the sandwiches into the batter and fry them a delicate brown in hot fat. Drain them well on kitchen paper or soft muslin and serve very hot. Small pieces of cake cut to a suitable thickness can be treated in the same way. Any sandwiches which are unsuitable for fritters may be kept fresh until the following day by rolling them up carefully in a damp cloth, and leaving them in a cool place.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MEDICAL.

IVY LEAF.—We should advise you not to trouble much about blushing, which in your case is not very excessive. Blushing may be caused by indigestion or anæmia, so that if either of these conditions is present it should be treated. In most instances, however, it is merely an expression of emotion over which the will has not sufficient control. It is very common during youth, and will disappear as you grow older.

"RUBY STAR."—1. For "chapped face" the following will be found to be very useful:—Sulphate of zinc grs. ii., glycerine ʒii., compound spirit of lavender ʒi, rose water ʒi.—2. Redness and pimples on the face are due to acne, and can be cured by using sulphur soap and sulphur ointment.

FIDO.—It is not very difficult to reduce the amount of blood in the body, but it is a question if it is ever advisable to do so. Sometimes in severe disease it might be considered advisable, but certainly not otherwise. Probably the only condition in which there is too much blood in the system is gout, but even this is not certain. You say you suffer from too much blood. We know of no symptoms which this condition would produce, and physiological facts tell us that it would produce no symptoms of any kind. Probably you mean to say that you suffer from the condition called "plethora." Healthy exercise and nutritious digestible food will do much to improve this condition.

IN PROSPECT.—The "red nose" which you complain about is almost certainly due to drinking tea. You say it is worse at four or five o'clock. When do you have tea? If you give up drinking tea and coffee your nose will probably regain its normal condition.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

GARDENER.—We cannot understand why you have received no answer to the questions you addressed to the Director of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent. Perhaps you had better write to Mrs. Watson, Superintendent of the Women's Department there. The terms for board, lodging, and tuition are from £70 to £86 per annum. Women students reside in a comfortable, well-arranged house; but tuition is given in the grounds of the college. We do not speak with precision concerning the number of women students, but should say there were about twenty. We think, if you are fond of gardening, you would do well to study there, and to remain for two years in order to obtain a diploma.

F. G. J. (*Photography*).—See reply to "S. A." Certainly there is a good opening. You should learn the rudiments of the business at some good institution, such as the Polytechnic in Regent Street, and afterwards complete your studies at a practical photographer's.

S. A. (*Art and Poker-work*).—Alas, for that "increase of pocket-money," which you and so many girls are seeking! It is little better than a mirage. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing as a business and a regular means of livelihood. The other enterprises do not demand the labour. You might offer your poker-work to some of the large stores and furniture shops; but unless your work is first-rate in quality, and can be produced to satisfy the demand, we doubt whether dealers will give anything for it. You speak of colouring photographs. Why do you not learn photography? This is a remunerative business, especially for those who are expert photographers, and not merely retouchers of prints.

ZORADA (*Shop-Assistant*).—What is a girl to do who has "no accomplishments?" We are sorry to remind you that "accomplishments" in your case would seem to include such a necessary subject of education as spelling. The best advice we can give you is to continue your education further, for it is difficult to maintain the position of a lady without being able to write a letter properly. If, when you have completed your general education you still think the duties of a shop-assistant distasteful, we could not advise you to undertake them, as you would probably do scant justice to the interests of any one who might employ you. Otherwise, the work of a stationer's shop appears not unsuitable. But let us turn to some other occupation. Are you clever with your needle, or fond of cooking? In the one case you might become a dressmaker; in the other a cook. Such businesses, properly studied, are always remunerative. You are quite right to give up the idea of the Civil Service.

OTHELLO (*Handwriting*).—Is your handwriting "Too atrocious for a secretary's post or clerk's?" No, hardly that; at the same time, it is rather juvenile and unformed. It is quite clear, which is the first qualification, but rather too large and round, and suggests that you have only recently put away your copybook. Moreover clerkships are difficult to obtain; and employers, finding applicants numerous, are apt to demand typewriting and shorthand, as well as clear and unimpeachable handwriting.

A. G.—You give no pseudonym, so we hope you will recognise your initials. We cannot honestly advise you to seek a position as governess in England, for it appears, from what you say, that you know nothing of present-day English requirements in this matter. Moreover, have you passed any English examinations? From your letter, we cannot learn that you have. The system of teaching with a key to each book is not one which commends itself to head-mistresses or parents. In fact, as you are still young, we consider that you ought to prepare for and pass the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations before seeking a situation as teacher. The following are a few books which may be recommended both for private study and teaching:—Colenso's Arithmetic, Todhunter's Algebra, Green's *Short History of the English People*, Macaulay's *History and Essays*, and the late Professor Seeley's *Greater Britain*. In answer to your second question, with regard to an inexpensive Home in Paris, the Young Women's Christian Association has one at 18, Rue de Milan. A useful institution from which to obtain information concerning life in Paris is the Anglo-French Guild, 41, Rue Gay Lussac, Paris.

ETHEL (*Travelling Companion*).—We do not wonder that you have advertised in vain for four months, since very few people indeed require travelling companions. You do not mention any services you can render, so that we are at a loss how to help you. But we recommend you to qualify yourself for some more definite work.

MATRON.—As your daughter is only fifteen, and shows so much ability for the management of children, you should certainly make an effort to give her the best possible kindergarten training. With this advantage she would be qualified for many well-paid posts, whether as kindergarten teacher, headmistress, or matron of a crêche, and she would find herself possessed of a means of livelihood of a valuable character. But of course she is too young to occupy any post now, and by sending her out into the world too early, and without qualifications, you would only be enabling her to earn a little money immediately at the expense of all her after-life. If you will be advised by us you will try to place her at the Froebel Educational Institute, Talgarth Road, West Kensington, under the excellent guidance of Madame Michaelis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY GAMER.—By "white ink," we suppose you mean "invisible ink." This can be made in seven or eight ways. Dissolve one fluid ounce of common oil of vitriol in a pint of soft water, stir well, and when cool, write with a clean pen; then held to the fire it will turn to an indelible black. But as oil of vitriol is so dangerous, we recommend you to get a small bottle ready prepared at a chemist's and marked "poison." We believe that onion juice will answer the same purpose when warmed, and gives a yellow colour. You might also produce invisible ink from a solution of muriate of cobalt, which when held to the fire the writing will become visible. There is also a white ink sold by some stationers for use on mauve paper.

T. W.—You can easily make "camphor savonette" at home. Take 2 oz. of spermaceti, of camphor powdered with the addition of 1 oz. of spirits, and white curd soap melted with a little water (about 24 oz.). Mix with a gentle heat and then mould into balls.

ROVER.—The "Moabite stone" was discovered by an English clergyman, Mr. Klein, near Dibân, in the land of Moab. It is inscribed in the Phœnician type of letters, and dates back to about 900 years B.C. It tells of the wars with Israel in the time of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat carried on by Mesha, King of Moab, who inscribed it; and you may see a facsimile of the stone and the translation in Dr. Eadie's *Bible Cyclopædia* published by us.

L. M. B.—Although the books called The Apocrypha are not included amongst those which we receive as inspired, and while some of them are of course allegorical, others are, we believe, reliable historical records, and as such have an interest and value apart from the Canonical Scriptures. Most of the collection belongs to the last three centuries before Christ.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The poem on "The Burial of Moses" will be found in a collection of *Poems on Old Testament Subjects*, by the late Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XVIII.—No. 925.] SEPTEMBER 18, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Miss Honoria," "The Dreams of Dania," "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



All rights reserved.]

"'YES,' SHE SAID SIMPLY, 'I BELIEVE YOU.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

IT must have been about a week after the terrible calamity of the Weir that Mrs. Mack startled Hildegarde with a reference to the drowned man.

"'Deed then," she remarked, peeling turnips, "he isn't aisy where he does be lying (the heavens be his bed!) and no wonder—no wonder—for it's a damp cold place, and not at all like a grave under an ould tree, with the bell, and the rooks, and a bit of company about you twice every Sunday. Leastways he isn't satisfied with it, and" (Mrs. Mack dropped a turnip into the tub with a little splash) "he's walking."

"What do you mean?" asked Hildegarde.

"Why, just this, honey. The very night that he was drownded, little Paddy Hourigan, taking advantage of a nice slice of moon to drown his Aunt Mary's dilapidated yaller cat (for he was always kind to dumb animals, the crathur, and a little gentleman all over), was running about to warm the bare feet of hum, and the ould cat was purring in the bag, when coming out of the haunted house, prowling like, and mysterious, and as though he was keeping himself a secret, who should the gossoon behold but Mr. Hennessy—may the Lord keep him to Himself."

"Nonsense," said Hildegarde.

"No then," answered Mrs. Mack; "for he saw the very check on his trousers, and the cheese that people wears in church windows round his head, and the poor child was that overawed and superseded, it was down on the knees of hum, there and then; and 'Nevermore from this out,' says he, 'if only I'd be spared this once, will I let a curse out of me, no, nor stone a frog.' And with that he opens the basket and emancipates the cat."

"Don't tell this rubbish to Miss Mary," said Hildegarde. "Mrs. Mack, I wonder you can listen to it."

"Is it me listen?" said Mrs. Mack. "Miss Hildegarde, I wouldn't do it. And what would the boy want there, drowning a cat? Wouldn't he have conveniences for the like of that nearer home? Lies, Miss Hildegarde," concluded Mrs. Mack, with an emphatic spreading forth of her hands, "lies and impidence, and just what you'd expect from the likes of Paddy Hourigan, the little blackguard of the world!"

"By the way," asked Hildegarde, over her shoulder, as she moved away, "where does that same Paddy live?"

From that morning Hildegarde was absent from home some hours of every day. Mary gathered that her sister was making arrangements for the sale of their household goods, and that that involved quite a prodigious amount of work.

The thought that lay so heavily on Mary's heart was, as has been said, the conviction that Reginald by a momentary delay had made himself responsible for the death of Hennessy. For several weeks she altogether declined to speak to him or to have any dealings with him. She made up her mind to take a post as housekeeper or governess, and so to expiate, in drudgery and loneliness, the crime in which she felt herself to be an accomplice. I think that during all this time Mary never once remembered that at that moment she was the owner of her ancestral home, and of a rent-roll of two or three thousand a year.

Mary had noticed that, during the last few days, the manner of Hildegarde had undergone a remarkable change. There was about her a suppressed excitement, and a sort of smouldering joy.

At length, in answer to an advertisement which, Hildegarde's protests notwithstanding, Mary had inserted in the *Irish Times*, an offer had been made to her of a seemingly desirable post.

Mary sat down to answer that letter with an acceptance.

Even while she was writing, the door opened and Reginald entered.

"Mary," said the young man, "you must not take that post."

"Our house will be broken up immediately," she said, "and I must have some place to go to."

"My house, Mary," he said; "why will you not come to that?"

"Hildegarde," she began.

"My wishes are hers."

Mary could not traverse that assertion. She knew that it was true.

Then Mary lifted her sad eyes and said, "Reginald, we have a death at our doors. You and I can never marry."

"I tried to save him, Mary."

"Yes, but not till you had doomed him to death."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You heard the Calling of the Weir."

Reginald rose, and in spite of Mary's efforts to resist him, caught her two hands in his.

"Look me in the face," he said. Again she lifted her eyes and met his gaze.

"Mary, I tell you—I will swear it if you like—that I was no more conscious of that sound than a dead man is. I am not, like you, the river's familiar spirit. If the sound reached my ears, it carried, in the storm of feeling, no meaning to my brain."

There was no possibility of doubting the honesty of his straightforward, eager eyes. "Yes," she said simply. "I believe you."

Then after a short silence, Mary said, "Reginald—it is of no use—it makes no difference. He is dead—cruelly wronged by you and me—and we can never marry over his coffin."

"Mary," said Docker, "can you bear a shock?—a joyful shock?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, trembling and clinging to him. "Yes, if it is all joy. Oh Reginald, is he—is he—really alive?"

"Yes," said Reginald. "He is alive—and well—and I really think, not unhappy. Hildegarde has been nursing him—for he was down with fever—lying in a remote cabin—and Mary—Mary—he wishes it to be."

Hildegarde entered now.

"Yes, Molly," she said. "You will have to give in."

Mary looked down. "You seem to forget," she said at length, "that I am a great match. Reginald, have you that deed with you here?"

"I have," he answered. "I thought we might have to consider it to-night."

"Let me look at it, please."

Reginald, a little hurt, a little wondering, placed the document in her hands and turned towards Hildegarde.

Suddenly he heard a noise of tearing. Looking round, he saw Mary toss upon the firegrate the four pieces of the deed. The fire was a red glow, and in a moment the parchment was ruined past redemption.

"Will you have me now?" asked Mary.

"I think I will," he answered. "Molly, you have saved me a good bit of trouble."

During the course of that evening of reconciliation and of the redemption of many foolish and hasty mistakes—that evening, happy in spite even of loss which nothing ever could make good—Mary's face suddenly grew sad.

"Poor father!" she said. "How it would grieve him to know that the old place was lost to the family."

"Is it lost to the family?" said Docker. "Mary, I don't underrate your powers of fascination, but Hildegarde is a lovely creature and—she has nursed him through a fever.'

[THE END.]

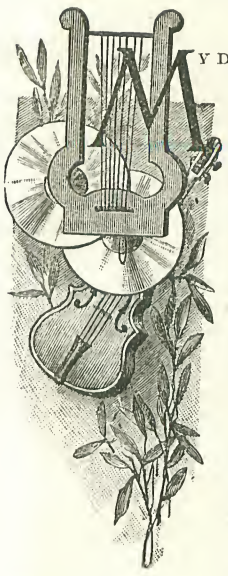


STUDENT-LIFE IN FLORENCE.

By A STUDENT.

Letter VII.

Via Seraglio,
Florence,
October 1896.



MY DEAR L.,—This will be my last letter to you, as I read, with beating heart, that you have decided to come and join me here. How can I tell you the delight I feel in having a congenial companion to study with me, work with me, and live!

You ask me to give you some practical hints as to your luggage, journey, money-changing, etc.

Let me then hasten to tell you that the less luggage you bring the better. Luggage is charged for very heavily, and you not only have to pay for it at Victoria but also at Modane, the Italian frontier. Bring then as little as possible, and remember that dress material, underwear, and tailoring is infinitely cheaper than in England. You might, however provide yourself with boots and shoes, as the leather is poor and expensive here.

The Italian money is nearly all paper, or copper. I have not seen a single gold or silver piece since coming out. The paper lira is equal to a franc, and the copper soldo, equal to a halfpenny, is the chief money used. The exchange on English gold and bank-notes is twenty-seven liras to the pound, which is better than in France.

Do not be alarmed about your ignorance of the language; I will soon put you in the way of getting yourself understood, so much can be done here by signs and gesticulations. Do not invest in a grammar, or phrase book as you intended. To learn a language grammatically takes five years, and phrase books are always filled to repletion with complicated sentences of no use whatever. Buy a dictionary, though, and look out such words as meat, bread, etc. Foreigners make a great mistake in learning up polite phrases in a language; it is much better to be curt, and to the point, for you are thus saved endless annoyance and are much more readily understood.

Your journey through the Mont Cenis route should not cost you much over five pounds. It takes about forty-eight hours, and is wondrously beautiful, especially when you reach the mountainous Savoy, where the sombre grandeur of the scenery is sure to strike you. The northern part of Italy too, with the smiling peaceful beauty of blue sky, and verdant hillside, is also very pleasing. At the station of Florence, this fairest of all fair cities, you will find me waiting for you, ready with open arms to conduct you through its zigzag narrow streets, to show you all its churches, its palaces, its sites, to make you feel as I have felt the fascination of its every step, to take you to the heights of Alle Croce and Fiesole, and let you hear the nightingales that sing at morn and eve, to enter with me in the solemn stillness of the churches, to see the moonlight shining on the marbles of the Duomo.

If you intend to join us you must be prepared for a few deprivations. Do not be alarmed at the idea of cooking, catering, and cleaning for yourself, do not be disheartened at the fact that you will sometimes have to exist on poor fare, and have but little money to spend on dress. These little sacrifices seem inseparable from the life of work, study, and ambition; the life of Bohemia, the most entrancing and delightful of all lives—the "Student's Life!"

Welcome then, dearest. You have the ardent spirit, the sincere perseverance, the powerful capacity necessary for the accomplishment of your aim in life; you cannot enter into falsities nor fritter away your time with insincere ideals. Come to this city where so many of the great, great dead have lived, and left behind them footprints never to be effaced, and where their works and thoughts seem to live and breathe again, especially for the benefit of us who in our humble way stand apart and admire.

You tell me that your friends condemn your rash step in coming here; that it will bring you unhappiness, that you will have no more afternoon teas, no more society. Bah! what do you care. Life is made for aims more serious, more sublime. You will gain something ten times more satisfying than all you lose; your loss itself will be a gain.

Do not then allow yourself to be discouraged in your scheme, but come to me, dear, and let us try in the future to pass together a noble, and artistic life, let us search the truth, and try to see in everything the grandeur of our destiny. Let us be ardent and sincere in the accomplishment of our duty so that we may be uplifted from the petty trials of life, that we may reach the summit of our ambition, and so that the hours may pass us by and drop silently one by one into eternity without our feeling their sad passage.

Welcome then to fairy-land, to Florence, and welcome to that most fruitful and most delightful life, the life of study.

Yours, ELLEN AUBERT.

[THE END.]



VARIETIES

FOR ALL IN SITUATIONS.—Nothing commends a girl so much to her employers as accuracy and punctuality in the conduct of business. And no wonder. On each person's exactitude depends the comfortable and easy-going of the machine. If the clock goes fitfully, nobody knows the time of day; and if your task is a link in the chain of another person's work, you are his or her clock, and he or she ought to be able to rely on you.

FLYING FAST.

"We bud, we bloom, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast."—*Sun-dial Motto.*

BEWARE OF FLATTERERS.—Beware of those who flatter you and commend you to your face. Remember the fable of the fox praising the singing of the crow who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

LIVE WISELY.

"The meal unshared is food unblest,
Thou hoard'st in vain what love would spend;
Self-ease is pain, thine only rest
Is labour for a noble end"—*Whittier.*

MANNERS AND MORALS.—Good manners are a part of good morals; and it is as much your duty as your interest to practise both.

SHAKE OFF MELANCHOLY.—It is only very selfish people who contrive to be always happy and placid whatever happens. They are so thoroughly unsympathetic, so unmoved by the joys and sorrows of others, that so long as they live in comfort they are perfectly content. But a great many well-meaning people contrive to be unhappy when they might well be the reverse. They have made up their minds that this world is a sad and weary one, and they will not grasp and benefit by the few joys that come in their way. They may fully understand the divine dictum, "weep with those that weep," but they fail to realise the equally binding obligation to "rejoice with those that do rejoice."

AN OVERTOWEL IN LINEN CANVAS.

OVERTOWELS of various kinds are obtaining more and more in orderly houses, their utility as well as prettiness being obvious. Especially in large towns such as London where smuts abound more or less, towels get soiled very quickly. An overtowel protects the towel-horse from dust and smuts, and also serves to cover it when the inevitable soiling of its contents renders them less sightly than when fresh from the linen press. Then too these arrangements being distinctly decorative, all who care for pretty bedrooms do well to make them.

The taste of the worker can of course be exercised to any extent concerning the material and manner of working an overtowel, as well as the colours to be employed in the embroidery. Where embroidered bed-spreads, toilet-covers, etc., are used, it is well that the overtowel should match.

Never choose a very thin material for an overtowel, as it does not answer the purpose at all. It does not hang well or keep in place, and soon gets tumbled and untidy-looking.

Linen canvas, now to be had inexpensively in white, *écru*, and many art shades, is about the best thing for this purpose, and has the advantage of washing well besides being sufficiently thick to hang well.

The overtowel seen in Fig. 1 is a very good specimen of how this canvas can be treated. As will be seen, drawnwork, the cross-stitch which everyone knows, and *appliqué* all figure in it, and the border is fringed out at the bottom.

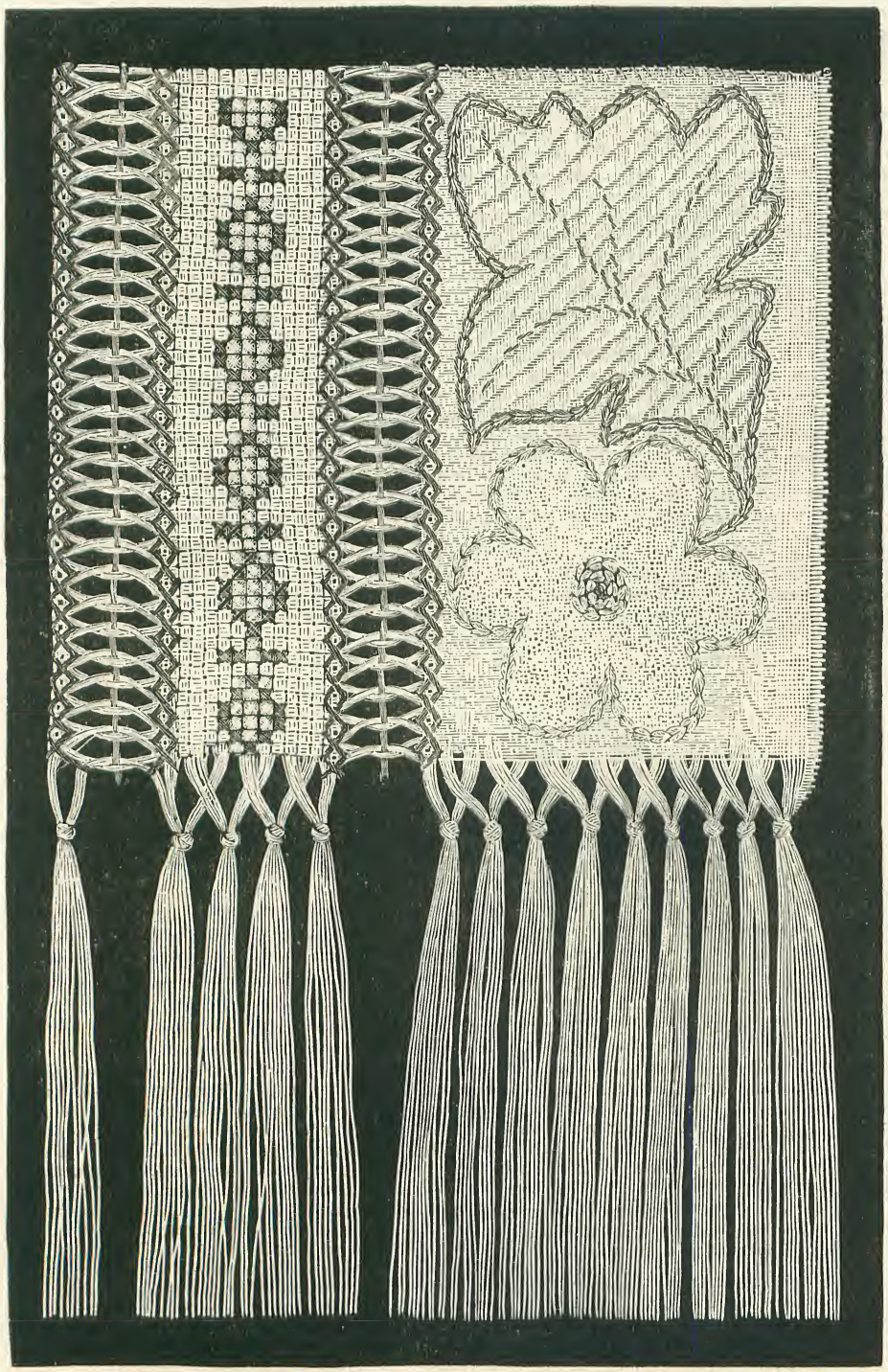


FIG. 1.

The materials for working with should be coarse embroidery cotton of any colour you please, ingrain red or blue being the best for washing.

There is no need whatever for saying more about the cross-stitch than that the crossing should go all the same way. Patterns for cross-stitch can be had in small books costing but a few pence each at any fancy shop.

The outer border on which *appliqué* is done can be treated in various ways. In our example the leaves and flower are chain-stitched down, but we do not care for this as much as for other ways of securing the application. Chain-stitch is too much used in machine work to be distinctly decorative or suited for what is done by hand. Always choose a contrasting colour for your *appliqué*. Here orange linen of fast colour contrasts well with the blue linen canvas. Iron off a transfer pattern of good, bold design, and then lay it very carefully on your material, stitching it with running stitches into place. Care must be exercised about this preliminary, as if you put the pattern on crooked no errors can afterwards be rectified.

Button-hole stitch your linen down following the outline of the pattern very carefully. When this is done take a pair of sharply-pointed scissors and cut round the edges close to the button-hole work. Any veinings of leaves or centres of flowers can be done in stem stitch or other stitches.

In Fig. 2 you will notice how the clusters are formed which you afterwards make into the stitch called single crossing.

In Fig. 3 you will see one method which is very good. If you want to make the pattern precisely like that seen in Fig. 1, you can then make the V-shaped stitch more open, so as to secure space in which to make the next row crossing it. The manner of doing the single crossing is so easy that anyone can learn it by looking carefully at Fig. 1. The line which crosses the clusters should be very strong, and for it a much coarser number of cotton should be used than that employed in the cross-stitch and stitch which makes the clusters.

Make one end of this coarse cotton quite fast on the wrong side of the linen and then pass it in and out so that the clusters cross. Then fasten off securely at the other end.

The fringe is seen in Fig. 4. Observe, please, that the lines cross and are then knotted in a simple knot.

The upper edge above the fringe should be made fast by button-hole stitches, or else the canvas will often ravel.

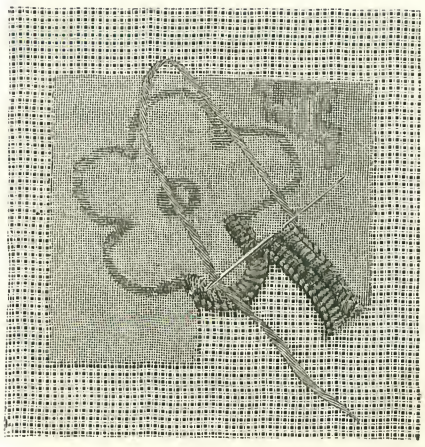


FIG. 2.

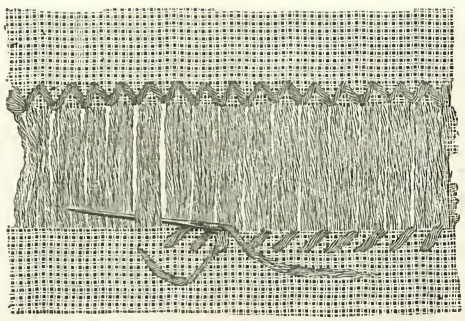


FIG. 3.

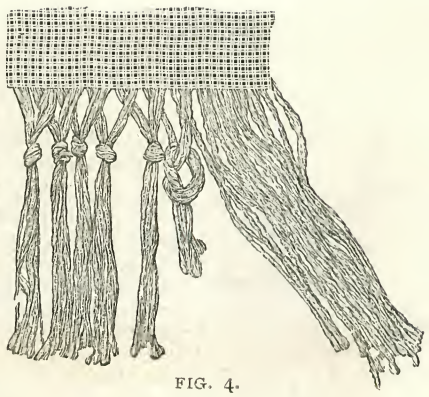


FIG. 4.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

In Nursing the Sick

it is very necessary to have plenty of tact in order to manage the patient well; and also to be loyal and honest in carrying out the doctor's orders. When nursing, these orders depend in a great measure on what you observe and report to the doctor. Therefore the better trained you are in observation, the more accurate details you can give of your patient. Notice as to sleep, whether it is restless, and the duration of it. If there is any cough, and of what character, if it be short and hard spasmodic, or loose, also whether there is sickness, or any expectoration; if such be the case it is well to save what is brought up for the doctor's inspection. Report as to the state of the skin, whether there is any sweating or not, or if the skin is very dry and burning. It is well to see if there be anything abnormal in the excretions, and when necessary show to the doctor. Always make a note of these observations and if possible keep a sick-room chart with everything of consequence written clearly upon it.

The Skin

is a most important organ of excretion; water and other impurities are carried off in the form of sweat which is poured on to the surface of the skin from numerous tiny tubes commonly known as the pores of the skin; these pores easily get blocked with dirt and need frequent cleansing to keep them in a healthy condition; if the skin becomes unhealthy the health of the whole body suffers more or less. Cold bathing is a very good tonic to the skin, if not succeeded by a feeling of chilliness and languor. Cold water bathing is very little use as a cleansing agent unless soap is used, the alkali of the soap unites with and removes the fatty matters of the perspiration. Warm baths relax the muscles of the skin and are soothing, and so are best taken at night. The temperature of a warm bath should be from one hundred, to one hundred and four degrees, and it is a great mistake that many people make to take a bath too hot, especially in the morning. A hot bath when given to children or invalids should always have the heat tested with a proper thermometer; if one is not obtainable the back of the hand, or the point of the elbow, are the parts most susceptible to heat, and so the safest to go by as a guide.

The hair of children attending school is best kept short; it may be cleansed when necessary in an infusion of quassia chips; methylated spirit and one in forty carbolic are also useful to keep the hair clean. Paraffin is also frequently useful, especially the preparation which is scented and therefore less disagreeable to use. Turpentine and oil in equal parts cleanses the skin of the head from brown scurf. In ringworm, if the disease is discovered early, while still superficial, several simple remedies are worth trying, as vinegar, ink, iodine, carbolic one in twenty, or a blister applied after the hair all round has been cut quite short. If once the disease has been neglected, or has spread down to the roots of the hair before being discovered, it is a case often of months before a cure can be effected. Watch should therefore be kept on children attending school so that any disease may be discovered early. Spirits of wine and precipitate ointment are also useful to keep the hair clean. Milk and water for drinking purposes ought always to be boiled before using. If water after boiling is found to have a flat taste, this is because the air has been boiled out of it, and by pouring it from one jug to another held some distance off, air gets mixed up with it again and it becomes fresh-looking and sparkling, Filters if used ought to be cleaned frequently. All cisterns that supply drinking water ought to be well cleaned at least twice a year, especially if they are under the roof without being closed in.

All open drains should be flushed daily, and those sinks where greasy dishes, etc., are washed up should have the waste pipes kept sweet by very hot soda water being used to get the grease off the inside of the pipe before being flushed with cold water. Chloride of lime is cheap to use to disinfect dust-bins or dust heaps, but as much of the refuse as possible should be burnt in the kitchen grate after the cooking is done for the day. Fresh air in the sleeping rooms is very important; if possible have a crack of the window open at night, especially if gas is burned in the room. Meals should be regular and punctual, and children should not be allowed to get into the habit of eating between meals. Clothing should be light, and flannel always worn next the skin at night as well as by day.

Baths

are employed in various ways as a remedy in illness. A hot bath is sometimes ordered to bring out a rash where an eruptive fever is suspected. Temperature 100 to 105 degrees, the patient to remain in about ten minutes, care being taken that the heat of the bath is maintained, and that the patient is kept warm afterwards; it is best to leave them lying between blankets for at least an hour after a bath of this kind.

A Cold Bath

is given to reduce temperature; the usual plan is to place the patient in a bath at a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees, the temperature being reduced, if necessary, by fresh cold water being added to it. The patient should remain in until the temperature, which should be taken frequently, is reduced. Bathing for temperature should only be done under a doctor's orders, and the nurse should have ready hot bottles, and hot blankets, and some cordial in case of shock or collapse.

Mustard Baths

are given in cases of croup, or convulsions; mix three quarters of a pound of mustard in cold water, then add sufficient hot water to fill a child's bath.

Soda Baths

are sometimes ordered for rheumatism, or to reduce inflammation in burns. About one pound of common soda to a bath of ordinary size, the soda must be well dissolved, and the bath kept at a temperature of 100 degrees.

Bran Baths.

Boil four pounds of bran in one gallon of water, strain off the liquor and add to it a sufficient quantity of water to fill an ordinary bath.

Vapour Baths.

These are ordered to promote the action of the skin in rheumatism, dropsy, etc., the easiest way to give them in home nursing is to place the patient on a wooden chair, standing in a flat bath. The bath and the patient's body must be completely enveloped by blankets, macintoshes, and paper, to help to keep the heat in; they must be pinned round the patient's neck so as to only leave the head uncovered, an edge of the blanket must be lifted up, and nearly boiling water poured into the bath. The patient's feet should rest on the edge of the bath, and if the blankets are well arranged no steam should escape; the vapour must be kept up by adding fresh boiling water, or by heated bricks put into the bath. The patient remains sitting in this steam for about twenty minutes, or until a profuse perspiration is produced.

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COALS OF FIRE.

EASILY as Mirabel had adapted herself to her new position, gracefully as she bore herself, charmingly as she became the beautiful dresses and ornaments lavished on her, she was in heart and character very different from most of the fashionable young ladies she met in society. How could she who knew so intimately the toiling, suffering life of the masses of the people live as if the chief end of life were amusement? It grieved her that she was not permitted to visit Limegrove Street, or Providence Street, and give active help to those she knew there; but she did what she could for them in other ways. The little seamstress, who had been Mirabel's neighbour, was surprised at Christmas by a letter which brought her what seemed to her untold wealth; but was merely enough to provide for her blind mother and herself the comforts they needed in the bitter weather, and for which the slender pittance she earned left no margin when food and lodging were paid for. Mrs. Pitt and the Vicar's wife at Bethnal Green became Mirabel's almoners in other cases. She saved all that she could from the liberal allowance she received from her grandfather to send to them, and was in consequence reproved by Mrs. Armitage for an unbecoming stinginess over her personal expenses. To the elderly lady such parsimony seemed a betrayal of vulgarity. "Your grandfather will give you money for the poor, if you want it," she said. But Mirabel had learned in poverty the luxury of giving, and scorned to give what cost her nothing.

It was hardly strange that Mirabel, in spite of her charm, was winning the reputation, amongst women, of being "odd." She was wont to see things in an unusual light and to judge them by a standard which was not the usual one. She showed the most delicate consideration for every one who served her, and would not be persuaded to regard them as inferiors. Mrs. Armitage found some of her ways very trying. Her grandfather too was sometimes shocked at her opinions when they discussed social questions together. He would pronounce her views socialistic and even dangerous, and when Mirabel tried to show him that they were Christian, he was in danger of losing his temper and insisting with unbecoming emphasis, that the *old order of things* was, and always would be, the only right and safe one. But Mirabel, in spite of wrong-headedness, as he judged it, was so gentle and winsome that he could not long be angry with her. She was becoming the darling of his old age.

The only one in her circle who sympathised with Mirabel in her strange notions was Bruce Collier. But it was seldom she had an opportunity of talking with him. When they met it was generally in a crowd, and serious conversation under such circumstances is difficult. He came but seldom to the house, though he was a great favourite with Mrs. Armitage, and she would have gladly invited him often, had not her husband's will intervened. He, though formerly his friend, now seemed desirous of keeping Bruce Collier at a distance.

Mirabel saw far more of Captain Armitage than she desired. Her aversion to him had not decreased; but, as her cousin, she had to make up her mind to endure his society. He, apparently, found much pleasure in hers and showed a devotion to her wishes which might have touched a more susceptible heart than hers. He was gradually reinstating himself in his grandfather's favour. In earlier years Mr. Armitage had been fond and proud of the handsome young fellow who bore his name, and, in spite of the strain put on his affection by the Captain's numerous escapades, his heart was still tender towards him.

One bright spring day Mirabel and Mrs. Armitage were driving homeward from an afternoon's entertainment to which they had been escorted by Captain Armitage. They had met Bruce Collier at the house to which they went, and Mrs. Armitage had offered him a seat in her carriage for the drive back to Kensington, an invitation of which he was not slow to avail himself. So the two gentlemen occupied the front seat of the open landau in which they drove. Mirabel was conscious of the shy, sweet happiness she always felt when Bruce was present, and she was looking as fresh and beautiful as a flower. But she did not talk much to him, and while he chatted with Mrs. Armitage, the Captain claimed Mirabel's attention with an air of right which irritated the artist.

Their way lay through Trafalgar Square, a spot which just then was causing the police considerable trouble on account of the riotous meetings that were held there. Apparently something of the kind had but now taken place, for as the carriage turned the corner by St. Martin's Church it was met by a noisy mob sweeping out of the square. The coachman drew in his horses while it passed. Mrs. Armitage grew pale beneath her rouge as she heard the fierce shouts and saw the excited aspect of the crowd.

"Oh, these horrid socialists!" she cried, "why do not the authorities put them down by main force?"

"Oh, look!" cried Mirabel, turning pale also, "there is a man in the middle of the crowd and they are ill-treating him. Oh, they will kill him if they do so. Where are the police?"

It was as she said. A man was being borne along by the mob whom they hustled and threatened, and even struck.

"Give him another," was the cry, as a blow resounded on the man's back, "break his head. Choke him with his own words. Hanging is too good for such a wretch."

A mob, when its worst passions are let loose, is an awful sight. Mrs. Armitage shrank back in terror; but Mirabel stood up in the carriage, feeling constrained to see all. As she looked someone threw a stone which hit the man on the forehead and brought the blood.

"Oh," cried Mirabel, "they will certainly kill him if they go on thus. Can nothing be done? Come," she turned quickly to Captain Armitage, "you are a soldier, can you not find a way to save that man?"

"My dear cousin," said Captain Armitage, looking greatly embarrassed, "I should be mad to mix myself up in a brawl of this description. And what could one man do?"

But even as he spoke Bruce Collier had opened the door on his side of the carriage and sprung down. At the same instant a sudden swaying of the crowd brought the man nearer to Mirabel and she caught a glimpse of his face as he struggled with his assailants. It was Jem Lovell.

Mirabel sank back on the seat, her face white to the lips. Had Bruce Collier gone to *his* rescue?

She could look no longer. She did not see how Bruce Collier pushed his way through the crowd, nor hear the ringing, authoritative tones which compelled them to listen. She did not know how he gained the man's side and drew him, exhausted and bleeding, from the hands of his enemies to a place of safety on the steps of the National Gallery, where he supported him till the police came and dispersed the mob. As soon as the street before them was sufficiently clear, Mrs. Armitage ordered the coachman to drive on.

"Bruce must look after himself," she said, "he can't expect us to wait for him. It is very silly of him to run the risk of getting his head broken again; but he always is so madly quixotic."

"I believe Mirabel despises me because I did not follow his example," remarked Captain Armitage.

"Why should I?" asked the girl with a disdainful toss of the head, "you acted your own part perfectly—that of the one who looks on."

Captain Armitage's eyes flashed. At that moment he felt that he positively hated Bruce Collier. He kept silence, and Mirabel, shaken and agitated by what she had witnessed, shed a few

tears behind her veil as she drove homeward. When they reached Palace Gardens, Captain Armitage declined to enter the house; but bade them good-bye and walked off.

"My dear Mirabel," said Mrs. Armitage, "you have hurt your cousin's feelings. You should not have accused him of cowardice. No man can endure such an insinuation."

"I did not call him a coward," said Mirabel; "but I must confess I thought him one, and very hard-hearted too, for he did not seem to think that it mattered whether the man were killed or not."

"I wish you were not so excitable," said Mrs. Armitage plaintively; "you really must learn to hide your feelings if you would not betray your inexperience of the world."

Mirabel smiled as she turned away. She thought herself not altogether inexperienced, though the world she knew was not the world of Mrs. Armitage.

An hour later Bruce Collier looked in to assure them of his safety and of that of the man to whose help he had gone.

"My dear Bruce!" exclaimed Mrs. Armitage as he entered, "I am thankful to see you uninjured. What could induce you to mix yourself up in that dreadful crowd? I never saw such ruffians as they looked."

"What induced me?" repeated Bruce, with some bluntness, "why, naturally, the hope of saving a fellow-creature's life. Ruffians those men certainly were, and cowards too. It did not take much to cow them."

"Then you saved him!" said Mirabel eagerly.

"He escaped, though considerably mauled," said Bruce; "he is now having his wounds dressed in Charing Cross Hospital."

"You saved him," said Mirabel, in low tones, which thrilled with emotion, "and he was the man who well-nigh killed you! It was noble of you."

"Nay, do not give me more credit than I deserve," he replied. "I had no idea when I ran to his help who the fellow was."

"You would have gone all the same, if you had known," she said.

"Well, I am glad I went," he returned. "But the fellow was not glad when he recognised me. You should have seen how he looked."

"It will teach him a lesson," said Mirabel, "He will know in future that all, who are in a better position than himself, are not necessarily selfish and bad. But what was it all about? How did he get into such a row?"

"It appears that he had been addressing the crowd," said Bruce, "and, from what I can learn, he mistook the character of his audience, and went a little too far. After all, our English people are sound at the core. They have an innate respect for life and property, and will not stand anarchist doctrines pure and simple. The fellow had the audacity to applaud some of the recent outrages perpetrated by anarchists, with the result that the people began to hoot and hiss him. He would not take the hint, but went on more wildly, till something he said about the Queen so enraged the crowd that they upset his temporary platform and pursued him, as you saw."

"Then he really deserved what he got," said Mirabel, "though, of course, people have no right to take justice into their own hands in that way, and it was well you saved him from further violence."

"Yes," said Bruce, "I hope, as you say, that it has taught him a lesson. I fancy he will not be eager to expound his doctrines in Trafalgar Square again."

Little as she regarded the opinion of Jem Lovell, Mirabel could not help feeling pleased that he had had thus demonstrated to him how mistaken he had been in his former judgment of the artist.

Mrs. Armitage and Mirabel were going out that evening; but the painful excitement of the afternoon had so shaken and exhausted Mirabel, that, when the hour drew near, she felt quite unable to fulfil her engagement. Mrs. Armitage, though so much older, was far less affected by the alarm; but the incident had meant less to her than to Mirabel, and she was at no time one to feel things deeply.

Reluctantly she excused Mirabel from accompanying her; but departed in the best of spirits, gorgeously attired, and anticipating an evening of enjoyment.

Mirabel was not at all sorry to be left at home. A quiet evening with her grandfather in the library was far more to her taste than the crowded assembly to which his wife had gone. The old man's delight, when he found that she was to be his companion, touched her.

"This will be a red-letter evening for me," he said, as he rose to welcome her, and with feeble movements tried to wheel forward the cosiest chair for her use.

"And for me too," she replied, as she came to his assistance, and placed the chair for herself. "Dear grandfather, I would often stay at home with you if I might. You do not know how much I prefer this to going into company, even when my head does not ache."

"Do you?" he said, looking gratified, "but that is hardly natural at your age. Youth loves pleasure and gaiety. And I am afraid my gain means loss to some one else. Your cousin will be disappointed not to meet you to-night."

"I do not think so," said Mirabel, remembering how she had annoyed Captain Armitage.

Her grandfather noticed how her face changed at the mention of this gentleman. He presently made some allusion to the event of the afternoon, and led Mirabel on to talk of the part Bruce Collier had played. Her expression changed again now. Her face lit up with enthusiasm, and her tones rang with pride as she spoke of his brave action. Mr. Armitage observed the difference and drew his own conclusion from it. It was a conclusion fatal to the wishes he cherished, yet he had so high a regard for Bruce Collier that he could not entirely regret it.

The evening passed very pleasantly. They did not talk a great deal; but each was conscious of a happy sense of companionship. Mirabel understood her grandfather as she could not understand Mrs. Armitage, and she found many simple ways of giving him pleasure. So much did he enjoy her society, that he remained up long after the hour at which he usually retired to rest.

The clock in the hall had chimed eleven, and Mirabel was beginning to long for bed, when suddenly there came a portentous knock at the hall door, followed presently by the sound of some one entering the house. Then the door of the room opened. Mrs. Pitt was announced and hurriedly entered.

She was wrapped in a long cloak, which was wet and soiled, for it was raining fast. She came straight to Mirabel, her face pale, eager, and full of purpose.

"Mirabel," she said, "I promised to let you know if I came across Lizzie. I have found her to-night. She is at my house. As soon as I could leave her I came to tell you."

Then she turned to greet Mr. Armitage, leaving Mirabel to recover from the astonishment produced by her words.

"Oh, Mrs. Pitt!" she cried, as soon as she could speak—"you will take me to her at once?"

"It would be wiser to wait, dear," said her friend gently. "She is very ill. She must be sadly altered. It will grieve you to see her. Wait till to-morrow."

But Mirabel would not wait. Her grandfather added his persuasions to those of Mrs. Pitt, but in vain. He had not the heart to forbid her going, so she went as soon as she could get ready.

A cab was waiting at the door, and this quickly conveyed her and Mrs. Pitt to that lady's house in Bayswater.

"Now, Mirabel, dear, you must prepare to be shocked and grieved," said Mrs. Pitt, as they went up the stairs. "Be brave—for her sake, try and control yourself."

It was a pretty room which they entered. No girl could have desired a more dainty and tasteful sleeping-chamber. The bed had silken hangings of pale rose garnished with creamy lace. The pillows were edged with lace. But Mirabel saw none of these things. Her eyes sought the occupant of the bed as she entered.

Ah; could it be Lizzie? That face, so wasted and worn and colourless, with its look of age, even in youth, those dark, melancholy eyes with their fatal glitter; could these belong to Lizzie, who had looked so fresh and strong and full of spirit?

Yes — Lizzie it was, for her face changed as she recognised her sister. She turned with a gesture of despair and hid it in the pillow.

"Oh, Lizzie!" Mirabel cried, and then, in spite of Mrs. Pitt's admonition, her voice broke, and she sank on her knees beside the bed sobbing aloud.

It was the old, sad story. Lizzie, wilfully wandering in slippery paths, had fallen, to learn too late her pitiful mistake.

(*To be concluded.*)



A FINE TIME.

THE ANGEL OF THE RAIN.

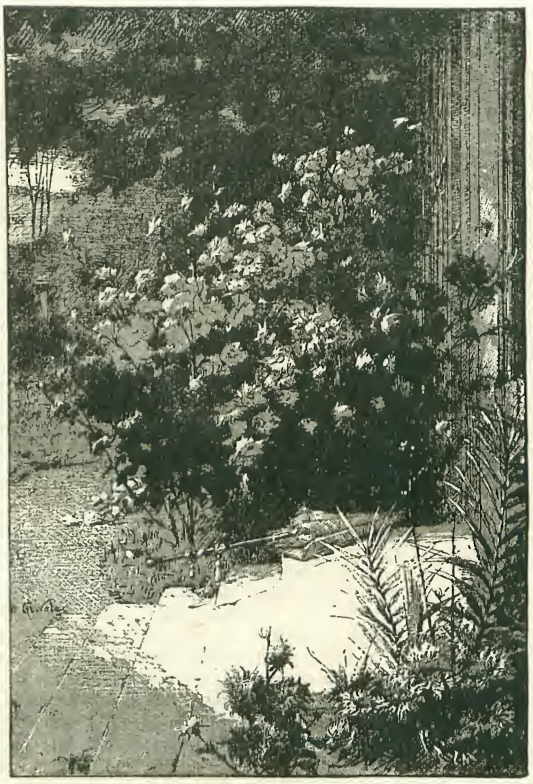
By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

A GENIAL shower of summer rain
Has made my garden glad again,
Has lifted up the languid blooms,
And loosed a thousand sealed perfumes.

The tired leaves glisten fresh and green;
The spiders' silken threads are seen
Like jewelled ros'ries—mystic rare,
That lily-nuns might use in prayer.

A sudden burst of melody
Breaks from the bosom of a tree.
The bees are busy once again,
For sweet are roses after rain.

After the drought, 'tis joy to hear
The silver-footed rain draw near—
Patter and plash—no sound so sweet
To flowers that languish in the heat.



"AGATHA'S CHOICE."

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON, Author of "A Commonplace Woman," etc.

CHAPTER II.

WE paid our visits at the various houses at which we were due. Hugh Grazebrook was at one of these and he asked me to marry him, and Aunt Theresa and Bertha Wilmot both brought to bear on me a combined battery of persuasion, but I would give Hugh nothing but a negative. They were dark days, these that followed. Aunt Theresa was stiff and cold. Bertha was half-offended, and unacknowledged to myself I missed Hugh's attentions. I looked to Midford as a ship in a mighty storm might look to its haven.

Summer was virtually over. I remember the corn was cut and ready for "leading" in the country round Bertha's home, where I was to pay my last visit before returning to Midford.

I remember how peaceful it looked—how the autumn sun tipped the yellow "stooks" about the vicarage that Sunday morning after my arrival. It stood on a little eminence above the village—a ruddy creeper half-veiling its front in its feathery foliage. As I stood on the doorstep it was a fair picture indeed that the sun's rays illumined and touched into more vivid beauty. The village, quaint and red-tiled and straggling, half forgotten one might almost believe in the march of the great world's civilisation, lay at my feet. Green stretches sloped to the Mill, a silvery stream that wound and shimmered through the village and across a rustic bridge, the old church, grey and ivy-clad, reared its modest spire. I marked it all that morning as we sometimes unconsciously mark minute details that are entwined with some great event in our lives, no suspicion of how much Milltown might mean to me.

Mr. Wilmot took a short cut to the church, and Bertha and I walked through the cornfields and across the gipsy bridge.

The church was well-filled, but the vicarage pew was far forward, and after the service began I paid no attention to the people. Opposite to me—I recall it now—there was a stained glass window, representing Our Saviour's Ascension, and beneath the words, "To the Glory of God, In dear memory of Jane Abbott. Died 1862."

On my left I could look through the small-paned window and see the Mill—the sunlight upon it as it meandered peacefully through the green churchyard, and between gleaming white tomb-stones. And then Mr. Wilmot's voice struck on my ear.

"If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

His voice was pleasant, deep and well-modulated. I listened with the languid attention we give to what strikes us as hardly applicable to ourselves.

He held up the nineteeth-century sins of social struggles, petty ambitions, respect of persons. He painted them in all their meanness and contemptibleness, and then he set them as it were in the light of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Would Christ acknowledge those whose lives were dominated by such struggles and strivings, as followers of His? The picture he drew was a vivid one, but it seemed to overthrow every preconceived notion on the subject and to reduce them to chaos. What would become of rank, position, class, social distinction? Had we in our different spheres no duty we owed society? It was impossible not to see, I thought, that society would land itself in inextricable confusion if it followed Mr. Wilmot's lead. I glanced at Bertha. Her eye was fixed disapprovingly on a restless choir-boy. There was no satisfaction to be gained from that quarter. I dismissed the discomfort the Vicar had raised in my breast by pronouncing his ideas "visionary."

When the service had concluded Bertha and I joined the outgoing stream of people. The sky had overclouded slightly. I strolled slowly down the gravel walk while Bertha chatted to one and another. I was thinking of the sermon more than of the people. As I looked about me idly I saw an old woman drop her umbrella. A man stooped and picked it up, and I recognised Edward Templeton. The great crises of our lives are, as a rule, quiet. Added to this, if the mind is constantly occupied with one image, the sudden appearance of the person in question is not always startling. It is only the substitution of the concrete as it were for the abstract. I remember the moment as one of the "glad surprises" of life.

Our eyes met and I bowed and would have moved forward to give him a warmer greeting, but Bertha laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"My friend Mrs. St. Clare," she said, "Miss Ashley."

I must have stared at the lady blankly. When we had exchanged greetings I looked round and Mr. Templeton had gone.

I walked on with a feeling that from a prospect of straightening themselves things had somehow taken a crooked turn again. I made some inconsequent remarks and replied to my companion's observations at random. We strolled slowly through the village. A sudden bend in the principal street and my restless eyes fastened themselves again on Mr. Templeton! He had paused in the

middle of the street, and as far as I could make out was cloaking an old woman in a circular waterproof cloak. She looked old and feeble. That done he proceeded to unfurl her umbrella, for the threatening skies were already dropping big, splashing rain-drops, and held it over her, moderating his swinging stride to her short, feeble steps. I noted every detail with a secret, even proprietary pride in him, that was in no way justified. The action savoured of a tender protective chivalry that speaks to a woman's heart.

Mrs. St. Clare had stepped on to the pavement to avoid the gutter, thus bringing me nearer to Bertha again.

"Bertha," I whispered impatiently, "it is Mr. Templeton. I must speak to him."

She half grasped my arm to prevent me carrying out my purpose.

"You must do nothing of the sort," she said hurriedly. "Not just now at any rate. It would be extremely awkward. Besides it is raining and we must take the short cut home. We turn up here."

And she swept me up a side-way retaining my arm under pretence of sharing my umbrella. So we turned off the village street and up the short cut without Mr. Templeton seeing us.

It was the first tiny cloud rising on my horizon, and before twenty-four hours had passed it showed in all its black distinctness.

Mrs. St. Clare stayed to lunch and talked evenly on, never succeeding in infusing a particle of interest into her multitude of words.

She left before tea, however, and then Bertha and I took two camp-chairs on to the terrace in front of the house. The landscape was the same I had looked at in the morning, but clouded over in the subdued light of the autumn afternoon. Or it comes to me now in memory, clouded over, because the blow was struck then that clouded all my after-life.

Bertha herself opened the subject that was uppermost in my thoughts.

"By the way," she said. "Were you not surprised to see Mr. Templeton? I forgot to mention his being here. He comes very regularly for the week-ends."

"I was surprised," I said coldly. "And why would you not let me speak to him? He would think it so odd. He is a very special friend of mine."

"It would have been so awkward," said Bertha stifling an affected yawn, "his being with that old body. Mrs. St. Clare would have thought it odd, and he himself might have felt put out."

"Odd!" I exclaimed. "Surely your friends must be very peculiar to be unable to appreciate a chivalry that prompts a gentleman to come to the assistance of any woman, even were she an old apple woman," I began hotly, but Bertha interposed.

"My dear," she rejoined with a disagreeable little smile, "the chivalrous part they might have understood. It was the *filial* part I was afraid might baffle them. Perhaps I should explain that the old lady in the poke bonnet and the black waterproof is Edward Templeton's mother."

Circumstances have conspired all my life to repress any outward sign of emotion in me. I have wonderful self-control.

"You are joking, Bertha," I said, but the words sounded to my own ears as if they were clipped short and would barely carry. While I uttered them I knew that Bertha was in sober earnest.

"I never was more serious in my life," she returned. "Ask any one in the village where old Widow Templeton lives, a little cottage on the outskirts. I'll drive you past it to-morrow if you like. Old Templeton died not long ago, but before we came. I don't know what he was, connected with trade somehow I believe. There's a hoydenish brother in a small lawyer's office in Milltown, and a sister—married—I've not seen her—a vulgar, over-dressed creature probably. Report says this son is of a Quixotic turn, so I should not wonder if he took his old mother to live with him now that the sister is gone.

"Picture the astonishment of Midford on the arrival of the old lady! I like to amuse myself by imagining the scene. She probably drops her 'h's' and does not know the A B C of society. Do you imagine he would expect his friends to call upon her? My dear, can you picture Lady Theresa for instance being introduced to her? I think I see her aristocratic nose in the air and her tortoise-shell *pince-nez* poised thereon. Do you think the old lady would make her a curtsey? And, my dear, can you picture the hoyden brother clamping across Lady Theresa's best Wilton pile with his hob-nailed boots?"

"I suppose you mean to be witty, Bertha?" I interrupted at last.

"My dear, it is the situation that is humorous, I assure you, not I. But we can talk of something else if you prefer it. But really, poor fellow, it is a terrible handicap for him."

I made no answer to her words. I looked out over the landscape and I remember noticing with a long-drawn, inward shudder, that the sun was going down.

"Let us go in," said Bertha by-and-by. "It is getting chilly."

That night stands out in my memory. Such nights do not come to us without leaving their scar behind. I sat through it—mostly at the window, and when the stars twinkled more faintly, finally fading into the struggling grey dawn, I realised that everything in heaven and earth was changed.

Bertha watched me narrowly next day, with the expression of a person seeing physical symptoms she thinks she can account for by other than physical causes. But she said nothing.

There was one thing I had a curious fancy to ask her before leaving. I left it till near the end. Mr. Wilmot had been called away to see a parishioner before luncheon was over on my last day. Now was my chance.

"Bertha," I said, "you must find it a help to have a husband like Mr. Wilmot."

"A help!" she repeated. "How do you mean? I suppose we help each other. We are opposites. He is silent and I am talkative. He is slow. I am quick and impulsive. He is visionary and I am nothing if not thoroughly practical. It is a sort of Jack Sprat arrangement and works admirably."

"I don't quite mean that," I said. "I mean rather, spiritually. I think a man who could preach such a sermon on unworldliness as Sunday's must be a man to lean upon."

"Oh, that," she returned, shrugging her shoulders. "I see now what you mean, but I never take a man's sermon as a criterion of himself. Not that I am depreciating Theodore. He is very well in his way. But I always think it best to accept pulpit utterances with the precautionary grain of salt, don't you know."

I looked at her wistfully, only half-aware myself how much her light words weighed with me.

I remember yet how she looked, faultlessly dressed in a well-fitting gown of purple cloth trimmed with chinchilla. Perhaps after all daily contact with a man better than oneself did not make the impression I had imagined.

(*To be concluded.*)

SOAP.

Soap being an article of universal necessity, it may be useful to learn something about its composition, and it is pleasant to know at the outset that most of the toilet soaps made by English firms are the very best that are made anywhere. The French come next, but the Germans use cocoa-nut oil largely as a basis of their soaps, and this is found to be not only wasteful, but in many cases injurious to the skin. Till comparatively lately, soap in this country was always made from the best tallow, melted, purified, and scented, but now transparent soaps are made with glycerine and alcohol.

The necessity for frequent ablutions of the person and the washing of clothes was, and is, obligatory as a religious duty on the Jews and Mahomedans, and was strictly enforced in the case of both priests and worshippers at the Temple, and this could hardly have been effectual without some sort of soap. We know that scented saponaceous clay was used by the Greeks and Persians. Nevertheless, we incline to the idea that manufacture of olive oil soap was an ancient Jewish art.

The Castile soap with which we were familiar in our early days, was probably an art carried to Spain by the Jews after they were exiled from the Holy Land, and it was primarily an olive oil soap.

Soap made with olive oil must be more wholesome for the skin than that made from any kind of fat, but even this is now being adulterated with cocoa-nut oil, which gives it substance and a nice smooth appearance but it is deleterious to the skin. A simple olive oil soap has been made for many centuries in Palestine from the pure oil extracted from the olive berries and mixed with "alkali," or as the word in Arabic expresses it "the kali." The process of manufacture has been rough and simple, but it has been carried on to a considerable extent, and the soap was, and is still, exported to various ports of the Levant. It is not till within the last few years that Europeans in the country have taken up the idea and have produced a soap more suited to our ideas of a toilet soap.

Unfortunately however, some Europeans have added cocoa-nut oil, which, while improving the appearance of the soap, is detrimental to its curative properties. Other olive oil soap is made in some places on the Continent, but this is often made from the refuse of olives after salad oil has been extracted, and it has a rank and disagreeable smell.

It is not easy either to colour or scent olive oil soap, as it is not neutral like fat in taking scent or colour. But the smell of the oil if properly treated is very slight and does not remain on the skin, while its curative and emollient properties are so remarkable that medical men very highly recommend it, and those who once use it seldom, if ever, return to the fatted soaps which are by no means always wholesome, and indeed, unless purchased from eminent firms, may be looked upon with considerable suspicion as actually in some cases causing skin disease. Highly coloured and highly scented soaps should be avoided, and even of the best soaps, very little should ever be used for the face, and, where anyone is sensitive to chills, care should be taken to rinse it well off any part of the body so as to prevent any choking of the pores.

ON MAKING MISTAKES.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

"THE man who never makes a mistake never makes anything," it has been said, by no less an authority than the infallible *Times*. If this be the case we may safely assume that "our girls," who make many things most successfully, make a few mistakes also. "No doubt," some of them will reply, "and if they are inevitable, why trouble yourself to preach about them?" Possibly, however, mistakes are sometimes made that might quite well be avoided, and there are girls who would gladly avail themselves of the experience, which cannot in the nature of things belong to one—

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

To readers of this class we address ourselves. Conversation, friendships, expenditure, manners and self-culture are perhaps the grounds on which well-meaning girls are most often tripped up. In talking, for instance, if one is too cautious one is voted morose and dull company; if one rattles on about nothing one easily degenerates into that worst of bores—a chatterbox. Some girls have always something smart but "nasty" to say of absent acquaintances, or they let out secrets—in confidence of course—and find they are listened to with interest and amusement. All the same, their hearers, if they have a grain of sense—and most people have a grain at least—are saying to themselves, "This girl is dangerous; I wonder what she will say about me and mine when I am not present. I must take care not to let her find out about my Ella's disappointment, and I hope she won't hear of poor Ted's failure at Oxford."

Another pitfall, and a very common one, is to talk about oneself and one's own concerns. It cannot be too strongly impressed on *debutantes* that people, as a rule, are less interested in others than in themselves. A certain amount of good-natured sympathy is given to a youthful wife or mother when she relates her domestic or nursery experiences, but the history of a young girl's adventures, her walks, her rides, her shopping, her compliments, and worst of all, her *opinions*, interest no one but her mother, her lover, or her dearest confidential friend. A young girl's opinions are practically worth nothing except to herself, and yet oddly enough the nineteenth-century maiden seems to feel it a positive duty to air them as frequently as possible.

One appreciates the difficulty of finding anything new to say in confined circles where parish gossip, dress and servants seem the only subjects in which the company are concerned, or of which they know anything. But "things are not what they seem," and most persons have a hobby of some description. A is devoted to flowers and gardening, and possibly also botany; B cares for music, vocal and instrumental; C is literary, and perhaps writes; D has lived much abroad and met many distinguished characters, and so on. A girl who wishes to please should try to know a little of everything. She should read the papers, and such of the leading periodicals as she can get, and think as she reads, "This would interest A; B would like to go to that concert; I must ask C if she has seen that brilliant review; D could tell me whether this sketch of the Kremlin is like it, she would know if this story of the Kaiser is likely to be true."

Girls should remember the titles of books they read, learn any new games or fancy-work that they come across, not in order to hurl their recently-acquired information at the head of their acquaintances, but that they may understand allusions, answer questions, and keep abreast of the society of the day.

There are three common mistakes fatal to popularity as a companion; one is to interrupt another person before he has finished speaking, however inane, stale, and foolish he may be, let him come to the end of his remarks. Another is to ask questions as to your friends' personal concerns, where they are going, what they spend, why they have changed their tactics in any special case. The more truthful your friends are the more they will hate being put through a catechism of this sort. Lastly, avoid talking of "nasty" subjects, physical or moral.

Even if people have coarse tastes themselves they rarely admire them in young ladies. Keep the unpleasant details of your friends' or your own complaints for your doctors; don't dwell on the horrors of a rough passage during dinner, still less discuss women of doubtful reputation, or details of society scandals which unhappily sometimes become known in these days of publicity, even to young and innocent girls. If others introduce questionable topics let them fall flat as far as you are concerned; right-minded people, especially men, will think all the better of you for it.

Much more might be said about conversation, but we must not give all our space to it; for quite as many mistakes are made in forming and breaking off friendships. In this matter, above all things *point de zêle!* Don't be in too great a hurry to make a friend, or too easily cast her off. Some persons have a natural liking for being the first in their circle, their friends are all a little inferior to themselves, in education, in ability, or in social position. In consequence there is an element of unconscious flattery and hero-worship in their affection, which, however acceptable to its object, entails great risk for the girl who accepts it. She lives in an atmosphere of conscious and real superiority to her companions, which tends to foster self-confidence, conceit, and impatience of opposition or control. If she is a person of sense herself, it makes her uneasy and self-conscious, when, mixing with her equals or her "betters," she misses the accustomed incense. If on the other hand her head is turned, she fails to recognise her proper place, makes herself ridiculous or disagreeable, and is soon ostracised by nice people, and left to deteriorate in the sphere to which she has voluntarily descended.

There are dangers too in choosing our friends from our superiors. Differences of rank, of age, and even of intellectual position, are certainly hindrances to close and intimate intercourse. Each friend has her own circle, her own relations, her own duties, and pursuits, and if these are so far asunder that they scarcely touch one another at any point, there can be no doubt that the tendency of events is towards separation. The pair insensibly, unwillingly perhaps, drift apart. Great allowances have to be made on both sides if the friendship be maintained; the inferior must guard against suspicion, readiness to take offence, touchy pride, and expecting too much. The superior has to guard against seeming indifferent or forgetful when she is not really so. She must be prepared to condone offences springing from ignorance, immature judgment, or the influence of objectionable surroundings.

Perhaps on the whole most happiness is found in the friendship of equals, but even when circumstances seem most propitious, be slow to commit yourself. If you have a hasty temper, beware of the like in your would-be friend. Flint and steel naturally produce a spark, and sparks lead to conflagrations. Don't be too sure that gentleness, courtesy and apparent consideration are the outcome of a really sweet disposition, sometimes they are only the veneer of good breeding, and cover the grossest selfishness, and most complete indifference to other people's comfort, happiness, or well-being. Such persons are often charming acquaintances, but miserable apologies for friends. Finally, do not be in a hurry to break away from an established friendship, whatever provocation you may think you have received. Coleridge beautifully describes the wretchedness which succeeds a breach between real friends.

"To be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Nothing really

"Can ever do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been."

A succession of acquaintances may be enough to satisfy while we are young, but middle and old age demand something better, and as a rule demand in vain, unless youth has provided the friends which in later years we have learned properly to appreciate.

Possibly matters of money have something to do with the rupture of friendly ties on many occasions, and this brings us to our third subject, the management of the privy purse. Mistakes are to be expected when first a girl has an allowance. Hats are often permitted to encroach on boots, silks on calico, and chiffon on flannel, simply from ignorance of prices, and the length of time garments may be expected to last. If a girl makes and adheres to three resolutions, experience will soon enable her to regulate minor difficulties. 1. Cut your coat according to your cloth. 2. Never run into debt. 3. Always buy necessaries first. Do not spend—unless your income is a lavish one—on the spur of the moment, and aim at always having a balance in hand. Whether you should try to save or not depends entirely on your circumstances. If your income is assured you for life and sufficient, saving is unnecessary; you had better give your surplus away; the cause of God, the poor, and relations in needy circumstance, all claim the utmost we can do for them. If, on the contrary, you know you will be sooner or later left dependent on your own exertions for support, you will be wise to do what little you can to provide for the evil day when vigour of mind and body fail. It is right to pray "give us this day our daily bread," and to trust the God who cares for the sparrows to care for us. But if work without prayer is presumption, prayer without work is fanaticism. We have no right to throw away the opportunities God gives for providing for ourselves, and then expect Him to support us. We shall probably reap as we have sown. Extravagant in youth we shall be destitute in old age. Remember, however, that God expects and requires from us a certain proportion of our income, however small it may be, and those who refuse to sacrifice anything in His service, and view charity in the light of a luxury, not a necessary, when disposing of their income, will be sure to suffer for their parsimony sooner or later.

I should not wonder if some of my readers said, "Self-culture depends a good deal on expenditure. If we are to buy necessaries first, give away, and save, how can we possibly have anything left for buying books, visiting picture-galleries, or enjoying concerts?" In many cases this is perfectly true. But good books are very cheap in these days. Several friends might unite in a subscription to

Mudie's Library at comparatively small expense. Many exhibitions of pictures, including the greatest masterpieces in the country, are free, and even good music is more easily attainable to the impecunious than in former times.

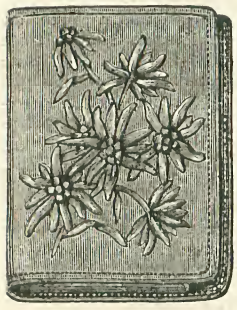
Girls who leave school too often let go at once what they have spent years in laboriously acquiring. I have heard of the head girl in needlework at a good school, whose work was the admiration of the strictest Inspector, being almost useless to her mistress when she went to service a few years later because she could not mend or make the children's clothes. Belgravian damsels are no better than plebeians in this matter. How often the rush and glitter of fashionable life are allowed to drive everything like intellectual occupation from the mind and life of the emancipated schoolgirl. In the middle classes lawn-tennis, dressmaking, exchanging calls, and, too often, we fear, mere gossip, prevent anything like regular study or even serious thought. The mind, like the time, is frittered away in a series of petty engagements, good, perhaps, in their place, but not good when permitted to absorb the whole life of a young creature who ought to be growing wiser, better, and every way higher each year.

The improvement of the mind, however, is only a part of self-culture. The character is of even more importance, and to those around us character displays itself in manners and behaviour. In well-to-do families daughters are often petted and indulged, especially by their fathers, and little is expected of them but to look nice, be obliging and good-tempered. They have not much to do beyond amusing themselves. Visitors pay them great attention, and if pretty, or clever and taking, they are apt to become persons of consideration in their home and circle. This is injurious in its effect on some minds. The girls forget that they owe their position largely to circumstances, grow selfish and exacting, vain and frivolous, or else, perhaps, pettish and discontented, always sighing for pleasures or intellectual advantages beyond their reach, or wider scope for the talents they consider they possess. Girls who snub their mothers, contradict their fathers, quarrel with their brothers and assume airs of superiority over their friends are making daily and hourly mistakes, which, unless speedily corrected, will affect injuriously all their future life.

Carelessness about little things, so-called, is one of the greatest mistakes of the young. One girl will strew the house with her personal belongings. Her half-knitted stocking adorns one drawing-room table, her German exercise book another, with a paper-weight inside to keep the place; her umbrella remains for hours on the landing outside the drawing-room door; old envelopes with the notes inside, screws of paper containing ribbon or other little purchases, odd gloves, veils, reels of cotton, pairs of scissors and the like are scattered about every sitting-room she uses. Another is always late for her appointments, breakfast, lunch and dinner, club or committee. A third is so inattentive and inaccurate that she never gives a message correctly, or can be trusted for an account of the simplest matters of fact. It is not surprising that men whose sisters are of this type entertain something very like contempt for the fair sex, as pleasant playthings when in a good temper, but rather in the way than otherwise in the serious business of life. On the other hand, men whose sisters are sensible, practical, gentle, neat and punctual are not only better brothers in consequence, but make more considerate husbands when they marry.

Once more, let our girls beware of making the greatest and commonest mistake of all, that of being so engrossed in "things temporal" that they forget "things eternal." Not only youth, but life, even if extended to fourscore years, passes swiftly away, and sad indeed will it be when the call comes to journey to the "bourne from which no traveller returns" if no preparation has been made for departure, no refuge secured for the endless ages of eternity.

A MISSIONARY ALBUM.



Many people possess a quantity of old missionary magazines, full of interesting pictures of foreign scenes and people, which can hardly be retained indefinitely as they are; yet it seems a pity to throw them away. Such odd numbers can be utilised in an excellent fashion by cutting out the pictures and by making with them a missionary album. This will be found of great use either to lend to invalids, to suggest subjects for conversation at working parties, or to aid in teaching classes of young people. I know of one instance in which the making of one missionary album started quite a fresh interest in mission work, and put new life into various classes, stirring up young folks to read and learn about the people and scenes which had attracted their attention in the book. The album can be made of any size that is preferred; twelve inches by nine is rather a convenient shape, which will take in the largest sized pictures usually found in magazines.

The only requisite is good strong gum, which should be lightly applied to the outer edges of the pictures (after they are neatly cut and trimmed); they should then be placed on the pages very evenly and pressed down.

Some thought should be given to the arrangement of the book so as to make it illustrative and educational. The first page may have its title neatly illuminated either in pen and ink or colour. Then if we begin with the Palestine Mission, all the pictures relating to the Holy Land may be inserted. Sketches of the country, and mission houses, portraits of the workers, a picture of a camel, a water-carrier, a locust, anything bearing upon eastern life, will tend to enrich the book. Someone hearing of the work may have a water-colour sketch, or photographs which he will kindly bestow upon our album, and thus the pages be gradually filled. The book will become in time a valuable record of the work going on throughout the world, if we take each country by turns and devote so many pages to illustrate its special features. Even if we have but very few pictures to begin with, there will be found, I think, all the more pleasure in waiting and watching for treasure-trove wherewith to adorn our album.

Teachers often sigh over the lack of interest their scholars show in mission work. Now I do not think it is at all difficult to create this interest if we set about teaching our classes in the right way. The instruction given must be made interesting and pictorial, and this demands not only some imaginative power, but also careful preparation on the part of the teacher; if possible some objects to show the children should also be forthcoming. Perhaps an example will illustrate my meaning.

We will suppose that the subject of the lesson is to be Uganda, in British East Africa. Either a large map of the country must be held up before the children, or the teacher should sketch on a blackboard the geographical outlines required. The great Victoria Nyanza lake, and the Sese, and other islands in it, the smaller Albert Nyanza lake fed by the River Nile; Toro on the extreme west, not so far from the great dark forest in which Stanley and his party wandered so many months persecuted by the strange dwarf natives with their tormenting little spears and arrows; Mengo the capital, and all the other chief places of interest should be roughly sketched, or pointed out on the map. A picture of a native may be shown whilst a description is given of the dress, ornaments, colour of the skin, native weapons, etc. The difference between the neat white clothing of the converts, and the rough wild-looking natives will mark the change from heathenism to Christianity. If the teacher has well studied her subject, she should be able to give a word-picture of the interior of one of the Uganda churches at the Sunday morning service. As many as a thousand native Christians may be seen devoutly following the service in their own language, singing the hymns and responding with a heartiness that would put many an English congregation to shame. After listening to the sermon with rapt attention, many of the hearers rise and come forward to deposit in the central aisle their weekly offering for the maintenance of the church. They are but very poor and have no money, so they show their love to God by giving of the things of their daily life. Baskets of shells, bark cloths, beautifully prepared from a kind of fig-tree (the bark being torn off, beaten with mallets and sewn together with plantain fibre), mats, fowls, ivory, bunches of plantains or sweet potatoes. The pile grows to a great size, and when the last gift is deposited a prayer of dedication is offered; the benediction given, and the service is ended.

This kind of pictorial teaching is sure to interest children and a wise teacher can instil many a lesson of sympathy and love into the young hearts that can henceforth picture in some degree the kind of life lived in far-away Africa. Each week some fresh place in the mission field may be chosen and illustrated in the same way, and if articles from foreign countries can be shown and explained there will be no difficulty in holding the attention of the children, for they love to see something real that they can handle and examine for themselves. The missionary album will often be in request, as its pictures will throw light upon various points under discussion.

If the class is in connection with a working party, then part of the proceeds of the work sold may be set apart for the maintenance of a little child in a foreign mission field. I have known this idea carried out with excellent effect, the children becoming keenly interested in their little Indian sister, eagerly listening to any information about her daily life, and sometimes writing simple child-like letters to her.

A child's maintenance in South India costs about three pounds a year, in other places it may be a little less or more. If it is possible to set apart ten pounds a year, then a cot in an Indian hospital may be endowed, and the young English workers will have the happiness of knowing that their efforts are the means of alleviating the distresses and perhaps even saving the lives of many little sufferers in far-away lands.

Eliza Brightwen.

PICKLES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—Wash your mushrooms in salt and water. Put them into a stew-pan with a handful of salt but no water. Stew them for two hours on a slow fire. Drain off the liquor and put them down with as much vinegar as will cover them. Then give them a dozen boils and draw off that. Take fresh vinegar, add mace, cloves, white pepper and ginger, and give them a boil. Put them in bottles and when cold cork them closely.

Shalot Catsup.—To a quart of shalots, put one quart of water, and a handful of basalt. Boil it over a slow fire till reduced to half again. Season it with half an ounce of mace and long pepper, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and allspice. Bottle and seal it.

Mushroom Catsup.—Break your mushrooms into a crock and put basalt on them. Let them lie for three days, then squeeze them and let them settle until the next day. Strain them through a hair sieve and let them boil to half with two ounces of white pepper, allspice and chili pepper, and half an ounce of cloves and mace.

Pickled Onions.—Choose the smallest onions, and pour boiling water upon them, and let them remain in it for twelve hours. Then peel and pare them with a silver knife until they are perfectly white. Then fill your glasses and cover them with white wine vinegar, which should previously be spiced with white spices.

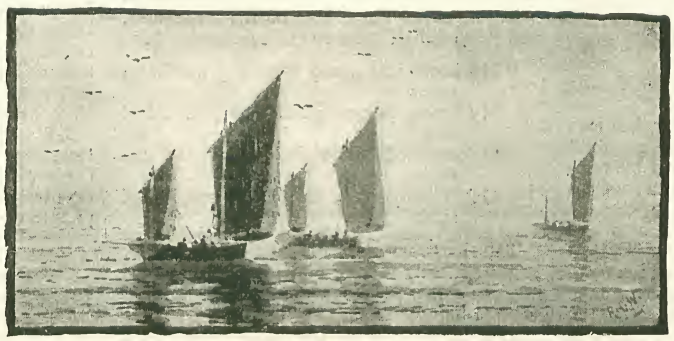
Walnut Catsup.—Pound three hundred walnuts in a large mortar and lay them in a crock with layers of basalt for three or four days. Then squeeze them in a hair cloth bag. To every three quarts of juice add one quart of vinegar, a bottle of anchovies, and three cloves of garlick. Give it several boils on a slow fire, and add to it three-quarters of an ounce of mace, red pepper, and allspice. Give it then one gentle boil and put it into bottles which are perfectly dry.

Pickle for Red Cabbage.—Choose the cabbage fresh and of a deep purple colour. Slice it with a silver knife, and cover it with white wine vinegar, to which salt, cayenne, mustard seed, and whole allspice have been previously added.

Indian Pickles.—To two quarts of best white wine vinegar, put two ounces of garlic, two ounces of sliced and salted ginger, two ounces of long Jamaica pepper, two ounces of white mustard seed bruised, some pieces of horseradish all well salted, and let it remain three days, and three more drying in the sun or before the fire. When sufficiently dry throw them into the vinegar, which is not to be boiled. The pickles must be salted and dried in the same manner, and then thrown into the vinegar. Cauliflowers and carrots should get a slight scald. You may put cabbage, French beans, gherkins, Indian cresses, lemons, small onions, small apples, or anything into this pickle after preparing them with salt as directed above. As the vinegar wastes, renew it. This pickle will keep three years. A little cayenne pepper is a good addition to them. Use a bone or a wooden spoon to take them up.

To Pickle Gherkins.—Put them into a narrow topped pitcher with as much white wine vinegar as will cover them, boiling hot. Set them by the fire for three or four days, boiling them once a day, and keeping them closely covered until they are of a fine green. Take a head of garlic, one ounce of white mustard seed, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of sliced ginger, a good handful of salt. Add this much spice to three quarts of fresh vinegar and boil it for five minutes, and pour it hot upon the gherkins, having previously drained the first vinegar off. Tie them down with leather.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Put one hundred walnuts to steep in salt and water for a fortnight, change the water and let them lie another fortnight. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them with one ounce of cloves, four ounces of long pepper, two ounces of ginger, and pour it on them boiling hot. Keep them in a glazed crock. They will not be fit for use in less than three months.



KEATS: THE TRUE GRECIAN.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

KEATS, the Adonais of young poets, well deserves to be the study of the young.

He died young, and his "In Memoriam" was sung by Shelley in strains which carried his subject eye to that pure heaven, which he could scarcely have conceived, had there not been some awakening of spiritual apprehension in himself.

A melancholy interest attaches to lives of rare promise nipped in the bud. Moreover, Keats was in a large measure self-educated and had the embarrassments of delicate health, poverty, opposition and scorn all to contend with. Yet, in the brief spring, which was his only season, he unfolded so much of what was in him, that the violets on his Rome grave are a fitting emblem of the exquisite fragrance which lingers round a name, now enshrined with the names of the immortals.

This year was the centenary of his birth, which took place at Moorfields.

He was sent for the completion of his education to a private school, where the only classical instruction he had was in Latin. His education was good as far as it went.

It is interesting to note that his tutor was the father of Professor Cowden-Clarke, who wrote on Shakespeare.

But if Keats was denied the privilege of learning Greek, he had Greek qualities of mind and heart which were of more value to him than grammar and the lore of Attic words. A fine sense of proportion, of the fitness of things, an eye for form, an instinct that drew him from childhood into the currents of the Greek atmosphere which traverse our English, rendered him the most Greek of all our poets, unless we except Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and she perhaps had been much less Greek if she had been left to form her mind according to her own ideas, and had missed the Hellenic culture which she received first from her father and later from Hugh Stuart Boyd.

This kind of scholarship was finely substituted for Keats by his own processes of natural selection. Between the age of fifteen and nineteen he read Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, also Homer in English.

In one of his finest sonnets he has preserved to us the powerful impressions made upon his mind when he first read Chapman's Homer. His joy was like that of the astronomer who sees an unknown planet come into view.

Spenser's wealth of exquisite metaphor excited the wonder and admiration of the youth, whose brain was already teeming with imagery. He formed his style in a large measure from Spenser; he made him his teacher, and did not altogether escape the dangers of imitation, since he sometimes produced by art that profusion, which from the pen of the Elizabethan poet, came out of the tropical luxuriance of his nature.

Nor was he quite clear of some of the defects of Shelley's style, *i.e.*, letting one image or idea lead into another, until the thought with which he started was weakened.

Like most young poets Keats had an outer and an inner life, which worked contrary one to the other, and could not be brought into unison. While a mere boy, his father articled him to a surgeon, and he was sent to walk the hospitals, taken into the dissecting-room and the operation-theatre.

To his quivering sensibilities this was an ordeal which did not lose its pain with use, so that he could only bring an unwilling spirit into a profession to which he seemed doomed.

He was only seventeen when he published his first volume of poems. It was a little book, but it made him known to men whose appreciation of its quality was an incentive to him. Among his friends and admirers were Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Severn the sculptor. All of these had an ardent desire to be of service to him. A strong friendship was formed between Severn and Keats. But Keats' sensitiveness rendered him morbidly shy and distrustful of men who were his social superiors. He never responded with any degree of frankness to Shelley's advances, always suspecting patronage and friendliness on unequal terms. We may wonder at this since Shelley, though the son of a baronet, was a burning Socialist, renounced his chances of a title and never evinced any aristocratic sympathies.

The incidents of Keats' uneventful life are best learned from his letters, which show him on another side than is revealed by his poetry. Some of them are racy and show how much mirth and humour there was in him. On those rare occasions when he rose to the high-water mark of enjoyment—as he did when with congenial companions—he found himself among the mountains of Wales.

But his life was one of thought and feeling rather than of action.

He loved deeply and truly; but his love poems are not intense and passionate, as might have been considering his youth and his temperament; also much of the poetry of his time—Byron's for instance.

Keats' genius lay more in the refined and spiritual perception of beauty.

The luxuriance of his style at times runs into sensuousness; but he is never coarse, and he reserves his tragic powers to describe the sufferings of the gods rather than of men and women.

His last effort, "Hyperion"—a fragment—is the most powerful. It may be taken as a specimen not only of classic poetry, but of the poetry of science, which converts the old myths into pictures of the forces of nature at rest, and in their upheaval, and in the giving place of one power to another.

The expression and the attitudes of agonised Titans are reminiscent of his own observations of pain as a medical student.

His treatment of classical mythology, both in the "Endymion" and "Hyperion," was original and gave reality to the ideals of Pagan deities. He endowed them not only with force but feeling, and with aspirations and affections like those of mortals refined and sublimated.

It is in the classical domain that he is at his best, because its severity restrains an extravagance of ornament, which runs wild in "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other of his poems. It is a fault that time must have corrected had he not so early been called into eternity.

Like all true poets, he had a keen and loving appreciation of the beauties of nature. He was glad to escape from Moorfields to the country when the passion for creating was upon him.

He wrote "Endymion" in the Isle of Wight, and published it the year after his juvenile poems appeared.

The auspices were far from propitious, since he had made the mistake of a dedication to Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt was regarded as a Radical, and party feeling ran so high that the very fact of his patronage exposed the young poet to ill-treatment from Tory reviewers.

In those days political bias had a freer rein given to it than it has now.

"Endymion" was cruelly handled by Jeffrey in the *Quarterly Review*. Jeffrey was one of the literary autocrats of the day, and his satire crushed the young poet.

Once he had believed that his poetry would live; now he exclaimed bitterly that "his name was writ in water." Hæmorrhage and death soon followed upon that cruel laceration of his feelings. The pathos of the end turned the tide of feeling, and great was the resentment against the author of the article which had so affected him.

Jeffrey must have endured very keen remorse, for naturally he would believe what so many voices said, that his scorn was the cause of the poor lad's death.

A kind of laughter that has tears in it found expression in a parody of "The Death of Cock Robin."

"Who killed poor Keats?
I said the *Quarterly*,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed poor Keats."

It is more likely, however, that unkind criticism simply hastened an event which was at no very great distance.

Keats' weakness was so extreme that in one of his odes he complains of an oppression, which only such as are similarly affected will understand. In his "Ode to the Nightingale" he envies the ecstasy of the little bird, and "grows half in love with easeful death."

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains.
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk."

The languors of a consumptive physique had frequently visited him during his young life, and the insidious disease had already marked him for its prey.

The large veins in his hands spoke to a perilous excess of sensibility, and he had been much weakened by long and devoted attention to a dying brother.

It was to recruit his energies that he ventured on a visit to Rome. Shelley, hearing that he was on the way was on the look-out for him.

He wanted to receive him into his own home; his heart was full of generous appreciation, sympathy and help. He promised himself the pleasure of teaching Greek to the young poet, who had all of Greek but the tongue.

Keats, however, declined his proffered kindness, and not very graciously. No doubt the languor of decline was gaining upon him, and he preferred to suffer alone; though if he must die, Shelley would fain have taken him into his own inn and given him a dying bed.

February 24th, 1821, the end came, one of the most touching episodes in the history of literature.

Shelley, who knew so well the anguish of being disesteemed, and whose admiration of Keats had not been warmly reciprocated, paid the most generous tribute to his memory one poet could pay to another. Most appropriately he entitled this elegy Adonais.

In it he bids farewell to the old Greek beauty, and argues that the old life lives on in the Amma Mundi; but unable to resist the hope of a new and conscious life, he says:

"Peace! peace! he doth not sleep!"

To the reviewer, whose scathing article was in every one's thoughts:

"Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now."

For in imagination he saw him promoted to

"One of the thrones of unfulfilled renown."

Only three years Keats' senior, it was not long before Shelley followed him into that Silent Land, whose secrets we can never guess. It is touching to remember that a little volume of Keats' poems was in his hand when he was surprised by wreck and death.

Whatever admiration we may feel for the genius of these poets, there is a want in them, which is richly supplied to us in the poets of our own day.

God and man's destiny as revealed to us in Holy Scriptures are the worthiest themes of the poet's song.

Beside Tennyson, Browning, Bryant, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow, Keats is a beautiful Pagan.

The muse of Milton was classic-Christian; but that of Keats is classic-Pagan. What he was in the secret of his heart we cannot tell.

Faith in God and the Unseen might be hid amongst the beauty which, not finding expansion here, needed only the light of Eternity to bring it into glorious evidence.

If it be so his reserve on the questions that most deeply affect us is still a thing to regret; for it is the glory of a Christain to be a confessor of the truth, as far as he apprehends it. Infinitely beyond the merit of such confession is our Lord's promise that if we are not ashamed of Him, He will not be ashamed of us, but will acknowledge us before His Father and the Holy Angels.

As a specimen of Keats' method in his treatment of the gods and of the fine melancholy which he can weave around ideal conceptions of primeval existence, we subjoin his picture of Saturn dethroned.

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.
Still as the silence round about his lair,
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade. The Naiad mid her reeds,
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

"Along the margin sand large foot-marks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since, upon the sodden ground.
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed,
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TOY-MAKING.—*I hear that a toy-making industry has been established in Dorset and Wiltshire, by which the peasantry are able to earn as much as thirty shillings a week. If this industry can be so profitably conducted by labourers, might it not be adapted to the nimble fingers of some of those ladies who are suffering bitterly in unemployed poverty? I should much like to know more about the work.*—ANNIE.

We are pleased to answer your purposeful question, for it enables us to call attention to an industry which deserves to be widely known and emulated. The movement, we believe, was originated by Mr. Albert Bankes, who, struck by the fact that the United Kingdom receives toys from abroad to the value of a million pounds sterling, was not content to bemoan this state of things, but set to work to remedy it. He encouraged handy working men to try to copy German toys, and it was not long before an intelligent gardener proceeded from imitation to initiation, by making toys from his own designs out of cigar boxes and pieces of light wood which could be had for nothing. The work thus begun has rapidly grown. The wooden toys comprise Noah's Arks, doll's house furniture, and possibly also some of those miniature reproductions of kitchens, laundries, shops, etc., in which the Germans display so much ingenuity. The tools required are only a sharp knife, fine tool.-saw, chisel, gouge, bradawl, rough and fine files, and iron wire for boring holes in wooden toys. We certainly see no reason why girls who are often pursuing the art of wood-carving with very small pecuniary result should not try this kind of work. In the meantime women and girls are already employed in making rag toys (such as dolls and animals), and in doll-dressing, ball-covering and book-binding. Models of rag dolls may be purchased from Mrs. Ewen, Grove Hotel, Swanage, Dorset, with hints for making and dressing them. The work has been actively promoted by the Salisbury Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Association, and especially by Mr. Rathmell G. Wilson, Cotswold, Salisbury. It offers, we are told, and we readily believe, "a strong counter-attraction to the public-house," and provides occupation and an incentive to many an unemployed man who, without it, might drift into intemperance. It would be rash, however, to encourage girls or anyone else to assume that a fortune is to be earned by toy-making. In Germany, where the industry is pursued by women and children in their homes, there is much complaint of the starvation pay which is carned by long hours of application. The work is probably successful for the moment in the Southern counties, because it is being pursued by craftsmen possessed of cleverness and inventiveness. But so soon as the many undertake the business and do it mechanically, prices will be brought down by the multiplication of toys of a few patterns.

Many of our correspondents consult us about their own reading and self-education. We commend to those who are leisurely the following extract from a letter written by the Master of Balliol, Benjamin Jowett, to Lady Abercromby.

"It pleases me to see that you have such strong interests both in literature and art. I believe that anybody may infinitely improve themselves (*sic*) by reading attentively the work of great writers; and I sometimes wonder that ladies who have often so much leisure do not become students. They might begin by reading the best works and the best poems in different languages, and I do not object, if they have a liking for it, to their having a taste for philosophy. Then there is another kind of study, the study of the world and human nature, which is quite endless, if a person only knows how to observe and has the opportunity of doing so."

DORA *has asked us the authorship of the following passage.*—"I expect to pass through this world but once; if therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it now, and not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Although we had twice met with the paragraph, we were unable to trace it to its source. We observed it quoted in an evening paper, the other day, as attributed to D. L. Moody, and felt sceptical. FLORENCE M. COOPER now informs us that it was a saying of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Although we have not been able, as yet, to light on the exact passage in his works, it is so much in harmony with their general tenor that we gladly accept her information and commend it to Dora.

D. A. S. says—"*I should be so glad if you could tell me something about 'Jubilee' if it would not be troubling you too much. I am afraid we might have a question about it (in a forthcoming examination) as it is Jubilee year.*"

The word jubilee is from "jobil," a Hebrew word signifying a ram's horn. The fiftieth year among the Jews was a year of jubilee, when all land that had passed out of the possession of its original owners was restored to them, and all who had been compelled to hire themselves out as bondsmen, were released. As it was a year of great rejoicing, it was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets, of ram's horns: hence is derived the word itself. "Jubilee" has accordingly come to signify any fiftieth anniversary; also, by an extension of the idea, any anniversary marked by signal rejoicings. Hence the Protestant Jubilee celebrated in Germany in 1617, the centenary of the Reformation. There was a Jubilee to commemorate the beginning of the fiftieth year of the reign of George III., October 25, 1809; one to celebrate the close of the Revolutionary War, August 1st, 1814; and one in 1887 to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. D. A. S. will read about the "year of jubilee" in Leviticus xxv. and xxvii.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

We have to thank the Rev. Henry Hollingworth, East Molesey Vicarage, for kindly informing us that "O leave me to my sorrow" is a ballad by Thomas H. Bayley, sung in the early decades of this century to music by Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Can any reader tell "Tess" the source of the following quotation?

"Earth's greatest joys with tears and pains are mingled,
Life's bitterest sorrows are with heaven linked."

MRS. RUSSELL MCLAREN sends us the following improved version, which she says is the correct one, of the paragraph quoted on page 615.

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him."

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is good—teach him."

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep—awake him."

"He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise—follow him."

Will any reader inform "Tony Whiskey Tibbins" where he can find the verses that begin as follows:—

(1) "Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back *again?*"
and *Lady Nairne.*

(2) "Ah! leave me not, dear heart, so soon,
To lonely thoughts and weary sighs,
The night is young; the silvery moon,
Hath scarce yet climbed the Southern skies.
Tell me again Love's rosary,
Of sweet words low and soft,
A thousand times it could not be
By thy lips told too oft."

"BROWNING, HAVERGAL, or ANOTHER?"—Our query as to the authorship of "Unanswered Yet" has proved unusually interesting. We have to thank Misses E. Cubitt, M. A. Martin and L. Aline Donisthorpe for the information that the verses are by Robert Browning. While feeling sure that they had good authority for the statement, we could not believe that he was the author. We have now lighted on the poem itself, published in a miscellaneous collection of verse under Browning's name, also on the following letter in an old number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* from Mr. Robert Browning's son. It is addressed to Mr. Ralph Darlington, Llangollen (author of the "Vale of Llangollen"), and is apropos of "Unanswered Yet."

London, W., May 6th, 1890.

"DEAR SIR,—The poem in question is not by my father. It may interest you to hear that only last November he received a letter from a stranger thanking him, curiously enough, for having written this particular poem. He wrote and explained that it was a mistake. I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, "R. BARRETT BROWNING."

We subjoin the poem. Who shall solve the mystery of its authorship?

"*Unanswered yet?* the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known,
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, 'It shall be done' sometime, somewhere!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

L. C.—The poem you enclose is pathetic. You should read all the good poetry you can and note errors in form; *e.g.*, there is a syllable too much in

"The cruel waves lapped our feet in play,"

and "on" and "one" are imperfect rhymes. It was a pleasure to reply to you before, as it is a pleasure to read your letter.

TESS.—1. The first verse of your friend's poem is good. In the second the lines become irregular, *e.g.*, "Sweet melancholy by poets sung of old," and the metre abruptly changes towards the end of the stanza. We do not agree that melancholy is

"By God in mercy ofttimes sent
To light us in our discontent,
A breath from Heaven"—

Rather it may be compared to the autumn mists, born of earth and river, with which the poem begins.—2. We have put your quotation in "Our Open Letter Box," and hope you will receive information.

ALEXANDRIA.—1. A girl attending the Burleigh Road Board School, Kentish Town, is certainly eligible for the Junior County Scholarship Examination.—2. She should be under thirteen. The subjects are those ordinarily taught in public elementary schools, including the "class subjects," such as grammar, history, and geography, and the various sciences and languages which are taught as specific subjects. Apply for any further information—Secretary, Technical Education Board, St. Martin's Place, London, W.C. We are much interested in your letter from Egypt. No doubt you observed in our article that there are also Intermediate and Senior County Scholarships for older students.

ADA.—You are by no means taking a liberty in writing to us. We are always glad to help one of "our girls." If you have two or three hours every day to spare for reading you will soon improve. Could you not join the National Home-Reading Union, which suggests books for home-study? The office is at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., and if you write to the Secretary she will send you full particulars. As you have passed the sixth standard we think it is rather out of place for us to recommend you easy text books. Have you ever read a small book (cash price 1s. 1½d.) entitled *What Shall I Read?* by Lily Watson, published at 56, Old Bailey?

"AN ARDENT LOVER OF POETRY."—1. Your lines contain very sweet thoughts, but in writing blank verse you must keep the metre; *e.g.*, you can surely hear that these lines are incorrect—

"Draw forth sweet music. Attuned divinely"
"Blasphemer, murderer, drunkard, all"

2. Your friend must send her story to the editor of any magazine for which it appears to her suitable, and enclose stamps in case of its return. We cannot advise her further than this.

DOREEN.—Your verses are pretty, but there is a mistake in the rhyming of the first—"dim" does not rhyme to "sing." You should read good poetry; and we should also counsel you to choose by preference bright and healthy subjects. Young writers of verse are, as a rule, too fond of poems on death and bereavement and the sad side of life.

HATTIE.—We advise you by all means to try a Correspondence Club. If you look through this column in a few of our back numbers you will see several mentioned, and can select one that seems suitable to your needs. There is also the National Home-Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., which would help you.

JOSÉPHINE.—We never answer letters by post, but your offer was duly sent on for insertion in our columns. Owing to the number of letters we receive, and the need for going early to press (long before you receive your magazine), you can never look for an immediate reply.

STUDENT.—If you are studying singing at one of the great music schools you had better take the pianoforte as a "second study." But in any case you will find it worth while to have as good teaching as you can get. You will of course state to your instructor the specific object for which you wish to learn to play the piano.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. B.—Yes, Shakespeare had quite sufficient reason for creating a female lawyer in *The Merchant of Venice*; for precedents existed in Italy, in a city not far distant from the scene of the play, of women who were not only such by profession, but at about that date, held the Chair of Jurisprudence in the University of Bologna. Professor Calderina held it in 1360, and Professor Novello in 1366. Both these ladies were as much distinguished for their great personal beauty, as for their legal lore, divers attainments and intellectual gifts. The adoption of that profession by women in the present day, when the struggle for bread has become so much more urgent, is only a revival of their undisputed privileges and work of the past, so well carried on, as would appear, by the eminence to which they rose.

NARCISSUS.—The lines—

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind
exceeding small;
Though with patience He stand waiting, yet,
with exactness He grindeth all."

are from a poem called "Retribution," by Friedrich von Logan (A.D. 1604, 1655), translated by Longfellow from the *Sinngedichte*, under the title "Poetic Aphorisms." August 13th, 1875, was a Friday.

NORA.—Two of your quotations are from poems by Tennyson, and

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

is from Longfellow's "A Boy's Will."

CONNEY.—The title of King of the Isle of Wight was only a nominal honour, and conferred neither revenues nor rule. The empty title was bestowed by Edward VI. on Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, and the distinction died with him. The lordship of the island at that time was held by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, under a grant likewise, and only for his life. This will explain the representation of the Duke of Warwick in the Collegiate Church of Warwick as crowned and with a sceptre before him.

"FRANCISCAN FRIAR."—The quotation—

"Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, here is a story-book
Thy Father hath writ for thee."

is taken from *The Birthday of Agassiz*, by Longfellow. In reply to your second question we may safely say that very few indeed "make their mark in original literature before the early age of twenty-three." For example, Mrs. Trollope never wrote a line till between fifty and sixty, and the great Elizabeth Somerville was about forty before she published her first paper *On the Magnetizing Power of the more Refrangible of the Sun's Rays*, and was about five-and-forty when she brought out her first book; and Caroline Herschell was forty-eight before she published her *Catalogue of the Stars*. If you have genius, or even talent only, it will arrive at greater maturity later on, when you will be less likely to publish what may be crude and lacking in power.

ANON.—The hymn you name is by F. Whitfield.

KNOWLEDGE.—Certainly, stand up when the lady or gentleman comes into the room to see you on business. If you meet your doctor in the street, and he sees you, give a little modest bow and pass on, unless he should stop to inquire about your health. It is not usual for persons in business to notice those who employ them or visit their shops to bow, as if visiting acquaintances. They should look another way unless stopped.

INQUIRER.—Your letter has turned up amongst a few others, and though late, we send you the name of the writer of the quotation—

"I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold," etc.

It is from a poem by George L. Banks entitled "What I Live For," which first appeared in the *Family Herald*. He died in 1881.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Mother Shipton, Nostradamus (an astrolger who lived in the 16th century), and many others, have professed to tell the future; but the evidence on which their prophecies rest is not very good; and it seems likely that they have been uttered to suit the events afterwards. As a general rule, that of the American humorist is the safest, i.e., "Don't prophecy unless you know." Your writing is legible, but marred by a tendency to make flourishes.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the increasing demand for healthy Fiction on the part of our readers we have determined to issue a Story Supplement to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. *The first Number will be published with the November Monthly Part, price Threepence, and the Editor is delighted to be able to announce that he has secured one of the most charming Stories by that favourite writer,*

MISS SARAH DOUDNEY,

Entitled,

A CLUSTER OF ROSES."

Ready with the November Part, October 25th, price Threepence. Girls are advised to give a Special Order to their Booksellers to avoid disappointment.



VOL. XVIII.—No. 926.] SEPTEMBER 25, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OCTOBER



THE UPPER POND, BURNHAM BEECHES IN OCTOBER.

All rights reserved.]

MIRABEL.

THE ROMANCE OF A LAUNDRY GIRL.

By EGLANTON THORNE.



CHAPTER XXIV.

MIRABEL MAKES HER CHOICE.

"SHE is an angel," said Lizzie, as the door closed upon Mrs. Pitt, "I never thought that any one could be so good and kind as she is."

Three days had passed since Lizzie was brought to Mrs. Pitt's home. She still lay softly couched on the pink-draped bedstead, but she had rallied in the interval. Her countenance was less death-like, and even a little less sad; but it was a terribly worn and haggard face for a girl of seventeen.

Mirabel sat beside her sister. She had not returned home since Mrs. Pitt brought her to Lizzie. The days she had passed in the sick-room seemed a much longer period shutting her off from the life in Palace Gardens, which already had grown unreal and dream-like in the retrospect.

"She is better than an angel, I think," Mirabel said in reply to her sister's words. "She is a woman who has learned of Jesus Christ how to love."

"Ah, she can love," said Lizzie, brokenly, "I couldn't have believed it. Why, when she first saw me in my wretchedness in that horrible lodging-house, she kissed me and called me her 'child,' and spoke to me as if she were my mother. When she brought me home here she did not know that I was your sister; but she put me in this pretty room and waited on me herself, as if I were indeed her child. It was her own daughter's room. To think that she should give it to such an one as me!"

Tears checked Lizzie's utterance.

"And how did Mrs. Pitt find out that you were my sister?" Mirabel asked.

"She asked me my name," said Lizzie, "and at first I would not tell it. I had been passing by another name and I wanted to tell her that; but somehow, when she was so good to me, I could not tell her a lie. So I just said 'Lizzie.' 'Not Lizzie Dean!' she exclaimed, and to my astonishment I found that she knew all about me."

"Yes," Mirabel said, "I had often spoken of you to Mrs. Pitt, and she always hoped that she might find you."

"Oh, Mirabel!" cried her sister passionately, "when I look at you and think how different I am, I almost wish she had not found me. But it was father's fault that I went away. He drove me from my home. Where is he now, Mirabel?"

"He is dead," said Mirabel gravely. "He died in prison. We had the news eighteen months ago."

"It would have been better for me had he died earlier," was Lizzie's bitter comment on the news; "I should never have gone with Lulu if it had not been for him. She deceived me; she wasn't the girl I thought her. Oh, Mirabel, I can never tell you what I've gone through since I went away."

"Poor Lizzie! don't think of it; try to forget it," said Mirabel gently.

But Lizzie's face was working convulsively. Gentle words could not avail to heal the bitterness within her soul.

"Ah! you are a lady now," she cried, "it is easy for you to forget the past. You always had the luck. Mother always petted you and spared you everything disagreeable. You never had to work as I did."

"That is not true, Lizzie," Mirabel said with some warmth, "for, if mother was too indulgent to me, you know well that I had no easy time of it after she was gone."

But Lizzie would not acknowledge this. Though she was brought very low there was still somewhat of the old Lizzie left, and the thought of Mirabel's changed position moved her to bitterest envy. With much love and patience Mirabel sought to overcome this feeling; but she was soon obliged to recognise that she could do little to soften Lizzie's heart. Regenerating influences must reach her through another. Mrs. Pitt by virtue of her utter lovingness could reach the girl as none other could. She was verily as a mother to her, and by her selfless love she gradually won poor Lizzie to true repentance. Like the clergyman in Tennyson's poem, she "taught her all the mercy" by showing her all the sin.

When Lizzie was well enough to be moved Mrs. Pitt took her to the seaside, and Mirabel went back to her grandfather. The sisters saw little more of each other. Lizzie regained health, and in time went out to Canada with a lady known by Mrs. Pitt, who was taking thither a party of orphan boys and girls. Here Lizzie easily found work and lived an independent, useful life till after some years she found a happy home of her own. She never returned to England, but from time to time Mirabel received good news of her, and the heavy burden of anxiety for Lizzie which so long had lain on her heart was taken away, though Mirabel could never think of her sister's sad wandering without shedding tears.

Meanwhile another change came into Mirabel's life.

It was the end of July. The London season was over. Everyone was leaving town, and in a few days the Armitages were going down to their country house, and Mirabel was looking forward to welcoming her brothers there. She was glad to think of getting away from London, for she loved the beauty and quiet of the country, and yet she was conscious of a sense of dissatisfaction. The season with its whirl of excitements was over and had brought her nothing but disappointment. She had been constantly in society and yet she had often been lonely, for she had seldom been able to talk to the people she most cared to talk to, and she had known little true friendship and heart-fellowship. The fashionable life in which she took part seemed to her terribly hollow and aimless. Novice though she was, she wearied of it already.

Mirabel was lost in such reflections as she sat alone in the drawing-room one evening after dinner. Bruce Collier had dined with them; but he and her grandfather still lingered in the dining-room, and Mrs. Armitage had slipped away somewhere, so Mirabel was alone and inclined to resent the fact, for she had counted on having a talk with Bruce Collier to-night. There was no knowing when she would have the opportunity again, for she had heard nothing of the artist's being invited to Hartleigh. They probably would not meet till the late autumn. It was trying that her grandfather would detain him so long.

The time sped on. Once Mirabel heard steps crossing the hall; but no one came to her till about ten o'clock Mrs. Armitage entered.

"Mirabel," she said, "your grandfather wishes to speak to you. You will find him in his own room upstairs."

Mirabel was about to ask if Mr. Collier had gone; but checked herself. She supposed that he had, and was keenly hurt that he should depart without bidding her "good night."

Mrs. Armitage had made her announcement with some significance; but Mirabel was too pre-occupied to attach much importance to the interview to which she was summoned. She found her grandfather wearing his dressing-gown and seated in the cosy sitting-room that opened from his bedroom.

"Mirabel," he said, signing her to take a seat near him, "I want to talk with you on a very serious subject."

His manner was so solemn that Mirabel was conscious of a throb of alarm.

"I have had a long talk to-day with your cousin," he continued. "I do not think, Mirabel, you need to be told what are his wishes concerning yourself."

A deep flush dyed Mirabel's face. She looked down in distress.

"It cannot surprise you to hear that Robert's most ardent desire is to make you his wife. He loves you dearly, Mirabel, and he has asked me to plead for him with you. Stay, do not speak till you hear all I have to say. You are perhaps aware that it was at one time my intention to make Captain Armitage my heir; but he displeased me and I came near cutting him off with a shilling. Since then I have relented towards him, and now it would please me very much that you the child of my elder son and he, the child of my second son, should marry and share my property. What do you say to it, Mirabel?"

The look of deep distress on her face might have been answer enough. She looked pleadingly at him ere she spoke.

"Oh, grandfather! I cannot bear to displease you, who have been so good to me; but indeed, indeed, I cannot marry Captain Armitage."

"And why not, pray?" he asked, with clouded brow; "what have you to say against him?"

Mirabel was silent for a moment. She could have said a good deal to the gentleman's disparagement had she chosen.

"He is not a man I could ever love," she replied at last, feeling that her grandfather waited for her to speak.

"Upon my word, you are hard to please," he said with some impatience. "A smart, good-looking, young fellow. There are not many girls would refuse him, I can tell you."

"I could never marry him," said Mirabel again; "but, grandfather, I don't want any of your money. Please, let him have it all. Indeed, I would much rather."

"Now don't talk nonsense," said Mr. Armitage. "Of course, I shall provide for my grand-daughter. It is all very well for you to talk of doing without money. You don't know what that means."

"Do I not?" said Mirabel gently. "Oh, grandfather, have you forgotten Limegrove Street, and how I was living there when you found me? I think I can claim to know upon how little a human being may manage to exist."

Mr. Armitage's face flushed, and his expression changed from annoyance to pain and shame.

"Don't speak of that, please, Mirabel," he said; "I hoped you had forgotten all that."

"I shall never forget it!" she cried—"I do not wish to forget it! I am so thankful for much belonging to my past experience. There are memories of my old life which I prize more than words can tell."

He looked at her, amazed at the emotion with which she spoke. Then he comprehended.

A considerable pause ensued, ere he said:

"Mirabel, is it true, that, when you were a laundry-girl, Bruce Collier twice asked you to be his wife, and you refused him each time?"

A thrill seemed to pass through her at the words. She looked up at him, her soul in her eyes.

"Did he tell you?" she asked.

"Yes, he told me," said her grandfather, "so, of course, I know it is true."

"Yes, it is true," she repeated proudly.

"If, when you were so poor and friendless, you refused him, it is not likely you would care for him now," said her grandfather, with the air of one thinking aloud.

Mirabel's face flushed.

"Did he not tell you why I refused him?" she asked.

Mr. Armitage shook his head.

"It was because I knew that I was not fit to be his wife. I knew it would never do for him, the great artist, to marry a laundry girl. Oh, yes; in spite of my ignorance, I could understand that; but if I had not known, there were those who told me. Ask Mrs. Armitage—but no—ask nobody. He knows, and that is enough."

"Then it was not that you could not love him?" said her grandfather. "It was for his sake you gave him up."

"It was for his sake," she repeated proudly. "Ah, if you knew how much I owed to him, you would not wonder that I dared not run any risk of hurting him."

"Then, if he were to ask you now, could you give him a different answer?" said Mr. Armitage.

Mirabel's head drooped. Her lips were tightly compressed, and she made no reply.

"Ah, you think I have no right to put that question," he said. "Will you answer it to Bruce himself? He is below, waiting to see you. You will find him in the library."

She coloured deeply; but rose without a moment's hesitation. She moved towards the door, then suddenly turned, and stepped back to her grandfather.

"Oh," she said tremulously, "I think you know what my answer must be. The man who loved me in my poverty, who did not think a poor, shabby, working-girl beneath him—but would have made me his wife then and cared for my brothers and sisters, is the only man I can ever love. I belong to him and to no other."

"You are right, my child," said her grandfather, moved by sympathetic emotion; "go and make Bruce happy by telling him so."

So once more in the library Bruce Collier asked Mirabel to be his wife, and at last won his heart's desire.

"It is the most romantic story I ever heard," said Mrs. Armitage gaily, when a little later, she gave the two her congratulations. "To think that she was once your model, and now is going to be your wife! But I always felt that there was something unusual about her. I remember telling Cora that she looked like a princess in disguise."

"You did not tell me so," said Bruce, with a laugh. "On the contrary, my dear godmother, you warned me seriously against the dangers of marrying beneath me, though it was Mirabel you should have warned, for my 'Fair Geraldine' was ever far above me. She has made me a better artist, and will yet, I trust, make me a better man."

"Oh, Bruce, how you talk!" protested Mirabel, "when it was you who first taught me to see things and think about them, and to try and live a beautiful life."

But he heeded not her remonstrance, as he continued—

"I only wish I could have taken to myself my rare, sweet flower as I found her by the wayside, instead of waiting till she was recognised and appraised, and placed with other flowers in a conservatory."

"It was not your fault that you did not," said Mirabel, with a radiant smile.

[THE END.]

A NEW WAY OF SERVING SHEEP'S HEAD.

SHEEP'S head forms a very economical dish, both wholesome and nutritious; but, as usually served, it is so unsightly that few people like to see it on the table. It has often been remarked to us that it is a pity that some method cannot be devised of making it present a more appetising appearance, so we give a receipt by which it may be made to look elegant as well as to be really delicious to the palate.

When sent from the butcher's, the head should be chopped down the centre and the eyes removed, wash very carefully, and leave it soaking in warm salt and water for some time.

Cut out the tongue and remove the brains, which should be put aside. Put the head and tongue into a saucepan and cover with lukewarm water, adding a little salt and about a dozen whole peppers. Boil very gently for about an hour and a half, skim occasionally, add an onion peeled and quartered, three or four turnips, a head of celery and some sprigs of parsley. Simmer very gently for about an hour and a half.

Wash the brains in cold water (removing the skin) tie them up in a piece of muslin and boil them for a quarter of an hour.

Take the head out of the saucepan, place it on a board and quickly remove from the bone the whole of the meat in as large pieces as possible. Place the meat upon a hot dish (a hot-water dish if you have one), but if not keep all hot in an oven.

Take out the tongue, skin it, cut it in halves long ways. Place the two halves on either side of the dish with the chopped-up brains. Cover the whole with thick melted butter previously prepared, and sprinkle pretty thickly over the whole finely-chopped parsley. Garnish the dish with *croûtes* of toast.

Nothing should be visible except the pure white melted butter, the green parsley and the toast. The whole making a very ornamental dish which should be served very hot. N.B., the liquor should be kept, as it makes excellent broth.

PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "SUPPOSITIONS."

SOLUTION.

SUPPOSITIONS.

Supposing I were born a mole,
For ever living in a hole;
Supposing I were born a snail,
Leaving where'er I went a trail;
Supposing I were born a cat,
With many mice to make me fat;
Supposing I were born a wren,
Of country fields a denizen;
Supposing I were born a dove,
For ever cooing out my love;
Supposing I were born a whale,
A mile from tip of snout to tail;
Supposing I were born a squaw,
Existing under Indian law;
Supposing I were born a queen,
With robes the grandest ever seen?
Supposing, *as* I'm born a girl,
I didn't set my brain a-whirl!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Ten Shillings Each.

Rev. F. Dobbin, Carriquohave Rectory, Cork.
Gwladys S. Jones, 29, Cwrt-y-vil Road, Penarth, S. Wales.
Fred. Lindley, Gas Works, So. Hylton.
Mrs. F. M. Morgan, The Library, Armagh, Ireland.
Bettie Temple, 4, Tressillian Crescent, Brockley, S.E.
Alice Woodhead, Tickhill, Rotherham, Yorks.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Florence M. Angear, "Polvellan," Yelverton, R.S.O., South Devon.
Janet B. Bell, Bellvue, Dalry, Galloway.
Julia H. Harris, The Lodge, Henstridge, Blandford, Dorset.
Mildred M. Skrine, Northolt, Sunbury-on-Thames.
Beatrice M. Wilson, 104, Evering Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Kate M. Wright, Panxworth, Norwich.

Very Highly Commended.

Ethel B. Angear, Kate B. Brett, Edith Burford, A. C. Carter, Alice J. Chandler, Miss Clarke, C. A. Cooper, Annie K. Edwards, Jessie B. W. Fergusson, Mrs. Fossett, Helen H. Gordon, Alice M. Ibbetson, Mrs. H. Keel, Mrs. R. Kemp, Margaret S. Krauss, C. Y. MacGibbon, E. MacMichael, Mrs. G. W. Moore, Maud M. Osborne, Gertrude Rhys, Nellie Rose, Effie Saunders, A. C. Sharp, A. A. Lucy Shave, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Mildred Spain, Bella Stewart, Nellie P. Thomson, L. M. Todd, Ethel Tuffin, Dora Varrelmann, Ethel M. Walton, Katharine Young.

Highly Commended.

Annie A. Arnott, Mrs. Augner, Amy Briand, Beatrice C. Brooks, J. A. Center, Muriel L. Clague, L. H. Clark, Maggie Coombs, Edward Dickin, Lily Dickin, Ethel Dickson, Margaret Dickson, Honourable E. Dillon, Marguerite L. Dow, F. E. Eaton, Louie Fisher, M. J. F. FitzGerald, T. Scott Foster, Robert Hehir, Dorinda Hinkson, Fanny Hunt, Elsie M. Jay, H. Kirby, E. Lancaster, E. M. le Mottée, Hilda Learner, Edith Lewis, T. J. MacGregor, Kate J. MacGregor, M. Eleanore McLeod, Bertha Medley, Eliza Moore, C. M. Pinney, Elizabeth Poole, Thomas Scotland, N. Snelgrove, Bessie Tetley, W. Fitzjames White, Henry Wilkinson, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Constance Absell, Eliza Acworth, Elizabeth Adams, Helen Adams, L. Agar, Edith Ashworth, May Aslett, M. Asman, C. A. L. Baldwin, S. Ballard, May Barker, Frances Beach, Miss Beaven, Lydia Belling, Dora N. Bertie, Annie E. Biddle, Eliza Blunt, E. Bourchier, E. H. Brookfield, Helen L. Brown, Gertrude A. Cashell, Eliza Cawley, Alice H. Chater, Mary I. Chislett, R. Swan Coulthard, M.B., N. Coxon, Mrs. Crossman, Maria H. Darkin, R. D. Davis, Agnes L. Dawson, L. Ditchman, Helena C. Dow, Rosa Drouet, Louie Drury, A. C. Edmonds, C. M. A. FitzGerald, E. W. Floyd, Annie J. Forster, Herbert V. French, Mary Frew, Helen I. Fuller, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Louie Grant, M. Muriel Gray, Norah N. Gray, Edith E. Grundy, Daisy Gurman, Ida Hagger, A. O. Hampson, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Ethel M. Harris, Amy B. Heath, Annette Hill, G. J. Hinson, Miss Holman, Mrs. A. Hodson, Rose A. Hooppell, L. Hunt, Mark Hurll, Miss Japp, Thomas Jenkins, Mildred Johnson, Catherine E. Jones, Mrs. Kemp, Ellen H. Kemp, A. B. Lapraik, Eva H. Laurence, Edward Linnell, Mildred M. C. Little, Jessie Lockhart, M. J. Macdiarmid, Emily Macpherson, A. C. Mellor, Mary H. Milner, Amelia Mohl, Blanche A. Moody, L. Morgan, Mrs. Newberry, Rosa Oliver, Elizabeth Ollerenshaw, Anne W. Openshaw, Edith A. Parker, Ada Pawson, Mary Pennell, L. Pentelow, Jeannie Reavell, Margaret H. Reid, E. J. Riddiford, Edith Roberts, A. J. Rogers, Gertrude Saffery, Ethel J. Shepard, A. G. Simpson, Annie L. Smith, Mrs. G. E. Smith, K. Smith, Ethel E. Spencer, Albert J. Stephens, Florence H. Strickland, Ivy Sinton, Mrs. T. Swift Taylor, C. E. Thurger, Ellen Thurtell, Alice M. Tunnicliffe, Gertie Walker, A. N. Warner, Ada M. Wathes, Florence Watson, V. Welman, Florence Whitlock, G. S. Wilkins, M. A. Wilkinson, R. Williamson, Mrs. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is very inconsiderate of you to want a report when we are four thousand feet up in the Alps and ought to be disporting ourselves accordingly. However, we suppose you must be indulged and you shall have the best that our bewildered brain can produce. We say "bewildered" advisedly. After reading eight idiotic "suppositions" *fifteen hundred times* you could hardly expect it to be in a normal condition.

Very few of the fifteen hundred competitors went very far wrong, and about three hundred solutions had something less than a whole mistake. With such general excellence it was strange that a comparatively small proportion of the papers gave the correct title. Some omitted it altogether, but such a fatal mistake must surely have been the result of inadvertence. The most popular title was "Supposing," but "posing" does not accurately describe the picture which is clearly of men in various "positions" of drill. It is comforting to reflect that the verdict of the majority is not always right.

Knowing so much of the country as you do you will be astonished to hear that some of your readers do not know a mole when they see one. It was variously "supposed" to be a hog, a bear, a hound and a skunk, the rhymes to which were respectively bog, lair, ground and trunk. Of all novel suppositions :—

Supposing I were born a skunk
For ever living in a trunk

struck us as being the most original flight of fancy it has ever been our privilege to come across.

If you will kindly refer to the picture of the cat in line 5 you will be interested to learn that some mistook it for a rat. Do rats eat mice? As for the mice they were generally looked upon as "many." "With lots of mice" was an equally good reading, but "countless" would not do as there are just ten in the picture, and most of your readers can count up to ten. "Heaps" would not do for an equally obvious reason. "Running" and "frisky" mice were possibly fair interpretations of the picture, but a mouse does not fatten a cat while it is running or frisky. "With mice to make me large and fat" was a common and not a bad reading, but more credit was due to those solvers who took the number of the mice into consideration.

We are sorry to have to tell you that the arithmetic of many of your readers has not been developed to that pitch of perfection which we should like. Such a number of inches as sixty-three thousand three hundred and sixty seems to have been too much for them altogether, and in reducing it their calculations vary from "one yard" to "ten leagues." Some in their despair invoked the aid of square measure, the result being given in roods. Others again, evidently feeling the hopelessness of tackling such a sum, contented themselves with a non-committing vagueness :—"So long," "five to eighty feet," "scores of inches," "thousands of inches," "many feet," and the like. In all, we counted twenty-five different readings at this point, not including the right one, and were we not used to such surprises we should have been overwhelmed. As to the absurdity of supposing a whale to be a mile long, is it greater than that of any one of the other suppositions?

One variation of line 14 was common enough to call for comment; it ran: "Existing *upon* Indian law." The reading cannot be legitimately obtained from the puzzle; and further, you don't exist upon law unless you are a lawyer, and "squaws" are not usually lawyers.

The "robes" in line 16 were frequently described less accurately as "gowns." Three or four solvers curiously wrote "kingdom." That two robes should represent a kingdom to any feminine mind is a fact sufficiently interesting to be placed on record. "Largest," "biggest," "longest," "richest" and "finest," were not happy substitutes for "grandest" in the same line. The last appeared in a great number of solutions, but it involves the dropping of an e and could not be allowed.

The seventeenth line gave much trouble. Following precedent the two blanks had to be filled by "supposing" and "born;" otherwise the correct rendering of the line became a matter of pure guessing. But then, is not the line too long? It is, if every syllable is fully accentuated, but a legitimate contraction of the "I am" sets the metre right, and all ends happily. Many competitors realising the uselessness of filling in the blanks haphazard adopted this contraction, and one wrote what doubtless others felt :—

"I hope the changing 'I am,' which is bad metre, into 'I'm,' which is not, may score to my credit." Exactly.

There, dear Mr. Editor. We are afraid it is not a very interesting letter, but it is probably the sort of thing you want. You will probably have some indignant inquiries as to why certain solutions have not been mentioned. All those that have received such a distinction had only trifling errors amounting to not more than "half a mistake." Perhaps this statement may save you some expressions of wrath.

Ever yours devotedly,
Your Examiners.

P.S.—The number of interesting letters and questions accompanying the solutions is too great for us to answer them all.

RECIPES FOR OCTOBER.

October brings us apples; we hardly wish for anything better than an apple in October. But it also brings us pears of many kinds; nuts too—cobnuts, walnuts, and chestnuts galore. Some young people fancy that all these good things are in readiness for Hallow e'en frolics, but older heads know that October's wealth must be stored in preparation for wintry days that will surely follow soon.

French people grow more pears in their gardens than we English think of doing, partly because it is their habit to eat more fruit in its natural state, while we prefer ours to be cooked. I remember our old French garden of years ago; there were more pears than apples there, and pears of such varied shapes and flavours, as made it quite a marvel to our English friends. I remember that it was our custom to bake all the pears that would submit to being cooked; we had a deep glazed earthenware pan with a lid; this we filled twice a week and it was sent to the baker to be put in his oven when bread-baking was finished, there to stay until he fired his oven for the next day's bread. He brought that pan back with him on his round the next day, and the contents of it were invariably done to perfection. We could never bake the pears half as well in our own oven at home. Doubtless the charcoal firing had something to do with it.

Baked pears and cream! What a delight. Try it, you who know not how good all those hard, unripe things can become by proper slow cooking.

We sometimes added a stick of cinnamon or one or two cloves to our jar of pears, but no sugar is ever needed, only water enough to well cover them.

By way of a variation, when "company" was expected, we used to make a more elegant dish of our pears, by removing the rind and the cores, slicing them rather thickly and adding a few lumps of sugar, then pouring on enough common claret to cover them, and stewing them in our own oven for quite two hours. This was a toothsome dish when eaten with small moulds of custard, turned out and smothered in cream. Or the same dish of pears might appear at dinner with a mould of blancmange or ground rice.

Our time for making *Apple Jelly* comes when the apples have attained a rich red colour, but while they are still young and full of juice. It is not possible to make jelly from old or kept apples. After wiping each apple place it in a deep gallon jar, but do not peel, cut or quarter it. Pour in enough water to half fill the jar and replace the lid tightly. Let the jar stand in the corner of a slow oven for some five or six hours, then strain, first through a coarse sieve, when a light pressure may be put on the fruit, then strain a second time through a suspended jelly bag. Measure the juice thus obtained, and to every pint allow a pound of the best cane sugar. Put the juice on to boil and lay the sugar out on trays that it may heat in the oven.

When the juice boils fast throw in the sugar, and at the same time one or two pieces of rase ginger. When the sugar has dissolved begin to stir the liquid and continue stirring for twenty minutes exactly. Lift out the ginger and pour the liquid at once into small glass jars that have been made thoroughly hot so that they shall not crack.

If carefully made in this fashion, the jelly will be found to be solid after twenty-four hours. Keep in a dry but even temperature.

Blackberry Jelly would be made very similarly to the above, giving plenty of time for the juice to "run" from the fruit in the first instance.

Quince Jelly the same, only more water must be allowed to quinces, as they are naturally a dry fruit. A few tart apples are a great addition to quince marmalade or jelly. The colour of quince jelly is so good that it becomes valuable for decorative purposes, if not as a dessert. Many people do not care for the peculiar flavour of the fruit, but its brilliant colour is universally admired.

An Apple Salad is delicious with roast pork or goose, only for this purpose the apples must be very ripe and rather juicy. Pare them, remove the cores and pips, and slice them very thinly into a salad bowl. Sprinkle with a little salt, a spoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of cayenne pepper, then pour on one dessertspoonful of chili vinegar, and two or three of finest Lucca oil. Toss very lightly, and do not let it have to wait long before serving, as the colour spoils readily.

Apple Beignets; the genuinely true fritter. Choose large firm apples; remove the cores without breaking them, then pare the rind off. Make a batter with the whisked whites of two eggs, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of flour and enough salad oil to make a batter of the consistency of thick cream. Dip each round of apple into this, then drop at once into a saucepan containing boiling lard; let them boil until crisp and brown: drain and sprinkle liberally with sugar.

Apples en Croustades.—Pare, core and slice a couple of pounds of good cooking apples, stew them until they can be beaten to a froth with a fork. Do this, then sweeten sufficiently with sugar, add a pinch of spice and a little butter.

Cut some rounds from a stale roll about an inch thick. Scoop out a part of the middle but leave a thin bottom. Fry these croustades in lard until they are a pale brown; fill them with the frothed apple and pile on the top the whisked whites of one or two eggs, with sugar to sweeten. Allow one croustade to each person.

Apple Fool.—Pare, core and stew (without water) several tart apples. Sweeten well and beat the pulp until perfectly light. When cold whisk it with an equal quantity of thick custard or sweetened cream, and pour into a glass dish. Serve with sponge rusks.

Friar's Omelette.—Make a pulp of several cooked apples, sweeten it with sugar, and when cold add to it two well-beaten eggs. Butter a shallow tart-dish, strew it thickly with bread-crumbs, pour in the apple pulp and cover with more crumbs to the depth of an inch. Pour a little dissolved butter over the top, and bake in the oven for upwards of an hour. When cool turn it out on to a dish and sift sugar over.

Here is a hint that is worth noting with regard to apples, and that is, when baking apples in the oven, after scooping out a little at the top, to make an incision with a sharp knife all round, through the skin. Place a morsel of butter in the hollow at the top of each apple and a clove, if the flavour is liked. When baked the apples will have risen up, appearing twice as large as at first, while the cutting of the skin prevents the inside from boiling out.

Cheese is prime in October; witness the old custom of holding cheese fairs; it is excellent food too.

One of our American contemporaries has it that if we would be healthy we ought to eat cheese at least once a day. Many people hold to the idea that cheese will digest everything but itself, but that, it is hardly needful to say, is a fallacy. Ripe cheese is about one of the most nutritive and easily digested of all our foods. Where it is thought to be indigestible, however, a corrective would be found in adding as much bicarbonate of potash as would lie on a sixpence to a fair-sized cheese pudding, or sprinkle the potash between bread and butter and eating this with the cheese. The insufficiency of potash salt is the reason why some cheeses are difficult of digestion.

Grated Cheese is much liked by many who are prejudiced against eating it in the ordinary way. All dry pieces should be kept for grating.

Grated cheese should accompany potato soup, then it becomes true Potage Parmentier.

Roast Goose with its time-honoured accompaniment of apple sauce is a favourite dish at this time. Geese are indeed more wholesome faring now than later in the year; they have not had time to grow so fat and oily. A goose requires to be very thoroughly cooked, and as it browns quickly it should be well protected with stout papers until within half-an-hour of serving it, when these may be removed and the skin allowed to brown.

A stuffing of cooked and finely minced onions with sage is greatly improved by having half its bulk of mashed potatoes added; let it be highly seasoned also.

The apple sauce should be very little sweetened, not at all unless the apples are very tart.

At one of our well-known military schools for boys, where roast pork and apple sauce is the regular Sunday dish in winter, the sauce—ostensibly an accompaniment—is thought to be far too great a delicacy to be relegated to such a secondary place. Instead, the sauce tureens are left untouched until the meat has been consumed, then it is passed round as a separate course to the great delight of the appreciative diners.

Ginger Bread Nuts.—Rub half-a-pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of flour, add nearly an ounce of ground ginger and sprinkle a very little cayenne pepper in. Warm a pound of treacle and half a pound of brown sugar together, then work in with the flour. Roll out to a thin paste and cut into biscuits with a sharp tin cutter. Bake on a buttered tin in a moderately quick oven for about twenty-five minutes.

Cocoanut Drops.—Rub four ounces of butter with an equal quantity of desiccated cocoanut, then add the whisked whites of four eggs. Beat all well together, then sift in sufficient cornflour to make a light paste, and work in half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in lemon juice. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to a buttered tin and bake very quickly.

Sugar Cakes.—Rub with the fingers half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of flour, with the grated rind of half a lemon, also half-a-pound of castor sugar. Mix with yolks of three eggs only, no other moisture. Roll out very thinly, using castor sugar with which to sprinkle the board instead of flour. Cut with a sharp cutter and bake in a moderate oven to a very pale brown.

These are delicious for afternoon tea.



"AGATHA'S CHOICE."

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON, Author of "A Commonplace Woman," etc.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT Milltown and went back to Midford, but reluctantly, as we face an ordeal. Not that I was troubled by any doubt or indecision in the matter. I had had out my scales that night at the Vicarage, when I had fought as fierce a battle as was ever waged in the breast of mortal woman. I had put in the one Edward Templeton and possible happiness, his old mother minus her "h's," the brother with badly-cut clothes, and the probably vulgar married sister. Imagination had conjured them up with more than Bertha's vividness of portrayal. In the other scale I had put Aunt Theresa's disapproval, Midford's astonishment, and my own lowered position in the eyes of the world, and the latter scale had gone down heavily. I could not face it. I, who had always meant to do well by myself, to be passed over with sneering comments or contemptuous silence, or even to be gradually dropped by the world in which I had hitherto held a good place. My proud, ambitious spirit rose in revolt.

When I returned to Midford Aunt Theresa had emerged from sable garments into delicately-hued second mourning, and we took up the thread of life and entered into all the gaieties that offered. Aunt Theresa's stiffness and coldness had worn off and I was received back again into favour. Hugh Grazebrook began to come to the house as of old, and Arthur Fenwick and others, and I did not check them. Mr. Templeton did not cross my path for some time and I was not sorry. I dreaded seeing him as we dread meeting one whom we have injured. But I knew a long time could not elapse without seeing him.

One afternoon towards dusk he came. I met him on the doorstep and we went in together. I knew that physically I had undergone about as much as I could well endure. I remember as he rang the bell, thinking that the worst was still before me. Aunt Theresa, whose presence I should, in my sudden cowardice have welcomed, was confined to her bed with a cold. We may be perfectly conscious of a determination to carry out a certain resolution, and yet shrink from the effort required. The shrinking was uppermost as I rang the bell for tea, and he stood on the hearth-rug and deliberately surveyed me.

I recollect how we talked on trivial subjects standing side by side, the weather, the past holiday season, the coming winter, till the lamps were lit and tea brought. I made it with fingers that trembled, and he lingered over it as we prolong a pleasant occupation. The fire gleamed on him, and I noticed with a rush of pain that his grey eyes looked deeply restful and contented.

"I am sorry Aunt Theresa is not able to come down," I said nervously for about the sixth time.

"Even on the chance of being considered ungracious," he said smiling, "I cannot altogether agree with you."

An expression in his eyes made me sheer away from what I had imagined to be a safe subject.

"It was you I came to see," he went on. "Do you know I have been performing perfect feats of patience and self denial of late?"

I smiled constrainedly.

"How?"

"In waiting for this meeting. I have haunted every place you were likely to go to, in vain. As I am not by nature a patient man, my conduct has been the more laudable."

I felt my lips unnaturally strained at the corners. I remember exactly how he looked. The light from a standard lamp close by fell full on him. His face was earnest and pleading and manly. Again there was the atmosphere about him that always gave me the impression that his ideal was higher—that he lived on a loftier plane than other men. In companionship with such a man I might even rise to something approaching the vague longings of my own heart, after a better life than was mine.

For a moment my resolution swayed and tottered under the expression of his face, the tones of his voice. My heart throbbed in big beats that choked my calm utterance. I stood up involuntarily and leaned my hand on a chair near. In that moment there came flashing into my mind like a very suggestion of the arch-fiend himself Bertha's picture, only more vivid than she had ever painted it. I, surrounded by a troop of objectionable connections, dropped indifferently out of the world in which I had held so prominent a place. I picked up a chrysanthemum that had fallen from a flower-glass near, and sat down again, beginning nervously to pull it to pieces.

He looked at me in silence for a little while and then he broke in on my occupation.

"Miss Ashley—Agatha," he said in a low voice, and I noticed that the hand that touched the arm of my chair shook a little, and I wondered vaguely that anything about me should so affect a man like Mr. Templeton as to make him tremble. "Agatha, you must know what I have come to ask. Am I too precipitate or too presumptuous?"

He stopped and I looked up at him, irresistibly attracted by the mesmerism of his eyes but unable to articulate of my own free will.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked simply.

Prepared as I was for the question, when it was out it came on me with a shock of surprise. But I seemed to have suddenly acquired a fictitious strength. I stood up letting the chrysanthemum petals drop in a shower on the carpet.

"You are very good," I said, crossing over to the hearthrug away from him. "I am very sorry this has happened."

He followed me but took up his stand on the opposite side of the fireplace and leaned his arm on the mantel-piece. I could see so much, and when I looked up, that his face was as white as the marble shelf.

"I am very sorry," I repeated lamely.

The small buhl clock on the mantel-piece ticked on between us, seeming to rehearse my words in a sort of monotonous mockery. "I am very sorry."

My companion did not speak during a pause that seemed to me a small eternity. Then he said in a low hoarse voice that to my ears sounded like a muffled edition of his own—

"I have been too precipitate."

"No," I said eagerly. "No, it is not that, but it cannot be. I am exceedingly obliged to you, but—but it cannot be," I repeated with feverish iteration.

Again something in his eye or the dominating force of a stronger nature over a weaker, made me look up and meet his eye.

"Never?" he asked. And I shook my head and with parched lips that almost refused my bidding I repeated, "never."

I do not remember how he left the room. He said simply, "I have been mistaken." He did not come near me or say "good-bye," or seek in any way to combat my decision. I heard the drawing-room door close and later the louder bang of the hall door downstairs. Then the fictitious strength that had been mine failed me. I threw myself down among the sofa cushions, not in a passionate childish outburst but in the deeper depths of a woman's misery and wished that I might die.

But life's experience goes to show that we do not as a rule die at those junctures when we most wish it. And so it was in my case. Indeed, by-and-by I took up the thread of life again as if nothing had happened. As time went on and Edward Templeton's personal influence was removed the host of drawbacks presented themselves with all their old vividness and solidity. I took out my scales again and went through the same process with the same result. All unbidden imaginary conversations would conjure themselves up to my mind's ear. I seemed to hear one person say, "Have you heard of Agatha Ashley's engagement to Edward Templeton?"

And the reply, "Most unaccountable these things, and she with her personal attractions and Lady Theresa's expectations for her."

Then the first imaginary speaker said.

"Who is this fellow Templeton? Never heard of him before." And number two replied, "Some man in business—cotton, I think—of the humblest origin—his people

quite obscure and he himself altogether self-made."

The first hazarded the speculation as to how Lady Theresa and her set would take it, and the other speaker replied that probably Lady Theresa would arch her pencilled eyebrows, and look supercilious, and that the rest of the Midford aristocracy would in time drop the couple. These imaginary dialogues became in time almost like the echo of real words to me.

That winter I threw myself into everything that offered in the way of gaiety except the concerts. Aunt Theresa was surprised, but she made no objections to my freak.

In the late spring I became engaged to Hugh Grazebrook, to the immense relief of Aunt Theresa, who admitted with a sigh that till I was settled she could know no peace of mind.

Everybody congratulated me on my good fortunes, on Hugh's good looks and good family. They pronounced the connection to be eminently suitable, and we were fondled and caressed by society in conjunction even more than we had been separately.

I did not see Edward Templeton, and then after our marriage Hugh and I left Midford "to travel." When we returned I heard a rumour that he had gone to the New York house of their business, to remain for some years.

At first I was fairly content. I had got what I had bargained for. And then a little blank crept into my heart and spread and spread till it was nothing but a blank all over. My husband was no companion. When we were not in society, his life seemed to be nothing but yawning and loafing and smoking from day to day. I was thrown upon myself more and more as the years went on. Sometimes it seemed as if all good influences had forsaken me, as, for instance, when a brief telegram from India announced that my sister had died of fever. It did not make it better—the reflection that I had persistently driven my good angels away.

Except in novels unrest and wretchedness do not mercifully go on throbbing and thrilling and proclaiming themselves uncomfortably at every turn. They settle gradually into a dull indifferent ache, and one only feels vaguely numb and miserable.

It was Bertha who startled my quiescent misery into active pain. She had come into Midford for a day's shopping one day, some six years after our marriage. It was not till she was going that she imparted the item of news that set my nerves quivering, that showed me my wound was merely cicatrised—not really healed.

"By the way," she said, drawing on her gloves, "I was almost forgetting. Do you recollect your old flame, Edward Templeton? He came down to Milltown with a wife he had married the other day—brought her down for the old lady's inspection—quite a nice-looking, lady-like girl, presumably with nerves of iron, for she stood the introduction without turning a hair. Perhaps he prepared her beforehand. He himself was looking older, just becomingly grey, but bronzed and handsome. I did not remember he had been so handsome in the old days. And by the way he is turning philanthropist, or it may be a thank-offering for his wife; but Theodore tells me of more than one scheme of benefiting Milltown emanating from him. I shall show them some attention the first chance I have. They are parishioners to be propitiated."

She went away down the steps airily kissing the tips of her fingers, leaving me with the picture that had stirred an aching longing in my heart.

But life went on with me and people were none the wiser. Outwardly I appeared happy and prosperous, like a ruddy-cheeked apple that has canker at its core. People who saw no further than my smiling lips even thought I was to be envied.

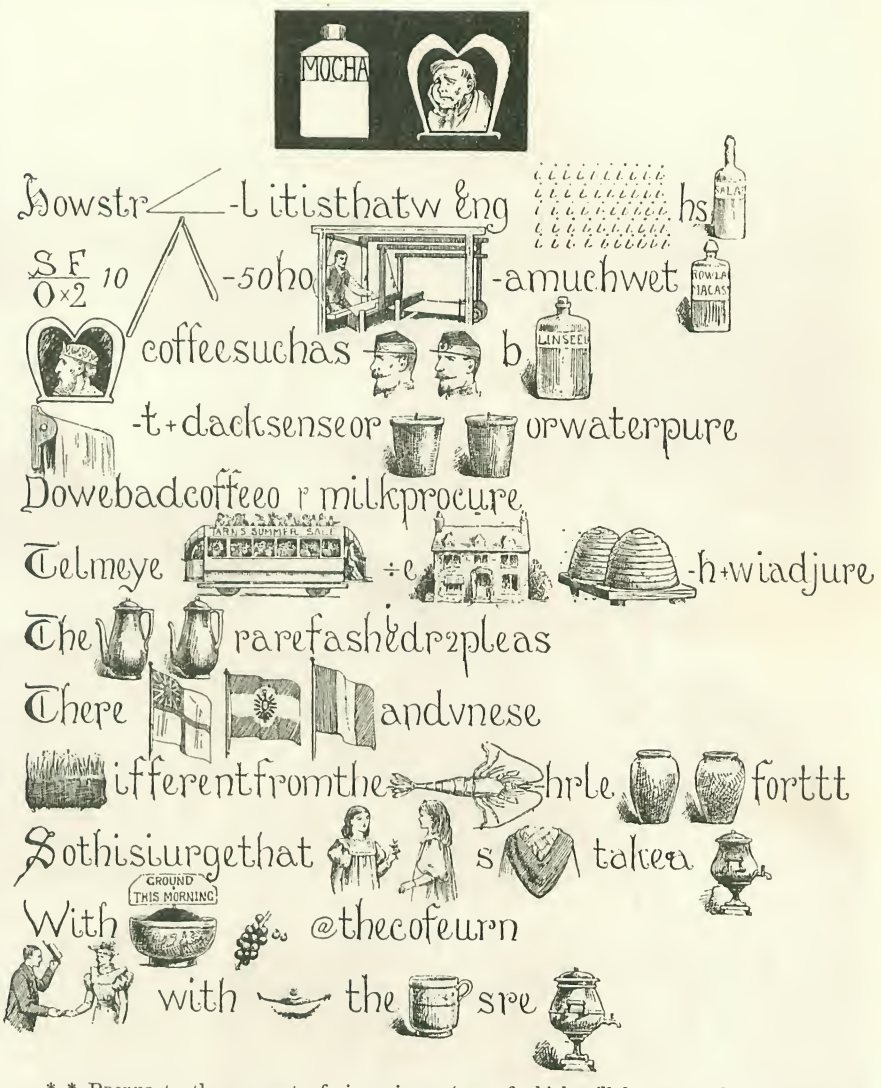
Across the waves of my social, unsatisfying existence came now and then distant echoes of what Edward Templeton and his wife were doing to make the world a little better.

After we had been married fourteen years my husband died, and I was left a lonely, childless widow.

I am old and grey, and wrinkled now, as befits one who has made a wreck of life. But I may yet be a warning to some—as a hulk though stranded and disabled, if it show a light, may act as a beacon to ships in the night.

[THE END.]

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be November 15, 1897; from Abroad, January 17, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1896 to October 1897), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

TO-DAY'S APPAREL.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE first thing in a chronicle of dress is, I think, to put down the changes which have taken place, be they small or great, and there are one or two of the first-named which must be noticed. The first is, that the amount of hair worn appears to be distinctly larger than it was, and this is not alone owing to the way in which it is dressed, but to the fact that it is raised higher on the head, and few people admire the unfilled vacancy which extends from the nape of the neck nearly to the top of the head. When the hair is twisted up at the back, the greatest pains must be taken to leave it so loose, that the hair all round looks full, soft, and unpulled. It requires a little care and experience to do this, and some people find it easier to tie the hair before twisting it. The hairpins to hold up the twist must be long and firm; and if additional hair be put in, it should be added the very last thing. The hair is less injured by curl papers, than by hot irons, and many old-fashioned people used to use silk for curl papers instead of paper, but so long as the hair is not twisted tightly up to the head it does not appear to injure the hair. I find that those who have taken care of their locks do not suffer from loss of hair, and the use of



AUTUMN COSTUMES.

some good hair restorer and tonic is always to be advised, such as a simple decoction of rosemary. I am saying this as I hear so many complaints of loss and thinness of hair just now, and the general idea seems to be that the use of hot irons is the cause. I think that it probably has something to do with it, but the lack of care has more than anything else; and also the lack of some kind of tonic and stimulating wash. Over-fatigue, vexation and shock, my doctor says, are the main causes of the loss of hair. So it is evident that our mental state must be kept clear and free from overstrain, and strengthened as well, and we must have a foundation of love, and tenderness for others, and also much of both these desirable qualities to take care of the wonderful bodies that God has bestowed on us.

My next note on the changes of fashion is now specially on the subject of underclothing. It will come as a surprise to many of my readers to hear that the old-fashioned linen chemise of our grandmothers has returned to us, and has been accepted with much approval by the highest classes of all. To my surprise I found them for sale this year at the best shops in the West End; the prices ranging from fifteen shillings to a pound. Those I have seen appeared to be made in France, as they had the fitted and embroidered yokes we are accustomed to associate with the underlinen made in the convents of France and Belgium. In the rational dress system, the wearing of the combination of wool was the corner stone, and by the general consensus of opinion the chemise as an under-garment was doomed. It was insanitary, unhealthy, indeed completely out of date as a female covering. Alas for these dogmatic assertions the chemise has put in an appearance this summer, and seems to be one of the coming things. Of course the heat of the weather has had much to do with its arrival, and also because we all feel woollen and flannel to be impossible for wear when the thermometer gets up above 70 degrees. So perhaps we shall take to linen again, at least for the summer, and in this connection it should be remembered that Mr. Milton (the senior surgeon to the St. John's hospital for diseases of the skin) in a little volume written some years ago, gave in his adhesion to "clean Irish linen," for summer, at least; and warned his readers against "assimilating the frame to the condition of a hot-house plant," by the use of heavy flannel and woollen underclothing. In too great quantity, especially in hot weather, Mr. Milton thought it was "a dangerous delusion."

White piqué and muslin were, both of them, obsolete materials until the last year, but have both returned to us all the more popular for their long absence. French merino and cashmere are two other materials which had disappeared from the shops, but which we shall very likely wear to a great degree during the autumn and winter. The taste for smoother materials seems to have grown apace, and except for really hard wear we shall see a return to them in the immediate future.

So far as millinery is concerned, the hat or bonnet must match with the bodice, be it blouse or a bodice like the dress. The only difference in this respect which I see made, is when the hat is a black or white one; when it may be all white, or all black if preferred, or it may be relieved by a colour. So many white or cream-coloured hats are now worn with grey feathers of a pale shade in them, the cream-colour looking well with grey. The use of several shades of cream and even yellow laces with white, has been one of the features of this season's trimmings, both for dress and millinery, and I hear that white will be as popular this winter as it was in the summer, as a trimming and relief to dresses and hats. It is a great boon to the girl of one hat to arrange it in such a manner as that it can be worn with any dress: and this is, probably, the cause of black and white being so popular. Black and white striped ribbons are again in favour for millinery, with white for black hats.

The pouched fronts are not becoming to any but rather slight figures; however, we see that they are adopted by people of quite the opposite make, in which case they may be fashionable, but are not at all becoming. Another very favourite bodice is that which crosses over and fastens at the side, the left side being the usual one. These are most becoming and dressy-looking, especially when the edges are turned back and finished with a



CASHMERE GOWN.



SHEPHERD'S PLAID GOWN WITH WHITE CLOTH BANDS.

colour. For instance, a pale grey cashmere, with pink silk to relieve it, looks very pretty made up in this way. Or still better, the fashionable mixture of pale grey with white. The collar, yoke and pointed band, would also be a pretty style, and in this case, the yoke would only be in front. The side-fastened bodices will, I think, continue with us all the winter, as they are so generally becoming and pretty. The rucked sleeves have been much worn with them, but I notice that the newest sleeves are trimmed with bands of some sort, from the shoulder to the wrist. The puff at the top is very small, and falls over the top band. Epaulettes are seen on nearly every gown; but I fancy that we shall not wear them so much when we have to adopt some extra protection against the cold. Just now the tighter the sleeves are the better, even if rucked, so perhaps this winter we may return to jackets with sleeves.

There are several questions which I am asked, and amongst others whether there be any stiffening worn in the skirts of dresses, now that they are reduced to a width of four yards round the edge? The stiffening is used as it always was, of about ten inches deep, in the skirt. It is cut out to the shape of the skirt, and serves, now that the skirts are narrower, to keep the edges out from the heels, and make them more comfortable in the wearing. Fibre chamois and horsehair are the two stiffenings employed. The first is rather the cheapest. It is very wide indeed, and thus is easy to fit into the skirt; and, so far as my own experience goes, it appears to wear extremely well.

I have illustrated one of the shepherds' plaid dresses, as they are so much worn; and the prettiest of them are trimmed, in the fashion indicated, with either white braid or bands of cloth, or silk sewn on flatly; this last being one of the styles of the year. "The Cashmere Gown," with its deep frilled cape, is quite a new model, and would make a very pretty house dress for the winter. The jewelled and white leather belts are as much worn as ever this autumn, and the latter will, I think, be used all the winter likewise. It is emphatically a girl's belt, as it ought to have a very slight waist to clasp. On any other it looks extremely out of place.

A single row of pearls is the fashionable neck ornament, and is seen on all occasions when dress is worn either in the afternoon or evening. The pearls are not large, and, of course, are rarely real, though everyone pretends they are! Long gold chains are also seen, but I think everyone finds them rather a tiresome ornament, for they get into the way of everything; and, most probably, catch and are broken. Chatelaines are also more and more used; and I notice that many women wear the useful key-chains, which are fastened to the waist-band, over the pocket; and the keys are then slipped into the pocket, and are both out of the way and yet near at hand.

The illustration of autumn costumes shows a great admixture of velvet in the dresses. The one represented in the centre was of a green fancy material, trimmed with bands; and a Victorian cape with white lace, a narrow fur edging, and green velvet. Green velvet ribbon ornaments the skirt, and the hat is of black fancy straw, trimmed with green feathers. The short Eton, or Bolero, will be used this autumn; but I believe that we shall mostly wear bodices like our dresses. Nothing, however, will dislodge the useful and economical blouse from our wardrobes, and I hear of Parisian models already prepared of velvet and fur, which show the perfection of style and prettiness.

Judging from the pictures in our fashion periodicals, the rage for trimmed skirts is now at its height. But in reality, thin materials are the only ones trimmed, and it remains to be seen whether we shall go beyond flat bands, as a decoration for our heavier winter gowns.

VARIETIES.

MISTRESS AND MAID.—When mistress and maid disagree, it is not always, we know, the maid's fault. "If mistresses," says a leading tradesman in the West End of London, "were obliged to produce characters to servants, as servants have to produce them to mistresses, many of the ladies would have to do their own work, for no amount of money would get them a servant."

A TERRIBLE LAWYER.

There is a story told in Edinburgh of a Writer to the Signet so formidable to his clients, that one poor gentleman who employed him used to escape into a shop, or some other harbour of refuge, whenever he espied him in the street.

"Why do you run away from Mr. ——?" asked a friend.

"To save my pocket," was the answer. "I never can shake hands with him, but I find it duly charged in the bill as an interview on business."

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?—It has been asked, "does advertising pay?" A person recently advertised in a German paper that he would pay what in our money would be half a crown to the sender of the largest potato. In less than fifteen days the advertiser found himself in possession of five sacks full of the very finest potatoes, which, after paying the half-crown promised for the largest example, may well be reckoned a very profitable speculation.

BE NOT SELFISH.—What pleasure or profit can come to her whose whole life and being are centred on self, and who cannot see others happy without suffering pangs of envy and jealousy?

GO ON TRYING.—It never was intended that we should be perfect on earth; the great thing is not never to miss the bull's eye, but to get a little nearer to it every time we shoot.

SIMPLY AWFUL.—"Yes," said the girl who was eating chocolate creams, "it is simply awful the way the poor people do suffer this frightful weather. How I pity them! And the worst of it is, of course, that one's hair simply won't stay in curl."

HIS LAST CHANCE.

The following anecdote well illustrates the kindness of heart of the famous American president Abraham Lincoln. It happened once that when he was riding hard, pressed for time on an urgent piece of work, he passed a pig stuck in the mud.

Lincoln noticed the fact inattentively and passed on. But when he had ridden some distance he remembered that the pig had looked at him in an imploring manner; and he reflected that the poor beast must now be saying, "There goes my last chance!"

In a fit of pity Lincoln turned back and pulled the pig out of the mire.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ROSE IN POLAND.—We are glad to hear from you, and think that you write English remarkably well. For English history we should recommend you to use for elder pupils Green's *Short History of the English People;* for younger pupils *History of England for Beginners*, by Arabella B. Buckley (Macmillan and Co.), and Mrs. Creighton's *Epochs of English History*. For English literature, Stopford Brooke's *Primer* is valuable, and a larger book is Miss Anna Buckland's *Story of English Literature*. Publishers do not usually supply single copies of books; if your own bookseller will not procure them, write to some London firm, e.g. Messrs. Sotheran, Strand, London.

R. G. P., whose correspondence lessons from 38, Melford Road, Lordship Lane, have been mentioned, now writes to say that she has removed to Fair View, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield. She still offers correspondence lessons on the former subjects, including botany, at 1s. per lesson.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Fresh offers of correspondence with "A Dark-eyed Maiden" (Budapesth) come from Miss Aucutt, 93, Manor Road, Brockley, London, S.E.; Miss Richardson, Avenue House, Seaton Delaval, Northumberland; and Miss Prudence M. Feisner, Bulganah Cottage, Thornton Heath, Surrey. With "Roumanian Primrose" Miss Ethel M. Middleton, 21, Albany Street, Sharron, Sheffield; and Miss Amie Durant, Guernsey Cottage, Bushbury Lane, Wolverhampton would like to correspond. To the former of these two we may say that it is against our rules to answer letters by post; and we can inform "Amie Durant" that her writing is admirably clear and definite in form. It would be improved if the tails of her g's and y's were a little less bulky.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We are requested to insert the following: A young English teacher, aged 25, lady by birth, cert. Camb. Higher Local, etc., wishes to correspond with a French and a German lady in her own language and in theirs for mutual improvement. Address (Miss) C. Winifred James, Tamerton Foliot House, Crown Hill, R. S. O., S. Devon, England.

MOLLY DARLING.—1. We have inserted your offer of correspondence, but of necessity under your own name.—2. We cannot take any responsibility with regard to the application of peroxide of hydrogen to your face. See the answer under the heading "medical" on July 24. Thanks for your kind letter.

ELSIE.—We are extremely sorry for you. But if your stories are not suitable for the magazines to which they are sent, it is only kind and honourable of the editors to return them to you. We do not see that it would be less "humiliating" to have them thrown into the waste-paper basket, and we cannot understand why you should apparently prefer this course. It is not intensely humiliating to fail, we assure you, nor does it of necessity prove that your stories are worthless. They may not be exactly suitable for the magazine selected or the editor may already have sufficient material by him. We will gladly criticise your MS. if you send it, and will help you to the best of our ability.

LEONORA FALLOWS.—Your lines show that you have a good ear for rhythm, and the gift, to some extent, of musical expression. But we fear you could scarcely hope to appear in print as yet. One line is grammatically incorrect, viz.—

"He giveth the night who sendest day."

The verbs should both be in the same person, i.e., the third. Blindness need not, and as a rule does not, "darken the soul." But we do not wish to discourage you, and doubtless you will try again.

RUSH.—You can never expect to see an answer in the "next number of the G. O P.," as we go to press early and have many answers awaiting publication. Your friend's lines on the "Sluggard" are very vigorous, but are scarcely poetical—

"May Satan for himself thou keep"

is not grammatical, and is also rather strong language; as is the epithet "Thou sloth so vain." Many thanks for your very kind letter.

SEA LAVENDER.—Your verses are very pretty, and extremely creditable for your age, if you are not yet fourteen. "Faces in the Fire" is the better of the two poems. Your metre sometimes halts, as in the lines—

"In a white robe and golden crown"

and

"Clasped in each other's fond arms."

but on the whole we can encourage you.

L'ALINE DONISTHORPE.—Many thanks for your information that the poem "Unanswered Yet" is by Robert Browning. It has appeared under his name but as a matter of fact he disclaimed its authorship. See "Our Open Letter-Box" on the matter.

POPPY.—1. For information respecting the examinations for degrees granted by the University of St. Andrews write to the Secretary, L. L. A. Scheme, the University, St. Andrews, N. B. For information respecting the examinations for women conducted by the University of Oxford, apply The Secretary, Local Examinations Delegacy, Clarendon Building, Oxford. We strongly approve your plan of study.—2. It is difficult to recommend any special building society, but there are many worthy of confidence, e.g., The "Perpetual," New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C.

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—We again draw the attention of our readers to the "Amateur Drawing Club" which is beginning a new season of work. Apply for rules and all particulars Miss C. C. Cott, 267, Clapham Road, S.W.

A. M.—We are always glad to hear from boys who read our magazine. With regard to your musical composition, it shows too obviously the need of instruction for it to be quite fair for us to criticise it. For instance, a semibreve rest alone is sufficient for any length of bar; consecutive fifths are to be avoided, and so on. If you are really fond of music we should strongly advise you to have some lessons in harmony, and you would soon see whether you could hope to succeed. We must add that you copy music exquisitely.

SCOTCH.—1. You can take your B.Sc. degree at the University of London; at University College, Liverpool, and at Yorkshire College, Leeds. Apply to the Registrar in each case for information as to fees, etc.—2. We consider your writing excellent. There is nothing rough or unfeminine about it; it is very clear, admirably formed, and the day has gone by to talk of writing being "ladylike" or "unladylike." We are delighted to know that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has been "a dear companion throughout school and college days."

MARJORIE.—We should advise you to join the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, which will supply you with lists of books for home study; or else to purchase a small book by Lily Watson entitled *What Shall I Read* (56, Old Bailey). If we knew more of your individual tastes we could more easily suggest books that are interesting and helpful; but you cannot go wrong in reading Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*, Kingsley's *Heroes*, and Scott's historical novels.

MISS COOK.—It is against our rules to answer letters by post, even though a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed. We cannot recommend you any trustworthy book on "Mesmerism," which is a subject surrounded by doubt and difficulty. The author of the doctrine of animal magnetism (also called mesmerism) was a German physician, Friedrich Anton Mesmer, born in 1734 in Suabia. He went to Paris in 1778 and there gained a number of disciples. He died in 1815.

MEDICAL.

MARY THACKERAY.—We have never heard of any ill-effects following the preparation you mention, if it has not been applied too strong or too frequently. If used too strong it might cause the hair to become brittle.

POPPY.—It is impossible for us to tell you what is the cause of the pains which trouble you, from the very scant information you supply. They may be rheumatic or due to flat feet. If you are flat-footed you should wear boots very stiff at the "waist" and use a supporting pad. The treatment of worms depends upon the species. For the round worm "santonin" and for the tape worm "oil of male-fern" are the drugs most often employed. Excision of the tonsils is accompanied with very little pain and the bleeding is usually trivial.

CURIOUS.—Tight corsets are undoubtedly injurious to the health. They press the liver against the lungs and also press upon the stomach causing indigestion. They probably are to a certain extent responsible for "gastric ulcer" which is so common in young women. They might also weaken the back muscles, as you suggest, but we should not think that they would do much harm in that way. If corsets are not worn tight they do no harm.

BENHILL.—We gather from what you tell us that the patient has suffered from eczema for a very long time, and has probably tried all the usual applications and internal remedies for that complaint. Calamine ointment B.P. is often very useful and might be tried if she has not already used it. In very chronic cases ichthiol ointment five per cent. is often of decided value. Make sure that there is no source of irritation keeping up the mischief.

MAUD.—Snoring is almost always due to nasal obstruction. If you breathe through your nose during the night you will not snore. The treatment is to get your nose seen to either by a specialist or by an ordinary medical practitioner.

PANSY.—There is no objection to using borax to wash the hair with, if it is not used too strong.

"MARVIS CLARE."—Cutting hairs short does not remove them permanently, in fact they grow up very rapidly and also increase in thickness soon afterwards. Possibly the grey hairs that worry you are not increasing in number as you think. The only way to treat them is staining. Working in artificial light is said to cause premature greyness. Superfluous hair on the arms had better be left alone.

BRAMBLE.—You do not say whether your hair falls off only in certain places, leaving bald patches, or more or less, generally from the whole head. This is the most important guide to treatment. The diseases of the hair fall under the province of skin physicians. If you ask your medical man he will give you the address of a skin specialist, but we do not give the names or addresses of anyone in this column. We warn you against going to "specialists" who advertise in papers.

FLORENCE MABEL.—1. The best thing that you can do for your nails is to carefully trim off the small pieces of skin that annoy you and apply a simple ointment every night. "Lanoline" is a very good preparation for this purpose.—2. Rose water has no effect on the hair beyond that of simple water.

DORIS.—We can only advise your friend to have her nose seen to as soon as possible. It is impossible to tell why the bridge of her nose is sinking in without examining the nose through a speculum.

DIAMOND.—It is the natural condition of the hair to be greasy, but if you wish your hair to be dry washing it with borax and water will probably render it less greasy.

WILD ROSE.—You certainly do not suffer from melancholia. "Fits of crying which last for hours" may be hysteria but they are not melancholia, for melancholiacs never cry nor do the attacks last only for a few hours. It is not possible for us to suggest a remedy without having seen you, but any medical man can tell you what to do.

PANSY.—Freckles may often be cured by remaining in a darkened room, especially in a room in which the light is red rather than violet. Peroxide of hydrogen sometimes removes them, but very often nothing has any effect.

VICTORIA.—We cannot possibly tell you why your right cheek should be redder than your left. Has it always been so? For if it has nothing can be done for it. If it has only lately become manifest it might possibly be remedied.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAISY.—Every gem has an old superstition connected with it, and very unreliable; but that connecting "misfortune with the wearing of the opal," is only one of modern innovation. It was in ancient times called "the child of love," and was believed to bring "joy of heart to the wearer by rendering him, or her, lovable." Do not trouble your mind about such fables, they are only interesting in a historical and antiquarian sense. An ill fame seems to have been attached to the great Koh-i-Noor diamond, in the possession of H.M. the Queen; but the Governor of Borneo offered £100,000, two war-brigs equipped for service and numbers of cannon, for the famous stone of Matan, and all this was refused by the Rajah, on the plea that the fortunes of his family were dependent on or connected with it, and that "the water in which it was dipped cured all diseases."

GEORGIE.—There is only one way of curing an ingrowing nail, First, rest the foot and keep it up for a couple of days; and if much inflamed it may need a linseed poultice for some hours. Then, when the nail is soft, cut it, as far as you can without encroaching on the quick, in a V-shape, and with a very sharp penknife or piece of glass scrape the nail a little in the middle towards the point of the V to thin it down the centre. Grease it with lanoline to preserve it from cracking, and this will tend to alter the shape of the nail and prise up the tucked-in sides. When you have accomplished this object, you need only cut it straight across, not rounded like finger-nails.

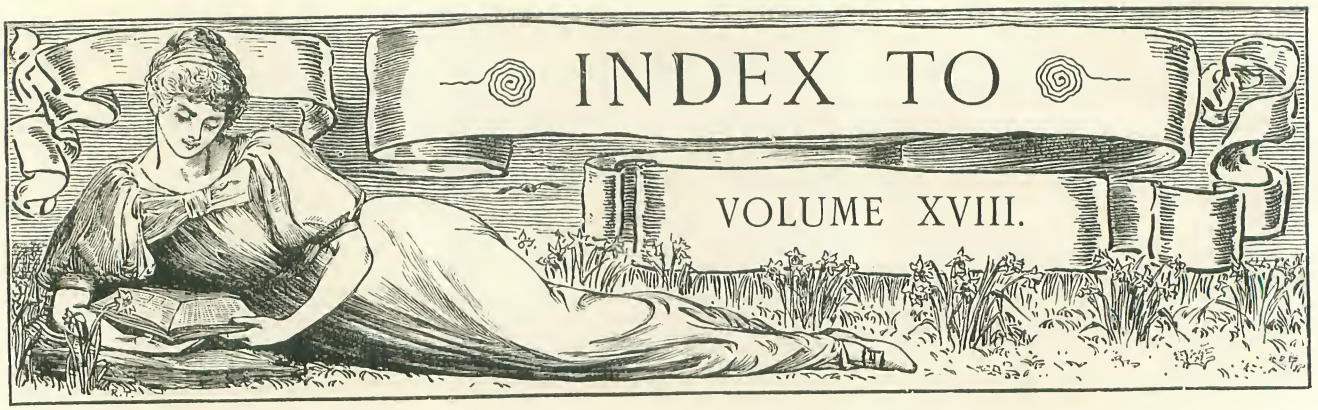
A. A. B.—You could not do better than procure a small illustrated volume called *Home Handicrafts*, published at our office. Directions are given for fifteen different descriptions of useful and artistic homework, and painting and staining glass are included amongst them.

EVILO.—Drilling holes in any metal would be better done by a working jeweller, who would charge you very little for doing it, and also for putting in a small ring by which to hang it up.

SNOWDROP.—The first number of the "G. O. P." bears the date, "Jan. 3rd, 1880."

HILLDENE.—To wash paint use ammonia, a tablespoonful to a gallon of water. We have lately tried kerosene oil, in the same proportions, with success.

SOPHIA should write to the publishers mentioned in the article in the "G. O. P.," and inquire where she can purchase the instrument, and its price.



A.

Abbotsford, Love-Lore from, 11
"A Bit of Gossip and how it Ended," 550
Absent-Minded, 564
Abuse of Fiction, The, 124
Accumulative Investments, 480
Acne, 595
Adventures of a Big Diamond, The, 422
Adventures on a Snow-Capped Mountain, My, 740, 773
Agate, What can be done with an, 652
Agatha's Choice, 797, 809, 822
Album, A Missionary, 812
All the World's on Wheels, 425
Alphabets, Notes on, 251
Alphabets of Different Nations, 205
America and Girls, 126
Ammonia, 28
Anchor: A Stag-Beetle Study, 141
An Overtowel in Linen Canvas, 804
Angel of the Rain, The, 809
Answers to Correspondents, 15, 32, 47, 64, 71, 79, 96, 111, 127, 143, 160, 175, 191, 208, 223, 239, 256, 272, 288, 304, 320, 335, 352, 368, 384, 399, 416, 431, 447, 463, 479, 496, 511, 527, 544, 559, 576, 592, 608, 624, 639, 655, 671, 687, 703, 719, 735, 752, 768, 784, 800, 816, 827
Apparel, To-day's, 72, 136, 200, 280, 344, 408, 472, 552, 616, 696, 760, 824
Apples, Concerning, 615
Apples for Storing, 96
Apple Syllabub, 183
April, 401
Apron Bag, An, 51
Architects, 32
August, Recipes for, 701
Aunt Amy's Letters to her Niece in the Country, 419, 555, 618, 661, 726, 796
Autographs and their Use, 500
A-Wheel, Our Girls, 8, 98, 182, 302

B.

Baby and her Wants, Queen, 92, 158, 440, 505, 651
Baby-Boy, My, 199
Bad Servant, A, 27
Bag, An Apron, 51
Baked Eggs, 347
Bakewell Pudding, 240
Baking Powder, 46
Bank, The Mossy, 713
Banquet at the Mansion House, An Easter, 395
Bathsheba, 377, 387, 407
Beauty, A Bundle of Hints on, 612
Beginnings, New, 196
Benevolent Institutions, 544
Bees, To Keep, 47
Be in Earnest, 331
Be not selfish, 826
Beware of Flatterers, 803
Berries, Concerning, 352
Be Wise, 205
Bible Study, On, 286
Bicycle Picnic, Menu for, 631
Binding of a Book, The, 324
Birth Marks, 596
Boats at Sea, The, 369
Bodice, A Seamless, 645
Boils, 87
Bonnie Lad, My, 786
Book, the Binding of a, 324
Boudoir, My, 505
Boy next Door, That Horrid, 353
Bread Crumbs, Browned, 183
Bread Pudding, A Plain, 191
Bread, Stale, 799
Breaking it Gently, 503
Briton, Origin of the Word, 463
Broiled Herrings, 373
Brooch in Saxon Times, The, 260
Brown Bread Savoury, 240
Browning for Gravy, 46
Bruges, 79
Bruises, 87
Burns, 87
Butterfly Catching, 32

C.

Cabinet, How to make a Japanese, 224
Cactuses, 428
Cakes, 46, 112
Calling of the Weir, The, 385, 404, 420, 443, 460, 465, 486, 502, 524, 529, 572, 578, 597, 610, 625, 654, 659, 686, 702, 717, 730, 746, 771, 786, 801
Canning Vegetables and Fruit, On, 644
"Caramel and Crêmes," 215
Care of the Throat, The, 198
Carving, 463
Celery Sauce, 46
Chafing Dish in Daily Use, The, 449
Champion, A, 777
Charlotte, Queen, 649, 779
Cheer Up! 564
Cheese Savouries, 183
Cheese Toasts, 171
Chemical Experiment, A, 563
Cherry Jam, 599
Chicken and Ham Pie, 46
Chicory, Dandelion and Watercress, 355
Child's Pinafore, A, 29
Child's Vest, How to make a, 604
Chocolate, 47
Chocolate Baisers, 171
Chocolate Cakes, 112
Choice, The, 169
Christian Names for Girls, 421
Christmas Number, Our Extra, 144
Christmas Rose, Origin of the Legend, 127
Christmas Table Decorations, 148
Chrysanthemums, All About, 33, 52
Chrysanthemums, Garden, 24
Cintra, Under the Shadow of, 488
Civil Service Clerkships, 559
Clever Woman, A, 519
Clubs and Associations, Girls' Cycling, 220
Cocoanut Pudding, 112
Cæsar's Milk-White Doe, 140
Cold Days, Food for, 118
Colds, Concerning, 175
Comfort, 23
Companions, 32
Compensation, 536
Competitions, 57, 75, 113, 117, 131, 172, 412
Complete Stories, 24, 37, 49, 65, 89, 108, 121, 129, 152, 170, 225, 241, 268, 277, 297, 306, 329, 341, 377, 387, 407, 425, 438, 451, 470, 481, 510, 516, 537, 568, 583, 601, 613, 633, 646, 664, 681, 690
Content, Two Sorts of, 618
Cook, Advice to a, 493
Cookery, 447
Cookery in May, 439, 459
Cookery Teaching, 15
Cook, What to, 267
Corn Bread, 112
Corns, 87
Corns, Cure for, 304
Correspondents, Answers to, 15, 32, 47, 64, 71, 79, 96, 111, 127, 143, 160, 175, 191, 208, 223, 239, 256, 272, 288, 304, 320, 335, 352, 368, 384, 399, 416, 431, 447, 463, 479, 496, 511, 527, 544, 559, 576, 592, 608, 624, 639, 655, 671, 687, 703, 719, 735, 768, 784, 800, 816, 827
Cosy Homes for Wintry Weather, 188
Cottage Pudding, 183
Counting the Peas, 695
Country Girls, A Month's Holiday in London for, 571
County Council doing for Girls, What is the London, 340, 604, 699, 742
Court, How I was Presented at, 161
Cousin Essie's Love Story, 633, 646
Craze, The Silver Spoon, 356
Crazy Jane's Wee Lamb, 321
Cream Cakes, 112

Crèche, How we Managed our, 518
Crispin's Day, Saint, 592
Crusader's Motto, The 393
Cuckoo Song, The, 544
Cultivate Tact, 564
Curd Fritters, 493
Currants, Stewed, 599
Cuts, 87
Cycling, Concerning, 8, 98, 182, 220, 302, 362
Cycle, How to Keep and Clean the, 362
Cycling Clubs and Associations, Girls', 220

D.

Daily Round Competition, My, 75, 172
Darling o'er the Blue, My, 528
Daughter, The Grocer's 425, 438, 451, 470
Day's Apparel, To, 72, 136, 200, 280, 344, 408, 472, 552, 616
Deaf Girls, Help for, 734
December, What Girls might do in, 166
Decorations, Christmas Table, 148
Designing Man, A, 787
Deportment, A Lesson in, 609
Diamond, The Adventures of a Big, 422
Diary and its Variations, The Modern, 212
Diet in Health and Sickness, 284
"Dieu et mon Droit," 160
Digestion after Meals, Concerning, 3
Dinners from a Leg of Mutton, Five Little, 19
Dishes, Tasty, 183
Dispensing, 512
Doctor Luttrell's First Patient, 1, 30, 44, 62, 81, 102, 122, 139, 145, 164, 178, 204, 209, 237, 254, 262, 273, 293, 314, 330, 337, 358, 382, 396
Doe, Cæsar's Milk-White, 140
Does advertising pay, 826
Donkey Chair, My, 744
Doll Manufactory, 508
Don't be Selfish, 563
Don't take the Wrong Turning, 149
Don't you Remember? 152, 170
Door-Keeper, A Faithful, 519
Double Acrostic I., 211
Double Acrostic I., Answer to, 292
Double Acrostic II., 229
Double Acrostic II., Answer to, 339
Dream, a Song in a, 180
Dreams, 633
Dropsy Cure, 259
Dressmaker, The first Man, 508
Drinking the Sea dry, 53
Duck-keeping, Profitable, 54, 214, 299, 388
Duck, Roast Wild, 183
Ducks, Stuffing for, 112
Duty, 564
Duty, 618
Dysentery, Cure for, 3

E.

Earwigs, Concerning, 175
Easter Banquet at the Mansion House, An, 395
Easter Cakes, 46
Easter Hymn, An, 456
Eczema, 596
Editor asks a Favour, The, 411
Eggs, 347
Eggs and Mushroom Sauce, 240
Eggs with Brown Gravy, 347
Elderberry Wine, 272
Embroidery, An old French, 565
Embroidery on Underlinen, On Placing, 668
Emigration, 335, 512
Employments for Girls, 559
Epitaph, A Touching, 275
Essays, Prize, 412
Eugene Aram, 127
"Evening on the Trees," 777
Events in a Girl's Life, Social, 161, 395, 606
"Exception proves the Rule," The Saying, 462
Eyelids, Swollen, 15
Eyes, Artificial, 192

F.

Face, The Common Skin Affections of, 595
Failures, 196
Family Fetters, 232
Family, Friendship in the, 119
Fare, Seasonable, 564
Fashions and Towns, 508
Fat, Concerning, 3
Fat, to Clarify, 493
"Father of Love," 580
Favour, The Editor asks a, 411
Favour, The Editor acknowledges a, 539
Fees, Concerning, 64
Felling and Seaming, 556
Fellow Feeling, 391
Fennel Sauce, 373
Ferns, 239
Fetters, Family, 232
Fever, In cases of, 493
Fiction, The Abuse of, 124
Fiction, the Legitimate uses of, 42
Fidelity, 147
Fig Pudding, 240
Filigree and how to Make it, 715
Fire, To light a Kitchen, 157
Fish Cutlets with Cream Sauce, 564
Fisher-girls and Fisherwives, 593
Fish Pie, 398
Fish Recipes, 398
Five little Dinners from a Leg of Mutton, 19
Flakey Pastry, 564
Flannel Work, 336
Florence, Housekeeping in, 252
Florence, Musical Art in, 574
Florence, Student-Life in, 477, 574, 667, 727, 756, 793, 803
Flowers by Post, 36
Flushing, 15
Flushing of the Face, Cure for, 304
Flying Fast, 803
Food for Cold Days, 118
Forget-me-not, The, 421
Fortune, Favoured by, 147
For all in situations, 803
Fractures, 87
France, Housekeeping in, 134
France, St. John's Fires in, 685
French Embroidery, An Old, 565
Fricasséed Eggs, 347
Fricasséed Rabbit, 183
Friendship in the Family, 119
Fritters, 347
Fritters, Four Recipes for, 493
From an Irish Cottage to an Imperial Palace, 713, 729, 750, 764
From the Mine to the Mint, 110
Fruits, 739
Furniture of Marie Antoinette, 462

G.

Game Cutlets, 183
Game Pastry, A, 183
Garden Chrysanthemums, 24
Garden in Early Spring, The, 402
Gardening, 32
Gardening for Profit, 419, 555, 618, 661, 726, 796
Garden Party, My first Royal, 606
Gathering and Gauging, 391
Gauging, Gathering and, 391
Girls and their Pocket-Money, 418
Girls at Work, 441
Girl's Cycling Clubs and Associations, 220
Girl's Life, Social Events in a, 161, 395, 606
Girls of Greece, The, 452
Girls' Own Guild of Scripture-Reading and Study, The, 77, 135, 187, 286
Girls should earn a Pound a Week, Why, 14, 91
Girls who wish to be Well, To, 436
Girls who Work with their Hands, 235
Gladys, The Name, 608
Glue, 167
God Reigns, 563
God's Child, 681
Go on trying, 826
Going on an Errand, 208
Golden Gates, The, 649
Good Nature, 608
Good Thoughts, 391
Gooseberry Jelly, Green, 551
Gooseberry Sauce, 373
Graciousness and Ungraciousness, 483
Graham Pudding, 240
Gravies, 46
Great Britain for Ever, 503
Greatest Trust of All, The, 683
Greece, The Girls of, 452
Green Country, Holidays in the, 662
Green Gooseberry Tart, 171
Grocer's Daughter, The, 425, 438, 451, 470
Guinea Fowl, Roast, 183
Guinea, Origin of the Term, 576

H.

Halibut, 398
Hammer or Anvil, 519
Hands, Concerning sticky, 3
Hands, Girls who Work with their, 235
"Handsome Jack," 225, 241, 268, 277
Handwriting Competition, Report on, 131
Happiest Heart, The, 564
Happiness and Success, 83
Happy are the Humble, 275
Harvest Time, 705
Hats of To-day, 20, 84, 724
Hat, To Clean and Block a, 143
Health and Sickness, Diet in, 284
Health, Hydros and, 766
Healthy, How to be, 331
He and She, 206
Help for Deaf Girls, 734
Hen's Food, 304
Her Girl, 297, 306, 329, 341
"Her Sandal-Shoon," 481, 510, 516, 537
Hints, 3, 36, 157, 171, 203, 259, 282, 355, 398, 493, 653, 700
Hints for Travellers in Summer, 657
Hints on Beauty, 612
Hints on Home Nursing, 653, 700, 805
His last chance, 826
Hohenloh Land, In, 289
Holiday Home, The Girl's, 673
Holiday in London for Country Girls, A Month's, 571
Holidays in the Green Country, 662
Home Nursing, Hints on, 653, 700, 805
Homes for Wintry Weather, Cosy, 188
Home, The Old, 313
Honey Soap, 463
Hope, A Song of, 297
Horse-Radish Sauce, 112
Hospital Nursing, 15, 559
Hospital Ward, In a, 729
Household Hints, 3, 36, 157, 171, 203, 259, 282, 355, 398, 493, 636, 698, 783

Housekeeping in Florence, 252
Housekeeping in France, 134
How I was Presented at Court, 161
How we Managed our Crèche, 518
Hydros and Health, 766
Hymn, An Easter, 456

I.

Iced Vanilla Pudding, 240
Iceland Moss Jelly, 46
Idler, To an, 569
"I Give and Bequeath," 121, 129
Imitation Stained Glass, 629
In Chill November, 78
Indentation, 399
Index, 828
Indian Toffee, 112
Infanticide, Literary, 320
Infant's Flannel Jacket, An, 647
Influence of Religion on Insanity, The, 509
In Hohenloh Land, 289
In Monmouth Ward, 89, 108
Insanity, The Influence of Religion on, 509
Insectivorous Plants, 732
"In the Night Watches," 264
In the Twilight Side by Side, 68, 119, 196, 276, 348, 403, 469, 532, 622, 763, 789
Invalid, To an, 16
Investments, Accumulative, 480
Irish Cottage to an Imperial Palace, From an, 713, 729, 750, 764
Is she a lady. 787

J.

Jackasses, Laughing, 545
Jacket, An Infant's Flannel, 647
Jam, 47
January, 152
Japanese Cabinet, How to make a, 224
Japonica; or Clever Girls and a Charming Woman, 24, 37, 49, 65
Jasper, 111
Johannesburg, 384
Journalism, 496
Jubilee Drawing Room, A, 678
Jubilee Number, Our Diamond, 480
Jubilee Seat, The, 757
Jubilee Summer Number, Contents of our, 560
Jugged Hare, 112
July, Recipes for, 599
Julienne Soup, 564
June, Recipes for, 551

K.

Keats: The True Grecian, 813
Kedgeree, 398
Keeping in the Sunshine, 423

L.

Lady Judge, A, 211
Lamb, Crazy Jane's Wee, 321
Lamp, The largest in the world, 400
Laughing Jackasses, 545
Leaves on the Ducal Coronet, 608
Lemonade, 157
Lemon Juice, 3
"Lepidoptera," 598
Letter Box, Our Open, 559
Lights of Home, The, 721
Linen Bag, 398
"Lines to a Mosquito," 390
Literary Infanticide, 326
Lobster Salad, 373
Lobster Soup, 373
London, A Month's Holiday in, 571
London County Council doing for Girls, What is The, 340, 604, 699, 742
Longing, 244
Look Forward, 211
Lord Montgomery's Protégée, 7
Love-Lore from Abbotsford, 11
Love Wisely, 803
Lullaby, A, 561
Lunch Cake, 46

M.

Maiden's Life and what to do with it, A, 243
Maidens, Time and the, 504
Mansion House, An Easter Banquet at the, 395
Manners and Morals, 803
Maria Edgeworth, 150, 285, 316, 364, 540
Maria Edgeworth, Pen and Ink Sketches by, 285
May, Cookery in, 439, 459
Medicus Papers, 78, 166, 294, 461, 548, 766
Mending and Patching, 127
Mental Melodies, 793
Methods of using Strawberries, Some Novel, 516
Mimics, Nature's, 627
Mine to the Mint, From the, 110, 202, 266
Mine of the Golden Valley, The, 664, 681
Mint, From the Mine to the, 110, 202, 266
Mirabel, 456, 474, 490, 498, 514, 542, 557, 562, 587, 602, 620, 637, 642, 669, 676, 694, 706, 722, 738, 754, 782, 794, 806, 818
Missionary Album, A, 812
Mistress and Maid, 826
Mistaken, Utterly, 216
Mistakes, On Making, 811
Modern Diary and its Variations, The, 212
Modern Methods of treating the Sick, 22, 86
Money Earned at Home, 447
Mosses, The Study of, 584
Mother of Pearl, 292
Motto, The Crusader's, 393
Motto Work Bag, 271
Mountain, My Adventures on a Snow-Capped, 740, 773
Mountain, The White Rose of the, 17, 38, 57, 69, 94, 97, 114, 132, 155, 173, 190, 193, 221, 230, 249, 257, 301, 318, 333, 349, 365, 370, 393, 410, 430, 433, 454, 478, 494, 507, 526, 535, 546, 566, 589
Mug, The Term, 399
Musical Art in Florence, 574
Music, 4, 100, 180, 244, 378, 417, 519
Music-Copying as a Fine Art, 41
Mutton, Five little dinners from a leg of, 19
My Baby Boy, 199
My Bonnie Lad, 786
My Boudoir, 505
My Daily Round Competition, 75, 115, 172
My Darling o'er the Blue, 528
"My Housekeeper," 343
"My Professional Work," 412
My School Days, 28, 106, 184, 264, 313, 375, 435, 534, 575, 635, 711, 788

N.

Nature's Mimics, 627
Newfoundland, Concerning, 439
New Year, The, 206
Night-Duty, A story of, 89, 108
Nightingale and the Robin, The, 184
No More Sea, 672
No Royal Road, 147
Noses, Concerning, 508
Nose Bleeding, 87
November, In Chill, 78
Nursing, 256, 512
Nursing, Home, Hints on, 653, 700, 805
Nuts and the Digestion, 400

O.

Observatory, The Highest in the World, 508
Odds and Ends, 48, 126, 192, 332, 400, 462, 508, 615, 791
Old Home, The, 313
Onions for children, 3
On Making Mistakes, 811
Only One, 421
On our own Resources, 519
Opinions, 563
Orange Fritters, 493
Orange Salad, 183
Our Girls A-wheel, 8, 98, 182, 302
Our new Puzzle Poems, 80, 143, 208, 288, 352, 416, 480, 560, 624, 704, 768, 823
"Out-door Etiquette," 406
Oyster, Concerning the, 400

P.

Pancakes and Fritters, 347
Parsley Sauce, 373
Parsnip Fricassee, 46
Passion Flower, The, 368
Patching, Mending and, 127
Patient, Doctor Luttrell's First, 1, 30, 44, 62, 81, 102, 122, 139, 145, 164, 178, 204, 209, 237, 254, 262, 273, 293, 314, 330, 337, 358, 382, 396
Peacocks, 577
Peas à la crême, 564
Peas Salade, 599
Peas, Counting the, 695
Pea Soup, Green, 551
Pen and Ink Sketches by Maria Edgeworth, 285
Pepper Pudding, 47
Perfection is no Trifle, 23
"Pessimism," 471
Photographic Competition, Our, 113, 117
Physiology of Plants, The, 484
Pianoforte Back, A pretty, 710
Pianoforte Practising, 446
Pickles, and how to make them, 813
Picnic Pasties, 564
Pigeon Pie, 46
Pinafore, A Child's, 29
Plants, Insectivorous, 732
Plants, The Physiology of, 484
Playmate, Val's, 568, 583, 601, 613
Pleasures, How to double our, 53

Plum Cake, 112
Pocket-money, Girls and their, 418
Poetry, 16, 24, 80, 89, 140, 152, 169, 177, 184, 232, 243, 264, 297, 313, 329, 361, 369, 393, 401, 417, 456, 504, 528, 536, 538, 548, 561, 569, 584, 600, 633, 641, 649, 672, 681, 705, 713, 721, 729, 737, 777, 793, 809
Poets have their Troubles, 339
Point de Hongroie, 168
Poker, A Kitchen, 53
Post Office Clerkships, 15
Potato Cake, 240
Potato Chips, 46
Potato Croquettes, 112
Potato Fritters, 493
Potato Salad, 355
Potatoes, 355
Pottery Making, On 308
Pound a Week, A, 14, 91
Practical Papers on Plain Work, 270
Practising, Pianoforte, 446
Preserves, 112
Pressure on the Body, 3
Preventable Worries, 374
Prize Essays, 412
Professional Girls, Our Competition for, 346
Professional Life in Rome, 748
Profitable Duck-Keeping, 54, 214, 299, 388
Profit, Gardening for, 419, 555, 618
Prospectus Puzzle, 279
Protégée, Lord Montgomery's, 7
Puddings, 240,
Punch and Judy Snow, The, 83
Puzzle Poems, 27, 67, 80, 142, 143, 208, 288, 343, 352, 416, 471, 480, 560, 624, 704, 823
Puzzle Poem Report, and List of Prize Winners, 693, 767, 820

Q.

Queen Baby and Her Wants, 92, 158, 440, 595, 651
Queen Biscuits, 373
Queen Cakes, 373
Queen Charlotte, 649, 709, 779
Queen's Pudding, 240
Questions and Answers, 752, 815
Quiet Hints for Spring and Early Summer, 361

R.

Rainbow Ribbon, The, 570
Raspberry Solide, 599
Rational Desires, 787
Recipes for the Month, 46, 347, 373
Recipes for June, 551
Recipes for July, 599
Recipes for August, 701
Recipes for September, 751
Recipes for October, 821
Recipes, Some Useful, 112, 240
Réchauffes, 311
Religion and Insanity, 799
Religion on Insanity, The Influence of, 509, 799
Resolutions, Failures, New Beginnings, 196
Retrospection, 4
Rhubarb Meringue Tart, 171
Ribbon, The Rainbow, 570
Rice Cakes, 46
Ringworm, 596
Rings, Concerning, 175
River Song, A, 641
Robin, The Nightingale and the, 184
Rock Cakes, 46
Rococo Work, 227
Rome, Professional Life in, 748
Röntgen Rays, 508
Rosacea, 596
Rose, An Exiled, 737
Rose of the Mountain, The White, 17, 38, 57, 69, 94, 97, 114, 132, 155, 173, 190, 193, 221, 230, 249, 257, 301, 318, 333, 349, 365, 370, 393, 410, 430, 433, 454, 478, 494, 507, 526, 535, 546, 589
Roses, Single, 520
Royal Garden Party, My First, 606
Rug Making, 544
Rupture, 624
Running, Felling, and Seaming, 556

S.

Saint John's Fires in France, 685
Salad Dressing, 47
Salad of French Beans, 564
Salad Sauce, 46
Salmon Croquettes, 46
Sappho, No Poetess like, 23
Sauces, 373
Sausage, Aberdeen, 157
Savoury Sandwiches, 564
Savouries, Some Eastern, 716
Saxon Times, The Brooch in, 260
Scalds, 87
Scalloped Fish, 398
Scott, Sir Walter, Two Unpublished Letters of, 11
School Days, My, 28, 106, 184, 264, 313, 375, 435, 534, 575, 635, 711, 788
Scripture Reading and Study, The Girl's Own Guild of, 77, 135, 187, 286
Seaming, 556
Seasonable Fare, 564
Sea, The Boats at, 369
Seat, The Jubilee, 757
Sensible Advice, 503
September, Recipes for, 751
Servant's Registry, 447
Sexes in Church, The Division of the, 71
Shadowland, 329
Shake off Melancholy, 803
Sheep's Head, A new way of serving, 819
Sheffield of Spain, The, 770
Shoes to make Waterproof, 320
Shooter's Hill, On, 142
Shopping Commissions, 399
Shortbread, 47
Short Stories, 7, 186, 206, 216, 321, 353, 422, 550, 570
Show Your Tickets, 205
Sick, Modern Methods of Treating the, 22, 86
Sickness, Diet in Health and, 284
Side by Side, In the Twilight, 68, 119, 196, 276, 348, 403, 469, 532, 622
Silkworms to rear, 47
Silver Spoon Craze, The, 356
Simply awful, 826
Singers and Singing, 107
Singing, Singers and, 107
Single Roses, 520
Sketches, Pen and Ink, by Maria Edgworth, 285
Skin affections of the Face, The Common, 595
Skin, Concerning the, 576
Sleep, Concerning, 32
"Sleep of the Just," 256
Sleeves that cost Nothing, Warm, 509
Soap, 810
Social Events in a Girl's Life, 161, 395, 606 676
Soda Bread, 240
Soda Cake, 46
Soles with Cream Sauce, 46
Solutions of Puzzle Poems, 390, 406
Some nice ways of using up stale bread, 799
Some Useful Recipes, 240
Song in a Dream, A, 180
Song of Hope, A, 297
Song, That Dear Old, 177
Songs, 100, 180, 244, 378, 580
Sorrel Soup, 373
Soufflé Potatoes, 355
Soups, 373
Spain, The Sheffield of, 770
Spanish Pudding, 599
Spelling Made Easy, 426
Spiders, Concerning, 400
Spice Cake, 46
Splash-Board, A painted, 745
Sponges, Concerning, 463
Spooney, The Term, 463
Spring and Early Summer, Quiet Hints for 361
Spring, The Garden in Early, 402
"Springtime, The Only Pretty Ring Time," 464
Spring, Winter and, 89
Squires' Daughters, Work for, 104
Stag-Beetle, A Study, 141
Stained Glass, Imitation, 629
Starched Materials, Concerning, 3
Stewardesses, 15, 752
St. George, Tradition Respecting, 304
Still Life, 693, 767
Stitching and Back Stitching, 607
Strawberries, Some Novel Methods of Using, 516
Stream was almost dry, The, 787
Student-Life in Florence, 477, 574, 667, 727, 756, 793, 803
Study of Mosses, The, 584
Study, On Bible, 286
Studying Economy, 787
Sublime Porte, The Term, 448
Summer Spices, 67
"Summer is Y-Comen In," 448
Sun, Concerning the, 96
Sunshine, Keeping in the, 423
Susan's Sweetheart, 690

T.

Table Decorations, Christmas, 148
Tarts, 171
Tasty Dishes, 183
Tea Cakes, 47, 171
Tea Drinking, Origin of, 462
Tears in Dresses and Umbrellas, To Mend, 157
Telegraph Message, The, 251
Terrible Lawyer, A, 826
That Dear Old Song, 177,
That Horrid Boy Next Door, 353
"The Old Refrain," 378
Three Things, 787
Thrift, 480
Throat, The Care of the, 198
Time and the Maidens, 504
To an Invalid, 16
To-Day's Apparel, 72, 136, 200, 280, 344, 408, 472, 552, 616, 696, 760, 824
Toledo, The Sheffield of Spain, 769
To Rose, 600
Towns Under the Control of Women, 192
Transposition of Letters, 251
Travellers in Summer, Hints for, 657
Triolet, A, 304
Turning Point, The, 361
Turn the Tables, To, 399

U.

Uncooked Meat in the Larder, Concerning, 3
"Under the Rose," 256
Underlinen, On placing embroidery on, 668
Under the Shadows of Cintra, 488

Undine, 479
Uses of Fiction, The Legitimate, 42
Useful Hints, 157, 171, 205, 355, 398, 493
Utterly Mistaken, 216

V.

Val's Playmate, 568, 583, 601, 613
Vanilla Ice Cream, 46
Variety in Food, 36
Varieties, 23, 53, 59, 74, 83, 147, 163, 205, 211, 251, 275, 292, 331, 339, 391, 421, 503, 519, 563, 618, 630, 643, 666, 684, 692, 749, 787, 803, 826
Veal Cheese, 46
Veal Patti, 46
Vegetable Marrow Preserve, 112
Vegetables and Fruit, On Canning, 644
Vermicelli Pudding, 240
Verse Writing, Criticisms on,
Vest, How to make a Child's, 604
Victoria the Good, 548
Victorious Life, The, 787
Volume for the Girls Own Bookshelf, Announcement of, 464

W.

Walnut Pickles, 16
Ward, In Monmouth, 89, 108
Warm Sleeves that Cost nothing, 509
Warts, 87
Watkin Pudding, 240
Way of the World, The, 53
Weaving 512
Weep no More, 100
Weir, The Calling of the, 385, 404, 420, 443, 460, 465, 486, 502, 524, 529, 572, 578, 597, 610, 625, 654, 659, 686, 702, 717, 730, 746, 771, 786, 801
Whales, Feasting on, 23
What Girls might do in December, 166
What is Culture, 787
What is the London County Council Doing for Girls? 340, 604
"What is the Name of this Ailment?" 548
What is War, 211
What to Cook, and How to Cook it, 267
What will my story be? 664
When Bud and Burgeon come again, 294
Where Fortune Lies, 421
White Rose of the Mountain, The, 17, 38, 57, 69, 94, 97, 114, 132, 155, 173, 190, 193, 221, 230, 249, 257, 301, 318, 333, 349, 365, 370, 393, 410, 430, 433, 454, 478, 494, 507, 526, 535, 546, 566, 589
Window Box Plants, 288
Wife, A Managing, 275
Wild Fowl, Gravy for, 46
Winter and Spring, 89
Winter Weather, Cosy Homes for, 188
Without Reward, 186
Woman, 232
Women Philanthropists of To-day, 53
Work Bag, Motto, 271
Work, Girls at, 441
Work, Practical Papers on Plain, 270
Work, Flannel, 336
Work for Squires' Daughters, 104
Worries Preventable, 374
Wren, Concerning the, 528
Writing and Speaking, In, 275

X

Xylophone, The, 305

Y

Year, The New, 206
Your Cross, 83

LIST OF PLATES.

SOMEBODY COMING . . . Frontispiece to the Volume
TITLE PAGE TO THE VOLUME
ARTIFICIAL FLOWER-MAKING . . . To face page 7
THE REHEARSAL . . . . . ,, 107
A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE . . . . . ,, 145
TWO WORLDS . . . . . ,, 209
A HAPPY FAMILY . . . . . To face page 289
IN THE MERRY SPRINGTIME . . . . . ,, 401
A BRIDESMAID . . . . . ,, 528
LOVERS OF NATURE . . . . . ,, 561
WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I . . . . ,, 625
FAR FROM THE DWELLINGS OF CAREWORN MEN ,, 753

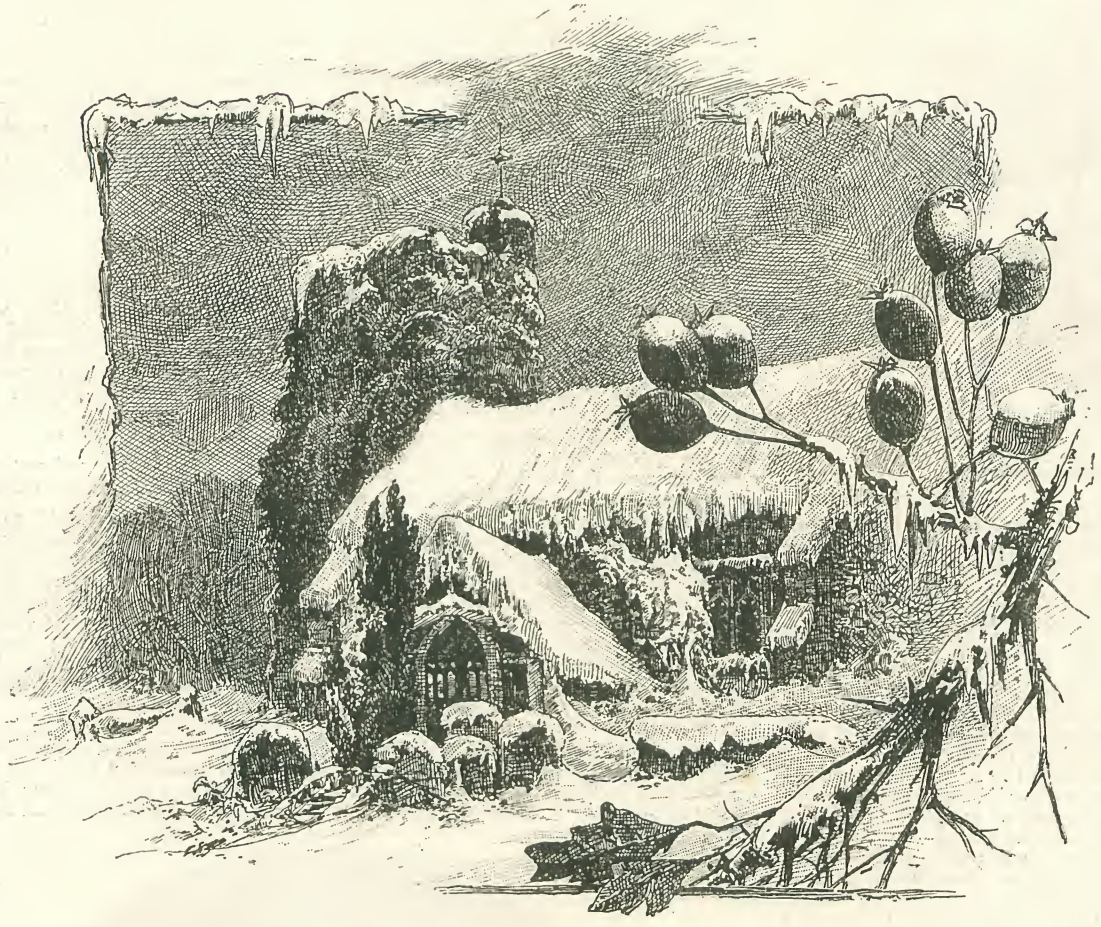
LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.



"PEACE ON EARTH; GOODWILL TO MEN."

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.



BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,

1897.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

"UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR."

By LADY DUNBOYNE, Author of "The Three Old Maids of Leigh," "The Turning of the Lane," etc.



"Christmas Eve! Such a Christmas Eve as the penny-a-liners like to write of—clear, bright, frosty—frozen snow crisping under one's feet and stars shining overhead, and withal so beastly cold, that I feel as if it were creeping round my heart, and freezing up all my vital powers. What an idiot I was ever to come back to this barbarous old climate! Wonder what they are doing over there: Christmas was jolly with the sunshine and the flowers blooming, though one used to think it an anomaly in younger days. Well, well, I shall never have the chance of doing that again—a month or two of good old-fashioned English winter will settle my business; and a good thing too for all, except the poor little lad—perhaps even for him too."

The solitary traveller stood still to read a notice board and to give way to a fit of coughing, which lasted long, and left him so exhausted that he stopped again to lean on a gate, which stood out white and clear in the frosty moonlight.

"This must be Tom Price's land—I remember the big oak-tree in the corner of that field—the village can't be more than half a mile off now. Courage, man; put your best foot foremost, there's shelter to be got there, without tramping on another mile to the old hall. Wonder what Geoff will say when he sees me—not many fatted calves will be killed there to greet the prodigal's return, I fancy."

Slowly, painfully, the solitary man pursued his way, each step growing more faltering, each breath more laboured, until the sight of the village lights stirred him to fresh energy.

"There it is—the poor little, old dead-alive place—little changed, I'll be bound, in the twelve years that have made, first a man, and then a wreck of me. And hark; if that's not the church-bell. I suppose they've got a new-fangled parson who goes in for 'watch-night' services, and the like. Drat these legs of mine—they are weighted with lead—but I'll hold out a bit longer!" and, setting his teeth, he struggled on, the icy-cold night air striking like a knife to his diseased lungs, and each tottering step seeming as if it must be the last. The bell had ceased, and the last of the little band of midnight worshippers had passed through the porch before he came beneath the shadow of the little old grey-towered church; the church wherein, in the old, old days, he had knelt beside father, mother, brother and sisters, days which, to Philip Everard, seemed to belong to another phase of existence. He could hear the deep notes of the organ prelude, as he paused for a moment to look through the lighted window, and then, clear and sweet, like an echo of those purer memories of childhood so long thrust aside, he heard the words of the old familiar hymn.

"It came upon the midnight clear—
That glorious night of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

And, as he listened, a change passed over that hard, saddened face, and a look almost of eagerness awoke in the haggard eyes.

"That's her voice, unless I'm dreaming. Strange to hear it again thus, after so many years, and unchanged too. The face has altered more, I'll be bound, some difference between eighteen and thirty. Ah, well; I was a young ass to think the world well lost for a girl's blue eyes—a girl who, after all, wouldn't stand by me at a pinch. I don't believe she ever cared as I did, either. My poor old dad! I wonder, when he was dying, whether he felt a bit sorry for those hard words that passed between us. I was his favourite in those days, not Geoffrey, the model son and prince of prigs—model squire now, no doubt on the old-fashioned Tory lines. The old man used to get furious at my Radicalism; but he had a soft corner for scape-grace Phil in spite of all. Poor Mary! I wonder if she's married by now, and a buxom farmer's wife. Big George Bromley was at her feet even in the old days, and she wasn't likely to hold out long against the best match in the parish. Well, I must be getting on before they come swarming out of church; I don't want to be recognised in this sort of forlorn plight, with only the clothes I stand up in. Horrid nuisance that that ostler at Wendercombe had not a single horse roughed, or a trap to send my things in—they don't amount to much at the best. Hope my legs will be accommodating enough not to give way till I reach the public," and staggering, gasping—with iron will contending against failing bodily strength—he struggled on a few yards further.

"Is this it? No—only a cottage—but there's a light in the window—I—can't—go—on—must ask to sit down a minute—hang the door—can't find——" And, with a last despairing effort to raise his hand and knock, the young man fell senseless on the road, just in front of a white cottage, the porch of which was wreathed in a heavy cluster of dry and withered traveller's joy.

* * * *

"Oh, toilers, pause and rest awhile
To hear the angels sing!"

She was singing them softly to herself, the old familiar words which Christmas by Christmas had brought comfort to her heart; and the rhythm of her footsteps on the hard frosty ground sounded like an accompaniment to the air. A woman no longer in the first bloom of youth, yet beautiful still; her delicate face framed in the little, close, nurse's bonnet with its white strings, and her tall form shrouded in the long black cloak.

"Rest awhile! Ah, well, it will be all rest by-and-by, perhaps before so many years. And I am not so tired now; and this will be a night off duty, as old Weston is better and no one else bad enough to want me. There's



"THE SOLITARY TRAVELLER STOOD STILL."

grannie's lamp in the window to welcome me; and the kettle boiling I have no doubt. Bless her dear thoughtful old heart—ah!"

She had almost stumbled over the prostrate figure across her own threshold, and, for a moment, the start nearly took away her breath. But her nursing instinct quickly asserted itself, and with it the power of immediate action. Stooping, she raised the heavy head into an easy posture, chafed the cold hands, and assured herself that the heart still beat flutteringly.

"Cold and exhaustion," she murmured doubtfully, "or drink—which? In any case we can't let him lie here to be frozen to death. Grannie!"

The call, twice repeated, brought an old woman to the cottage door.

"Is it you, my maid? Come your ways in, and shut the door, I'm mazed with the cold."

"Wrap your shawl round you, grannie dear, and lend me a helping hand. Here's a poor man fallen in a swoon at our door, and we must get him in to the fire if we can."

"May the Lord help us!" said the old woman reverently. "A man at this hour of the night? Wait, honey, while I get a light!" And with the slow movements of old age, she went in quest of the lamp, while Mary Barnes, kneeling at the unconscious man's side, again chafed his hands.

A cry broke from her as the lamp-rays fell on the ghastly face. Changed, aged, marred as it was by those twelve years of wild living and reckless self-neglect, this was yet the lover of her youth—the man whose life had been wrecked through her in hopeless passion, and to whose memory she had sacrificed her own.

"Grannie, grannie! Don't you see?" she cried in a kind of wild impatience at the old woman's tardy movements. "Don't you remember Mr. Philip?"

"Master Phil? Never!" But a closer inspection brought conviction even to her old eyes. "I believe you are right, Mary; but, oh, how changed! Poor lad——"

"Grannie, help me—don't let us waste time talking—help me to drag him inside! No, you're not strong enough; but there's some tea in the little pot on the hob, maybe that'll bring him to. Stop here a minute while I fetch it."

She flew into the house and returned with the restorative, of which, after one or two fruitless efforts, she succeeded in forcing a little into the half-open mouth.

The old woman hung over her former nursling in speechless wonderment and distress. After twelve long years, had he come back thus to perish on her threshold?

"He's coming to!" said Mary softly, and half-unconsciously she shrank back into the shadow. It was too late, however, the dim eyes had lighted up with recognition.

"Mary, am I dreaming still? Is it the Christmas Eve angel I used to expect to see in my childhood, or——"

He struggled up on his elbow and tried to look at her more closely, but fell back coughing fearfully.

"Don't speak!" she said, with her instinctive authority as the village nurse, once more. "Can you stand up with the help of my arm and grannie's? Lean more this side; I am strong; that's right; the warmth inside will revive you." And supporting and guiding the uncertain footsteps, she drew him in to the fireside, where he sank, almost fainting again, into the old woman's arm-chair.

He signed for more to drink, and Mary held it to his lips, though fearing all the time for the effect on that chest-tearing cough.

"Make some more tea, please, grannie," she said, "and have you a bit of cake in the cupboard? Maybe he could swallow a few crumbs—I doubt he has eaten nothing for hours."

But Philip turned from the offered morsel, her eyes dwelling pitifully all the while on this wreck of her once handsome lover.

After another fit of coughing he managed to speak again.

"Not a good specimen of Australian living, am I, Mary? Creeping back like a wounded beast to die in the old lair—if I can find the old shelter to die in, that is. How do you suppose my brother will welcome me?"

"He'll be glad, sir," the old woman answered amid her tears. "He's a good man, is Mr. Geoffrey; and his wife——"

"Ah, he is married then? I fancy I heard something about it years ago——"

"Yes, sir; he married Miss Bathurst ten years ago."

"What children are there?"

"None, sir; it is a sorrow to the Squire; he was always fond of little folks, and grieves to see the old nurseries empty."

"No children—no heir!" The invalid almost started up, but fell back from weakness. "Why, there's a chance for my boy after all! How foolish I was not to bring him! But, poor little chap, he'd hardly have stood the hardships that have broken down even a seasoned old wreck like me!"

The girl bending over him had shrunk back into the shadow.

Twelve years ago, Philip Everard, the reckless handsome younger son of a proud old family had sacrificed every prospect in life, in his rage at being forbidden to marry the granddaughter of his old nurse—a girl who, although lowly-born, had been tenderly nurtured and educated almost as a lady, through a whim of his own invalid mother. They had played together in childhood, and as Philip grew up, the boy's friendship had ripened into passionate love for the beautiful girl, whose own undeveloped imagination had idealised him into a hero.

Discovery had ensued, on his obstinate refusal to entertain the idea of a wealthy match suggested by his father; anger—and estrangement with his family—had followed, and Philip, disinherited and repudiated by his father, had rushed off to Australia, vowing to make his own fortune there, and return to make Mary Barnes a richer woman than the mistress of Everard Court had ever been.

Twelve years had passed since that stormy parting, and after the first few months no tidings had reached the quiet English village of the wild lad, whose very faults had somehow endeared him by force of contrast to those quiet folks, in their life of peaceful monotony.

And Mary Barnes had said little—"her was always a quiet maid," as the villagers remarked, when repelled by the proud gentleness of her reserve, and rejection of sympathy.

The Squire's lady stood her friend always, and openly said that Mary had behaved beautifully, and was in no way to blame for Phil's unlucky episode. And when the kind lady lay on her death-bed, she would have no nurse but Mary, whose talent in that line she had always encouraged, even paying for her training at one of the great London hospitals, and establishing her in a definite position as the recognised nurse of the large scattered parish.

The girl's heart was in her work, and she had been happy in it for years, but she was grave and quiet always, and there were many who thought that the memory of that early romance had cast a shadow, never to be effaced, over her life.

And now, after twelve years, Philip Everard had come back, and lay seemingly nigh to death—beneath her grandmother's roof.

"Your boy, master Phil!" The old woman drew closer in her agitation. "Be ye married then out yonder?"

"Ay, nursie, married long ago, worse luck; it was a bad business. She was a pretty girl, poor little soul, and deserved a better fate than to be tied to a scamp with no heart to give in return for her affection. She's been dead these five years and more."

"And the child? How old?"

"Let me see; eight, or thereabouts—a fine little dark-eyed chap, who would win your heart, old lady. Would he do as much for my stiff and starched brother, I wonder? Well, it's a chance not to be lost. If my legs don't play me false again, I must try and tramp up to the Hall now I'm a bit rested; queer, wasn't it, that after living through the voyage, and all the hardships incident to a man travelling in mid-winter with scarce a shilling in his pocket, I should break down at Mary's very door? It all came from stopping outside the church, to get a final chill, and then the old hymn—"The Midnight Clear"—the old thoughts came back——"

He was wandering off into incoherence, and Mary Barnes started up, roused by the necessity of action.

"Grannie, we must send word to the Hall, and get Mr. Everard, and the doctor too—he is very ill."

"Yes, yes, child—but how? My old bones can't travel so far, and you can't go alone by dead of night."

"I'll run down to Tom Burton's cottage and rouse them up, 'tis only a step, and Tom will go up to the Hall in no time. Stay by him, grannie, and look well after him"—and wrapping her cloak round her, Mary hurried out into the still coldness of the winter's night.

An hour later, a carriage, well filled with cushions and rugs and hot-water tins, dashed up to the cottage door, and the sick man, languidly opening his eyes, gave a half-cynical greeting to a tall, portly gentleman, who stood looking down upon him with eyes full of kindly concern.

"Well, Geoff! 'Troublesome Phil' to the last, you see, making a sensation, and disturbing honest folks out of their beds at unseemly hours. I doubt it's a case of coming, like Cardinal Wolsey, to leave my bones among you—a favour you'd have dispensed with, I daresay."

"Don't talk so," said the Squire, moved by the pitiful contrast between the mocking words, and the ghastly face of the speaker. "I am glad to see you, brother, be it how and when it may. I have the carriage here to take you home, and Helen is waiting to give you a sister's welcome."

"That is kindly spoken." The voice was softer now, and the hollow eyes less defiant.

"Geoff, I've been a bad lot, but it'll be over soon now; I'm dying, and my boy——"

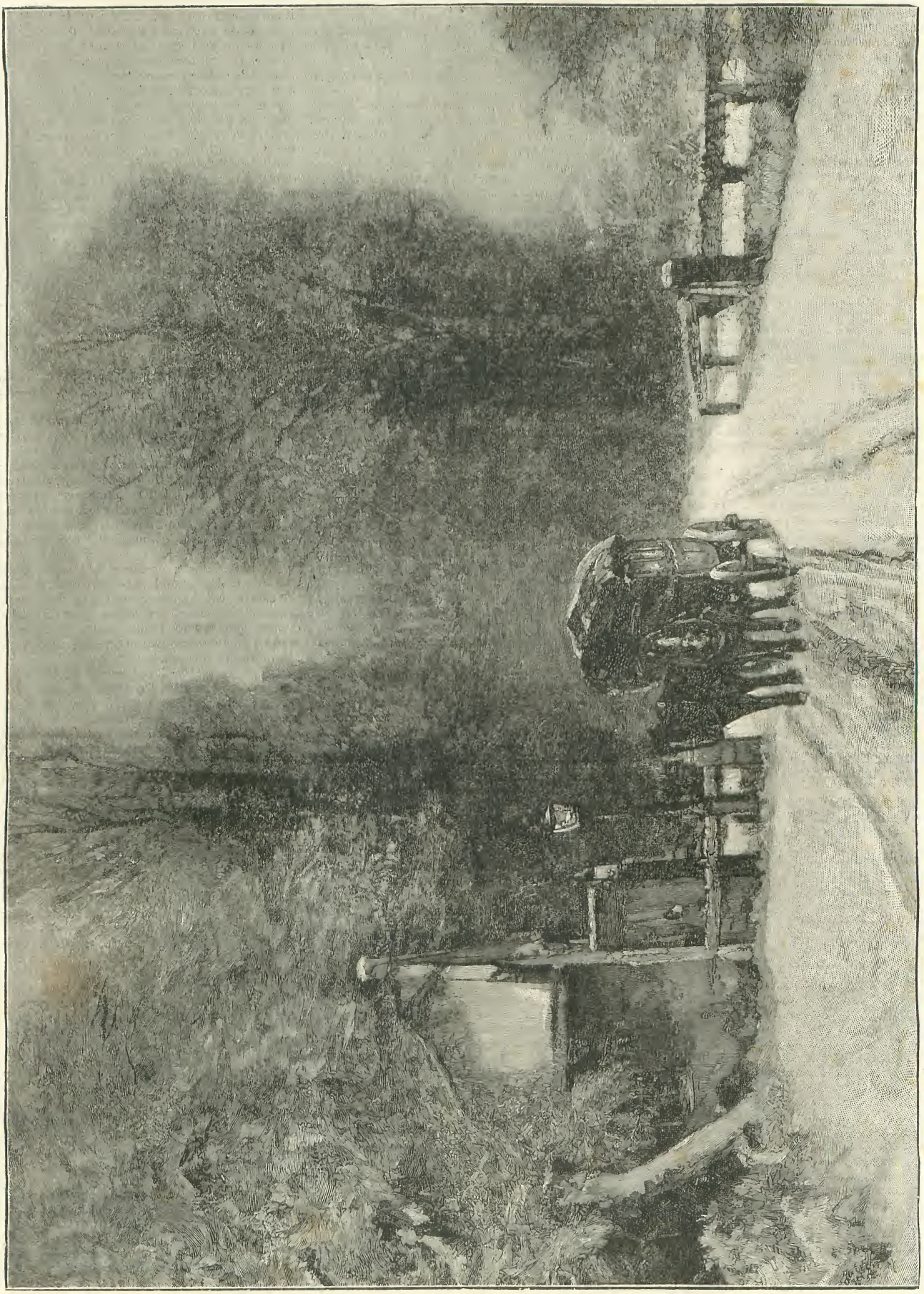
"Your son!" The Squire's stern face lighted with sudden animation. "You are married, and we never knew?"

"Ay, married; 'tis too long a story for my breath or your patience now. I left my poor little chap with some of his mother's people—poor enough like myself—but I could not afford to pay his journey. It was for his sake I struggled home to ask you and your wife——" Again he broke off in a fit of choking, agonising cough.

"Hush!" said his brother, with kindly peremptoriness, "you are making yourself worse. The boy shall be sent for—he shall be as our own. Helen and I are childless, and I feared the old place would pass into strange hands.

Another hour, and the cottage was as still as though no strange midnight visitor had come from the Antipodes to disturb its quiet.

The old woman, worn out by the unusual fatigue, lay sleeping quietly, but her granddaughter's eyes never closed, though long-trained habits enabled her to keep perfectly



THE CARRIER.

still, until the welcome sound of a clock striking seven made it justifiable to get up and light the kitchen fire.

"Ye'll be too tired for church this morning, dearie," said Mrs. Barnes, looking anxiously at the white cheeks and hollow eyes. "'Twas surely a great shock to you, finding poor Master Phil all sudden like that. Poor dear, he's not long for this world; but it did one good to see him and the Squire shake hands, and to think as there's a little lad of the old stock to inherit the Hall."

"Yes—he'll seem like another nursling of your own, grannie," and Mary stopped the garrulous old mouth with a kiss. How little note the aged take of the sharp, swiftly-passing sorrows of youth.

An hour or two later the old woman was contentedly superintending their simple Christmas dinner, while Mary, disclaiming fatigue, was on her way to the holly-decked village church.

Again they had the "toiler's hymn," as one weary-hearted woman among the worshippers called it in her heart.

Low and soft, sweet and clear, by turns, it sounded in Mary's ears, and, with the words, the rush of memories returned, sweeping over the toil-worn years, back to the bright days of early girlhood.

"O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below,"

She cried, a little quietly, under her sheltering nurse's veil; but there was no bitterness in the tears, and, when the service was over, she could respond kindly, even brightly, to the Christmas greetings her village neighbours were ready to offer.

There were not many who had stayed for the highest festival service; most of the thrifty house-wives attended the early service, and afterwards stayed at home to cook the dinner, while their husbands and children went to church. But among those who had knelt with her, there was, as Mary expected, one tall well-known form, and it was no surprise to hear George Bromley's deep voice wishing her "a happy Christmas," and to perceive his intention of walking home by her side.

He was a fine specimen of the British yeoman-farmer, broad-shouldered, athletic and frank-spoken, and for twelve years he had been hopelessly in love with Mary Barnes. For something seemed to have snapped in the girl's heart, in that early parting with her boy-lover, and hitherto she had always given him the same hopeless response: "I cannot, George—all that was over for me long ago."

"How the years spin round," he said, in his hearty cheery voice, as they tramped along the snow-sprinkled ground side by side.

"And here's Christmas once more—the good old time of joy and love and happiness—and Mary, you know I've come to ask the old question—the same I've put to you these twelve Christmases past. I want a Christmas gift, the only one worth having in all the world to me, your love, Mary, or, if you can't give me that, just the right to give you all mine."

There was a break in the strong voice, for the man's heart ached for the disappointment he foresaw; the same which had damped his Christmas joy through all these years. But—what was this? This strange surprise that had come to him, this sudden, indescribable flood of hope and joy?

Instead of the usual negative, a strange silence, a mantling of colour in the pale face that recalled the beautiful Mary of old, a tremulous movement of the unresisting hand he had drawn within his own.

"Mary," he said, bending forward to look into her half-averted face, and the ring of triumph was already audible in his voice, "is it to be yes at last? Oh, my dear, my dear, am I to have my Christmas gift at last?"

"A poor one, George—a very poor reward for such long-suffering patience."

"The best—the richest the world can hold for me!" he cried joyfully. "I have not waited in vain."

"Oh, dear, faithful, generous heart,"—and the girl's tears fell fast and softly now—"so constant, while mine was wasted on a dream; the real awakening came to me long ago. Mine was little more than a child's passing fancy, but I believed that his life had been wrecked for me; his, which within a year of our parting passed into another woman's keeping. But I am awake, and free now, George, if it be not too late," and, even as he clasped her hand, the sweet clear sound of the Christmas bells clanged through the frosty air, and mingling with them came dimly to Mary's mind the memory of old lines, learned at school long ago:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."



HOW TO BE HAPPY IN WINTER.

By "MEDICUS."

"It will be an early winter this year, sir," said Farmer Jass, as I went down this morning, October 11th, with my dogs to fetch my mail.

"Ay, that it will," said his bucolic companion; "just look at the berries on the 'olly-trees yonder. An early winter and a 'ard one."

I couldn't stop to argufy. I had only slackened speed for the moment, for I was riding.

Well, it is just nine o'clock, and, as I sit by the open window of my wigwam, as I do all the year round, I am fain to envelop my pen-hand in a silk handkerchief to prevent numbness.

An early winter and a hard one! Is there any truth, I wonder, in what the man says? I am asking that question of a beautiful robin who sits nodding and singing to me from the top of the wild-bird restaurant not ten yards off.

The little rascal answers "yes!" For well he knows that as soon as there are any signs of inclement weather the restaurant will be well supplied with soft foods and seeds also. But as he comes to my window-sill for crumbs in summer even there can't be a great deal of reliance placed on his word.

But I ask the trees, that sway and sway in a seemingly drowsy fashion in the bitter blast. The linden or lime tree is ever a talkative kind of tree. In spring they sing, but now they moan, for wild winds only a few days ago swept through their branches, and there is but little leaf left upon them now. "Ah," they answer, "we fear it will, but we are all prepared and soon shall go to sleep."

Lucky trees! Perhaps. But I should not like so long a rest.

The stately poplars, the rustling sycamores and solemn pines return me but little answer to my query, so I fall back upon the berries on the holly. It is a pretty fallacy, that is all, but everybody believes that God provides a plentiful crop of holly berries for the birds to eat in January, just as he tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. It does one good to believe this, at all events.

Now I do not pretend to be a weather-prophet, but I augur that December will be open and January very icy, and therefore nice. I am ever an optimist, and can generally manage to see a rift of blue between the darkest clouds, and if I don't; why, then I just think of the blue beyond, above.

Anyhow, be the weather of January what it may, and we can't alter it, it will still be the deadest month in all the year, and as cold has always a somewhat deleterious effect upon the human system, we should at least know how to fight against it.

Nervous people, and those whose blood is none too thick, suffer most from cold. What should they do about it? Cuddle up by the fire and close every nook and cranny through which the air might find entrance? Go about laden with heavy clothing, goloshes and waterproofs? No, no, no, to all these questions.

Cold affects most of the organs of the body to some considerable extent. It is apt to drive the blood inwards upon the lungs, for instance, and little bits of colds and coughs are the result. It sends it also back upon the liver, and as stomach and liver are first cousins, they conspire together to give one a first-class attack of indigestion. In this we have not only what we medical men call "stomach catarrh"—which, goodness knows, is bad enough to bear, and makes one bearish too—but also, more or less, of congestion of the liver. In such a condition, the bile, instead of being properly expelled to do its useful work in the economy of nature, is partially taken up into the blood, and oh, what misery this entails. We don't quite know what is the matter with us, nor what to do. We are

apt to be cross; we have to restrain ourselves from saying nasty things even to our best friends; we cry "Get out of the way, cat," to poor pussy, who comes purring up to greet us; a little puff of wind out of doors causes us to shiver; we are sleepy and mopish and would like to lie down, when night comes, however, we can't sleep; our favourite authors we no longer love, and on the whole we are just about as closely packed with wretchedness as we possibly can be.

Cold affects the muscles and joints of the body also, because the calibre of the arteries and veins is lessened and the blood can no longer go spanking merrily on. In fact, the muscles are starved for the time being, and call out aloud with many a twinge and ache.

Cold affects the head too, and this, with the bile that is in the blood, makes one unfit for happy healthful work, especially of an intellectual sort.

As for the face, well, in gloomy, wretched weather, like that which I am trying to describe, it does not do for almost any girl to look much in the glass, for the skin is nothing like so pure and transparent as it used to be: it is drawn, that is, the skin is contracted, and if ever she had comedons (black-heads)—and they always do leave a tiny cicatrix—how distinctly they now show forth. The eyes too are less clear, and the nose, erst so white and comely, is pinched to a degree that accords not with the lines of beauty. A sad picture this, I grant you, but I'm sorry to say it is a true one, and I refrain from throwing in chilblains, rough hands and red ears, which cause the beautifully got-up nostrums displayed on the chemists' counter to be singularly attractive to the afflicted lassie.

Well, now, in giving advice in these columns, I never experience more than one difficulty, and it is this: I have to address not only the busy workaday girl, and her name is legion, but also those who have happily more leisure. My advice would, of course, suit both, but can it be applied? Ah, there is the rub, as Shakespeare says. Well, I try to do my best, and no one can do any more.

The first mistake that a girl who feels the cold makes is "coddling." If she can she will throw herself into an easy chair with a nice book, and just get about as near to the fire as she conveniently can. This is not only foolish but decidedly harmful.

You have heard, I daresay, about that horrid *entrée* called *paté de foie gras?* It is made chiefly from the livers of geese by the terrible process of nailing them by the feet, and otherwise fastening them before the fire for a length of time. Their sufferings must be great, but their livers become enlarged, and that is what is wanted to satisfy the gourmand.

Whenever you feel inclined to sit too close to the fire just think of that, for heat applied to the front of the chest night after night will slowly enlarge your liver, just as much as it does that of the gourmand's goose. So don't you do it if you are wise.

But nevertheless the animal heat must be kept up? True, and there are more ways than one of doing so without endangering the health. Good food should be partaken of, although one should eat in moderation, but more fat, milk and the starchy food may be taken in winter than in summer without the chance of their leading to *embonpoint*. It is strange enough that this last complaint often begins in the earlier months of summer, probably because one's surroundings are then such as to induce a quiet and happy frame of mind, whereas winter brings with it countless little worries. Nevertheless fatty meats and fatty fishes keep up the animal heat even in the coldest seasons of the year. So do sweets or sugar.

Another way of keeping up the animal heat and making a girl as hard in muscle as an athlete, is the plan of taking abundant exercise in the open air. The cycling season is practically over for a time, for after all, it is but poor pleasure to go splashing through the mud. But walking may well take the place of the wheel.

(Just one word within brackets concerning cycling, which I have never mentioned before. It is this. In the majority of human beings, the right side of the body is exercised at the expense of the left. The right crank of a cycle that has been ridden for a long time is, in nine-tenths of cases, more worn than the left. One in riding should therefore endeavour to make the left foot do its proper share of the work. After a time it will be found that a longer journey can thus be accomplished with greater ease.)

Well, walk in winter, and walk all you can within the boundary line of fatigue.

There are plenty of wholesome exhilarating exercises besides walking, that will readily commend themselves to the reader, but they should be taken out of doors.

As to meal hours: I suggest that if breakfast be partaken of at, say, eight, dinner should be eaten at one or half-past one o'clock. In summer-time a short walk may be advisable before breakfast, but in winter no one should go long fasting before the morning meal. The consequences, especially to the delicate, may be bad.

Anything taken before breakfast, unless a glass of cold water, does more harm than good to most young folks.

Of course girls never take stimulants, such as wine or beer. But either lowers the temperature instead of raising it, although it may give a momentary sense of comfort and produce a stomachic glow.

Neither can I approve of hot drinks just before going to bed. I hope I do not appear in my readers' eyes to be extra harsh, but I maintain that everything that partakes of the nature of coddling oneself unless really ill does harm, because it tends to soften the flesh and that is simply what we wish to avoid in the cold season.

Winter, as we know, is the time for indoor entertainments of all kinds. Recreation is really a *sine quâ non* of health. All nature longs for change. One mopes and may grow ill if stuck continually down amidst the dull routine of daily life. In summer we go to the seaside, and, as a rule, come back far more jaded and weary than when we left home. In winter, on the other hand, we do not go so far away, and a night's good rest dissipates the delightful though at times fatiguing exercise of even a party, whereas there is no fatigue at all about sitting in one's seat and hearing a good concert. In both cases, at all events, there is something to look back with pleasure upon, and this in itself helps to banish *ennui*, and so keep one in health.

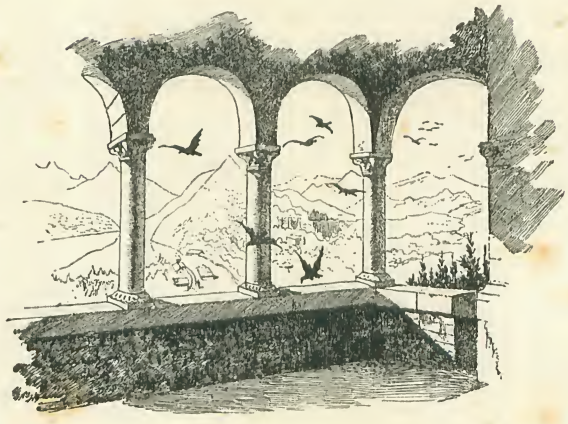
Science has thrown open our bedroom windows even at night, and taught us many lessons from which all benefit who wish to listen to them.

Just one concluding hint, and I'm done. Many girls, then, suffer from fits of depression during the winter months. It is no good at all telling such to "never mind," or to "cheer up." They can't. They can no more be as other bright girls around them, than a rook can keep time in his flight with the swallow.

A girl like this requires medical treatment. While she should not be *told* that she is ill, yet she is, and the sooner she is seen to the better.

So you see that if a girl acts reasonably and gives way to no excess, but just maintains a happy medium, she may be quite as happy during the long dreary months of winter as in summer.

And isn't there the delights of the green and flowery spring-time to look forward to? "Spring-time—the only pretty ring time."





CHRISTMAS DAY FESTIVITIES IN ITALY.

CHRISTMAS DAY in every country of the world where the great festival is solemnised is more or less associated with feasting and a general feeling of conviviality, and although the Christmas dinner is not quite such a solemn thing in sunny Italy as in England and Germany, still the natives of this fair land are by no means behindhand in their appreciation of the various delicacies of the season. The huge sirloin of beef and the flaming plum pudding, whose memory is apt to linger in the form of indigestion, are unknown items in the *menu* of an Italian Christmas dinner, their place being taken by the goodly capon stuffed with chestnuts, and the gala dish of Italy, *panna montata* or whipped cream.

The following is a fairly typical *menu* of a Roman dinner-party on 25th December. It varies occasionally according to taste, but this is the general order of the courses. Clear soup, with *capelletti* floating in it, viz., little hat-shaped pieces of maccaroni filled with forced-meat; this is followed by the *lesso*, or meat of which the soup has been made, and which is an inevitable feature on the majority of Italian tables, and is served with a piquant sauce and vegetables. The next course is the *misto frito*, a dish of brains, liver, potatoes and various vegetables all fried that rich golden colour which seems to be only obtainable in a foreign frying-pan. Bologna sausage, a *specialité* of the season, is then partaken of, no Christmas dinner being considered complete without its somewhat garlicy presence. Now appears the capon in all its substantial glory, surrounded by sippets of fried bread and pounded anchovies, and accompanied by a fresh green salad. Then follow the sweets: ices and *panna montata*, for which I will give the recipe, judging by my own experience that it will be appreciated by my readers.

Boil and pulp about a pound or a little over of chestnuts, skin and pound them to the consistency of very fine flour, sweeten with powdered sugar and place in a glass dish. Whip and sweeten a quart or so of rich cream, the quantity depending on the size of the dish required, and heap it over the chestnuts. Serve with ice wafers. In Italy, the cream can be bought already whipped and sweetened, which is an immense saving of labour. With the dessert, the Italian substitute for plum pudding, *pan forte*, makes its appearance. This delicacy, of which a very little goes a long way, is something of the description of soft hardbake, and pounded almonds enter largely into its preparation. The schoolboy term "stickjaw," which I have heard applied to it, is a singularly appropriate one. At this season it occupies a prominent place in the confectioners' shops, which are indeed worth regarding from an artistic point of view, with their ethereally-tinted bon-bons in gaily-hued satin bags, and their variety of cakes frosted over with sugar icing in white and pink.

Very tempting also are the grocers' and provision shops, with their array of comestibles and delicacies artistically arranged, with the inevitable sausages tied up in frilled papers and adorned with coloured ribbons.

As for the jewellers' and fancy shops, etc., it would take up far more space than I am permitted were I to dilate upon their charms, and as this article is devoted more to the solemn business of feeding than to æsthetic considerations, let us return to our capons.

The great idea at Christmas-time in Italy in the present-giving line is to send off enormous cakes called *panettoni* to your absent friends and relations. These are much esteemed, though the reason of such appreciation is, and will ever remain to me, one of the unsolved enigmas of existence. They are unwieldy to pack, and they are not particularly nice, being distinctly plain in character. The principal ingredients are eggs, flour and yeast, forming a sort of very light dough, with here and there a solitary currant, separated by a painful distance from its companions. Such are the *panettoni*, and yet, every postman staggers under their weight, and aunts, and cousins, mothers-in-law, and uncles despatch them to various members of their family, receiving the self-same souvenir in return. By the way, the recipient of a gift in Italy finds it rather expensive, as one of the unwritten laws of Italian etiquette decrees that a present shall be immediately sent off to the giver, with the evident intention of shaking off the irksome load of obligation and crying quits as soon as possible.

In Naples, the Christmas-Eve dinner is almost as important as the banquet partaken of on the day itself. Being a fast, there are naturally no meat dishes, but the changes are rung on boiled, roast and fried fish, the *pièce de résistance* consisting of a dish of stewed eels, which are considered such a luxury, that many a happy-go-lucky Neapolitan cheerfully starves for a week beforehand in order to secure this delicacy for Christmas-Eve.

Many family gatherings are held about this time, dancing and the *tombola* taking the place of our Christmas trees and snapdragon. On New Year's Eve the majority of Italians invite their relations and intimate friends to spend the evening. It is amusing at these reunions to observe the formality and propriety which reigns supreme at the beginning of the proceedings, gradually melting away under the combined influences of the *tombola*, a game like a miniature lottery, and a *recherché* supper. On first arriving, the women portion of the guests range themselves on one side of the room and talk chiffons, servants and babies, while the men, after making elaborate bows, congregate together on the opposite side, somewhat after the manner of the lost and saved in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." A chastened solemnity lingers upon all present until the entrance of the supper, after which the social atmosphere becomes buoyant, choruses are sung, glasses are clinked, and everyone talks at once. It is harmless, innocent mirth, however, that one witnesses at these family *festas*, for these sons and daughters of the South are slow to banish the memory of their childish days, and are fortunate in possessing that capacity for the enjoyment of the moment, which is rarely seen beyond the limits of our English nurseries and schoolrooms.

New Year's Day itself is not such an important festival in Italy as it is in France. Members of families usually meet to dine together, but no presents are given, and instead of the boxes of bonbons, fans, jewellery, etc., which are exchanged between friends and relations, in Paris and New York, visiting-cards, with the owner's good wishes, are sent round to all one's acquaintances, which practice, if not so pleasing, is decidedly more economical.

VERA.



JAMIE HALLIDAY'S CHRISTMAS.

By ELIZA COLVIN.

CHAPTER I.



"WELL, I shall have to spend Christmas Day in the hospital! Me that was always so anxious to have the Christmas well kept at home," said old Mrs. Halliday with a weary sigh.

"Do you think we don't like Christmas well kept too?" replied a kind-looking nurse, bending down and smoothing the patient's bed-clothes. "I only told you what the doctor said about your going home; I thought you would have been glad to keep Christmas with us when you have been so long here."

"Well, and so I should," rejoined the old woman thoughtfully. "I am not ungrateful for all your kindness to me, but I was thinking of my little home, and of them that come to me at Christmas, and of those that I always look for to come; but they might have had to do without me altogether if I had not come here," she added.

"So they might; but they will have you for many a Christmas yet, I hope, and surely you will not grudge us this one? But how you must enjoy having all your family round you at home at Christmas!"

"Yes, it is nice, but there are the vacant places; though those that are left to me are kind and good; still I mourn for them that are away. My husband, who was a fisherman, was lost at sea ten years ago, and Jamie, my youngest son, who was a fisher-lad from his early youth, left me a year or two after his father's death. He was very high-spirited, and seeing that he was suspected of a theft, and disbelieved when he denied it, he left his home rather than bear the affront, although he must have known who the guilty man was before he went away, for it has all been found out since, and Joe Saunders, he who did it, had to leave the village; and now every one knows how innocent my boy was. It is at Christmas time I look most for him. It was his hand that decked the house, and after his father's death it was his arm that helped his old mother to church on Christmas Day; and surely he will come back to see his mother before she dies! For he promised me, when he went away, that he would not stay too long."

Here the old woman stopped through emotion, but, after a short pause, continued—

"I believe it is this hope that has kept me alive through the long illness that I have had, and that the Lord will yet give him back to me."

Nurse Manners had listened with deep attention to Mrs. Halliday's sad tale, and when she ceased speaking, tried to comfort her as best she could; but to her the son's return seemed a forlorn hope.

The fisher-folk, too, at Sands Village had long ago given up all hopes of young Halliday's return, and thought it was a vain delusion his mother clung to, that he had gone to the seaport town three miles away, and from there taken a passage on board a vessel bound for foreign parts, whence he would yet return home. They thought he would not have stayed away for so many years, and that either he had been caught in the storm that burst over the Budle Sands—a short cut to the town—and where he was last seen on that drear October day he left his home, and that he had never reached the town, or else, if he had gone abroad, his ship had been wrecked, and the bright sailor-lad had shared the same fate as his father. Still, with a wonderful faith, his mother looked for her son's return at sundown; through stormy winter nights and calm summer ones her lamp stood in her window, shining with a steady ray. Every night before she left her home for the hospital, though racked with pain, she put it there, and left a last request that it might be kept there in her absence.

"It was always put there when his boat was late of coming in," she said. "I would like him to see it when he comes."

But many a fisherman shook his head sadly when he saw the light streaming from the widow's window. Only one fisherman in the village still thought that Jamie might return, and that was old Charlie Mason, who would say, first giving a knowing look upwards, as if watching his sail—

"Stranger things have happened than Jamie Halliday's return; he was a clever, active lad, and could have avoided that storm on the Budle Sands, and many other dangers that could not be done by others. Bless the boy! He was the best here—he was his father's own son. No better steersman than Tom Halliday was ever on this coast."

Here old Charlie's voice would die away in the inarticulate way he generally finished up a sentence. So the fisher-folk talked while the years rolled on. During these years many changes had taken place at the village—some had departed and gone hence, both young and old. Some had gone out into the world to seek their destinies far from home. Among others pretty Kate Marshall had left her home to make it elsewhere. At first, when Jamie left, she listened without any misgiving to the probable fate which the people believed to have befallen him. She only thought of that last evening before he went away, when he had said to her as they stood together at her garden-gate—

"I'll come back again, Kate, in a year or two, when it is all cleared up, as I know it will be, and I can again hold my own among my fellows; but where I am going to now, I do not want any one to know, not even my mother. And, Kate, you won't forget me when I am away?" he added tenderly.

"No, indeed, Jamie, I never will!" was her answer.

"Then, good-bye, my dearest Kate." And taking both her hands in his, he said, looking fondly at her sweet, pretty face: "God grant we may meet again under happier circumstances!" And, turning away, he was soon out of sight.

For long after the stalwart figure of her sweetheart had disappeared, Kate stood at the garden-gate, heedless of the blustering autumn air that swirled round her, tossing her hair into wavy ringlets round her face, that wore an expression of sadness rarely seen there before. Never till that moment had she realised how much Jamie was to her.

With an aching heart she watched him disappear, and with his departing figure she felt indeed that all the brightness of her life had gone. Could she ever forget him? Ah, no, never! As long as she lived, he, and he alone, would be all the world to her. How would she live through these two years he was to be away?

With nervous hand she lifted the little flower he had held in his hand and dropped when he went away—a relic now to her. It was only when the village-clock chimed seven that she retraced her steps into the cottage, and found her aunt sitting reading at the fire.

"You are late, Kate," she said, scarcely looking up from her book. "Put another bit of coal on the fire; it sounds a stormy night."

So she had to take up her old life again, as though no new impulse had come in to interrupt and to turn its course in another direction.

Next evening she heard that Jamie had gone. And, in course of time, when it was found who the guilty man was, and all the villagers were loud in their praises of young Halliday's honourable and manly conduct, she looked out for his return. But when the years went on and still there was no appearance of his home-coming, she lost heart—hope which before had sustained her fled—and, with a sickening feeling of despair which grew each day more painful to her, she felt that indeed Jamie had gone for ever. His image was ever present to her mind. The fishing-boats as they glided over the summer sea, the walks they used to take over the cliffs as in days of yore, as she wandered there alone—all things reminded her of him.

Gradually her step lost its swiftness, her eyes its brightness, and seldom was she seen to smile. To all her suitors—of whom she had many—she turned a deaf ear. She could never think of anyone but Jamie. At last, with a sorrowing heart, she made up her mind to leave her home, so full of the memories of the past, and go among the sick and suffering, there to forget her own sorrows in ministering to their wants.

Her aunt, with whom she lived, offered no opposition to her going away.

"Go, certainly, my dear Kate," she said, looking sadly at her niece, who had grown so fragile and slender during the past few years. "I trust you may find happiness in your new life, for it looks as though you did not care to live here now and have no wish to make a home, when you refused Peter Mackenzie, who could have kept you in gear and grandeur and who loved you truly; but you, no doubt, had your own reasons for doing it. You are a good girl, and I won't forget you if you come back again to me in my last days."

So Kate left for the hospital with this understanding, that she should remain there



AMANDA. (*From the painting by Wilhelm Krag.*)

for three years, only returning home if her aunt should want her. Bidding farewell to the home which had been hers ever since she came to it a little orphan to live with the kind aunt, who had been mother and father to her, she devoted her life to nursing, and nowhere could there have been found a more conscientious and devoted nurse. In a special case, where great nerve or extreme attention were needed, she was invaluable.

She had been nearly three years away from home when Mrs. Halliday came into the hospital and was taken to a ward quite out of reach, so that she had never come into contact with her; and as she never spoke of her village home, the other nurses were in no way familiar with her previous history and, of course, could not realise how great an object of interest the old woman would have been to the pale, sad-looking nurse.

CHAPTER II.

It was a few weeks before Christmas that a sailor, very seriously hurt, was brought into Nurse Marshall's ward. While assisting at the unloading of his ship, he had missed his footing, and falling from a height given his head a dreadful blow. Kate, with ready hand, was at her post; but when she looked at the features, pale as though death had already claimed them for his own, she was unnerved. For here, by her side, was none other than her long-lost lover.

"You are not ill?" said the doctor, glancing with astonishment at the nurse's face, which had become as ghastly as the patient's she was attending to.

"No, I am quite well." But the hand, usually so steady and sure, quivered, and it was with a great effort she could give the assistance required of her. Doctor Armstrong was puzzled at her conduct. Had it been any other than the clever, self-reliant Nurse Marshall, he would have been much annoyed, but to her he only said kindly, "Don't trouble; let me do all for him." But already Kate had recovered her composure, which for the moment had been sorely tried, and was able to assist with her usual skill and gentleness.

"It will be a struggle to bring him through," said the doctor, as he went away, "but he could not be in better hands than yours; he is a fine-looking young man, and we must save him, if possible. Poor fellow."

"Ah, yes, he must be saved if it was in her power to do it," thought Kate, as she looked with fearful misgivings at her patient. "But was it within human power? Ah, that God would spare this precious life," she prayed.

With terrible anxiety she watched beside him, nursing him with unceasing devotion. Slowly and wearily the first few days dragged out. At times his life seemed to be ebbing away, and at these moments her grief was insupportable. That he had been restored to her, only to let her see him die, without one word of recognition having passed between them, was a thought that filled her with blank despair. While sitting beside him, she often heard some of the words he muttered in his delirium. It was of his fishing life he raved; he was again in his boat, bounding over the open sea. Once or twice she heard him utter her own name. Ah, what sad days were these to Kate. She had never expected to hear his voice on earth again, and, as the familiar accents fell on her ear, she could hardly restrain her tears. Was it only thus that she was to hear him speak? But the weary days glided on, bearing their weight of anxiety and sorrow, and the patient still clung to life. "If he should recover after all," hope whispered to Kate. But she struggled to express the sweet thought.

At last, one morning, she noticed a difference in her patient: he lay peacefully asleep. With trembling anxiety she scarcely dared to hope that this was the long-wished-for change. Suddenly, whilst she looked at him, he opened his eyes, saying feebly, "Where am I?"

"Safe among friends," answered Kate, in a voice shaking with joyful emotion, while she gave him something to drink.

Looking at her, he muttered, "Am I dreaming? Is it Kate?"

She made no answer, but went out of his sight, in case of exciting him. Scarcely had he ceased speaking when the doctor came in. Kate went to him at once, and told the good news that her patient had spoken quite sensibly.

"He will be better now," said the doctor enthusiastically. "I may say he owes his life to you."

"I am so thankful," she answered, while the tears of joy stopped her utterance.

"What a strange influence this case has had over her," thought the doctor. "I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself," he said to her kindly.

"Oh, no, doctor! I am only so grateful he is better."

"A most capital woman that," meditated the doctor, as he left the ward. "If there were only more of her stamp—so unselfish and devoted. She will rise to the top of her profession, and most deservedly. I will keep my eye on her."

Next time Jamie saw Kate, he said, "Is it you, Kate—speak if it is?"

"Yes, Jamie, and I am so grateful you are better."

"Have you nursed me through it all? Ah, Kate, how good you are! Tell me"—and his voice ceased.

"Don't speak yet, Jamie, you are too weak. I will tell you all another time; take this," she said, giving him some soup.

"Only one thing I want to know," pleaded Jamie. "Is it true you forgot all about me the year after I went away? That you"—again he stopped.

"No, Jamie, I never have forgotten you, or ceased for one day to think of you since you left. How could I forget you?" and Kate turned her head away to hide the tears.

"Kate, my dearest, this is all I want to know;" he was too weak to say more, but with a glance of inevitable happiness, he looked up into the sweet face bending over him full of affection, but with it was blended an expression of deep anxiety, lest her patient should be too excited.

But joy seldom kills, and after this Jamie made rapid progress towards recovery, quickly gaining strength. What happy days these were to both of them; although they could not have much conversation together, still, they were restored to each other with hearts full of deep devotion; and all the cruel suspense that had separated them for years was put away for ever. One day Kate ventured to ask him—

"Why did you think I had forgotten you?"

"I heard, Kate, that the summer after I left home, you so far forgot me that you married a stranger who took you with him abroad."

"Ah Jamie! how could you believe that?" and she looked at him reproachfully. Then she told him her story, how the guilty man was found out, and how after waiting for him till her hope had fled, she had betaken herself to the hospital. Jamie listened with a contented smile, only saying, "I knew that would happen," when she spoke of the guilty man being found out. But of his own story he would say nothing.

"It's all too sad," he said, turning away with a deep sigh. "My mother, my poor old mother, she is dead; you know that, Kate."

"No, indeed, Jamie, I did not," and the colour fled from her cheek as she realised how the widow's hope must have slowly died out and the light that streamed over the sea been quenched at last.

"But, Jamie, are you sure of this?" she asked, slowly realising that when she left home Mrs. Halliday was alive and well.

"Yes, indeed, it's too true. I have too sure proofs to disbelieve. Alas! my poor dear mother; but don't speak of it, Kate, I cannot bear the thought!" And his eyes filled with tears.

Kate was silenced. Although Mrs. Halliday was well when she left home, she had been away three years, and many events might have taken place since then.

Jamie's recovery advanced so rapidly, that he soon began to think of his future life. One thing he had made up his mind to and that was, he would at once give up his sailor life, only making one voyage to Australia to finish out his time. After that he would come home and settle in his native village, following the occupation of a fisherman. Then Kate would go home with him. Suddenly he said to her one afternoon—

"When can you come home with me?"

Kate, who was quite taken aback by the suddenness of the question, sat down, saying,

"Jamie, I never thought of it."

"What!" cried her patient, in a very impatient manner. "Are you going to give me up now?"

"No, indeed, Jamie," replied Kate, blushing at his vehemence.

"Then why don't you say when you can come?" asked Jamie, and with softened tone, he added, "Oh, Kate, dear, forgive me, but I could not live now if I lost you again."

"Well, Jamie, I promise you this, that whenever you want me I will come to you; is that enough?"

"Yes, my darling, you have made me a happy man," and he looked lovingly at his future wife. "How thankful I should be that my feet were guided here."

So it was arranged that Kate should bid farewell to the hospital in early spring which would make out her three years there, and when Jamie returned home in June they should be married. "Ah, Kate, if only my dear mother could know this, it would complete my happiness!" said Jamie, with a sigh.

Meanwhile Christmas Day drew near, and the preparations for it being well kept became each day more visible. On Christmas morning the decorations were completed—branches of bright green holly with scarlet berries, ivy and other evergreens hung in graceful festoons round the wards. The ward in which Mrs. Halliday lay surpassed all the others in the beauty of its adornments, and Nurse Manners asked Kate to come in and see it. It was many months since she had been in this ward. Scarcely had she entered when she recognised Mrs. Halliday. Whispering to Nurse Manners that she saw an old friend amongst the patients, she was soon at the old woman's side. How are you, dear Mrs. Halliday?" she said, hastily taking the old woman's hands in hers. "Do you know me?" she could scarcely speak for joy. "Do you know me?"

"Aye, yes, Kate, my dear, and where have you come from to see me this Christmas Day?" asked the old woman. "Is it good news you have come to tell me? Are they all well at home?" In the excitement of seeing Kate Mrs. Halliday has forgotten all the circumstances of her going away, only associating her with her home. For a moment Kate hesitated; should she tell her

the good news? But after an instant's thought she decided it would be best for Jamie to tell his own tale.

"Yes, I hope so," she answered, "but I have been away three years."

"And so you have, Kate; I had forgotten, poor lassie," and she looked affectionately up at her, saying earnestly, "but Jamie will come back yet, you think?"

"Yes, indeed, I am certain he will," replied Kate, keeping back her information with an effort, "but I must go away now. I'll come back again soon."

"I am glad you know Mrs. Halliday," said Nurse Manners, meeting Kate at the door. "She has been very lonely, poor old body."

"Well, I don't think she will be lonely any more now," said Kate, gladly; and taking Nurse Manners aside she told her the story. With ready and sympathetic ear she listened, exclaiming enthusiastically, when Kate stopped, "Blessed be God, this is what I have been wishing for most earnestly. Let him come in at once; this is what I have been praying for day and night. Only to-day I overheard her saying: 'Even this blessed Christmas Day, O Lord, give him back!'" and tears came into the kind-hearted woman's eyes as she spoke.

Kate Marshall was soon in her own ward again; Jamie, who was now quite convalescent, sat reading by the fire; going to him, she said gently—

"Jamie, good news has come to you this Christmas Day; your mother still lives—I have just seen her!"

"Thank God," he cried, rising at once. "Take me to her. I can scarcely believe it."

As they walked along the lobby, they met Nurse Manners, who stopped them for a few minutes, as she wanted Mrs. Halliday to get some refreshment before seeing her son.

Standing together, Jamie said, "I see it all at last; I have been deceived by a treacherous enemy, and that man is Joe Saunders. What an idiot I was to believe those letters from home; he must have dictated them."

"But, Jamie," interrupted Kate, "what reason had he to keep you away when he was found out?"

"Kate, he had more to fear from me than the discovery of that paltry crime. But I did not think it possible he could have done this. Did he ever speak of me?" he added hesitatingly.

"Ah, yes, he always said you had been lost on the Sands that dreadful night you went away. What a blessing you are safely back," and the soft grey eyes filled with tears. "How awful it all feels to look back on now," she added.

"Yes, my darling, but no one can separate us now," whispered Jamie, for a moment taking the cold hand in his. "You are mine!"

At the entrance to the ward, Nurse Manners met them, and they all went in together. Mrs. Halliday lay with closed eyes. Surely this Christmas had brought her more peace and happiness than she had felt for long," she was thinking.

"You are enjoying your Christmas," said Kate, coming to her side.

"Yes, I have not felt so peaceful and at rest since my Jamie left me."

"That is because he is so near," said a strong manly voice beside her. "Mother, I am so glad."

But words fail to express the joy of that moment mother and son were re-united. Fondly she clasped his hand in hers, and gazed at the handsome face bent so lovingly towards her.

"I will tell you all to-morrow," he said at last, seeing the sudden look Nurse Manners gave him, for he had promised not to speak too suddenly; but the sight of the dear face, so careworn and aged since last he had seen her, had been too much for him, and he had spoken.

"No, to-day, Jamie, tell me all; I cannot rest until I know," pleaded his mother.

When Jamie looked at Nurse Manners, she nodded her consent, and, moving away, Kate took her place. Then he told his story. How that evening, when he left his home, he travelled up to London, and there went on board a merchantman bound for the East Indies. He had not been long at sea before he discovered amongst the crew a man from his native village. When he heard the well-known accent, his heart warmed to it, and on asking the man where he came from, he found he had been a friend of his father's, and even now had some friends among the fisher-folk at Sands.

Here was an opportunity, Jamie thought, for getting news from home without writing for it himself. Accordingly he asked his new friend, Bob Stule, who had already become a great crony of his, to write and ask after the welfare of his people, mentioning particularly his mother and Kate. As Jamie now suspected, the friend to whom Bob wrote was none other that Joe Saunders, who sent to meet the ship at the last port it touched before reaching home, this news—that Kate Marshall had married that summer. Poor Jamie, heart-broken at this piece of intelligence, gave up his intended visit home. The next information he got from home, when he was coming back again, two years after, was that his mother was dead, her death having been caused by the shame and disgrace her runaway son had brought on her. This intelligence was made most authentic; the death-bed scene and last words being described in a way that made it impossible to be doubted. Poor Jamie's grief was full of remorse; although Kate had forgotten him, still he need not have broken his mother's heart. To return home now would be too dreadful. So he betook himself to sea again, vowing he would not set foot on his native land for many years. But by a curious coincidence, a few years after his ship got a cargo for home, and he was persuaded by his shipmates to break through his resolutions. So, when his hopes were at their lowest ebb, he met with his good fortune.

"And now, dear mother," he said earnestly, "you have heard it all; I have got you back, and Kate too, and in the bright future in front of us we must forget all the past. After all, I have myself to blame. If I had done as I should, we need never have had all this misery. Why did I ever go away, and why did I not write home myself? But I have got all back again."

"Thank God for all His mercies," interrupted the old woman, looking at Jamie with deep affection. "I have seen my desire fulfilled on this blessed Christmas Day."

CHAPTER III.

JAMIE left the hospital next day. In a few weeks' time he was to join his ship on his last voyage, and he saw as much of his mother and Kate during the time he was still to be in town.

To walk along the wet, dirty streets with Jamie was untold happiness to Kate. When he was with her, all looked bright and fair; and the time they spent together sped away on fleetest wings. At last it came to their last day together, and the lovers had to part, but with the happy prospect in front of them of meeting again in the summer, not to be parted again.

Mrs. Halliday's recovery was very slow, and she was only able to go home in the spring. As Kate was going at the same time, it was arranged they should go together. It was a fine, bright day when they arrived at their native village. Mrs. Halliday was warmly welcomed. Old Charlie Mason was one of the first to see her in her cottage.

"Proud and happy am I to see you back again!" said the old man, giving a harder look up than usual to hide the tears that came to his eyes. "Bless the lad Jamie; did I not say he would come back yet; bad luck to them that kept him away and did all the harm they——"

Here old Charley's voice became too indistinct to be heard. The story of Jamie's appearance and the cruel deception that had been practised on him to keep him so long away, was well known to all the villagers, who had listened with eagerness to the tidings, and vowed vengeance against the man who had done all the evil.

The spring weather was warm and genial; and to Kate her home had never looked so beautiful. One evening she was walking out near the Budle Sands; the sky looked dark and lowering, predictive of a storm, and the waves as they rushed in surrounded the widespread sand-bank with precipitate haste.

"Pity anyone out on the sand-banks this evening!" she thought. Hardly had the idea crossed her imagination than, with a cry of unutterable horror, she saw two figures far out on the sands. Her first feeling was one of despair; to save them seemed impossible. But next instant her presence of mind returned to her, and, with a foot to which fear lent amazing swiftness, she sped over the sands and through the fast-coming-in sea, calling out with all her strength to the man and child, who still continued their outward course, to turn back or they would be lost. At last her voice reached them, and the man turned, shrieking—

"God help us! Which way are we to go? I am blind, and the child has led me wrong." And he turned his sightless eyes toward Kate, who instantly took hold of him saying—

"Follow me, and, with God's help, we may reach the land."

Faster and faster the tide came in. Had they time to cross over to land? In the gathering darkness Kate strained her eyes. At last the dreaded piece of water was reached.

"Hold on, little girl!" cried Kate, despairingly, looking at the child, whose small figure she thought might be submerged in the waters.

"I'll carry her," said the blind man, lifting her in his arms.

Never could Kate forget the full horrors of that moment; the waters rose as they advanced till she could just keep her feet.

"God save us!" she cried aloud; and, with this prayer on her lips, she felt fresh strength given her. With a tight hold, she grasped the blind man's arm, and with a firm step he walked through.

"Now we are safe!" cried Kate when they again stood on dry land. "Thank God for our great deliverance, for I tell you we were all nearly drowned!"

"Yes, I knew that," replied the man in hoarse tones, setting down the child. "And——"

"Don't speak now!" interrupted Kate. "Go and take off your wet clothes. I will come and see you to-morrow. Where do you live?"

"Upon the hill; that white cottage," answered the child, for her father did not speak. "Come away, father," she said, taking his hand, and he turned away slowly.

A strange feeling came over Kate as she saw them go, for the man was Joe Saunders, Jamie's enemy, and she had been the means of saving his life at the risk of her own.

Hurrying home she soon divested herself of her wet garments, and got up next morning none the worse for her adventure; but Joe did not escape so easily.

Next morning he ached from head to foot with rheumatism. When Kate went to ask for him, she was shocked at his appearance. Whenever he heard her voice, he said—

"It's you, Kate Marshall, who has saved my life, whose happiness I tried to ruin. Did you know who it was when you imperilled your life last night to save me?"

"No, Joe, I did not," she replied truthfully, "but I would do it again."

"Aye, but you don't know it all; it was me that wrote those letters that kept Jamie away," and he writhed with remorse and pain.

"It's all right, Joe; I forgive you, and so will Jamie, I am sure, when he comes home."

"If ever an angel lived on earth, it's you, Kate Marshall," cried the man, with enthusiasm. "But I have been more wicked than ever you know; but Jamie knew it all, for he knew of my wickedness long before that happened that he was blamed for, and he might have disgraced me long ago, but he promised to keep it a secret, and he kept his word; I feel sure he knew all along that it was me who was guilty of that—that I put on him, and that took him away, and he might have told all on me then, but he did not; he's a fine true-hearted fellow. Aye, lassie, and it was because he knew all this against me that I tried to ruin him, and then tried to keep him away. I am a bad, wicked man! God forgive me!"—and the blind man stopped and groaned.

"God will forgive you, Joe!" said Kate, kindly; she could not bear to see the sorrow of the poor broken-down man. Surely he had a sore and heavy burden to bear? she thought. During his long illness, he told the misfortunes that had befallen him since he left the village to Kate, to no other had he revealed them. How he had become blind from the effects of an accident at the powder works, where he got employment after he left the Sands, and how, of the sturdy little group of children he took away from the village, there was only one remaining to him—Mary, who now was his guide. His wife, too, was gone. Only the day before he nearly lost his life on the Budle Sands he had come to stay for a few weeks at the old place, to hear the sea roar again, for since he had become blind he had yearned to hear it. How he had mistaken his way, and wandered on to the dangerous sandbanks was always a mystery to him. His gratitude and devotion to Kate were extreme, for throughout his illness she nursed him herself. Meantime, the spring days soon merged into early summer ones, and with them the long-lost wanderer returned. Going first to his mother's cottage, he found her sitting at her cottage door. Her hands were folded on her lap, and with an expression of calm tranquillity on her pale face, she was watching the sun sink to rest. To her the scene was a fit emblem of her own life, now nearing the end of her earthly journey; she could look back on the lights and shadows through which she had passed with perfect serenity; with eyes, which, though dimmed to the fading scenes of this life, each day caught a brighter and clearer view of the things which pertain to that life which is everlasting. Looking up, she saw her much-loved son.

"Jamie, this is all I want now," she said, returning the warm embrace he gave her.

"And you will never be without me again, my dear mother!" cried Jamie looking with fond affection at his mother surrounded by all the old familiar scenes of bygone days.

Kate, who very often came to see Mrs. Halliday, now walked up the path.

"Jamie come home?" she cried with joy, recognising him standing by his mother.

"Yes, Kate, I wanted to surprise you all, and here we are together, we three never to part," and putting his arm round Kate they stood together.

It was a few days after this that Kate and Jamie were walking together up the hill to the little cottage at the top.

"He will be so pleased to see you, Jamie," said Kate. "He has longed for it." Entering the cottage first, she said, "Well, Joe, how are you this evening?"

"Better when you come, my dear, you put away the pains. But who is with you?" he added, anxiously.

"It's me, Joe," said Jamie coming up to him, and shaking hands with him.

"Aye, laddie, don't speak to me like that," cried Joe, taking his hand out of the firm grasp, "I don't deserve it! She is an angel; but I cannot expect you to forgive it all like her!"

"It's all right, Joe, say no more about it, I have got her, and I can forgive it all—everything. Here, shake a hand with me, man, and wish me joy of her!"

"Aye, but I'll do that," cried Joe. "I'm glad that I have lived to see you together, though I should die to-morrow."

But Joe got better, and for many years lived at the Sands village, being led about by his child, and mending the fishermen's nets with infinite skill. His past conduct was left unspoken of and unrevenged, for Jamie, when he forgave him, asked them all to do the same. And, for his sake, Joe Saunders lived his life among the fisher-folk.

It was a right merry peal of bells that rang out on Kate and Jamie's wedding day. The village wore a festive appearance, flags floated and floral designs were erected to do honour to the happy couple. The church was lined with interested faces. A prominent figure amongst them was old Charlie, who, dressed in his Sunday suit, looked on with deepest interest muttering to himself now and again, "Bless the lad!" Nurse Manners was there too sitting beside Mrs. Halliday. Never during the forty years the good old clergyman had held his charge, had a marriage taken place that evoked such enthusiasm. As the tall, handsome sailor and his pretty gentle bride knelt at the altar, a streak of golden light fell on their heads encircling them with its beams—an omen of the good fortune that for the future was to accompany them.

SOME CURIOUS CHRISTMAS PIES AND OTHER PASTIES.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.



VER since the day that immortal Mr. Weller lived with a pieman, we have been cautious and suspicious about the inside of pies—"kittens seasoned as beefsteak, weal or kidney, accordin' to the demand, at a minut's notice" have been by him suggested, but in this paper I want to talk about some real historical pasties, and give a few recipes for preparing modern ones.

We all know that the voluble Home Secretary—Master Pepys—allowed his wife to spend all one Christmas Day in preparing a pie for his Christmas dinner. We would not rule with such a rod of iron. But since the days of long ago, pasties and pies have been the fare of the merrie season.

A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1733, in an essay on Christmas, recognises the fact. He says, "This dish is most in vogue at this time of the year. Some think it owing to the barrenness of the season, and the scarcity of fruits and milk to make tarts, custards and other desserts. The pie being a compound that furnishes a dessert of itself. But I rather think it bears a religious kind of relation to the festivities from which it takes its name. Our tables are always set out with this dish at this time, and probably for the same reason that our windows are adorned with ivy. I am the more confirmed in this opinion from the zealous opposition it meets with from the Quakers, who distinguish their feasts by an heretical sort of pudding known by their name, and inveigh against Christmas pie as an invention of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, an hodge-podge of Popery, superstition, the devil and his works."

This extract lifts the pie proper from a domain of unwholesomeness to one of heresy! From the regard of the gourmand to that of the enthusiast. However, it is perfectly true that the Christmas pie has often been mixed up with religion; enthusiastic Presbyterians in 1720 "under the censure of lewd customs included all sorts of public sports, exercises and recreation, how innocent soever, nay, rosemary, bay, and the Christmas pie was made an abomination!"

A favourite dish at the tables of our forefathers was this same iniquitous pie. Sometimes it was made a vehicle for surprising guests round the festive board. Such was the case in 1630 when Charles I. and his Queen were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill—for ever immortalised by Lord Tennyson. A huge pie was placed in the place of honour. Out of this pie stepped the first dwarf of whom we have any authentic record. Geffrey Hudson was only eighteen inches high at the time, and must have been a fearsome spectacle after confinement under a pastry roof. Shakespeare says of such surprise pies, *via* Hamlet as a medium, that their introduction was "to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh." These pies were filled with living birds, like the four and twenty in "Sing a song for sixpence." But in 1540, a *bonâ fide* recipe was given in a pamphlet, for "making pies that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut open." Poor fledgelings! plucked and baked and yet not killed.

"Little Jack Horner" has been perhaps a more well-known character than any of his contemporaries; that is saying a good deal,

for he lived in the time of King Hal VIII. It was his robbery of the contents of a pie which made him so. We all know that he

"Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said what a good boy am I."

But few of us know what the "plum" was.

It appears that during the reign of the eighth Henry all monasteries and religious houses in England were suppressed. One of the richest of these was Glastonbury Abbey, and amongst the possessions of this priory, was a place of great value called the Manor of Wells. When the title-deeds held by the abbey were demanded by the King's Commissioner, in order to give them into other hands, the abbot made up his mind to send them to a place of safety. It was Christmas-time. What more suitable gift could the wealthy abbot send a friend in London than a pie? Accordingly, Jack Horner, a trusty messenger, was given this pie, along with many injunctions to guard it safely, and only to deliver it into the hands of the person to whom it was directed. But Jack Horner might have been Fatima judging by the curiosity he possessed. At one part of the journey, he raised the crust and "put in his thumb." Forthwith came a rustle of parchment, and then a couple of fingers more brought to light the title-deeds of Wells.

The authorities in London were very angry at the reception of an empty pie, for to them the wily messenger eventually carried the dish and crust. They soundly rated the poor monks of Glastonbury for their supposed deception, and made them suffer severely for it. Jack Horner said never a word; but, when peaceable times came, he produced the title-deeds and stepped into possession of the beautiful Manor of Wells. Truly this was a case of,

"Treason in a December pye,
And death within the pot."

Jack Horner's escapade, however, only enhanced the popularity of the Christmas pie. Misson, in his *Travels in England*, has his word to say about it: "Every family against Christmas makes a famous pye which they call Christmas pye. It is a great nostrume the composition of this pastry. It is a most learned mixture of neat's tongue, chickens, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery, etc."

This description would suit far better a Cornish pasty of the present day. In it everything from a salt herring to jam finds shelter, and yet, I am told, it is a toothsome article!

A stately pie, indeed, was one made by a certain Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper, in the year 1770. It measured nine feet in circumference, weighed twelve stone, took two men to present it at table, and was supplied with wheels to enable each guest at Howick Castle to help themselves. In its manufacture two bushels of flour and twenty pounds of butter were employed. It was filled with "four geese, four turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons." Pies of these dimensions were always heavily spiced so that they kept for weeks. They rested generally on the side-board, and all comers could cut and come again as they listed.

A more modern pie was that one made in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. Of it the following jingle spoke:

"This pie contained as much rump steak
As would half supply the Navy,
With bullocks' milts enough to make
Ninety gallons of gravy.
Forty ducks, two stone a-piece,
Enough for any glutton,
With ninety-five large legs of beef
And a hundred legs of mutton."

This wonderful pie, which took ninety ploughmen to serve it up to the table, was prepared by the inhabitants of Denby Dale. They followed the American plan of commemorating famous events by pie-making, for they baked one at King George III.'s jubilee in 1788, after the Battle of Waterloo, and upon the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. The mammoth pie I have told about above, however, was the biggest of their efforts. It contained three thousand and seventeen pounds of potatoes and meat, and had to be baked in an oven specially built for it.

I think it is now time for us to talk a little about pasties. I wonder how many folk know what constitutes the difference between a pie and a pasty! Our dictionary defines the former as a "crust baked with fruit, etc., in it," and the latter as "a pie of crust raised without a dish." Well, men made dictionaries, and it requires a woman to make their explanations intelligible.

A pasty is distinguished from a pie or tart because it has pastry under as well as over the meat or fruit. So our three-cornered jam-puffs and mince-pies, containing "that mixture strange of suet, currants, meat, where various tastes incline," are really, properly speaking, mince pasties. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were called "minched pies," and, even earlier than that, "shrid pies."

It has been thought that the mince pasties—a combination as it is of the choicest products of the East—may have originally had in view the offering made by the wise men who came from afar to worship, bringing spices, etc. I think the idea is rather a taking one—as are all theories that link habit on to the sweet story of Bethlehem.

There is an old superstition that Christmas without a mince pie is unlucky. In 1656, the Puritans condemned this "idolatrie in crust," and very wisely. It would be far more unlucky to taste thereof if it disagreed with one!

It is generally conceded that Americans countenance "piety"—forgive the scandalous pun!—more than any other nation. It is popularly supposed that squash and apple pie, cranberry pasties and every other kind can be bought at every corner in New York; but there is one kind I should like to see more universally provided than it is both in America and England. The pie I refer to is covered with a cardboard crust and has an interior of indigestible bran. Like the surprise pies of our ancestors, from the bowels of the bran pie should come all sorts of queer and useful presents. "Every face which we set sparkling at Christmas is a reflection of that goodness of nature which generosity helps to unclose." And how the children's faces light up round the bran tub! In another article I should like to give instructions how to make many inexpensive articles which we can, to quote an eighteenth-century poet:

"Hash and smash as small as flies
And send to help these bran mince pies."

I have not space for them in this article.

The recipe for a merry Christmas is to shelter the homeless, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and make the children's heart leap for joy. The way to enjoy our Christmas luxuries is to share them with others. Listen to Nehemiah's sound advice.

"Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared. For this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength (Neh. viii. 10).

I must close this paper by giving a recipe or two for mince-pastes and meat-pies, as I promised; I will not, however, burden this article with many, as every cookery-book teems with especial directions for their evolution. A very useful dish in a large family is made from poultry of any sort—game more especially. After plucking, singeing, and drawing, cut up the birds into fair-sized pieces, and pack a pie-dish with them; layer over them some nice fat bacon or ham, and cover with a sheet of sweet herbs, bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, bound into force-meat with a beaten egg. The gravy must come from some wedge-shaped lumps of raw beef-steak laid here and there. Cover with a good, wholesome crust, and bake in a moderate oven. If the pastry "catches" before the birds are cooked, veil it with a sheet of buttered paper.

Just before taking this pie from the oven, brush over the hot crust with yolk of egg, and, if intended to eat cold, lift off the lid before serving, and place some cubes of savoury aspic jelly under it.

A plain chicken pie made as above is a very economical side-board dish when the "boys" are home for the holidays. The bones must be well broken, and even without the addition of aspic, the dish will be found filled with jelly.

Mince-meat is made in many different ways, so I will not give minute directions for the same, only lay down one or two broad rules about it. Let the beef suet be bought early, or you will have to pay a big price for inferior stuff. Let the meat be partly cooked before using. The mince will keep better. Always, when using, take from the bottom of the jar, or all will grow mouldy. Make it a month before it is wanted for table, as it will then have time to mellow. Exclude air by tying it down tight with bladder.

Honesty in pie-making is one of the smaller "diamonds" in culinary work that I recommend. None of us would like to have our names handed down to posterity as has been done to one Thomas Pepys—"cosen" of the famous Home Secretary. He placed before the fastidious diarist "a venison pasty, which was palpable mutton." "This was not handsome," comments the master curtly and pregnantly.

A fourteenth-century recipe, by insisting on good ingredients and work has lived to this day by reason of its honesty. I copy it. "Tak gode applys and gode spycis and gode figgs and reysons and perys (pears?) and wan they are wel ybrazed, colourd wyth safrõn wel, do yt in a cofyn, and do yt forth to bake wel." You see six injunctions to excellence are here given. We can imagine how much this apple-tart must have been esteemed by those privileged to taste it.

Though Christmas plum-pudding and mince-meat are the better for being made a long time in advance, pies and pasties are best eaten fresh. The good housewives, at the beginning of the last century recognised this. One of them sings:—

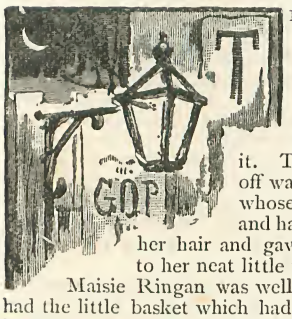
"Now, mistress Betty, get up and rise
If you intend to make your Christmas pyes,
And let your ingenuity be seen
In decking all the windows up with green."

In Venice a very queer kind of pye is eaten at the feast of the nativity. It is crust filled with pottage called *Torta de Casagne*, and is composed of oil, onions, paste, parsley, pine nuts, raisins, currants and candied peel. With this curious recipe I must close this paper. The Queen of Hearts still makes her tarts, her pyes, and her pasties, whilst the yule log burns on the hearth, and holly boughs with lumps of shining berries adorn the ingle-nook. As she weighs the flour, fruit and spices let her not forget to send portions to those for whom nothing is prepared. Then, indeed, like the Israelites of old, she will be able "to eat and drink and make great mirth," for she will have understood and carried out the directions given her.

THE GREEN OMNIBUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.



THE green omnibus stopped at its accustomed corner and a stream of travellers alighted from it. The last to get off was a young girl whose brown coat and hat just matched her hair and gave a stylish air to her neat little figure.

Maisie Ringan was well loaded. She had the little basket which had once held her lunch, the book she had been reading in the omnibus, a roll of music and three shapeless parcels in soft paper which told of a recent visit to the draper. In addition to all this she had an umbrella, so it was not wonderful that, in an effort to save her skirt from contact with the muddy step, she let slip one of her late purchases and left it lying on the curb-stone when she turned the corner and started with a brisk step up the street that led to her home.

Maisie was a type-writer, and she had been busy at her machine since nine o'clock that morning, so that she was not sorry at the prospect of reaching the cup of tea she knew was waiting for her, and the warm welcome that accompanied it.

Mrs. Ringan was a widow and in delicate health, so it was well for her that her husband had left her some small means, which, with Maisie's earnings, enabled her to live pretty comfortably, though quietly, and to educate the younger sister Thyrza, who was now looking forward eagerly to starting on a career of her own. What it was to be she neither knew nor cared. She would leave school and bring home money every week as Maisie did. That was enough. The long hours of toil which must go before the money were all forgotten. Life is all golden at fifteen.

The little parcel did not lie unnoticed. A young man was coming along the street and he saw it fall. A jostling crowd struggling to find seats in the almost empty omnibus prevented his picking it up immediately, and by the time it was in his hand the brown hat of the owner was almost out of sight. John Hardy was far too good-natured not to take some trouble to restore it to its owner, so he set off in pursuit of her retreating figure.

Fortune favoured him. A few doors up the street was a stationer's shop, and Maisie paused a moment to look at some new photographs in the window.

"I think this is yours," said John breathlessly, holding out the parcel. "You dropped it getting out of the bus."

Maisie looked hastily at the goods yet remaining in her hands, and for the first time discovered that she was a parcel short.

"Oh, thank you," she cried, "how stupid of me to drop it! I'm afraid you have come a long way with it."

But John declared that it was no trouble and, lifting his hat, withdrew, not without a hope that he might again see the brown eyes that looked from under the hat he had pursued.

Life was not very bright to him just then. He had left the large family in the country and come to a London clerkship. He lived alone in lodgings—dreary, airless rooms they seemed to him accustomed to the freshness of the country—and had no friends as yet in the great city. The clergyman of the parish had called on him and enlisted his aid in the Sunday School. It was with a slight feeling of pleasure he remembered, as he turned the key in the lock, and was met by the stuffy odour, slightly scented by onions, that usually filled the house in which he lodged, that this was the evening for the teachers' preparation class. At all events he should not be condemned to a solitary evening in the close parlour. He would at least see other faces and hear other voices.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCIDENT.

THE Vicar of St. Matthew's took a keen interest in his Sunday School. He was never happier than when talking to the sea of upturned faces that never failed to give him a welcome, unless it might be at his teachers' class when he loved to gather round him the young men and maidens who were striving to feed the lambs of Christ's flock, and help and guide them in their work.

The teachers liked the class too and attended in good numbers, so when John Hardy entered the room in which it was held with a somewhat hesitating step, he found twenty or thirty young men and girls already seated round a large square table, and a buzz of conversation was going on. The vicar left the group with whom he was talking when John came in, and advanced to welcome him with a hearty hand-shake, and an introduction to one or two of the teachers nearest him who readily made room for the new-comer.

Just as they were standing up to sing the opening hymn another teacher, a girl, came hastily in and slipped into a seat opposite John. He lifted his eyes almost unconsciously but opened them wide and looked again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. There was the brown hat he had pursued a few hours before, and he knew, when it should be lifted up a little, he should see the brown eyes that had looked at him so pleasantly.

This was really remarkable, and John's thoughts wandered far from the matters on which they should have been fixed.

The acquaintance made that day soon grew into a fast friendship. John Hardy always seemed to be passing when that particular green omnibus discharged its living freight at the corner of the street, and what more natural than that he and Maisie should walk together down the street that led to both their homes? The stationer's window at the corner witnessed their parting, and John eagerly scanned its contents in search of some new object to which he could call his companion's attention and to delay her departure for a moment.

But though Maisie was always friendly and genial and pleased to see him he was quite unable to discover any symptom of a warmer feeling towards him. She chatted and laughed quite as freely with other young men at the teachers' meeting, when he saw her, and, he doubted not, in other places where he did not see her.

Months passed by and things went on without change. There was nothing to mark the particular Thursday of which I am going to tell as anything unusual, and yet a good deal happened on it to affect the lives of these two young people.

John went to his office in the morning, but soon after his arrival was summoned into the partner's room for an interview. He was surprised at this and still more when he found out the reason. The firm for which he worked were transacting business in America, and they required an agent who would be willing to go out there for several years, perhaps permanently, to take charge of it. The son of one of the partners had undertaken this position and he required an assistant to accompany him. This situation was offered to John. His income would be good—far larger than he could look for in an ordinary way after years of steady work—but he must leave home and live in a foreign land.

"Don't hurry, Mr. Hardy," said the head partner kindly, "take a week or two to think it over and consult your friends. The offer is a good one, but we shall not think the worse of you if you decline it."

It was midday before John could shake off the confusion of thought caused by the suddenness of the suggestion, and begin to think the matter over calmly. His parents, he felt sure, would be delighted at his good fortune and he himself had no dislike to a new country, on the contrary it had been a boyish day dream to travel afar off and see strange places. But now there was Maisie! If she would go with him how gladly would he close with the offer, or even if she would agree to join him in another year. But he knew that she would not leave her mother until Thyrza were old enough to take her place, and if that difficulty could be overcome, he could not feel sure that she had anything more than a mere friendly regard for him, she had never given him reason to think so. What was to be done? This matter must be settled before he said anything to those at home.

His plan was soon arranged. He would see her that very day and ask for her love and tell of his prospects at the same time. He would take no other step till that was over.

He knew her hour for leaving work, and determined to incur the expense of a hansom and join her before entering the green omnibus instead of after leaving it.

With a storm of excitement in his heart and not without a prayer—less for direction than for the bestowal of the blessing he so eagerly desired—he hurried to his destination.

He was in plenty of time and he withdrew to the sheltering door of a newspaper shop not far off to watch for Maisie's approach. A tall bearded stranger was walking up and down before the shop. He too seemed to be waiting for somebody and looked incessantly at his watch and twisted his stick restlessly during the slow minutes that fled.

John noticed his impatience, but his mind was so full of his own affairs that he gave him little heed, and when at last the neat little brown figure he was looking for appeared, he stood as if transfixed when the stranger advanced to meet her, grasped her by both hands—John thought he was going to kiss her but he did not, though he bent his tall figure over her—and they finally moved away together in earnest conversation.

John's first impulse was to join them, but he somehow felt that "three" would be no "company" on this occasion, so he obeyed his second, which was to stay where he was until they had passed and then to follow them slowly up the street.

At the crowded circus whence the green omnibus started, John saw the stranger's arm thrown protectingly round Maisie as he drew her away from the horses and vehicles. Then she got into the omnibus and the stranger stood waving his hand as it lumbered slowly away. So this was what took place at the beginning of the journey every day.

There was no one there when Maisie got out of the omnibus that afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

A FEW days later John overtook Maisie at the usual place. She had been wondering what had become of him and met him with a very warm welcome.

"I hope you haven't been ill, Mr. Hardy," she said. "When you didn't come to the teachers' meeting, I thought you must be. You are always so regular."

"I've been busy," said John in a hard voice, "and I'm going to give up the school too."

Maisie looked at him with surprise. She had always loved the school and the class, and she thought that John did so too. There was a different tone in his voice also and hers became a little different as well.

"Give up the school!" she said, "I am sorry. Is Willy Slater too much for you?" This allusion to the notorious "bad boy" of his class would have brought a smile to his face another time, but John had no smiles now.

"I am going away," he said almost defiantly, then after a slight pause, "to America."

"America!" cried Maisie, "that is a long way. Shall you be away for long?"

"Oh, always, I expect," said John. "I shall stay there, I think. It is an awfully good opening, you see. My people are delighted about it."

Maisie's heart sank, but she said cheerfully, "Oh, that's very nice. How soon do you go?"

"In about a month, I think," said John.

"Oh, well, you'll have time to come and see us before then, and tell mother all about it. She will be surprised."

"I shall be very busy," said John sullenly.

"I expect you will," said Maisie briskly. "Well, if I don't see you again, I'm sure I wish you all success and every happiness."

There was a new picture of the church in the stationer's shop, but it would have been a farce to stop and look at it that afternoon, so they parted without a moment's delay.

"She doesn't care a bit," said John. "Of course, it wasn't likely with that clumsy fellow hanging about. Well, it's a precious good job I saw them before I spoke. I'm glad I'm going to America, I wish I started to-morrow."

And Maisie thought as she went with heavy feet along the street, "Fancy his going off like that, with hardly a word. Men are hateful, but I thought he was different."

And then she told her mother she had got a headache, which was true enough, and didn't want any tea, and she went up to her bedroom and cried a good while, and then knelt beside her bed and prayed that God would make her willing to do and bear anything that He might send, and she dried her eyes and washed her face, and got out an elaborate piece of work she was doing, and sat with her back to the light and talked about the misdeeds of the little maid, and the illness of the cat, and the probability of new neighbours until supper-time.

John avoided the green omnibus after that. He had quite made up his mind that he would see Maisie no more, so he came home another way now. The new way led him past a large railway terminus, and one afternoon just as he was passing it whom should he meet but the very pair he most wished to avoid. He was too close to escape, so he just stood still as they came up.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy," cried Maisie, flushing in spite of herself, "we almost thought you must be gone as we had seen nothing of you. This is my brother-in-law, Mr. Field, and he lives in America, so he might have told you some things about it, but he's just going away now. I've come to see him off."

John was stunned. He murmured something inaudible to Mr. Field, who was impatient at the delay and anxious about his luggage, and they parted. "What an idiot I was not to find out about the fellow!" he muttered, "and now I've been so disagreeable she'll think I don't care."

The end of it was that John determined to see Mr. Field off too—from afar—and when Maisie came out of the station again alone, he joined her and they walked home together.

He learned from Maisie that her brother-in-law was anxious that the family should return to America with him, but that she was unwilling to give up her situation for an uncertainty.

Then John told his story, concealing nothing, and describing particularly the afternoon when he had first seen the stranger. Maisie laughed heartily though she shed a few tears too.

The new photograph of the church in the stationer's shop came in for a large share of attention that afternoon, for they stopped for quite a long time to admire it after they got out of the green omnibus.

HOW TO GIVE.

A FRIEND lately observed that there was no duty more plainly inculcated in the Bible than that of helping the deserving poor, but that there is no more difficult task than to find them.

An immense amount of harm is done by injudicious and ill-considered giving. We cannot bear to see the poor crossing-sweeper boy on a cold and wet day with bare feet and threadbare clothes, or the miserable woman begging, with a still more miserable baby crying for food in her arms, and with a generous impulse we bestow a coin without a thought as to whether or not we are really benefiting the one or the other. In nine cases out of ten such gifts are misplaced. The boy's money is all taken home in fear and trembling to drunken parents, who have no intention of buying him better clothes or sufficient food, and the woman keeps the child (not her own) cruelly ill-fed and ill-clothed in order to excite compassion and get money for her also to waste in drink.

An experienced worker in London has lately stated that in the course of a wide experience he has scarcely ever found a deserving street-beggar, the babies and little children with them are usually hired, and really deserving people do not beg in the street.

It is true that the world would be a dull place indeed without those dear creatures who are moved by impulse in giving and without using their judgment, but great evils are often increased thereby.

There are several qualifications needed for successful almsgiving, and one must learn how to give. To be a blessing rather than the reverse, a gift should be accompanied by "sanctified common cause," and due inquiry should be made as to the truth of the appeal made to us. It should also be, if possible, of sufficient amount to be of real and permanent benefit, not only what will satisfy the need of the moment. It is far better to undertake one case and work for it thoroughly till it is placed on a permanent basis of safety than to give small doles to several cases. We should do well to copy the Jewish system of relief, which acts upon the principle that half-a-crown is of little use in a case of distress, whereas five pounds will effectually benefit a deserving man, and, as every Jew as a boy has learnt some trade or business, the purchase of the necessary tools or some stock-in-trade is of real service, when half-a-crown would only have purchased a few meals and left him as before. The result of this admirable plan is that a Jewish pauper is practically unknown, and we never find Jews begging in our streets. They have also a system of loans for their deserving poor, and in one of our cities, where there is a large community of these people, a report on twenty years' issue of such loans was lately published, in which it was shown that while £30,000 had been lent in various sums in that time, only £90 had to be written off as not repaid.

"Not grudgingly or of necessity" should also be in our minds when we give.

The Eastern salesman, vending fruit or grain in the market-place, gives us not only full measure "pressed down and running over," but adds a little on the very top by way of a blessing. So, too, should we give, remembering that in like manner also we receive.

Our giving should also be proportionate to our income; by this I mean that we should, at stated times, set aside a proportion of what we have for charitable purposes. This would always then be available, and we should not trust to the impulses of a moment. Many people set aside a tenth of their income, but this may be an undue proportion for people of small means. Yet, that should be aimed at and brings a blessing with it, often in increased prosperity to the giver. To those unaccustomed to such a rule, it may seem hard at first to set aside one shilling out of every ten, but if begun in early life, one gets to look upon that shilling as not one's own to deal with except for charity. If this were universally practised, what vast sums would be available for good works. Bazaars and sales would be quite unnecessary, and there would be no need of the huge expenditure of stationery and stamps as well as of time to secure funds, and what joy there would be to secretaries of charitable societies and the clergy who now have to fret and worry, write and speak day and night in order to get the funds for carrying on the work entrusted to them.

We must not forget, however, that there are gifts besides those of money. Many who are poor in this world's goods are rich in sympathy, and are able only to mourn with the mourners and rejoice with the joyful. Still there is need for judgment even here. "A word in season—how good is it!"

Nor let us forget to give the added blessing of a prayer for the recipient, the blessing on the very top of the gift, that which may be worth more than the material benefit for the moment, and which will only be fully known in the joy of the future life where we may be allowed to see the blessed results.

"Give thy heart's best treasure. From fair nature learn.
Give thy love and ask not, wait not a return.
And the more thou givest from thy little store,
With a double bounty God will give thee more."

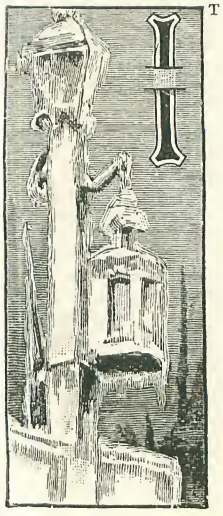
OLIVE.



CHRISTMAS EVE. [*From photo. Wilhelm Otto Dusseldorft.*

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

By LADY MARY WOOD.



IT was Christmas Eve; the day was over, evening had come and gone, it was night and all was hushed and silent in the house. Upstairs the children were sleeping and smiling in their sleep, with mingled visions of angels, Christmas trees and bright and happy days before them. In the attics tired maids were dreaming of home and village festivities. Below the nurseries, a mother stood at the window looking out into the moonlit sky, her lips moving, while down her cheeks two slow, reluctant tears were coursing their way.

In the study it was quiet and silent too, but here a shaded lamp was burning, and a glowing fire burnt in the hearth. A man in the prime of life sat at the table, his head resting on his hand, his brow contracted as he bent his looks on the open page before him.

His massive brow, the deep-set eyes, the high, intellectual forehead, bespoke the scholar, the scientist, the man of learning, the philosopher. He rose from his seat, pushed back his papers with a sigh, and sat down on the chair by the fire.

"The wisdom of fools!" he muttered, "and yet—and yet—I would give my right hand to be able to say like Jenny 'I believe.' Folly!" he exclaimed and shook himself, but remained sitting in the chair gazing into the dim corners of the room.

It got darker and darker, the glowing coals lost their light, and the cinders startled him as they fell from the grate; the lamp was burning low and glowed like a dim speck in the darkness. A chill breath of night air seemed to fan his cheek, and he drew his coat more closely round him. All seemed so wonderfully, so awfully silent and still. He looked around him, everything seemed strange and unfamiliar. He seemed to be on a bare hillside mounting up a steep and rugged path, the cold night air chilled him to the bone—quite overhead the stars could just be seen faintly through the mist, but on the horizon all was dark and dim.

He walked on he knew not where, and as he stumbled along the rocky path, he saw a shadow coming towards him. As it got nearer to him, he saw that it was that of a young man, his face was full of power and thought, but full too of so great a look of yearning, sorrow and regret, that he gazed with wonder at the sight. His lips framed the words though no sound came—"Who are you, and whence do you come?" The shadow seemed to understand, and replied sorrowfully, "I am one of the spirits in prison waiting—waiting—waiting for my redemption. I have waited a thousand years and more, as you count time."

"Tell me your story," was the unspoken thought. "I was young," said the shadowy youth, "I was rich, I was a prince—I was wise; the world seemed very fair and I thought all knowledge and all wisdom mine. The world was at my feet, and I thought no learning too deep, no obstacle too great, no enterprise too daring for my power. In my pride and in my youth I was laid low; my horse stumbled and I fell, and my life went from my body and I left youth, riches, pride and learning behind me."

"What saved you?" "God's mercy and a woman's prayer at which I scoffed; these prevailed that I might wait in hope, for as I fell I repented of that scoff, and one despairing cry rose from my heart to heaven, and now"—he paused. "Go on,"—"and now—a voice came ringing through our prison bars this night. 'Turn you—turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope,' and so I turned. Come, let us walk together up the hill." The shadow glided forward and the other followed.

And now they seemed to be in the midst of an eager, hurrying crowd, pressing towards the little town which appeared on the side of the hill. There were old men and young ones, women and children; children with joy on their faces running up the hill their shadowy feet not touching the ground, their countenances all radiant with happiness; there were women and girls, some with that rapt look of steadfast faith and patience which speaks of long-tried suffering nobly borne, and others, their heads bowed down with sorrow and sunk on their breasts, but with hands outstretched in piteous appeal. There were young men marching like soldiers to victory, calm, strong, alert with their eyes looking forward through the gloom as though they could pierce the darkness. There were old men walking onwards patiently, quietly, content to be moving ever upwards.

And now through this hurrying, hastening shadowy crowd there came a homely, humble group of simple men; they seemed not to see the crowd but walked through it as if through air, and he who watched it all wondered and yet shivered, for these spoke as men speak in tones of life and sound. They were discoursing of some wondrous sight they had seen as they hasted up the hill carrying in their arms some little lambs whose mothers followed bleating for their young ones. "Ask them whither they go," said the man. His guide shook his head. "We may not speak—they hear us not, they see us not; a veil is drawn 'twixt us and them." But the man pressed forward and said though he himself could hear no sound, "Whither are you hurrying, friends?"

"The sighing of the wind comes o'er the hills," said the shepherds to each other, "let us go forward and see this wondrous sight whereof the angel spoke," and they hurried on and soon were lost to sight in the moving spirit crowd.

And now there came in sight a long train of moving figures, some on horses, some on camels, some on mules and asses—a gorgeous caravan of Eastern princes, moving slowly up the hill; foremost among them three noble figures, with kingly brows and faces of severe and stedfast contemplation; their eyes looked upward to the skies, where now for the first time the man saw blazing in the heavens a wondrous star more bright than any seen before. On marched the train, while the shadowy guide whispered, "Speak not, they neither see nor hear the spirit world; these wise men are but flesh and blood," but they could hear the sound of their living words—"We go to worship Him," and the guide looked after them, full of bitter regret and sorrow, so that the man, struck with the grief of his expression, asked, "Why gaze thus sorrowfully at them as they pass?" "Why?" he echoed bitterly. "For I might have been like them; they are wise, they are rich and powerful, they are kings; of the deep things of knowledge and learning they have sounded the depths like me, but in all this they have remembered whence the knowledge, whence the kingdom, and whence the power, and whence the glory came, and they are now going to lay it all at His feet." He ceased, and turning hid his face in his mantle and was silent.

"Of Whom do you speak? Whom do they go to worship? What is the wondrous sight they've seen? What is that moving, blazing star on high? Speak—answer me," and the man laid hold of his spirit guide. The shadow form seemed to grow taller, more erect, and a look of unutterable hope lighted up his saddened countenance, but he only whispered, "Come and see."

They had reached the little town which seemed full of people, and groups of men and cattle and horses were camping on the hills for whom there was no shelter in the inn, and now they came to a cave which was being used for a stable, outside of which the train of the rich, wise men had halted, while they dismounted from their camels and horses, and waited to enter in. Round about the entrance,



and pouring in, in crowds which none could number, the shadowy multitudes pressed forward, and strange as it seemed to the man, there was yet room for all.

His guide now made him a sign to follow, and with strangely beating heart, and trembling limbs, trembling at what he knew not, he entered the stable cave.

It was dark, and at first he could not see anything, for only a dim and flickering light illumined the cave, but as his eyes grew used to the darkness, he perceived the wise men taking off their crowns and kneeling on the ground, while behind them knelt the shepherds with clasped hands and bowed heads, and above and below, around and about a crowd of shadowy forms, both men and spirits all looking with awe and wonder in their faces at what? At the form of a little child lying in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, with His mother bending o'er Him.

"Who and what is this?" said the man turning with bitter resentment to seek his guide, while all the spirit crowd surged and shivered at the words; but lo! the shadowy form of his guide with the sad, remorseful countenance was gone, and in his place there knelt the spirit of a beauteous youth, his face aglow with love and faith and his head bent low in grateful awe and worship. For a moment he turned at the resentful words, and he murmured "Lord, open his eyes that he may see."

And suddenly there was a dazzling blaze of light and glory by which the man was almost stunned and blinded, and a rushing, mighty song as the sound of many waters, and when he could lift his eyes to behold that sight, he saw the myriads of the angel host, angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim, angels without number reaching in their ranks of thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand from heaven down to earth, all bending low and worshipping that little child and singing "Holy, Holy, Holy, which was and is to come," and as he sank trembling on his knees, his face hidden in his hands, and his proud form bending to the ground, a voice like a trumpet rang through the air—"The desire of all nations is come," while the angels answered singing, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace."

All was dark, cold and silent as the grave in the study when the man awoke and found himself on his knees with his face buried in his hands, his body bending down to the ground, the fire burnt out, the lamp just flickering, and the figure of his wife standing beside him watching him with troubled looks.

"John, what is it? are you ill? Have you been poring too long over those books of philosophy?"

He said nothing but looked at her with a strange new tenderness. "A woman's prayer?" he murmured softly and rose to his feet and said aloud—"There are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy, my Jenny," and he put his arm round her. Just then there broke upon the still night air the sound of children's voices. "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," and as side by side they drew the curtain from the window, the first dim light of the eastern dawn was rising over the hill.

It was Christmas morning.



"CIS."

THE Professor sat in his room, a sprig of holly in his hand; he seemed to be looking at its crimson berries, but his thoughts were far away. It had been given to him some minutes ago by a lodger in the same house as himself; a young girl, who, with a little invalid brother, shared two tiny rooms under his.

Their acquaintance began in a queer way; passing a door which stood ajar one day, a somewhat querulous child's voice called out—

"Mrs. Smith, do come! I do want you so!"

Now the Professor had seen Mrs. Smith, the landlady, depart with a string bag, intent on housekeeping, about half an hour ago; while the maid-of-all-work was seizing the opportunity of her absence for a flirtation over the garden wall.

He paused by the door undecided what to do; he hated strangers and was very shy, but he had a tender heart, and the child's voice touched it.

"Oh, dear!" it said again. "Why doesn't she come? I am so tired of being alone!" and then a deep sigh, followed by the petulant ringing of a bell, decided him, and pushing the door further open, he popped his head in, and said—

"Mrs. Smith is out, little boy."

A smile brightened the child's pale face, who was lying on a couch by the window, a table strewn with books and toys beside him, and he stretched out his little arms.

"Do come in," he said, with relief, "it is so dull and I am all alone!" So the Professor hesitated and the child's lip falling again, he resolved to start later to the museum, whither he was bound, and, treading gingerly on the carpet as if on hot bricks, brought a chair up to the child's couch and sat down beside him.

He was told that "Cis" would not be back for an hour, so he felt more at ease, and inwardly resolving to keep a strict eye on the clock and fly some time before "Cis" returned, he took off his spectacles and began to rub them (a habit of his when in doubt), and racked his brain for something to say to his small captor. But the child helped him out.

"You live over us, don't you?" he said curiously, "and you are a 'fessor and know lots of things, and have pupils."

The Professor assented. "How do you know?"

"Mrs. Smith told us," said the child, who had now got possession of his watch and seals; "we hear the pupils sometimes, they make a noise, don't they?"

This was awful, and the Professor felt bound to apologise, but before he had got half through, the boy was asking the meaning of some characters on one of the seals, and feeling more in his element, he dropped the apology, and they chatted as if they had known each other years. The Professor forgot about his beloved museum, time, and all, and they were completely absorbed when a light step entered the room and paused in astonishment at the strange sight.

Such a pretty dainty little girl, for she hardly looked nineteen, though in reality she was twenty-two, with such merry eyes under a broad white forehead, which commanded respect.

The child saw her first; perhaps he was getting tired of olden tales, which were like fairy stories to him; and, dropping the seals, watch and all, cried "Cis!" with a radiant smile; and the Professor, his eloquence stopped by the (to him) awful apparition in navy blue coat and skirt and little fur cap, gave a violent start and began an unintelligible mumble.

But, for the second time that day the apology was unheeded; for the girl had sprung to the bed and was picking up the gold watch and seals. "I do hope it is not damaged!" she said anxiously, and the Professor felt better, and was able to smile, as he bent his spectacled eyes over them, and assured her that nothing was wrong.

"I do hope you will pardon my intrusion," he went on nervously, "but I heard this little lad calling for the landlady, and, as I knew she was out, looked in to see if anything was the matter."

"Yes, and he's been here such a long time, and told me heaps of fairy tales, which he says are true; but I don't think they can be," —doubtfully—"he's the 'fessor from upstairs, you know, and has the pupils who make a noise sometimes," concluded the urchin all in a breath.

"Oh, Dicky! Please don't apologise!"—turning to the crimson professor, and holding out a frank little hand. "I am very much obliged to you, you have given Dicky a great treat; and it is so lonely for him when I am out, which I have to be; Mrs. Smith comes in sometimes, but she is too busy to waste her time over him often."

Then, in a short time, the Professor bowed himself out.

"Come and see me again, 'fessor, and tell me more tales!" cried out Dicky, as the tall thin figure disappeared out of the doorway.

And the Professor promised, and kept that promise when he had time to spare; and he found that he quite looked forward to the chat with the little invalid; though he never forgot to look at the clock again, and hurry away before Cis came back. He was too shy, though when the boy spoke of her he always seemed interested, and lent a willing ear.

It was on this day, Christmas Eve, that he had met her coming up-stairs, laden with holly and mistletoe, as he was coming down; and after he had answered her "good morning," she had added, "A Merry Christmas to you, Professor," and picking out a piece of holly with a thick cluster of berries, handed it to him with a mischievous smile, and the Professor, taking it, had changed his mind suddenly about going out, and went upstairs again to his rooms and drew a chair to the fire; and his prize still in his hand, fell musing. And this time Cis was more in his thoughts than Dicky.

It was long since he had had anything to do with women, or had had a gift from them, even a trumpery sprig of holly, given him in a sudden freak. Like most others he had had his romance, when the world seemed an Elysium, and a certain graceful form had ruled it for him; and then, as of old, a serpent had crept into his Eden, in the shape of a wealthier suitor, and while he was living in his fool's paradise, saving all he could to bring their little home nearer, the girl wrote to tell him she had married another; the letter said that she loved him still, and prayed him to forgive her; but she was so tired of poverty, and was not brave enough to risk it in the future, etcætera, etc. A foolish letter to write, and one that might have wrought no end of mischief in revengeful hands, but the Professor was not revengeful, as she knew; he did not even reproach her, only, as the fire reduced her letter to ashes, so his romance faded too, and he turned that leaf in his life—as he thought—for ever.

The remembrance of it came back to him as he gazed at the sprig of holly, and thought of Cis's face; it was like, yet unlike that other's: she had boasted of gold hair and blue eyes, but Cis's honest brow and fearless straightforward glance were different. And then he thought of the different life his had been; if she had only been true, and, remembering the sweetness of the past, before he was left lonely, his eyes grew dim, till the holly berries were seen as through a mist of tears.

He rose and stuck the sprig into a vase on the mantelpiece. The effect was not brilliant, and he shook his head thoughtfully as he glanced round the room. It was not natty; more, it was ugly and cheerless; he had always been contented with it before, but now—it looked so uncared-for after the little room downstairs, with its nick-nacks and feminine contrivances. He would make those careless pupils put things straight, he thought peevishly, as he surveyed the untidy books which had been hurled helter-skelter into their places by the same, in the welcome thought of holiday; and he indignantly surveyed the kicked furniture and scratched grate, which, before, he had benevolently excused in consideration of their zeal.

The little bit of holly attracted his attention again, as the one bit of brightness in the room, and he found himself wishing for a real Christmas—not only a bit of plum pudding brought up by the servant, with Mrs. Smith's compliments, "and would the Professor be pleased to have some of it, as it was Christmas Day? It was an old recipe of her grandmother's, etc."

No; he would like to have a real Christmas, and not spend it all alone—he had had so much of it, he was tired of being alone—he would like to do something to please little Dicky, and feel the child's arms round his neck, and know that he was not quite unloved, though only by a little boy.

Then he had a happy thought, and when Mrs. Smith came to lay dinner, he asked where he could buy a Christmas-tree. She opened her eyes wide, and would have her mouth too, if it had been polite, but she told him, and was very interested; so, after dinner, the Professor went out and got a beautiful tree, and then went to a toy-shop to get the other things.

He was very uncertain what ought to go on, but the shopman helped him, so he got candles, and things with no earthly use, which he was told were the correct things to decorate with.

He had a vague idea that penny trumpets were a great weakness of the young, so he bought six of them; which was very good of him, considering he hated penny trumpets worse than anything on earth.

Then he got a really lovely toy, a punchinello on a musical box, and when it was wound up it bobbed its head and clashed its cymbals in time to the music, and remembering Dicky's partiality for fairy-tales, he bought a large book of them. Then, trudging off with his huge parcel—for he would not have them sent—he paused before a fancy shop, and, after a long time spent in indecision, bought a handsome little work-case and one or two other articles, finally ordering some holly and mistletoe to be sent; tired but happy as he had not been for years, he returned home. He sent down a little note of invitation by Martha, and with eyes twinkling behind their spectacles, awaited the answer, which was brought up soon by the same messenger—they are coming.

So the Professor was fearfully busy, especially as he worked in an extremely unbusiness-like way. Martha offered her assistance, but was called by Mrs. Smith, busy below. She herself came up and admired, but had to rush off again; finally he went to bed in despair, hoping for better luck next morning. But when it came he was in just the same state, and everyone was just as busy. However he set manfully to work, pricking himself horribly as he poked holly here, there and everywhere; and then he tried to hang the things on the tree, but his knots were most unsafe, and it was a wonder everything was not smashed. The exertion made him so warm it might have been summer. Just as he was engaged in mopping his heated brow, a knock came at the door; thinking it was Martha, he called out, "Come in!"

And there entered Cis, with some holly in her arms.

She just began, "I thought perhaps——" when the comic condition of the room and its occupant struck her fancy, and she burst out laughing.

The poor professor looked very piteous, his spectacles were pushed high up his forehead, and he absently stroked his thin hair; but her laughter was contagious, and he laughed himself and forgot his nervousness.

"It does look rather queer," he admitted.

"You have done it very well," said Cis, with compunction, though a twinkle still remained in her laughter-loving eyes. "I don't expect you are used to it, are you?"

"No," he said, "he had never done it before," and eagerly accepting her offer of help, he walked to and fro, bringing things, while he watched her deft fingers admiringly.

"I brought you some of our holly," she said, while the room quite budded out under her tasteful arrangements; "I did not know you had such heaps. Aren't you going to have any more in that vase?" she added, as the professor stopped her from altering the one on the mantelpiece.

"No," stammered he, with a blush Cis was too busy to notice. "It—it is such a beautiful piece, I like it by itself."

At last she finished, and the Professor looked regretfully after her, and drew out a little parcel he had kept from her eyes, and put it with the other things.

At 3.30 he went down to carry Dicky up, for the poor little lad had hip disease and could not walk, and Cis followed behind with the cushions. What fun they had, and how delighted Dicky was with the tree, and how clumsy the Professor was among the candles, and cutting off the presents; and how they laughed over the six trumpets, which Dicky insisted should all be blown at once by all, for Mrs. Smith and Martha both popped in to see the tree, and each had a present off it. The Professor blushed and stammered tremendously when he gave the work-case to Cis, and felt very proud when he saw how she liked it.

Then they had tea, and Cis poured it out, looking so sweet and womanly as she did so, the punchinello was made to work, till, if he had been alive, he must have given up the ghost in desperation; and when that music was exhausted, Cis was prevailed upon to sing, as she sat on the floor by the professor's couch, which was drawn up to the fire, with Dicky on it in grand state.

At last Dicky got tired and though he insisted he was not, she took alarm at his pale cheeks and went down with cushions and toys as before, while their host followed with Dicky, who still carried punchinello, from whom he refused to be parted. When he said good-night, Dicky hung round his neck with throttling fervour thanking him again and again for his happy day, and though Cis was not so noisy, the grateful pressure of her small hand was quite sufficient.

He did a funny thing when he got upstairs, he went to the glass and gazed in wistfully—who would have thought he was so vain? But as he turned away he shook his head with a half mournful, half ironical smile at his own folly.

He had buried himself so long in his fossils, that youth had fled, and at forty-seven he looked over fifty. After this his life was much changed; he was no longer lonely and loveless; Dicky was always wanting his new friend, and the 'fessor would carry him up to his larger room, and when he was busy Dicky was quite quiet, reading his fairy tales, or studying the pictures in the fire, waiting patiently till his friend would be at liberty to turn them into curious tales for him.

And sometimes the Professor had courage to ask Cis to make tea for them, and he found the little womanly figure at the head of the table a bright addition, and afterwards they used to sit over the fire and talk, Dicky on the couch, while Cis sat in her favourite posture by his side, sometimes working, sometimes idle, listening to the Professor, and occasionally chiming in with remarks that proved the broad forehead was not there for nothing.

Somehow his rooms began to improve, and coming in after his daily walk he would find a big bowl of flowers on his table, and Cis and Dicky would look surprised when he mentioned it; but there was a naughty twinkle in the girl's eyes when she suggested they might come from Mrs. Smith.

Then too, on the days he went to the Museum, returning cold and hungry to get his own tea, he found a blazing fire, the kettle singing merrily, while the tea itself was laid out with dainty care. Once he came across a little woolly arrangement with bright little bows at each end, which after turning inside out, and bending his short-sighted eyes over till it nearly touched his nose, he came to the correct conclusion was a kettle-holder. It was

a most happy present, for the numbers of handkerchiefs he had scorched over this job would have made a dealer in them weep. He put the kettle on, and studying meanwhile, of course either the water boiled over, or the handle got so hot it produced the fearful result.

The Professor was so careless.

He began to get brighter and younger under the new life until his pupils wondered what had happened to him; and they chuckled and nudged each other when they saw the flowers, but always left off when the spectacles glanced their way. And the Professor was more particular about his furniture, and whoever leant back yawning and kicked the table legs for diversion was severely reproved. But alas! there came a day when he asked them to be as quiet as they could, for a little lad underneath was not well. They looked at each other, but when the Professor took off his spectacles which somehow had got dim and blew his nose violently, they left off and were as quiet as mice.

Their master was very absent that morning, he was trying to persuade himself that Dicky's cold, caught while out on a windy day, would come to nothing; and his heart grew heavier, when coming back from the Museum he found his fire nearly out and table unlaid, for Cis was too busy and anxious about her little brother to play good fairy; and except for occasional bowls of flowers which Dicky insisted on arranging, things returned to their former state, till only the little sprig of holly, still kept in the vase, brightened the room; for Dicky was ill with inflammation of the lungs.

What lovely grapes and things the Professor sent in, denying himself for the little invalid; he went in often to see Dicky, but the child did not know him, and it was too sad to see the little lad pulling at the counterpane with feeble hands, and restlessly turning his head, with its fever bright eyes, from side to side, murmuring unintelligibly.

So he sat upstairs in his rooms, instead of going to his beloved museum, a book he pretended to study in front of him, in reality thinking about Dicky. What delightful things he planned they would do when the child was well again; he dared not think that there might be another issue.

One day listlessly looking through the paper, he read the announcement of a William Hutford's death; it was his old sweetheart's husband, but it did not interest him much, his fancy was long since dead in that direction, but as he thought of her, he glanced at the spot where Cis usually sat, as she listened eagerly while he discussed things old and new, and then the smile which his thoughts had brought faded away, and he shook his head.

Meanwhile Dicky grew no better, the inflammation had gone, but he was sinking rapidly, and one day, Mrs. Smith knocked at his door, and asked him with tears in her eyes to come.



THE PROFESSOR.

The child tried to raise his feeble arms as the tall figure entered, but he was too weak, and with a curious little sob the professor knelt by the boy's side and took his hand in his.

Cis was opposite, her face half hidden in the pillow.

"'Fessor," said the faint little voice, "do you know I am going to heaven? Cis says so; she wouldn't tell me at first, because she thought I would be frightened. I am rather, but Jesus will take care of me, won't he?"

The Professor nodded, and stroked the hair back from the child's brow; he could not trust himself to speak.

"It will be nice there, won't it?" Dicky went on, gasping a little, "and Cis says I shall walk then!" He coughed, and his sister rose and bathed his face so lovingly, with a brave smile, when he looked at her. "Don't talk too much darling," she said in a husky voice.

Dicky did not heed her; he tried to fumble for something under the clothes, and Cis found it and gave it him, it was the punchinello, now minus the musical box; he held it to the Professor with a smile,

"Poor Punch, he's broken—you know—will you take care of him 'fessor; he'll be lonely without me; be kind to him, please," wistfully.

The Professor took it gently. "I'll keep him for ever Dicky," he said brokenly, and bent over the child with a tender kiss; and then very hurriedly turned away fumbling for his handkerchief.

The child looked at him anxiously. "Don't cry, 'fessor, dear 'fessor, I do love you so," he murmured, and then he added faintly that he was going to sleep, and turning to Cis, asked her to sing to him, and taking the weary little form into her embrace, where it lay so peacefully, she sang while he listened with closed eyes, smiling, while she went through the familiar airs.

The time passed; and then of a sudden, a quick gasp stopped her, and Dicky turned a little in her arms, and then was still. She bent over him fearfully for a moment, and then her frightened eyes full of unutterable pain met the Professor's.

Dicky was asleep indeed, in the sleep which knows no wakening, and when Mrs. Smith came in a few minutes later, she found Cis in a dead faint, her arms flung round the little form, and the Professor's face was buried in his hands.

The time passed very slowly to the Professor when Dicky was buried and hidden from sight under the grass, and Cis herself was ill, not dangerously, but from the mingled effects of grief and weariness.

It was arranged that she should go to a relation's when she was better, until she could find something to do, for during Dicky's illness a substitute had been found for the school where she had taught.

This was a fearful blow to him, and it was now that he realised how much she had grown to be to him; even the little child's death faded before this new blow, and he would take the shrivelled piece of holly she had given him, and wonder if that would be all that would remain to him of her.

The little kettle-holder became his greatest treasure, as she had made it, and he would not use it for the kettle, it was too precious now its maker was going away, and he spoilt more handkerchiefs instead. How lonely his room was now, with no little figure by the fire, and no bright Dicky lying on the couch asking eager questions and laughing at his queer stories.

Then it was a sudden thought seized him, so bold it almost took his breath away; he could do no harm by proposing to her, any way, he should lose her, so why not have a try for happiness.

So he resolved to tell her, it was a poor little hope for he had no idea of its fulfilment, but somehow it helped him through the weary days.

And then Dame Fortune, who had forgotten him all those years, unexpectedly came forward.

A relation died and left him a sum of money, not outrageously large, but which would enable them to live in comfort, even luxury, without the aid of pupils. The Professor felt a bit bolder as he read the letter and thought of the joy the money would bring if only Cis—he paused at the name and repeated it lovingly—would overlook his age and defects, and marry him. She was going

soon now, only a day more left; he had seen her once or twice after Dicky's death but had shrunk from asking her, it seemed so cruel to thrust himself and his concerns into her grief.

But as he came downstairs that afternoon, she was standing by the door of her own lonely room, dressed to go out, her golden hair showing the brighter for the black dress and hat; her blue eyes had dark circles round them that grief had drawn, a lot of white flowers were in her hand.

A smile brightened the sad little face for a moment, and she slipped her hand in the Professor's, sure of sympathy.

"I am going to see his grave," she said, as they went out. "Will you come too?"

So they went together to see the place where all that was mortal of little Dicky lay; it seemed dreadful to think of the little lad lying their so quietly, his restless hands for ever stilled, his eager lips silent.

Poor little Dicky! Yet was he poor? Who knows?

Cis laid down the flowers she had brought silently on the little mound. Somehow she could not think of him there; it was in the room where he had lived and laughed and died that her tears had been shed. She had flung herself on the little empty bed that she would not allow Mrs. Smith to take away, and kissed and cried over the senseless pillows her darling had pressed, the little treasures he had played with; but she had never known him there, buried deep out of sight, and she told her companion so wistfully, as he stood beside her, hat in hand, and the Professor would have given all his knowledge and curiosities, gladly, to have been able to give her some beautiful message of comfort, but all he could say was, "He is in heaven now, where no sickness nor sorrow can come."

And the words simply and earnestly said comforted Cis a little, and she looked up to him gratefully. Then after a little silence, she bent down to the grave and picked some daisies growing in the grass, and pressed them to her lips; there were six of them, and in a sudden idea, she took three and gave them to the Professor.

"You loved him too," she said, her eyes filling as he took them.

"These are all I shall have of him in the future," she went on, "with a few toys. Where I am going now there will be no memory of him, and if he is mentioned, it will be as a 'happy release and a burden off my shoulders.' They could not know what he was to me when they wrote that, could they, or how he was my all in all in the wide world," she sobbed, and then, breaking down completely, she suddenly fell on her knees beside the little mound, holding out her arms as if to clasp the little child beneath.

"Oh, Dicky, my darling, my darling!" she wailed, her heavy sobs almost choking her, "come back, or if God won't let you, ask Him to take me too, for my loneliness is more than I can bear, and there is no one left to love me now, no one, no one!"

The sun glanced out, flooding with warm radiance the girl's bowed head, and a little bird somewhere began a shrill song of joy. All nature was joying in the delights of spring, but Cis did not heed it, or if she did, it was with a bitter pang that the earth should be so cruelly bright, while her sunshine was darkened for ever.

And then she felt strong tender arms round her, lifting her from the ground, while a broken voice, which she scarcely recognised as her companion's sounded in her ears—

"Not loveless, Cis, my darling, if my love can count as anything," it said. "Child, don't cry so; you will break my heart! I only want to tell you that whether I could ever be anything to you or not, still there is one heart that will cling to you for ever, even if after to-morrow I never see you again." He paused, and Cis, her sobs checked in surprise, moved a little away, looking at him with a dazed expression in her wet eyes, as if she hardly understood. Then he went on again gently and unsteadily—

"Forgive me for telling you of this at such a time, but I—I wanted you to know that you are not quite alone, and that you are loved dearly, oh, so dearly still, though only by one as old and unattractive as myself."

And finishing the speech in a series of broken jerks, the Professor turned away, looking intently at an angel carved on a tombstone near, his heart beating dully as he realised that the blow he had been dreading was about to fall; and then he wondered drearily if, in the place where little Dicky had gone, there was any hope that lonely hearts would find healing, and the cruel differences in men's lives would be made up in the hereafter. Meanwhile, Cis, turning over his words in her grief-dulled brain, began to understand, and a faint tinge of colour stole into her white cheeks. She had never thought of his caring for her in that way, yet somehow she felt glad he did, and when he turned away, she felt that she could not bear to let him go; so when he was feeling bitterly that all was over indeed, suddenly he felt the clinging touch of Cis's fingers round his arm.

"Don't go," she cried, "I cannot do without you."

The Professor's arms closed round her, as if they would never let her go.

"You cannot love me," he said inarticulately.

Cis laid her golden head on his breast, like a weary child worn out with sorrow, and clung confidingly to the friend whom she felt would take care of her.

"I don't know," she faltered, raising her eyes to his tender ones, "I have never thought about it; but after Dicky, I like you better than anyone else, and he loved you. Oh, 'fessor!" she cried, using the dead child's name for him, and clinging closer: "Take me, please, and love and comfort me, for you are all I have left now!"

So the Professor, by little Dicky's grave, took charge of a lonely fragile life and made his own the brighter and fuller thereby.

* * * *

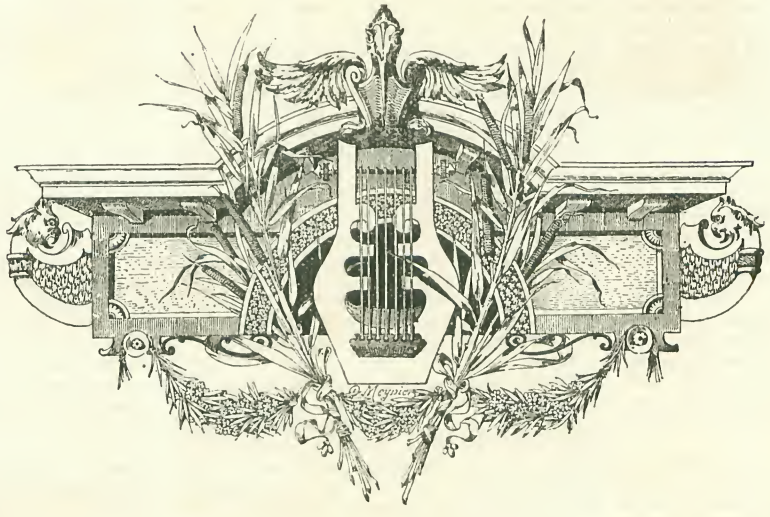
There is little more to be told; the Professor never grieves over his loneliness now, for the woman's love and care he longed so for are his, for Cis grew to love him dearly; and after a time, when the first keen sorrow had passed, her merry ways came back again, and she became the Cis of old, truly making sunshine in their little home.

And then, to their joy, a new little Dicky came to replace the old; but the little child peacefully sleeping in the old churchyard is never forgotten; and among Cis and the Professor's greatest treasures are ranked the broken punchinello, and a few old toys he had loved.

Every year a wreath of pure white flowers is placed, by loving hands, under the white cross, which now marks his resting-place, inscribed thus—

"Dicky."
Died on the 28th of March, 18—, aged eight years.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY-SUPPER.

THE children clamoured for a party; father groaned as he thought of the call it would make upon his already overstrained pocket, and mother sighed at the prospect of having her orderly house turned into a bear-garden; neither encouraged the project, although it must be said in their favour that they did not actually quash it. The children turned to Pollie—she was always a refuge and strong tower to them; if there was a way of possibility Pollie could always find a means of treading in that way, she had an open sesame wherewith to charm apparently closed doors. In this instance she was entirely on the children's side; a frolic on a winter's evening was quite to her own taste, and she even initiated the proposal of a party-supper. This was attacking the enemy's camp with a boldness that was almost effrontery, but she gained her point all the same.

"Have it your own way, only don't turn me out-of-doors entirely, and make that cover all your expenses," father said, and "that" proved to be a five-pound note. Pollie gave him a grateful kiss and the others ventured a cheer.

Approached on the subject of supper, mother said, "You are quite able to manage it yourself, Pollie; I will give you what help I can, but don't ask the servants to do more than their regular share of work." So, left to her own resources, Pollie, as directress, wisely pressed everyone, even the little ones, into service.

After much debating it was decided that supper should be laid in the nursery upstairs, partly because this was one of the largest rooms in the house, and as everything save the chocolate would be served cold, the table could be left finished in every detail before the guests' arrival; also, as the supper was to conclude the festivities there seemed something appropriate in mounting upwards in order to reach it.

The staircases were to be lighted with Chinese lanterns, as the subdued light from these quite hid from view the shortcomings of well-worn carpets, while a few plants here and a draped curtain there, completed the illusion. In the banqueting-hall itself a good deal of this illusory work was required, but it was wonderful how much was accomplished by a few yards of art muslin, some flags and evergreen boughs, when ingenuity set to work upon them.

The long table down the middle of the room consisted of boards laid over trestles, the barrenness of these was hidden by having a blanket laid over before the cloths were put on. Over the white cloth to form a lattice-work pattern, ribbons were laid in diagonal lines crossing each other, very cheap ribbons and very narrow ones, but of bright colours—scarlet, green, and yellow, and the effect was brilliant. Small feathery ferns and palms in white and green pots broke up the uniformity. Two dozen cane chairs had been hired for this room, also a little crockery and glass.

The maids were by no means unwilling to help in waiting upon the guests, so the business of serving coffee and chocolate was left to their hands; the boys being pressed into service, were drilled by their sisters, and became deft at removing and carrying plates, etc.

Home-made lemonade with split ice in it filled several glass jugs on the table, and was found refreshing by even those fascinated by sweet chocolate in dainty blue and white cups. Ices were vetoed, not only for their unwholesomeness, but for the difficulty of making them, as the establishment did not boast a freezer, but there were two iced puddings, besides jellies on the table, so the absence of other kinds was not noticed.

As the viands were all cold they were all placed upon the table, but when meat plates were removed the principal meat dishes were taken away also, and the sweets which required serving were taken in their place. These latter were a Crystal Palace pudding, a Duchess *gateau*, a chocolate mould with cream, and a prune jelly. In the spaces between came moulds of jelly of different colours, some with fruits and some without, mince pies, and cheesecakes, *éclairs*, custards, and small cakes. A beautiful dish of fruit, bright oranges, apples, bananas, and grapes, tastefully arranged, was in the centre of the table.

The plain gas brackets belonging to the nursery had their ugliness veiled by crinkled paper covers of different shades, while the lighting of the table itself was done by the somewhat old-fashioned but ever-charming fairy lamps. The soft light which these afforded gave just the touch of mystery that was needed to make an enchanting whole when all arrangements were completed, and even father was compelled to admiration when he peeped in and saw what a transformation had been effected.

Mother had helped to choose the more substantial dishes belonging to the feast, and she undertook to make the galantines of rabbit and the chicken patties, also seeing to the boiling of the ham. A tongue was purchased ready cooked, as its cost thus was not any more and was a saving of trouble. Perhaps we might note down the way in which mother proceeded with regard to the—

Galantine.—One rabbit cut into joints was gently stewed with seasoning and a little salt bacon until just tender, then the flesh was removed from the bones and sliced. A pound of lean veal cutlet was also sliced after being sufficiently cooked, and two eggs were boiled hard, then shelled and cut through. A large breakfastcupful of clear strong gravy was made from stock and bones, and in this half an ounce of isinglass was dissolved; then a fluted mould was taken, a little gravy put in the bottom, some strips of egg to form a star pattern next, then slices of rabbit, veal and ham alternately; more egg whenever it seemed well, and the rest of the meat until all was used up. The remainder of the gravy was poured over, then a cover to fit inside the top of the mould and a weight upon that, after which it was set in the oven and very gently cooked for about an hour. This was left undisturbed until thoroughly cold, when, after removing weight and cover it could be turned out on to a dish and garnished. Cut into very thin slices this was most savoury.

For the *Chicken Patties* a little veal and ham were minced with the flesh of a boiled fowl, some grated lemon peel, a few bread-crumbs and a pinch of aromatic seasoning, then sufficient white sauce to moisten the whole. Some patty-pans were lined with very light pastry, but not "puff," a spoonful of the mince and an upper crust to cover, brushed over with milk, then baked for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

The sweets were all left to Pollie's care, and she strove to excel herself in their making, and the result was almost—if not quite—professional. The first thing to be made was the

Duchess Gateau.—The cake part of this consisted of four ounces of ordinary flour and two ounces of Paisley, three ounces of fresh butter, three ounces of castor sugar, the whites of four eggs beaten to a snow, and a few drops of almond essence. The butter and sugar were beaten together, then the mixed flour and the whites of eggs were beaten in alternately, the cake was then baked in a buttered tin in a quick oven for twenty minutes. The tin was a round one, and, when the cake had grown cold, it was cut into three and spread first with apricot jam, then with a layer of cream whipped until stiff between each division, the whole covered with cream just before taking to table and ornamented with crystallised fruits.

The *Crystal Palace Pudding* was simple enough.—A mould was filled with alternate layers of macaroons, sponge fingers and ratafias, a layer of greengage jam between each layer of biscuits. A custard made with the yolks of the four eggs used for the *gateau*, with a pint of new milk, half an ounce of isinglass and two spoonfuls of sugar, and the strained juice of half a lemon added after the custard had been boiled. This was poured into the mould and set aside in a cold place for several hours.

The *Chocolate Mould* was made at the same time as this pudding as it also required a good while to set. A pint and a half of new milk, an ounce of cornflour and two of ground rice, two ounces of grated chocolate and as much sugar, were all boiled together for five minutes after boiling-point was reached, then the saucepan was taken from the fire, the yolk of an egg was stirred in together with an ounce of fresh butter and a spoonful of lemon-juice, then the mixture was poured into a fancy mould previously made wet with cold water. When turned out this was surrounded with fresh cream. So also was the

Prune Jelly, which took a place on the oppo ite side of the table. The prunes for this had been soaked overnight in cold water, then cooked very slowly for several hours, and afterwards rubbed through a sieve until a pulp was obtained. This pulp was sweetened with sufficient lump sugar, flavoured with lemon-juice, a little water added to it and a good ounce of isinglass, then it was boiled for a few minutes and poured into a wet mould.

The mince pies and cheesecakes belonged to the Christmas batch, and simply required re-heating to make them fresh. The orange and lemon jellies were made from fresh fruit with gelatine to stiffen them, but the currant and raspberry jellies were made from Rizine flakes. The smaller cakes and biscuits with other sweetmeats were bought, as they scarcely paid for the time and trouble entailed when made at home. Some plates of fruit, oranges cut in halves, sliced pine-apples, figs, and nuts, were laid ready down-stairs for passing about while games were in progress and between the dances, but these had apparently not spoiled the appetites which the company brought to the feast when at last the signal was given to go up higher. Although the hour was still early as ball hours go, it was perhaps as well for some of the guests that a sharp trot in the air awaited them when supper was over, for Pollie's sweets found many an appreciative "tooth."

L. H. YATES.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A SAILING-SHIP.

By "THE WOMAN WHO WENT."



SIX weeks in a sailing vessel! This experience is, I think, comparatively rare, at least among "audible" women of our own day. I have tossed for six weeks on the Atlantic in a sailing-vessel!

Aye, and it was a small sailing-vessel, manned only by three officers and sixteen men. It carried no stewardess. It was not prepared for passenger traffic, and my husband and I were the only passengers.

"How came we in this boat?" you may well ask, seeing that splendidly equipped and rapid steamers were making the same voyage.

It came about in this wise. My husband was ordered an ocean voyage. We were medically warned that it was the best chance for prolonging his life. Then what was to be done? A week's voyage on an Atlantic steamer would have been of little avail. The longer steamer voyages to the Cape or to Australia would have taken us very far from home without any possibility of rapid return if desirable. There were some, aged and failing, who could well spare our presence for a while, but between whom and ourselves we did not feel it was quite kind or dutiful to leave a great ocean gulf fixed.

We were young things, and had nobody to give us practical advice. All we could do was to marshal the facts of our case. . .

To begin with, my husband, though of delicate health, was a splendid sailor. I had not had much sea experience, but so far, my own record was good.

Then it seemed to us that the quiet of a sailing vessel, with its absence of artificial heat and offensive smell, would be favourable conditions.

We had friends in Canada, and the prospect of any number of introductions. So we decided "We will go out leisurely in a sailing vessel, and then if we wish we can return in one week by any of the steamer lines."

Before visiting any of the shipping offices we went down to the docks for a personal inspection of vessels bound on this journey.

We had some quaint experiences—strange peeps into unexpected ways of life. For one, we found ourselves on an American ship with a beautifully fitted up little saloon, where the captain received us very genially and was quite ready to answer our inquiries and consider our position. He was part owner of his vessel and really lived on it with his wife and two little children, attended by a smiling, delightfully clean pair, steward and stewardess, both negroes. He was half-inclined to take us himself (and I think the stewardess wished he would), but he finally decided there was not room.

Our next "call" was made in a very well-equipped vessel. The captain was a fine-looking, sturdy little Welshman, who was seated in his saloon using the very strongest language to two young men, apparently his first officer and the steward. It was not a good first impression, but it was remarkable to see how calmly the two men received the fiery oration, and how neat and orderly the place was. My husband explained what we were searching for, scarcely, however, using even an interrogative tone. The little captain suspended his monologue, looked keenly at us both, and then said, in exactly the same voice in which he had poured out his objurgations—

"Go you on to the next vessel to this—the *Three Rivers*, and if you take my advice and he'll take ye, you'll make terms with that captain. I know what will do for you. He's the right man for you. Tell him I sent ye."

Whereon, without another word, he turned back to his account-book and his fiery upbraidings. But I have always felt a grateful respect for that little man. For we followed his advice, and certainly had he been a friend of twenty years he could not have pointed out "the right man" better than he did.

The *Three Rivers* was not prepared for passengers, but its honest, kind-looking captain seemed somehow drawn to the idea of taking us in, and promised to prepare a cabin for us. Of course we could expect no luxury. The ship's carpenter would knock us up berths in a compartment which had hitherto been used as a store-room, and which, like the cabins of the captain and the mates, opened upon the little saloon. With them we would have to take our meals, and our sole attendant was to be the bustling little steward. As I have said, there was no stewardess, nor would there be any woman on board but myself—a fact which distressed my husband a little as involving possible hardship for me, but to which I would give no heed, since everything else on the *Three Rivers* seemed exactly what we wished. I afterwards thought that all the kindness shown us was the more striking, because sailors have a superstitious horror of deaths and funerals at sea; and when our voyage terminated successfully the captain frankly told us both that "he should not have been surprised had my husband died on the third day out."

We slept on board on Saturday night, for the ship was to drop down the Thames early on Sunday. I had high youthful hopes in the success of our endeavour, but I own that, when I felt myself fairly cut off from land, a great dread swept down upon me lest, instead of renewed health, the voyage might bring speedy death, and I be left to land alone on a strange shore, and worst of all, to return alone!

True, that dread did not last very long, for even a few hours brought such an accession of energy and bloom to my dear fellow-traveller, that hopes flourished as to what days and weeks might do. But I think my strictly secret terror, joined to the agitation and fatigue preceding our departure, had in reaction a baleful effect on me. Without that, I do not think I should have broken down as I did. I learned what *mal de mer* is in its very worst form, and it was complicated by tic-douloureux which came on every night. Throughout the voyage I never slept more than two hours at a time, while for days, which lengthened into weeks, I could not even lift my head from my pillow, and could take no food except what was put into my mouth.

During that terrible time I lived on forecastle biscuits, great, strong, rough, brown things, which I lay and chewed and mumbled as a baby does over its coral. For dainties, I had onions cut down in vinegar with pepper and salt! Why this extraordinary diet, you may well inquire? It was simply the diet discovered experimentally to be what I could take! I eschewed the finer biscuits of the saloon-table. I loathed the sight of the steward's daintiest soups.

It was strange how, lying in my berth, my head close to the ship's side, I could hear a sound as of a bell tolling beneath the waters. Under such circumstances one readily understands how sailors' "yarns" originate.

My husband and the steward tried to get me on deck when possible. But the weather was dead against us. We had rough, contrary winds, and storm followed after storm. The last was really an awful experience. The tossings of the vessel were so acute that I was getting bruised against the edge of my berth, and a 'portmanteau was put in beside me to keep me steady. No cooking could be carried on—the fuel from the little stove flew out upon the saloon floor. The waves came pouring even into our cabin, floating some articles which we had unwarily left on the floor. Through my cabin door I could hear conversation going on outside, and I heard the captain say—

"Steward, we shall do well if we get through this."

I was not frightened, not through any courage, but because my physical misery was great. The thought of our going out of the world together did not seem an overpowering trial compared with the great anguish with whose terrors I had contended.

Towards night the storm grew worse. The sailors tramped overhead unceasingly, and the ship groaned and strained as if she were to be rent in twain. Our light was out and we lay in silence and darkness. Long afterwards my husband used to recall how my voice reached him in the anxious whisper—

"Do those at home know where our insurance papers are?"

Suddenly there was a terrific sound, accompanied with wild, yelling cries. My husband sprung from his berth to see if he could find an explanation. He met the steward entering the saloon. The man at the wheel had lost his control. It had knocked him down. The captain caught and held it, though in doing so he received such injuries that he had to take to his bed as soon as the storm was fairly over.

That contretemps brought us face to face with another risk. Both of the mates of the *Three Rivers* held captain's certificates, but neither of them had ever before been on that route!

After that great storm we had a lull, though a sailing vessel still suffers pretty

severely until the great waves have had time to subside. Then followed a calm. Day after day we made scarcely any progress, and we realised the awful monotony of a shoreless ocean. My illness had left me very weak, I looked like a ghost, and I lost most of my hair, yet presently my enjoyment in life began to return. I lay for hours on deck on a mattress. I exhausted all the books we had brought with us, and the captain's little store. And I did some elaborately complicated crochet which survives, I believe, to this day. When I was tired, I used to watch the clouds, which seemed to accompany us day by day and to vary wonderfully little. There was one which I liked to imagine was in the form of an angel bending over us. We had magnificent sunsets nearly every evening. And early in September, being in a fairly high latitude we saw a magnificent aurora borealis, which I can only describe in Shelley's phrase "a dome of many-coloured glass."

In the evenings we played whist, the steward being invited to take a hand with the captain and ourselves. I had never played before, and learned the game then. The captain was generally my partner and I must have sorely tried his patience, but he was always kind and tolerant, and strong on the theory that "luck goes with the beginner."

We had three kittens on board—two black ones, which one of the owners of the vessel had presented as good omens, and a little tabby and white kitten which the mate had picked up, astray, in Ratcliff Highway. Everybody was very fond of these little creatures, and the sailors used to teach them tricks. All three had been sea-sick at the start, coming into my cabin and making pitiful moans. But they speedily recovered.

Our captain was a very interesting companion, full of sea-lore and fable, and evidently very fond of his wife and little children. Everything was always put in good order for Sunday, and one of my special memories is of lying in my berth, in the rough weather, and hearing the captain and my husband join in singing the hundredth psalm, holding on, meanwhile, to the dining table. The steward as he kneeled before the little cabin fire, toasting little Sunday dainties, used to make time calculations as to the hour it would be in London and what his children would be doing. There was a strong vein of sentiment in these honest hardy men. It was wonderful to see what simple little stories they would sit and read with the greatest enjoyment.

Among the sixteen in the forecastle, there were men from nearly every country. But all alike had a pleasant word and smile for the woman so strangely placed on their vessel, and all anxious that she should see everything that might break the monotony of the voyage. Among them were two stowaways, who appeared as soon as the pilot had left the ship in the English Channel. The captain said he could almost reckon on having stowaways, and often they were decent fellows. He lectured them, set them to work, and generally contrived to make them worth a small bonus when the ship got into port.

Yet I have carried away a vivid idea of the hardships and risks of a merchant seaman's life even where the captain is not only reasonable, but kind!

Unfortunately, our first and second mate were at daggers drawn. They were men between whom antipathy would be instinctive, and this was accentuated by the fact that the second mate was popular and the first mate was hated. I remember when we reached Canada and the customs officers came on board, one of them asked the steward, "Where was your first officer brought up?" To which the little man tartly replied, "He was brought up nowhere, sir; he was dragged up in Hull." I remember once, at dinner, this said first mate announced that in his opinion, in case of fire or shipwreck the captain and sailors should save themselves first; his point of view being that they were compelled to be at sea, but that passengers were there by their own choice, and must take the consequences! "Na, na, sir," rejoined the captain, "it's the captain's duty to stick to the ship till every soul is off her, and truth to say," he added, with a humorous twinkle in his pawky grey eye, "When the worst comes, I'm no sure but the ship's the safest place too, efter all!"

The second mate, on the other hand, was a reckless, good-humoured fellow, one of the sort, whom many like, but who break the hearts of those who love them. He was wasting his life and knew it, and had his moments of intense bitterness.

The animosity between these two culminated one day in a free fight in the saloon, which set me shrieking in my cabin, and brought the captain, my husband, the steward and the carpenter promptly on the scene. All the sympathy of the crew was with the second mate, and indeed at one time the captain was half afraid lest there should be mutiny against his chief officer. Probably only his own personal popularity held it in check. Things did indeed look suspicious when the carpenter, a clever, superior man, —himself holding a master's certificate—to whom the chief mate had behaved most overbearingly, volunteered to execute some ship's repair by utilising the ship's handcuffs!—pretending that he did not know what they were. The captain took them from him and kept them in his own cabin for the remainder of the voyage.

During the last fortnight of our journey we had some very happy times. The weather was perfect, and the pure bracing breezes had done for us the very utmost we could have hoped. We were in sight of land too, the low, thickly-wooded mysterious island of Anticosti, the shores of the St. Lawrence, to which we were often near enough to see their cheery little French Canadian towns, to say nothing of the great solemn cliffs of the Saguenay River.

When in due time we landed at Quebec, we could truly say that we thanked God for our good adventure, though had we known all its course beforehand, perhaps we would not have dared to risk it.

That's the way with a great deal in life, and that's why the future is hidden. God covers our eyes with one hand, while He guides us with the other.



IN A FOG.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

MAY SORRELL was very miserable. It would have been better for her if she had frankly admitted the fact to herself; but she would not. Even in the solitude of her little room she refused to own the truth; and yet her heart was breaking. A burst of tears would have relieved her, but she kept them back as sternly as if a crowd had been looking on. No one had forced her to tread the path which lay before her feet; she had entered it with a resolute will, and no foolish yearnings for the past could turn her from the way that she had *chosen*. Always she had prided herself on the firmness of her character; but at twenty one does not know very well what one's character really is, and the vaunted firmness had only of late been put to the test.

In September she had come up to London, quite alone, and without a friend in the great city to be her guide. She had seen an advertisement, stating that a lady in Mulberry Gardens, N.W. received boarders on moderate terms, and had gone to a stranger's house with that confidence which is the special blessing, or bane, of perfect ignorance of the world. Fortunately, the confidence was not misplaced; Miss Palmer was a good woman, getting her living in an honest way, and taking care of the young women who put themselves into her hands. May Sorrell gave her the required references, and arrived on a golden autumn day when the trees in Mulberry Gardens were dropping yellow leaves in the sunshine, and busy workers were coming back from their summer holidays. She had not been so miserable just then. The strength of her purpose and the novelty of her surroundings sustained her.

In October she had entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student, and begun to work in right earnest. Her voice, a sweet contralto, had been the delight of her small circle of friends at Saltstone, and she was full of high hopes and dreams of success. But other girls had sweet contralto voices, and knew how to use them. They made May feel small, and she saw their noses turning up at her on all sides. In her wiser moments she doubted if the noses had ever really turned up; it is so easy to mistake the expression of a nose, and think ill of humanity. But she was only too ready to believe the worst.

Then came the dismal days of November,



MOTHER AND BABY.

(From the painting by E. Nowise, Salon du Champ du Mars, 1897.)

and she grew sadder and more homesick every hour. Some of the other boarders noticed her black dress, and made friendly attempts to cheer her; but she repulsed them. One of them, a Miss Lake, who gave drawing lessons, tried persistently to win her confidence, and did not mind being snubbed.

"You are looking tired, Miss Sorrell," she had said just before bed-time. "This foggy weather is very trying; and you are accustomed to purer air."

"Yes; the air was clear enough at home," May answered shortly.

"Why did you not stay at home?" The question seemed to slip out unawares, and Miss Lake bit her lips as soon as she had spoken.

"There was nobody left," said May, in a hard tone. "My father died first—my mother two years after him. I have a little money, and I came up here to learn to be a singer. That's all."

But that was not quite all. Sitting in the dark, in her little room, she thought of Miss Linthorne, her mother's dear friend and neighbour. No one knew how earnestly she had entreated May to come and live with her; no one had seen her take the girl's hand and weep at her refusal.

"Oh, May," she had said, "your mother wished you to be with me!"

"I cannot," May had answered stubbornly. "You know I love you; but I must go my own way."

"God grant it may be the right way!" the good woman sighed. "You are so young, dear; and you will be so lonely. Wait a little while till you have got over the first anguish of loss. Stay till you are soothed and strengthened; do not rush into the thick of the conflict with a bleeding heart."

But the girl would not listen to the kind voice. She could not tell Miss Linthorne why she was hurrying away. Bernard Linthorne was her friend's nephew, and it was from Bernard that she longed to fly. She could bear hard work and loneliness; but she could not sit down tamely in the old town and see him marry Juliet Richardson. She had always loved Bernard; but no one, save her dead mother, had ever found out her secret. He was grave and upright and true; the prop of his old father; the friend and counsellor of his mother; the wise guardian of the young brother who needed watchfulness and restraint. And he was going to marry Juliet Richardson! When the words were spoken in her hearing she knew that she had been expecting to hear them. Ever since the Richardsons had come to settle in Saltstone she had been fearing this very thing.

Bernard was thirty, and Juliet was twenty-seven at least. Moreover Miss Richardson was stately and sensible—the kind of woman who could rule a large house and keep the servants in order. She was rich, too, and might have looked higher than Bernard if she had chosen. Jack Linthorne, when he had told May the news, had boasted a little about the good match which his brother would make.

"Bernard is going to marry Juliet Richardson," he had said. "I've seen it coming on for some time. They are made for each other; wonderfully alike, you see. Of course she might have done better; Robson was very sweet on her; but she has always fancied old Bernard. She's a cautious woman, and he's as steady as Father Time."

Robson was the principal lawyer in Saltstone, and the Linthornes were long-established merchants. Jack had always hated Robson, and said he was the most conceited jackanapes in the town. He chuckled with great glee over the lawyer's defeat, and seemed to expect May to rejoice with him although her own sorrow was still so fresh and new. She did not like Jack; and, being an unworldly girl, she had shown her dislike rather plainly.

Well, the Linthornes were miles away now. She was alone in London, making her small allowance go as far as possible, and faintly hoping that some future day might see her a queen of song. But the night was dark and cold; bed, even if it were not luxurious, was a better resting-place than the hard seat of a chair; May remembered that she must begin practising early to-morrow, and went to her scanty pillow with a sigh of resignation.

The next day was gloomy and grey; there was no wind; the air was damp and oppressive. She went to Hanover Square early in the afternoon, and acquitted herself worse than usual. Something seemed to get into her throat; her eyes smarted; her head felt big and heavy. She left the Royal Academy with the conviction that it would have been better if she had never passed through its doors; and then, coming out into the square, the fog enfolded her and swallowed her up.

It was one of those fogs which strike terror even into the heart of the boldest Londoners; to May, fresh and inexperienced, it seemed to mean utter annihilation. It blotted out past, present, and future; it muffled her in an unwholesome shroud, and buried her while the feeble breath was still in her body. Instinctively she moved, not knowing in the least what lay before her, having no consciousness of left or right, and no hope of reaching any visible goal. Her hands, extended helplessly, touched nothing, and all sounds seemed faint and far away.

After moving slowly and blindly for some minutes she was overcome with fear and stood still. Then she thought it would be best to go back to the Academy and put herself under the housekeeper's care. To go back appeared simple enough; it seemed impossible that she could have gone many yards from the door, but when she turned the fog was more impenetrable than ever, and her head was getting more bewildered every moment. Groping feebly in the thick gloom, she felt an iron railing and clung to it with a sense of relief. Close to the railing there were steps leading up to a door; she counted three, and then sat down on the top step and shut her weary eyes, resolved to wait here till help should come. Leaning her head against the door, she found that it was opening gently, and a hand took hold of her shoulder with a firm grasp. At the same instant there came the sweet scent of a burning pastille.

"Are you ill?" asked a soft voice, speaking with a foreign accent.

"No, but I am lost," said May hoarsely. "I cannot find my way home."

"Where is home?" the voice asked again.

While she was answering this question the door closed without noise, and she was drawn into a dimly-lighted hall. It was a woman who had spoken, but May could not see her features; they were hidden by the light drapery wound about her head and shoulders. She took the girl's hand, holding it closely in fingers that felt slender and strong.

"Come with me," she said gently. "I will take care of you until the fog has gone."

Too confused and heartsick to resist, May allowed herself to be led through the dim entry to a door behind a screen. It opened into a long room, full of warmth and perfume and pleasant light. One or two couches and chairs, covered with Oriental stuff, were placed here and there, and there were plants in coloured jars and a small book-case. At the end of the apartment hung a purple curtain, falling in straight, heavy folds, and in front of the curtain stood a slender-legged stand of ebony supporting a bronze urn, from which the smoke of the burning pastille ascended in a faint blue cloud. The woman led her guest to a low chair by the fire.

"You are chilled," she said. "Sit here and be warmed, and I will give you a cup of tea."

She threw off her white drapery as she spoke, and May saw that she was young and slender, with a clear bronze skin and large almond-shaped eyes, dark, and full of dreamy beauty. Her purple gown was very simply made, and she wore a curious necklace of oval beads with pendants. Although there was something foreign and picturesque in her aspect, she did not look as if she had striven after effect, but moved about with a natural grace, getting tea ready for the tired girl, and bringing a wicker-table to the side of her easy-chair. May drank the tea gratefully, finding it strong and fragrant, and ate a small white cake which tasted of flowers. The food did her good, but it seemed to deepen the drowsiness which was stealing over her brain.

"How tired you are!" said the dark-eyed woman, stroking her forehead with a caressing touch. "And your heart is sad. I can look into women's hearts and read what is written there; and it is good sometimes for hearts to be read while they are still warm and living. After, when they are cold and still, it is too late."

"It is true that I am sad," said May, dreamily. "How can I be happy when I am left all alone?"

"Shall I tell you what I have seen in my own country?" the dark woman went on. "Once, at the closing of the day, I looked after the wild swans as they passed across the sky to the sunset. Far behind them there was a solitary bird who had lost sight of the flock and could not follow and overtake them again. And then I saw the storks gathering round the lonely swan, and I listened, for I know the language of birds. 'Let us fly with you,' they said. 'We will go with you to the land beyond the sunset, where your beloved ones rest their wings, and fear neither arrow nor snare. Lo, we also are bound for that fair land.' But the solitary swan answered, 'I will fly alone.' She flew onward, but her wings were weary and could not lift her high above the earth, and the shaft of the hunter struck her in her flight and she sank down, slowly down among the papyrus reeds to die."

"She was a foolish bird," May murmured.

"Are you not like the poor swan?" the woman asked in her soft voice. "You are flying all alone, and the land beyond the sunset is still a long way off. There are friends who would be your companions, but you turn a deaf ear to their words. Is it not so."

"Yes," sighed May; "but you do not understand. I came to live alone in London because—because there is someone who does not love me as I want to be loved. He will marry, and I could not stay——"

Her voice failed, and the woman's gentle fingers stroked her brow again.

"A false tongue misleadeth," she said, "and the heart that loveth is ready to tremble at a breath. Look, and I will show thee a picture of that which is true. This hour is thine; see that thou dost not let it pass thee by as a shadow or a dream."

She moved silently across the room to the ebony stand, and the smoke rose in a fresh cloud from the bronze urn. For a moment the vapours veiled her from May's eyes; but when it cleared away the purple curtains were drawn aside, disclosing a granite pedestal surmounted by a winged disk. Behind the pedestal was a blank wall set in the dark, straight folds of the parted drapery. Drawing up her slender figure to its full height, the woman waved her arms and held up her hands as if in supplication. Then she broke out suddenly into a sweet, monotonous chant.

It was no longer a blank wall on which May gazed; a door seemed to have opened

into a room which was as familiar as her own home. She knew the very shape of the brass lamp, the silver tea-pot, the cups and saucers, and the quaint pitcher of chrysanthemums in the middle of the table, were all old things associated with her early days. The neat little woman with soft grey hair was Miss Linthorne, and the man with the good, grave face, lingering over his tea-cup, was her nephew Bernard.

"Oh," she cried, leaning forward eagerly, "if I could only hear what they are saying!"

The monotonous chant ceased; the dark woman had stolen back to her side, and whispered "Hush!"

Bernard Linthorne lifted his head, and his lips began to move. The voice was very clear, but it seemed to come from a long way off.

"Hasn't she written to you, aunty?" he asked.

"Not for three weeks," Miss Linthorne replied. "I am getting quite anxious. The child left me with a breaking heart."

"Poor little May!" Bernard passed his hand across his eyes. "She does not know what I feel, aunty; I am too old and grave to win a bright girl's love. And yet, if she would come to me, I would shield her from all the dangers of the world. She wanted to tread her own path, you say? Well, she may find it too rough for her little feet."

"I wish you had spoken plainly to her, Bernard," said Miss Linthorne, with tears in her eyes.

"I did not dare to speak," he answered. "She was so proud and cold that the words were frozen on my lips. Poor child! She will never know what it cost me to keep silence."

"Oh, Bernard, Bernard!"

The cry, shrill and piercing, burst from May unawares. It seemed to her that the figure of Bernard Linthorne rose up hurriedly, with a startled look; but in the next instant a cloud veiled the picture, and it was hidden from her sight. Nothing was left but the blank space of wall; the parted curtains hanging on each side; and the granite pedestal with the winged disk.

May sank back in her chair, and closed her eyes. A great stillness filled the room, and the girl did not know how long she sat there without speaking or moving; regrets and longings, fears and hopes, were pouring into her heart like a flood; she did not ask herself where she was, nor how the vision had come to her. It was enough that she had seen the face, and heard the voice of the man she loved. It was enough that she had been granted a glimpse of that inner life which he, in his own blindness, had hidden so carefully from her sight.

"Come," said the dark woman, taking her firmly by the hand. "In a little while the fog will clear away. You must not stay any longer here."

She rose at once, letting her strange friend dress her in hat and cloak, and lead her out of the room, and into the dim entry again. The woman had veiled her own head and shoulders in the white wrapper, and still held May's hand when they plunged into the fog once more. The girl no longer felt any fear; she was guided safely and surely through the dense gloom, and found herself standing at last in the gas-light of Oxford Circus. The atmosphere was growing clearer every moment; she recognised the right omnibus when it drew up beside the causeway, and at the same instant the firm hand let hers go. She looked round quickly, but her companion had disappeared.

The sky was darkly clear, and the stars were shining brightly when she entered Mulberry Gardens. Miss Lake, who was waiting at the house-door, met her with a cheerful greeting.

"This is your first London fog, isn't it, Miss Sorrell?" she said. "I daresay you were frightened. I suppose you did not venture out until it had cleared away?"

May tried to answer, but her voice was gone. Only a croak responded to Miss Lake's remark.

"Oh I'm so sorry," said the other, kindly. "It has got into your throat. I think you had better go straight to bed, and I will bring you some hot gruel."

At another time the gruel might have been declined; but May suddenly recalled the swan who chose to fly alone. She smiled at Miss Lake, and let her do as she would. The gruel was brought, and Miss Lake wrapped a shawl round the girl's shoulders and sat by her pillow while it was taken. Her care and tenderness probably saved May from an illness.

But when the next day came it was evident that Miss Sorrell had taken cold. A fire was kindled in her little room, and she lay there half awake, going over the perplexing scenes of yesterday. In the afternoon Miss Lake brought up tea on a tray, and a letter. She lighted a lamp, and placed it on a stand by the bedside.

"Read your letter, dear," she said. "I will put my cosy over the tea-pot, and keep it hot by the fire."

And May broke the envelope at once. There were only a few lines inside, but her heart throbbed fast as she read.

"My dear Child" (the writer said)—"I am afraid you will think me a nervous creature, but I am growing sadly anxious. Yesterday, at half-past five, Bernard was drinking tea with me, and speaking of 'little May.' Our hearts were full of you, dear, when Bernard exclaimed against your remaining the lonely little girl in dark London; and now we cannot rest till we are assured of your welfare. Write a line to comfort

"Your loving friend,
"Mary Linthorne."

May called for her desk, and would not touch the tea till she had written her reply. When her note was addressed and stamped, Miss Lake seized it and rushed out to drop it into the nearest pillar-box. Then she returned to the side of her charge, and they drank tea together with infinite content.

"Something tells me that we shan't keep you long," said Jessie Lake. "I shall make much of you while you are here."

May looked very pretty, leaning against her pillow, with her brown hair rough and wavy, and her grey eyes shining. She might be twenty; but no one would have thought that she was out of her teens. "Far too young and child-like to be away from home, and alone in London," mused Miss Lake with a suppressed sigh.

"I think I shall go down to Saltstone next month, just to see my friends," the girl said, blushing as she spoke.

"Don't wait till next month; go next week," said Jessie Lake earnestly. "We shall have more of those dreadful fogs, and you will lose your voice altogether if you stay in London."

When the next morning came May was well enough to come downstairs, but she could not speak clearly. Singing was utterly impossible. Miss Linthorne wrote again, entreating her to come at once, and she decided to go. But the weather had brightened; there were several purchases to be made; and she felt a strong desire to seek the dark-eyed woman, and tell her that the vision was true.

She set out briskly in the November sunshine, taking her way to Hanover Square. The house that she had entered must, she thought, be easily found in broad daylight; she remembered the iron railings, and the three steps leading up to the door. But when she began her search she was met at the outset with disappointment. She knocked at several doors, described the lady who had entertained her so kindly, and was stared at in blank surprise. No such lady lived in any of these houses; no such person had ever been seen in the neighbourhood; May came away in despair at last, almost persuaded that her adventure must have been a strange and vivid dream.

A few days later she went down to Saltstone, and found Miss Linthorne awaiting her at the railway station. They drove together through the quiet streets of the pleasant old town, sitting with their hands clasped, and their hearts full of thankfulness. It was not until May was inside her friend's house that she fairly broke down, and sobbed out her joy at coming home.

It was a subdued and gentle May who met Bernard when he entered the old sitting-room. Her grey eyes shone through tears; her lips quivered when she tried to speak. Miss Linthorne slipped away, and left them together. "You have grown thin and pale, child," he said sadly. "Do you know how I have been grieving ever since you left us?"

"I did not know you would grieve for me," she said. "I thought—oh, Bernard, Jack told me you were going to marry Juliet Richardson!"

His face darkened. "How could he have said such a thing? Miss Richardson is engaged to Robson. It was all settled before you went away. If Jack were here I would tell him what I think of him; but he is on his way to Melbourne. I always thought he was fond of you, May; and you did not like him."

"No; I didn't like him. Forgive me for saying so; but I am glad he is gone."

"I will forgive anything, if you will only tell me that you love me! Just a little, May; not half as much as I love you, but enough to make a home with me a happy place."

In an instant she was in his arms, held close to the faithful heart which had been true to her always. And as she rested there, she thought of the dark-eyed woman, and of the vision which had let her see and know the truth. From what dreary hours that vision had saved her! Into what dark and lonely ways she might have wandered, if she had not paused on the threshold of that unknown door!

When she told Bernard all about it, he persisted in saying that it must have been a dream. He would not believe in the mysterious house, and the dark-eyed woman with her incantations. All these phantoms owed their existence to the fog and May's overwrought brain. She contradicted him at first, but as time passed on without throwing any light upon the matter, she was half inclined to agree with him. But if the memory of the vision faded, the happiness which it had foreshadowed grew more real every day. She had obeyed the instinct of her own heart, and it had not deceived her

Jessie Lake was a happy little woman when they asked her to come to the wedding. She too, had known what it was to be lonely and sad; and sadness and loneliness had taught her how to help and comfort others. She found a home prepared for her in Saltstone. Miss Linthorne wanted a bright companion, and invited Jessie to live with her. And when Bernard and May settled in the old house in which May's father and mother had lived and died, there was a great deal of new work for Jessie Lake to do.

It was a long time before May's voice came back. When it did return, she was too busy with family affairs to devote herself to singing. She sang well enough, however, to please her children, and charm her husband and his circle of friends; but she always declared that it was a new and smaller voice which had come to her. The old one, she said, had been lost in the fog.



Copyright, 1895, by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.

"I SNATCHED UP A LETTER FROM THE TABLE AND TRIED TO READ IT."

MY GIRLIE.

By AMY IRVINE.

CHAPTER I.

MY GIRLIE'S HOME.



H, my little one, my girlie — to what a home you came! Ought I to call it home at all? It was a house of contention, and where there should have been the deepest and most lasting love, constant bickering had apparently destroyed love itself. My girlie, the work that God gave you was very great, but your little dimpled hands were strong enough to do it, and when you went back to God we did not lose you, for you seem still about the house, and you live always in our hearts, made so much richer and happier by you.

The first serious quarrel between Charles and me was about a winter bonnet. I had just come in, and he was standing in the hall staring at a bandbox. On catching sight of it, I exclaimed, in delight: "Oh, that must be my new bonnet! I am so glad it's come, I shall wear it this afternoon at the At Home."

"How many bonnets have you had already this winter?" asked Charles, standing before the bandbox as if to guard it from me.

"Surely that is my business," said I, making a feeble effort to keep my temper.

"It is not your business, it is mine, madam," he retorted, louder than was necessary, "for it is I who have to pay your bills, and you are determined to ruin me. Your vanity is frightful, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"How dare you speak to me like this?" I cried.

"How dare I? I dare do some things still, and let me give you an example. This is the way I shall treat your vanity in future." He raised his foot and kicked the bandbox across the hall.

That was the beginning of a series of quarrels which made our home miserable for months.

Extravagance in dress was one of my faults, but that had been part of my training. I was an only child, accustomed to have every wish gratified, and to deny myself nothing. Economy had not been a part of my education. Charles never took into consideration that I had been petted and spoilt until I forgot that I was not the first and only individual to please, but sometimes he taunted me with the fact, advising "my ladyship," as he sneeringly called me, to cast off her airs, and come down to the level of an ordinary work-a-day fellow like him. "You should not have married me, if you were above the position," he said, one day.

"I wish I never had!" I burst out, and those words came between us whenever we approached anything like harmony.

One evening it almost seemed as if we might have come to a better understanding, but that unlucky speech of mine prevented it. I was sitting in the twilight alone when Charles came in, and my mind had gone wandering back to the happy days at home. From year to year it travelled, until it reached the time when I had first known Charles. I remembered, feeling actually shocked, that his visits had once been the greatest pleasure of my life, and when he told me of his love, I had thought that now the only thing to make my happiness perfect was coming. To be his wife, to be always with him, to have a little home of my own, to entertain my friends in my house! they were halcyon days I planned.

"Sitting in the twilight alone?" said Charles, and for once there was no sneer in his tone, as if he too had had his softening thoughts.

"So you see." The words rose to my lips unconsciously, we were so accustomed to snub each other. Then there was a pause, and I looked up, anxious to make amends. "I was thinking of the past, Charles."

"Where are you going to-night?" he asked, and now his tone was harder.

"Nowhere, I'm tired."

He paused at the door, and then he said: "Very well, then, I'll go out, I will not impose more of my society upon you than is necessary. We can't help being married—but at least I can relieve you of a good deal of my unwelcome presence."

I had risen, and as the door shut behind him, I burst out: "Charles, Charles, I am so tired, come back and sit with me! Oh, Charles, come back, I'm lonely, don't go out."

But he did not hear, and when there came no response, a host of proud and angry thoughts rushed to my mind. I snatched up a letter from the table and tried to read it. What! was I going to let him guess that I regretted my hasty words? Was I going to humiliate myself by offering conciliations? Was I dreaming of such a thing as pleading with him—just as if I had been in the wrong, and he in the right! Never.

So when he returned I was ready for him!

The drawing-room was lighted up as if for a party, and I was at the piano dashing off the loudest jig I knew, the sort of music that Charles (and I, too) abhorred. He had been to the club, and had come home unusually early, and though I would not look at him, somehow I felt his eyes on me, and my heart beat a little faster.

"It seems very bright in here," said Charles, evidently with an effort. I had expected something rather stronger, when he found all the gas-brackets alight, burning holes in his pockets, as he would have said naturally.

"In that case you can go into the next room," said I, for I was ready, "where you can regulate the light according to your taste. I have not the slightest desire to detain you, pray do not incommode yourself on my account." With that I made the piano rattle in a way that surprised myself, and Charles retreated slamming the door violently.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your powers of execution," were the next words he addressed to me, when we met again, "you are improving in music wonderfully—wonderfully!"

I took no notice whatever of the taunt.

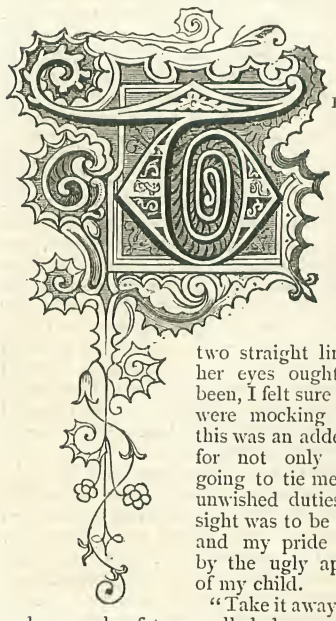
* * * *

My girlie—that was the sort of home you crept into a few weeks after, by which time your father and mother were not on speaking terms. Your advent was hailed with none of the tender rejoicings that generally herald the coming of such as you, my darling; your mother did not want you, she thought you were the climax of her misfortunes. She had shed many angry and bitter tears at the thought of you, and just at first turned away her head and peevishly requested them to take you away. What did she want with a tiresome baby, come to tie her down at home when she would prefer quite another sort of life? Had she not heard from all sides of the trouble, expense and anxiety that come with every child? How little she desired the perpetual drag—and Charles had lately been throwing out hints of curtailed expenses, instead of their multiplication.

It was not much of a welcome we gave you, my girlie.

CHAPTER II.

THE DIMPLED HANDS AT WORK.



They told me she was a beautiful baby, butwhen I looked at the little red face, all puckered up, with two straight lines where her eyes ought to have been, I felt sure that they were mocking me, and this was an added injury, for not only was she going to tie me down to unwished duties, but my sight was to be offended, and my pride wounded by the ugly appearance of my child.

"Take it away!" I said, and a couple of tears rolled down my cheeks (I wept, my girlie, at sight of you!) Then I closed my eyes, and took no notice of what was going on. But though they thought I knew nothing, my senses were all on the alert to an abnormal degree. I knew perfectly well that Charles was hovering about, asking in agitated whispers whether I were very ill, and never satisfied with the nurse's assurances that I was getting on nicely. I felt with something like a thrill of satisfaction that he had taken a savage and most unnatural dislike to the baby; he would not look at it, so the only admirer for you, my girlie, that first day of your life, was a cross old woman who led me a life, to use a popular expression, for the next few weeks. It was partly her fault, I am sure, that I kept up the distaste to my new duties so long, for even before she left, in my heart I looked forward to the moments when I was obliged to hold you in my arms, and made less fuss when you were left with me longer than was necessary.

The first thing that I admired about my baby was one tiny hand. She always had a trick of pushing it out of her shawl into freedom. I felt a sort of sympathy with the little hand, as if it were the expression of my own impatience of control. I was lying still, only half awake, when I caught sight of that wonderful and perfect piece of nature's modelling. It was so minute, and yet so absolutely perfect, each wee finger in its right proportions, the tiny pink nails complete, and the baby hand not unlike a rose leaf curling up. Dear little hand, even at that moment beginning its work!

* * * *

"I only hope as she'll look after it better than I expect, the poor little thing, and it as beautiful a child as ever I clap eyes on," said the cross old nurse in the next room,

perhaps forgetting that she had left the adjoining door open, or possibly reading me a farewell lesson on purpose; "but it's as likely as not as she'll neglect it, or leave it to one of them careless, good-for-nothin' nursery maids, and if she rears it it'll be a standing miracle, say I, for all it's as sound and healthy as need be, and its father never so much as looking at it. They don't deserve to have such a child, there's a many I know would give their eyes to have it. It's just a mystery why them as wants 'em cannot have 'em, and why those as don't want 'em has their quiver full." My lecture (for I cannot but believe this was specially intended for me) ended with a sniff, and the disagreeable old thing took herself off, leaving me in possession.

In possession, dear, for your new nurse had not come, and when she did, I turned her into a housemaid, and took sole charge of you. I was in the nursery, waiting, and wondering what delayed her. You were on my knee, and now that no prying eyes were about me, I was looking down at your innocent face. A few weeks had changed it, and all the creases were smoothed away. Your eyes were open wide, staring about the room as if you wondered at all things, one little dimpled hand had clutched my dress, the other waved aimlessly in the air, seeking for something to hold. I touched it with my finger, and at once it closed, clasping me with a grip so firm and yet so soft, that I dared not pull my finger away even when I heard a step upon the stair! The wee, wee hands had me as in a vice, the little, weak, dimpled fingers had grasped my heartstrings, never any more to loose their hold.

But before I heard that step upon the stair, your two blue eyes, my girlie, came wandering round until they met the gaze that I had fixed upon your face. You looked at me so gravely, and seemed to ponder; then, like the sunlight breaking suddenly upon a running brook, such a smile came rippling over your face, such a divine, rapturous, unearthly smile, that I don't think anyone except a mother who has just seen her baby's first sweet smile at her can guess what it was like. All the world stood still a moment, and then the mother-love came rushing over me in one irresistible wave, and I clasped you closer, closer, in a panic of fear, lest the new nurse, whose step I thought I heard coming up the stairs, should take you from me.

It was not the nurse, and that I knew, starting when I heard the hand upon the door. No one but Charles rapped in that sharp, imperious way, or opened the door as if he were flinging it away from him (or at me, as I sometimes fancied). I felt the blood come galloping into my cheeks, and would have bundled you into your cradle, but somehow I dared not move a finger, for two little baby-hands had hold of me.

"So old vinegar has gone," said Charles.

I laughed, and for a moment the reflection of my triumph twinkled in his eye.

"You seem to be taking to your domestic duties better than she prophecies."

It was a sneer which not so long ago would have awakened another from me, but there was something in my arms now which already hushed the retort, and at my silence Charles was abashed.

"I didn't mean anything, Evie," he said, in quite a different tone, "but that woman was a gorgon! You should have heard her parting thrust at me. Our doorstep echoed with her opinions on the duties of a father, not intended for my hearing, of course, though my window was open, and I was obliged to get up and shut out the row, otherwise she might have been delivering herself of her opinions still. I had something rather more serious to think about."

"What is it?" I asked.

He was disconcerted, and walked round the point for some time before he could make up his mind to state it.

"You aren't strong enough for anything special yet," he said.

"Do you know you are alarming me!" at last I exclaimed. "I would so much rather hear at once what you know you came up to say."

"Yes, I did, but—I suppose it was seeing you with the kid—I—I feel reluctant. Is it very heavy, Evie?"

"Not at all!" I cried.

At that moment my darling loosed me, and her hands seemed to go out to him.

"Try how light she is!" I exclaimed, guided by an impulse.

Before he had recovered from his surprise, Charles had her in his arms, holding her away from him with a face comical in its dismay. Baby seemed well-satisfied, and a wise little smile touched her lips. It was just as if she knew what she was about.

"Oh, yes, quite light; take her, Evie," he stammered, "I—er—I might drop her."

"I shall not take her until you tell me the news," said I.

So then he told me that of late our expenses had not only run away with our spare cash, but were making inroads upon our capital, and he was distracted to know in what way to economise.

"I had been thinking of reducing the number of our domestics," he said, "but I really don't see how that's to be done. There'll be more instead of fewer now, for it must have a nurse; you couldn't possibly look after it yourself, even if the housemaid had it most of the time."

It was not anger, but a kind of fierce joy that made my eyes sparkle just then.

"You needn't be angry, Evie," he blurted out, mistaking my expression; "but I may as well confess the whole concern. One of the days when you were laid up, Bertha was impudent, and I gave her notice. I forgot all about it, and she never said another word, but she has just been to me for her wages, and says she's going this evening, for it's a month to-day since I dismissed her. It was like one of their mean tricks never saying another word."

My eyes fell upon the baby lying in his arms, and he had got her closer now. With such a protection, how was I to scold him?

"I will see what can be done," I said weakly.

* * * *

That was why I turned the new nurse into a housemaid, for she was perfectly willing, if not rather glad to change. And that was why I turned myself from an ordinary fashionable young woman into a devoted mother, and took to wearing aprons and doing little jobs that once upon a time I might have considered degrading.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOUND OF HER LITTLE STEPS.



Do you know the sound of pattering footsteps? Up and down they trot, up and down, never tired, and when the little feet are at rest, all the house seems to hold its breath, and say, "Hush, baby's sleeping." You walk on tip-toe, or stand at the nursery-door, listening for the soft sound of breathing from the crib, or you steal up in the dark to peep over for a glimpse of golden curls, and, becoming more daring still, look under the blanket for a moment to see the outline of that dear little face lying so still, it might be made of wax, and you tremble, because there is not the flutter of an eyelash. Then you slip away as quietly as a shadow, and downstairs you say it is such a comfort baby's sleeping, and now you have a moment to yourself. But it is all a farce, your whole mind is full of nothing else but one great listening for the first movement upstairs to tell of baby waking, and when the movement comes—a sound no man could hear, for he does not know how—you are up like a shot, and when the blue eyes open, they see such a tender face smiling down at them, and the shell-like ears hear something lovely, welcoming them back to the world again. So baby wakes up laughing, and in a few minutes father downstairs hears the chandelier jingle, for baby is trotting about again, and he may think it his duty to growl a little, but he is smiling under his moustache.

I taught my baby to walk, and by the time my little daughter found her way across her nursery floor, I had said so much to her that the same lips refused to utter jibes and sneers to other people. Charles, too, had ceased the odious habit. We were rather shy of each other, and avoided *tête-à-têtes*. Neither of us had the courage to express in words the great change that had come into our feelings. One day—my birthday—we very nearly bridged the gulf, and then, like the foolish couple we were, we started back just in time, and were more timid then ever after that.

Baby was standing at my knee, and I was making a pinafore for her. She had emptied the contents of my workbox into my lap, but I let her play with them, for I had put the needlebook and scissors out of reach. The yard measure was in a tangle with the darning cotton, and a skein of silk was hopelessly unwound. I knew all the time that it would give me ever so much trouble to settle the box again, but I could not stop the dear, mischievous little fingers, because I liked to feel her lean against me, and whenever she had succeeded in making a new tangle, she gave me such a roguish look under her eyelids. Charles had been walking up and down the room for some time.

"It's a long time since you had a new mantle, Evie," he said, at last, rather sheepishly.

I felt myself blushing outrageously, and all about nothing; but I had not expected him to say such a thing.

"There's a—er—new fashion in mantles," he continued.

"Is there?" I asked, hardly above a whisper.

"Don't you want one, Evie?"

"Why, Charles?" Positively I dared not look at him.

"Because I thought—your birthday. I wanted to give you a birthday present. Would you like it to be a mantle?"

"Oh, Charles, if you would let me buy a bonnet and coat for baby instead!" I exclaimed, suddenly remembering how I had hankered for "a dream in white cashmere" that would exactly suit her, and which I had seen in a shop window the other day. Such lace, such dainty trimming, enough to make the plainest child presentable; but on my girlie what would it be?

He came a step nearer, and was on the point of saying something, but checked himself.

"Certainly, if you prefer it; but I can't afford both," he said, instead, rather stiffly.

I thanked him more stiffly still, and he beat a retreat. As he banged the door behind him, my darling suddenly left my knee, and toddled after him, with outstretched arms. But he did not hear the persuasive sound of her little feet. While that sound was in our ears we did not know all that it meant. Sometimes the little feet have to trot away

into silence—up to God, so that the father and the mother, following after, may find Him.

I bought the bonnet and coat, and put them on her. Then I turned her loose into the hall, knowing that she would find her way through every open door, and I had seen the library door ajar.

As I expected, she made straight for the library, and I heard Charles exclaim. There was a long silence, but he closed the door as softly as he knew how. After some time it was opened fiercely, and he roared for me to come and take the brat away, but my ears were quick enough to detect the very tone he was trying to disguise, and I laughed under my breath. As I gathered my girlie into my arms I hugged her.

"What did that costume cost?" Charles asked, when I came down from putting baby to bed. I told him, without comment, and was rather alarmed, it seemed so much money for a child's. But he simply handed me the money, and said no more. After all, I told myself, a mantle for me would have been more expensive.

It was this way that I learned personal economy. I learned it for my girlie's sake.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BABBLING VOICE.



LITTLE footsteps are a sound we love, but there is another sound even sweeter to a mother's ears. It is the babbling voice, from the first coo until she hears her baby say distinctly "Mam-mamma," she is always watching for its voice. There was not a syllable my darling uttered which did not sound sweet to me, but when she could at last say "Mummer," in a vain attempt at the beautiful name of mother, which I wanted her to call me, I was so delighted that I called Charles eagerly to come.

He was slightly alarmed, and came rushing upstairs to know "what was the matter!"

"Oh, nothing," said I, my enthusiasm vanishing. "I only thought that you might like to hear baby talk—she's getting on quite—well." What a lame ending it was!

"Oh, is that all?" he said. "I think you need hardly disturb me for a trifle like that," and he retired at once, displeased.

"A trifle!" I repeated to myself, and a sort of rage entered into me—how dare he insinuate that a single word my darling spoke was not worth hearing? and when it was that word! Suddenly the floodgates of my soul flew open, and I grew hot with the tumult of many evil passions.

"Mummer," said my baby girl, cooing over the name.

In a moment, at the call of her little voice, I came to myself.

"My treasure, my precious," I cried, "say it again, my own, own darling!"

"Mummer, mummer," she cooed, nestling down in my arms, and digging her head into my shoulder.

I used to tell her my secrets when I put her to bed at night, and she always listened with preternatural gravity. That night I confessed to her that her mother was self-willed, proud, and passionate. "Not worthy to possess a jewel like you, my sweet one," I said; "I cannot think why such a blessing ever came to me, I do not deserve it."

She laughed up at me, as if it were no mystery to her, and she looked so wise that it seemed as if her baby eyes had seen things which are hidden from mankind.

"Mother is going to try so hard, baby, oh, so hard, to be a better woman, for your sake, sweetheart. It would never do for you to see some things that happen in this house. We must purify our hearts and change our natures, and all things must be altered, so that you may have a happy home and a good mother." Unfortunately it was easier to say such things than to do them.

She used to wake early in the morning, so that the first sound I heard was generally her voice, babbling away all sorts of baby nonsense. Then, when I sat up, I would meet two bright eyes peeping at me through the bars of her crib, and how she screamed with delight when I lifted her into my bed! Perhaps the happiest moment of all the happy day was when I felt her cuddle close to me, both her arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressing mine in the ecstacy of her unblemished love. That anything so innocent could love me so, was one of the mysteries at which I wondered. Even my own mother's affection had been less pure.

From single words, my girlie quickly passed to little sentences, each one of which seemed more charming to me. She had her own ways, too, all sorts of small characteristics. No one need tell me that all babies are alike. I have known many, and each bears the stamp of its individuality, and needs its special training. It was my baby who made me take an interest in all others, for when I took her out she always screamed with joy whenever we met one. "Baby, baby, more baby," she used to cry, and I found myself studying each one we passed, to compare it with my girlie, who, in my eyes, was more beautiful, intelligent, and attractive than any one of them. One of my friends expressed a little wonder because I cared to take her out—I suppose she thought it was *infra dig.* to act nursemaid to your own child, but I asked her if she had ever tried the experiment, and she answered promptly: "I have never taken one of my children out myself, I leave that sort of work to their governess and nurse."

Poor thing—she did not know what she had missed.

Each new word the baby speaks comes like a fresh surprise, and when the words are put together—so prettily—it seems wonderful. My girlie never would let me read while she was trotting round the room. Sometimes I got my book on the sly, and hid it under my needlework, but she was never to be caught napping. Before I had turned the first page, she would pounce upon me with an imperious "Book away!" and put it away I must.

Charles was often in and out when I had her downstairs, though he used to make an attempt to appear indifferent to her charms, and sometimes he asked why she was always in the way. At the same time he watched her a great deal.

She knocked her head against the table one day, and he sprang forward, exclaiming: "Evie, Evie, she's hurt!" and picked her up in a regular panic. She had her little hand up to her head, and was looking most piteous. Then her face cleared, she struggled out of her father's arms, and kissed the table, murmuring, "Poor table, poor table," with the tenderest pity. After that she toddled round to me, and said with deep satisfaction: "Did kiss 'e table!"

She used to call herself "it," much to our amusement, but, oh, how pretty all these baby inventions are, not uninteresting to mothers, though to the hard world outside the nursery door they may seem foolish. A mother does not forget one of them.

And, my girlie, your mother never will forget that sunny afternoon when we were out in our garden, a few admiring friends with us. It was not often that I had the treat of meeting women who were genuinely interested in you, for my friends were so little with their own children, that I am afraid they sometimes felt bored when they came to see me and found you hanging round me all the time. But these were different: they were a family of girls to whom a child was a wonder fresh from heaven. They played with you, admired and caressed you, and were loud in their praises. My heart echoed with the sound of such pleasant words, and when you tumbled down, and objected to be lifted up by anyone but me, how it throbbed with the pride of motherhood. One of the girls lifted you up, but you promptly lay down again on your face, saying imperiously, "Mummer pick it up." And so I did, trying hard not to let my tell-tale face express the triumph of my heart.

You were very thoughtful for some time after being set once more upon your little feet, and I waited expectantly for the question that came at last, in a tone impossible to describe:

"Did it tumble?"

* * * *

If my girlie wanted anything herself, she used to ask me if I wanted it. I had begun to have her down at meals, for Charles always brought his newspaper to table, and I grudged every moment spent away from her. He was so silent that I thought he took no notice of the wonderful conversations between baby and me, but by degrees I found out that he heard them all. The first time I guessed that was one day when she asked me in a most impressive way—

"Do you want a bicky?"

He suddenly burst out laughing.

"You quaint little piccaninny," he said. "Give her a biscuit, Evie."

Piccaninny was his name for her, and she soon learned the word; I believe it was through it that she enslaved her father. She met him in the hall one day; I was close by, though invisible to him, and watched the scene with eager eyes. One of my chief ambitions was to see her lead him captive. She had on her garden hat and pinafore—the latter very dirty.

"Hulloa, piccaninny," said Charles, stopping to look down at her.

"Dada take his piccaninny buy a toy," said my darling, slipping her hand into his.

He glanced guiltily at the dining-room door (but I was not there, I was watching from the pantry), and seeing it shut, he let her lead him to the vestibule, and they went out together. I flew upstairs, where I watched them down the road from a window. They looked so funny—and my darling's pinafore was so dirty. She would not hold his hand, but walked demurely beside him, a twig in her hand, imitating his walk, and using the twig as he used his stick. That they were talking I could see, and they got on well together.

Charles never looked more sheepish than when I met them at the door on their way back. I did my best to greet them with the severity they deserved, but ignominiously failed, for the delight of my heart came rippling up in smiles I could not smother. Baby was radiant, and under her arm she carried a wooden horse.

"Gee-gee, gee-gee," she cried; "oh, de-ah gee-gee!"

She ran to meet me, holding it out, and when she approached, she said eagerly—

"Will dada take his piccaninny buy anunner toy?"

That was too much for us—we burst out laughing.

* * * *

Darling, all your little words are written in my heart, and the sound of your babbling voice echoes for ever in my ears. It charmed

away so many bitter thoughts and evil passions that it left room for memories unspoiled by anything less innocent and pure than you. Don't I hear you still, lisping my name, calling to me? You are calling to me out of heaven, my sweet one, and there, one day I will find you, for a mother knows that the children God has taken are hers for all eternity.

CHAPTER V.

HUSH!



IT was raining, and the sky was covered with the dull and leaden hue which looks as if the sunshine has been put out for ever. It was not fit to take my girlie out, but Charles specially wanted a cheque cashed, and there was other shopping of some importance to do. So I said I would leave baby for once, and do the business. "I shall be gone at least an hour," I said regretfully, "I really hardly know how to part from you, my precious, for such a long time—an hour."

I turned back to blow a kiss to her before turning the corner. Charles was holding her up at the window, which she patted with her dimpled hands, and she was laughing gaily. I paused to look at them, for it was hard to drag myself away from such a picture. By this time Charles had mutely acknowledged himself conquered, and she could manage him with a look. Standing there in the rain waving my hand to them, a splendid hope came to me. Perhaps the day would come when, through our child, we two would be at one. Already she had given us a common interest, and there were many signs of brighter days in store.

One more look, my darling, my darling. And now the corner is turned, and I must hurry, it is so wet, and I am so impatient to get back to you.

* * * *

"Wait a moment, Evie—no, no; don't go upstairs just yet. Come in here."

Charles was dragging me by main force into the library, and I was so surprised that I had no word to say. He pushed me in, and stood with his back to the door.

"Why did you come home so soon?" he asked roughly.

"I hurried," said I laughing, "for I was anxious to get back to baby."

"Anxious? Why? Wasn't she well?"

"Perfectly well, of course," I cried, resenting the insinuation, "she has never had an illness, as you know, and do you think I'd have left her a moment if there was the slightest thing the matter?"

Charles groaned.

I suddenly became aware that all was not right. He kept his face in shadow, but he trembled visibly. I thought at once that he must be ill, and when I approached, I saw that he was deadly pale.

"Come and sit down, Charles!" I said, terrified, "you are faint."

He let me lead him to the sofa, but he kept hold of my arm in such a grip that it was impossible to run for help.

"Are you better?" I asked presently, for a little colour had returned.

"Yes, yes, all right!"

"Loose my arm, Charles, let me ring for assistance."

"No, don't!"

"I have cashed your cheque," I said, thinking it better to divert his thoughts, "and just for once I have been guilty of a little bit of extravagance. This is a doll for baby; it only cost sixpence, but just think how she will like it."

He had buried his face in the cushion, and I stopped suddenly, alarmed beyond expression. He was shuddering from head to foot.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed. "Oh, let me send for the doctor, you must be very ill!"

"No, I'm all right, if only you will wait a few minutes! Don't go away, Evie, don't, don't for pity's sake go upstairs!"

"Of course I will not!" I said, and even then I did not suspect the truth.

A few minutes after, a heavy step came down the stairs, and some one came in without knocking. Imagine my surprise when I saw the doctor standing there. My heart stood still a moment. The two men looked at each other, and the doctor nodded.

"Who's to tell her?" burst out Charles.

Something fell with a crash on the floor; it was the doll I had brought home for baby—broken. I released myself with one bound, and before they could stop me, I was up the stairs, and in the nursery.

* * * *

This is what they told me afterwards.

I had scarcely turned the corner, when baby leaned back in her father's arms, and cuddled up to him. He stood some while, then, since she lay perfectly still, he thought she had gone to sleep, and carried her over to the sofa. He bent down to kiss her, and then saw that this was not sleep, but a swoon. He pealed the bell, and the housemaid flew for the doctor, without waiting for hat or cloak. Out of that swoon they never woke her; it was a sudden failure of the heart's action. Without a sigh she had gone away, there had been no pain.

* * * *

There is no such thing as death, my girlie lives in heaven and on earth. And still the little soft hands do their work. "Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also," was said by One who knew our human nature better than any other man. So when your treasure is transferred to heaven, your heart is purified of its worldly nature, and raised above the sad old earth. Only for a little while it seemed as if we had lost her, just while the blinds were down, and the little form was there, lying so still that one could not forget that this was not her midday sleep.

So the little feet had trotted up to God, and the little hands were stretched to us out of heaven, to draw our wordly thoughts above. Lead on, my girlie, we will follow, and when the right time comes, we shall meet you, never to part again.

CHAPTER VI.

HE COMES TO ME.

My mother arrived on the day of the funeral, and insisted on taking me home with her by the night train. I acquiesced, for I felt just then as if it would be impossible to take up the old life with all my occupation gone, and I had no more hope of realising a dream that had lately seemed on the point of coming true. Now our little child was there no longer to draw us together, Charles and I would drift apart, and gradually go back to the old bad ways. That is what I thought, forgetting that my baby was immortal.

At home the time hung heavy, I no longer cared for drives and afternoon teas, for the strange faces of old friends whom I had not seen for four or five years. They insisted on taking me about a great deal—"To distract the poor child," as my mother said, and every day the distaste for this empty sort of life grew on me, and I missed Charles, though I dreaded nothing more than seeing him.

"If only I did not know that he is tired of me," I said to myself; "I have worn out his patience, I have withheld my sympathy from him, I feel as if in all the years of my marriage I have been building up a barrier between us, which is now too high and too strong ever to be broken down."

He wrote to me once or twice, very short notes, saying he hoped I was well, and must not hurry back. "He does not want me, that's what he means," I thought.

By-and-bye came a great hankering for the place where my darling used to be. I thought of nothing but the rooms and passages in which she used to run about, the garden where we had such games together, the toys she loved, her picture books, her little garments, and the unfinished frock in my work-basket. This longing grew so strong, that I wrote and asked Charles if he had any special objection to my return, as I found the life here unsuited to my present inclinations. It was a cold letter, and received no answer. I waited several days, more miserable than I had ever been before. "He certainly does not want me," I said to myself, "there can be no doubt now. It is my own fault, I know, but it is too late, I can never win the love I have thrown away."

I refused to go out driving that afternoon, and my mother, looking very wise, made no attempt to persuade me.

The autumn sunshine came in to me through the window, where I sat, in utter depression. "If I had not written to him so coldly, he might have answered," I reflected. "Shall I try another sort of letter? Dare I tell him that I am sorry for the past, and want his love? Would he simply sneer if he heard that I wanted to begin afresh, and that all the while I loved him in my secret heart, and was ashamed of my manner to him?"

I looked down at the blank paper, and could not summon up the courage to write in that strain. There was always before me the fear of a cynical expression—the lifting of an eyebrow, the almost imperceptible shrug, the curl of a lip—and worse still, the covert taunt.

"No," said I, "it is too late to begin afresh."

I was sitting in a golden band of sunshine, it came all round my sad black dress, it seemed to nestle down upon my shoulder and make a warm spot there, where my darling used to lie. The warm, soft air breathed kisses on my cheek, and I was just falling into a dreamy state, where these things were not sunshine and soft breezes, but the presence and warm kisses of my baby, when I was awakened to a full perception of my desolation by the sound of a disturbing step. I stared hard out of the window to prevent the tears that threatened to overflow.

The door was opened gently and hesitatingly, and some one came in. I did not turn to see who it was, for a thought that hurt me had come in with the intruder. "Charles would have flung the door at me, it was one of his ways of showing who was master!"

The step came nearer—close, someone had put a hand on the back of my chair. I could no longer affect not to see, and turned.

"Charles!" I exclaimed.

"I had a day or two off," he explained, in a deprecating tone, as if afraid that I might blame him for taking this expensive journey for nothing, "and as I needed a holiday, I wrote and asked your mother if I might



AT THE FOUNTAIN.

come. I only got her answer last night—it was a cordial invitation for as long as I could spare. I needed a bit of a holiday, Evie."

"Haven't you been well?" I asked, unable to keep out of my voice the agitation his visit caused me. And oh, I was so afraid of what we might say to each other!

"Oh, yes, fairly well, but it's lonely at home with no one to talk to a fellow." He leaned over my chair, and said, "Give me a kiss, Evie, unless you are too put out, I'd like some sort of a welcome."

I was trembling too much to follow the impulse that made me want to throw my arms round his neck, but I let him bend close, and give me the kiss he had asked me to give him. He did it timidly, as if afraid of offending me. A lump in my throat choked the words of welcome I felt in my heart.

"You don't think it was too extravagant of me to come all this way, do you, Evie? I might have gone to some place nearer home, but then there'd have been lodgings to pay for, and I—I wanted to see—you. You don't mind, do you?"

It was quite impossible to answer—I did mind, so very much!

"But if you are vexed, I'll go home straight away, only I thought—you said, you know, that you wanted to come home, and I thought perhaps we could go back together some time."

"Yes, yes!" I cried, standing up, "that's what I should like, you won't leave me here, Charles, will you? I want to go home—but not for a few days, I'd rather you had a little holiday first. Promise me to take me home with you when you go!"

"Why? Don't you like being here with your mother?" he asked. "Do you mean you'd rather go home with me?"

I nodded, and then the tears overflowed.

"Oh, don't cry, Evie," he implored, "I really cannot stand it. My dear, my dear, what have I said to upset you so?"

"Nothing, Charles," I muttered, controlling myself, "but I was so—glad—to see you, and so dreadfully afraid that you did not want me to go back with you."

"Not want you!" he replied, with a short laugh, "I have done nothing else but want you these three weeks." He took hold of my hands and looked into my eyes. "Evie, don't you know that I love you? If you can't believe it, I will have to prove it somehow. It was seeing you with—baby" (he whispered the word) "which first showed me what I felt. When I saw how you could love, I wanted nothing but to win such a heart, only I thought it was too late, I had treated you too badly to be able to make amends. But now, Evie, there is a sort of chance of beginning a new life. Do you think you can forgive the past?"

"Charles!"

"You are trembling, Evie, I have agitated you too much. I am such a blundering fellow. Don't cry, for pity's sake. Oh, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, Charles—but joy," I cried, "I am so glad to see you."

"Is it true?" he said. "Can I believe my ears?"

My arms were round his neck at last, and he had me in such an embrace that it seemed as if he would never let me go.

* * * *

Charles brought me a white rosebud, and offered it as shyly as a newly-accepted lover.

"Look at those two," laughed one of my friends, "no one would believe they'd been married for years."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because you are just like sweethearts still," she replied. "Do you know, Evie, you blush whenever your husband speaks to you, and he pays you all sorts of lover-like attentions."

"Because," said Charles, gravely, "we are lovers—is it not so, Evie?"

My friend looked abashed, and was silent.

* * * *

That is all I have to tell—I went back to a happy home, and can hardly believe that this dear house is the place where once a husband and wife made each other miserable by disagreement, quarrelling, and bad temper. Charles never sneers at me now, and I never retort. I don't know why, because we are the same couple—perhaps we have forgotten how. But stay—I think our girlie cooed away all the bitterness out of my heart, and I know she is with me always, living there; and I think that it was our girlie who charmed all the sneers from her father's lips. Looking back I see what a wonderful work can be done by the weakest thing on earth—even a little baby.

[THE END.]

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow fell slowly down,
And like a mantle overspread the little sea-port town.
Within a solitary street the oil lamps glimmered low,
Their feeble ray could not pierce through their covering of snow;
The cottages on either side no cheery welcome gave,
Their inmates slept, and all was dark and silent as the grave.
But see that gabled cottage at the corner of the road,
The flagstaff plainly showing it's a mariner's abode.
A light streams from the window, so unlike to all the rest,
The garden gate is opened wide as if to greet a guest;
But who on such a night as this would dare to venture forth?
The snow-drifts deep, the bitter wind blows from the chilly north.
Yet there is one who fights against the fury of the night,
With stumbling steps he staggers on, a shapeless mass of white;
The snow-flakes fly into his eyes and freeze upon his hair,
His frozen limbs can scarce support the burden they've to bear.
He falls, and for a moment in the soft white snow-drift lies;
A dreamy feeling o'er him steals, he has no wish to rise;
He must not linger there, nor to such thoughts as these give way,
Or never more will he behold the blessed light of day.
With pain he rises to his feet and struggles on once more,
Until with weary limbs he comes up to the cottage door,
He gazes through the window with a keen and eager look,
An old dame by the fireside is reading from a book.
She reads aloud an ancient tale, her voice is low but clear,
The Wand'rer starts, he little thought that tale again to hear.
She reads of how a son forsook his home and parents, yet
They never ceased to think of him with longing and regret;
And while his time was spent in folly, riotous and wild,
The parents daily prayed that God would send them back their child.
The Wand'rer's heart is all aflame, his eyes with anguish burn
As once again he hearkens to the Prodigal's return.
The tale is ended, and the book is carefully laid by,
The dame removes her spectacles and wipes the glasses dry;
She moves the lamp, and thus lights up a corner of the room
Where until now a grey-haired man was sitting wrapped in gloom.
"Now, mother," says the old man, "it's near midnight, I believe;
The bells will ring in Christmas soon, for this is Christmas Eve,
Put up the latch, let down the chain and leave the door ajar;
Take care to see that it is free from every bolt and bar.
For ten long years on Christmas Eve this I have always done,
But now I'm blind and helpless, and no use to any one;
But your eyes, mother, are as bright as twenty years ago;
I cannot see them now, but still I know they must be so.
Then, mother, you see to the door, for when he's ceased to roam,
On some such night as this, maybe, our boy will come back home.
On Christmas Eve he left us when he ran away to sea,
On Christmas Eve he will return to mother and to me;
And when he comes, old woman, he shall have a welcome warm,
Where'er he be, on land or sea, God keep him safe from harm!"

* * * * * * *

The wind and snow beat on the door, and drove it open wide,
With arms outstretched and trembling feet the Wand'rer stepped inside.
"O father! mother! I've come back! forgive!" was all he said.
The blind man started from his seat and raised his sightless head,
The mother gazed like one amazed, "Ah, God!" she cried. "At last!"
Then rushed into the Wand'rer's arms and held him tightly clasped.
The Christmas bells chimed merrily their tale of peace and joy,
As once again the aged folk embraced their long-lost boy.

G. D. L.

A BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.

By LA PETITE.



WHAT a stately city pageant the above title calls up before our mind's eye! The grand old hall with Gog and Magog surveying the scene from their elevated position, the city dignitaries arriving in all the pride of scarlet robes and chains of office, and the invited guests adding splendour to the function in their satin and diamonds or uniforms of state.

Well, the banquet I am thinking of was not quite like that, though I do not think the Guildhall was in any way dishonoured because its guests on that occasion were clad in rags and tatters, while their hands and faces, to put it mildly, seemed to have but a bowing acquaintance with soap and water.

As we made our way to the scene of action through the dusk of a cold winter afternoon, small processions of children might be seen straggling in the same direction, piloted across crowded thoroughfares by friendly policemen, and chattering in shrill, happy voices about the treat in store.

At length we reached the stately pile where the children were being ushered in with some difficulty, for they seemed too excited to move, and clutched their ticket tightly, evidently placing more confidence in the teacher or mother who had told them to take great care of it than in the strange man who wanted to beguile them into letting him have it.

Their round eyes and excited faces somehow created a big lump in our throats, and we pushed on so as to preserve our dignity, which threatened to collapse. At the very outset misfortune had overtaken one poor lad who had managed to lose his ticket and was standing at the door silently brushing his grimy tears away with a dirty coat sleeve. To be in sight of what to him was Paradise and then to be turned away! It was cruelly hard.

But though our hearts ached for him, and though the door-keepers sternly repeated—"No admission without tickets!" yet somehow we felt pretty certain the disconsolate boy would not, this time at any rate, reap the reward of his carelessness.

The very policeman's gruff voice took on a softer tone as he remonstrated with him. "A great boy like you a-cryin' like a baby!" and so left him to his fate with a secret conviction that it would not be a hard one.

Now our party consisted of three, two of whom were most anxious to help, so the mother being safely ensconced in the gallery out of harm's way, the young ones eagerly requested work.

Tables were spread all down the hall with forms to hold fourteen at each, a white table-cloth, knife and fork and two plates to every person (the topmost plate being loaded with good roast beef, and plenty of it), salt-cellars and plates of oranges and apples down the middle.

Most of the children were already seated, each set of tables being distinguished by a letter and having helpers appointed to it, while a business-like superintendent with a chart was bustling about seeing that everyone had a post and was at it.

It was well we meant what we said, for on our applying we were seized on at once, decorated with huge red, white and blue rosettes before we knew where we were, and asked breathlessly, "What table would you like, boys or girls?"

"We want to go wherever we shall be of most use," was our prompt reply, though our breath had been rather taken away by the rapidity of action which characterised these proceedings.

"Then come over here," the superintendent answered. "I want good order kept at this table," which remark struck dismay to the depths of our hearts for we are neither of us exactly "daughters of the gods, divinely tall," and visions of unruly boys and obstreperous girls crossed our minds simultaneously.

However, my meek query, "Do you think us capable of that?" passed unnoticed, so we tramped after him forlornly with sinking hearts.

"Will you take Tables B. Three that way and three this way," were my orders, while my cousin was appointed to two tables opposite, and then we were left to our fate. I rapidly considered the position, and realising at once the physical impossibility of looking after six tables at one and the same time, I decided to keep to one only (especially as there were other helpers at the others), and chose one full of small boys, preferring them (dare I say it?) to girls as easier to manage!

Directly I took up my post at the bottom of the table they started sniggering, but I soon made friends and found them the most charming, delightful, chivalrous boys I ever came across. On my waving my hand to my mother in the gallery they demanded to know who that was, and on my telling them they also affably waved their little black paws to "teacher's mother," who was at once enrolled amongst their intimate friends with the most engaging confidence. She won their hearts by waving in return, and after that all stiffness vanished. One informed me that his mother had told him "to stuff hisself well;" another proudly proclaimed he had had "two plates full o' rice afore he came," and a third, not to be behindhand, declared he could eat seven slices of bread and butter at one go, but he did not add whether he often had the opportunity.

Talking to them thus I soon found out a good deal about them. They hailed me as "Teacher" after the first three minutes, and after a quarter of an hour we might have been friends for years! I had been specially enjoined to see that they did not begin to eat before grace was said; but it will always be a marvel to me that they sat so patiently, and beyond surreptitiously testing the bread made not the least attempt to transgress. At length steaming potatoes made their appearance, a commendably short grace was said, and we were soon all as busy as bees serving out potatoes and cutting up meat. Mercifully the knives were not too sharp, for had they been so I tremble to think of the probable consequences, for they were stuck into little red mouths and played with to an alarming extent. Now small rags of handkerchiefs came into play, into which there gradually disappeared odd bits of bread, superfluous meat, and, later on, scraps of pudding, "For mother!" "Fur my little sister at 'ome," and so on.

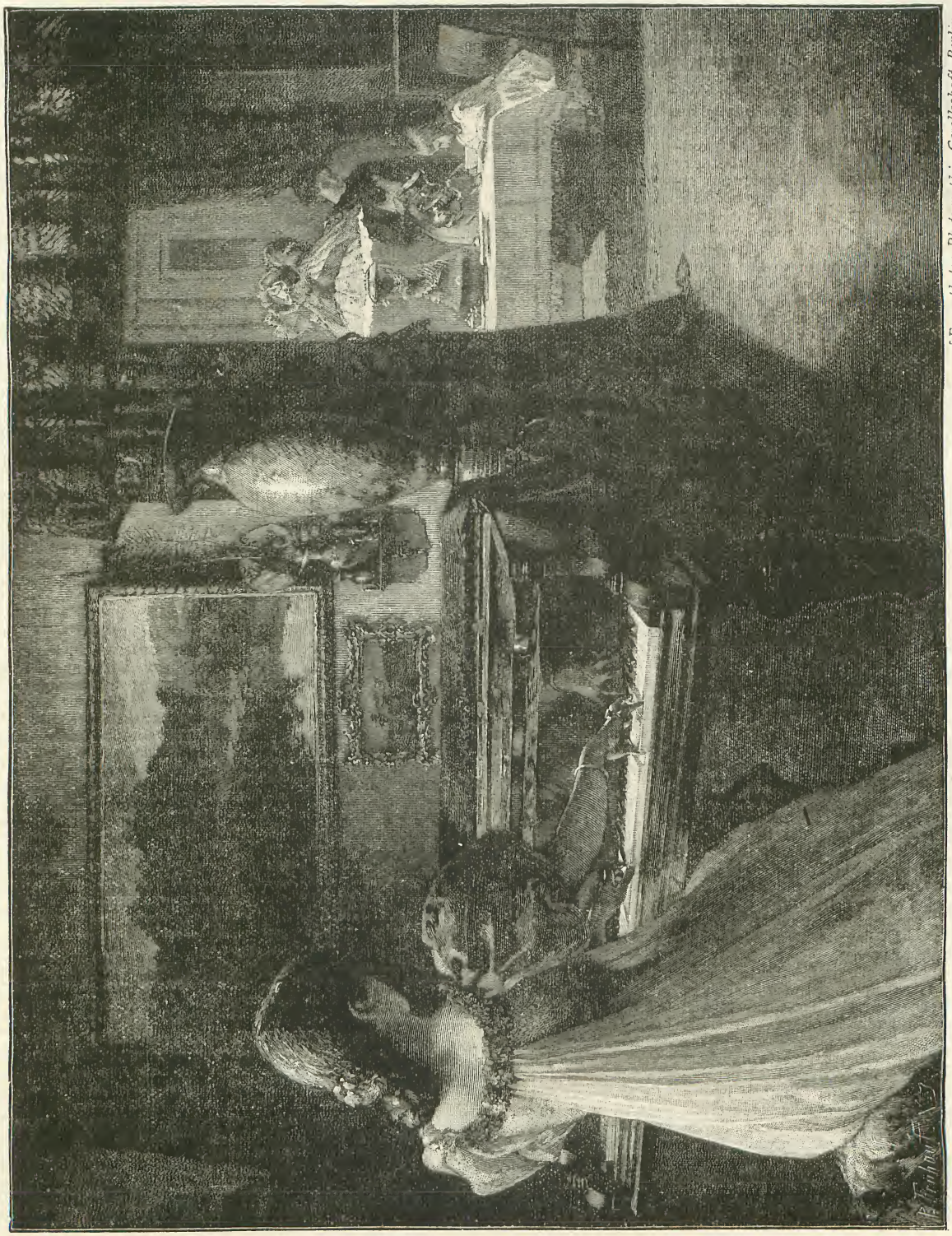
Draughts of new milk aided digestion, but in some cases pieces of meat were transferred to a comrade with a more capacious appetite, while in others excitement almost paralysed the power to eat. A band at the upper end of the hall was all this time discoursing popular airs, and every now and then a chorus was lustily taken up by shrill voices, which echoed up to the rafters and proved conclusively that whatever else had suffered their lungs were all right. Meat done, the puddings made their appearance amid a storm of applause. Each had a piece of holly stuck in it, and one small dandy captured a spray and instantly put it in his button-hole, giving himself insufferable airs in consequence, soon forgotten when the smoking hot sweet was placed before him, for at sight of it actually on his plate he became a mere boy again. After this oranges and apples, and, crowning joy of all, crackers (containing paper caps and jewellery in the shape of necklaces, brooches and pins, which were proudly shown as trophies) appeared on the scene.

At length all being satisfied, tables were cleared and the entertainment began, started by moving pictures of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, so down I sat in the midst of my boys, prepared to enjoy it with the best of them. One small smutty imp with a most winsomely comical face thrust his tiny black hand into mine confidingly and whispered, "May I sit next to you, teacher?" which I considered to be the loveliest compliment I had ever received, and took him on my lap on the spot. Five others (all more or less grubby) grouped themselves affectionately round me, and we sat in breathless happiness exchanging the fairy-tale in thrilling whispers, and correcting each other as to facts when necessary with the greatest good-humour. Cinderella's god-mother showed her all the other fairy-tales in "living pictures," which we hailed with vociferous applause, and for the first time I was informed of the somewhat startling fact that "Bluebeard killed 'is wife a lot o' toimes!" In the middle the "moving" story had to be interrupted to allow of the entrance of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, whose advent had been eagerly expected all the evening and was greeted now with huge satisfaction. Modern scepticism however evidently prompted the remark that "that warn't a real Lord Mayor, 'e were only the Lord Mayor's Show!" but still the boy whose hand was shaken by the Lady Mayoress was looked on by his friends with envious awe as being highly favoured and probably destined to die young in consequence.

The various city functionaries made almost as much impression as the Lord Mayor himself, and they evidently got confused over them, probably thinking they were part of his family! Indeed, when after Cinderella an elegant little girl in white and silver appeared on the platform, they wanted to know if that was the Lord Mayor's daughter, and when a gentleman sang a solo they were sure it was the Lord Mayor in person. Speechifying was happily reduced to a minimum, but the Lord Mayor was listened to very appreciatively, and when he wound up with "A Happy New Year to you all!" a shout went up to the very skies of "And the same to you, sir!"

How sorry I was when I had to leave them with yet more pictures in store and gifts at the end of those, but I carried away with me something far more charming, the memory of a perfectly happy evening. They were all so good! A word or a look was enough to keep them quiet, and the boys were quite chivalrous and protective of one, while the girls were not above a slight push or sly pinch if they thought they were unobserved! The policeman even seemed happy, and on one small boy wishing audibly that the "copper would sit down" so that the entertainment could be seen, that gigantic personage amiably tried to make himself as small as possible.

Of all the social functions of our dear Queen's longest reign, none I am sure have been more successful than that New Year's banquet to poor children at the Guildhall.



[From photo: Photographic, Gesellschaft, Berlin.

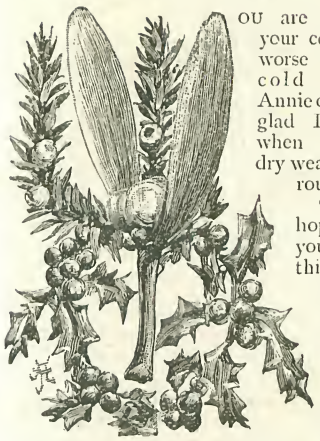
CHOPIN.

THE STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

By G. HOLDEN PIKE.

CHAPTER I.

MARY AND ANNIE.



"You are quite sure your cough is not worse this wet, cold morning, Annie dear? How glad I shall be when the warm, dry weather comes round again."

"Oh, yes, I hope so; but you must not think so much about me because mother is not very strong, and I am sure I would work harder if she would not keep on sewing so late of nights."

Mary, the first speaker, then took up a pair of boots which had been placed in front of the fireplace on the night before, and sighed sadly as she did so. "It is these boots that let in the water that give you cold," she added, taking the worst one of the two to examine it. "Now I have heard that brown paper is a good thing for keeping out the damp; you must have two or three folds—cut the shape of your sole."

"Oh yes, that will do capitally," said Annie, who was not only always sanguine, but was glad to say or do anything which pleased her sister or mother; "brown paper will do me more good than medicine."

Meanwhile, the interior of the one room tenanted by this family of a mother and two daughters would have sufficiently revealed their condition could we have looked into it. It was a poor room, but not so utterly bare as some others that might have been found in the same neighbourhood of Spitalfields, and here and there were articles which seemed to speak of better days. Evidences of this were still more plainly seen in the features of the widow and her two daughters themselves, however. The three who were doing their best to fight the battle of life with all things against them, were evidently no common family. Mrs. Lemare was not more than thirty-five years of age, and it could be seen at a glance that her education had been for a sphere in life very different from that now occupied. She had in youth been extremely good-looking; but care and sorrow was already beginning to line her face. The girls, Mary and Annie, seemed to take after their mother in different ways; for while the elder, now fifteen, had black hair, just like her mother's was at that age, the younger had her mother's expressive brown eyes, her hair being auburn. They seemed to hold well together, and each did her best to be a comfort to the others. Their chief trouble seemed to be not so much the hardship of their lot as the ever-threatening breakdown in health of poor Annie.

Who the trio were was a partial mystery to the neighbours who often conversed about them. It was well known that Mrs. Lemare took in sewing and worked over twelve hours a day; and that her two daughters were employed at a factory a mile or more distant; but beyond this, and the fact that Mr. Lemare in his lifetime had been a silk-weaver who had "come down" in the world, little or nothing was known. The poor neighbours were the more interested in this family because it was seen that they were not of their class; and to do them credit, the people who were as poor as themselves would often have done the Lemares a service if the mother had been more willing to receive their attentions.

On the damp, cold morning in January to which reference has already been made, Mrs. Lemare had tears come into her eyes as she looked out into the drizzling rain and noticed the muddy or sloppy pavement of the poor street in which they lived. She thought of Annie's boots and of the damp-resisting properties of the brown paper which Mary had already put into them. In all weathers, the girls themselves were enabled to be cheerful, however, and Annie was the most cheerful of the two.

"Now you will be sure to pick out the cleanest places to walk, my dears, and never mind those who are disagreeable to you at the factory," said Mrs. Lemare as she kissed her daughters before they set off for their long day's work. "I shall be looking for you at eight o'clock," she added, as she glanced once more misgivingly at Annie's boots, and made sure that the delicate girl's cloak was properly fastened.

"Oh yes, mother dear, we will take all the care we can of ourselves," cried both of the girls at once; and then Annie added with one of her most convincing smiles, "The brown paper will do me ever so much good; I feel better for it already."

Away went the two maidens into the damp, raw cold of the wintry morning, and the last the fond mother heard of them was Annie's coughing. Under the conditions that made her heart ache, but notwithstanding, she resolutely set about putting the room straight, after which she sat down to her long day's work. To repeat that day after day, week after week, month after month, was a life battle which required some heroism; but the widow was not attempting to fight it without other strength than her own. She knew in whom she had believed, and felt sure that all was ordered aright. She had made sacrifices on account of her Christian principles, or she might not have been in so lowly a situation. She had not acted without counting the cost, and all the hardship endured had not made her regret her steadfastness.

Meanwhile Mary and Annie were going on their way, facing the wind and the half-frozen rain. In an ordinary way they struck persons who met them as being interesting girls; but through passing at the same time every morning it was seen that they were of the lowly order, who had to be at their work at a given hour.

"Are you sure that this cold damp is not getting down into your chest, Annie dear?" asked Mary. "I never felt the wind more searching."

"How can I take any harm wrapped up like I am, you careful old maid?" replied Annie playfully. "Besides, my dear, you forget the brown paper I am walking upon," she added, glancing at her sister with a cheerful smile.

"How nice it must be to be a lady," remarked Mary as the two passed along a street of good houses, and where at a window here or there a lady might be seen from a standpoint of comfort looking out upon the weather.

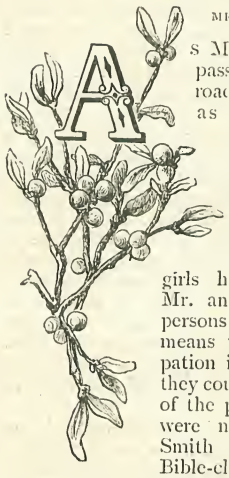
"Delightful, I should think," put in Annie. "Only think of having nothing to do but to feed the birds of a morning, and then to amuse oneself through the livelong day."

"Mother was brought up a lady like that," said Mary; "and might have been one now if she had not cared for something better."

The factory was reached at last, and the two girls entered with a crowd of others, some of whom did not seem to eye them with much of either affection or respect. With many Mary and Annie were "the two ladies," and by others still more uncomplimentary names were accorded them. On the whole, however, the establishment was a well-regulated one, and anything like persecution was at once put down if detected. The principal, Mr. Lester, was a Christian man, who honestly desired the welfare of all his operatives; and this was one consolation to the widow who was now working at home while still thinking of her two girls.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT MR. JOSIAH SMITH THOUGHT—MRS. LEMARE AT HOME.



As Mary and Annie were passing along the pleasant road already mentioned as containing good suburban residences, the girls unknown to themselves went past the house of Mr. Josiah Smith, whose Bible-class for young women the girls had lately attended. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were persons of independent means who found an occupation in doing what good they could among the people of the poorer districts which were not far away. Mr. Smith conducted a large Bible-class for young women at a neighbouring school; and many poor people found themselves all the better off for being visited by Mrs. Smith.

On the particular morning in question, Mr. Smith was, Englishman-like, standing at the window studying the weather, when he suddenly exclaimed, "My dear, there go two members of my Bible-class; they first came about a month ago."

"They are very interesting-looking girls," said Mrs. Smith; "but the younger looks almost too delicate to be out such a morning on such a day as this; and see, she picks her way in the wettest places as though she were not quite sure of her boots."

"And the poor girl has a cough, too," added Mr. Smith; "I wish something could be done so that they might have employment more suitable for them. They do not belong to any common family it is self-evident."

"Who can they be, then, and where do they work?" asked the lady, showing deepening interest in the case.

"They work at Lester's factory and their name is Lemare," replied Mr. Smith.

"Lemare?" cried his wife. "Why, then, she must be their mother I called upon some days ago and found to be one of the most engaging characters I ever met with among the poor people."

"Yes, my dear, what was she like?"

"What was she like? Why, a lady born and bred who had come down to making shirts for a London slop shop."

"Did she tell you anything about herself?" asked Mr. Smith.

"She seemed to be averse to speaking about herself," replied his wife; "but I drew enough out of her to learn that before her marriage, as a girl at home, she had been accustomed to all the comforts of life; and that now her relatives all occupy good positions in the world."

"Did she marry imprudently and so offend her family?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I did not learn that," was the reply; "on the contrary, Mrs. Lemare is herself a good Christian woman; she assured me that her late husband was one of the best of Christian men; and that her two daughters were the greatest possible comfort to her. Her only trial regarding them appeared to be the weakly chest of the younger one, and their having to associate with many who were low girls, and were not always very kind to them."

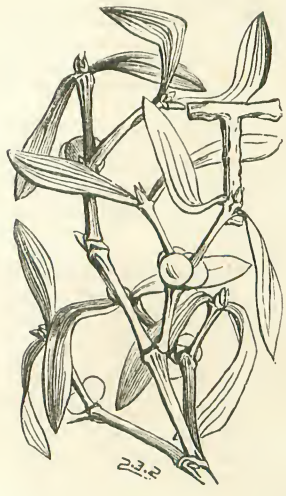
"Now I begin to understand the whole business more clearly," said Mr. Smith. "I think something should be done for them," he added, after a minute or two's further contemplation of the weather which showed no signs of clearing up, but tended rather, if it changed at all, to turn to snow and frost. "My dear," Mr. Smith went on to say, "I should be glad if more can be found out about these people. Lester's factory is a good place of its sort, but any factory is a rough place for young girls of this stamp. I should like Mrs. Lemare to know that we are disposed to be her friend."

The outcome of this conversation was, that Mrs. Lemare was again visited, and seeing that her friend desired to have confidence reposed in her, the widow made a fuller revelation of her life-history. Mrs. Smith further desired that she might have the pleasure of giving Annie one or two things that she seemed to need, one gift consisting of a warmer cloak, and another of a strong pair of boots for winter weather. The latter were especially welcome to Mrs. Lemare and Mary, and indeed were of a quality to merit the best things that Annie herself could say of them.

"I do believe," said the merry girl, on another damp morning, when starting for the factory, "that these boots even beat Mary's brown paper soles, and that is saying a good deal, mother dear—don't you think so?"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE DAYS OF MAIDENHOOD.



To go back some years in our narrative, we shall need to speak of Mrs. Lemare as Mary Lockwood, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lockwood of Sundown, Wiltshire. Mr. Lockwood was a solicitor who by industry and perseverance had made way in life; and while he was proud of his position in the world, he was still more proud of his daughter. In his way, he was anxiously desirous of doing the best he could for Mary; and hence, he sent her to a good school; he was willing to make her a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and he desired that she should mix with the best society. Until she was twenty-one years of age, Mary Lockwood responded to her father's methods of education in a way that completely satisfied the yearning of his heart. By taking care to dress in the fashion, Mary made the most of her fine figure and pretty face; she mixed freely in society; she always seemed to add new life to every party of pleasure. Just after she was twenty-one years of age, however, something happened in the parish which changed the complexion of many things.

On one occasion the rector, the Rev. William Eames, who had held the living for thirty years, without often going away, surprised his people by giving out that he should be absent for two months. He added, that although he had endeavoured to preach the Gospel plainly, some had apparently not understood, or he had not understood them. At all events, many of them, he was afraid, had not the piety in their hearts as he desired to see them have it. Perhaps some who had not yielded their hearts to the Lord under their rector's ministry might be found to benefit by a change, and be changed characters when he returned.

That appeared to be a curious way of putting the thing, but the matter turned out much as the pastor desired. His temporary substitute could hardly be said to show either more of earnestness or of talent in presenting the Gospel; but some who had heard for years seemed now to hear as they had never heard before; and among this select few was Mary Lockwood. She found the truth; and henceforth life had a new meaning for her, while it had new opportunities and responsibilities.

Among those who praised the earnestness and eloquence of the preacher was Mr. Lockwood, the prosperous solicitor, who, however, hardly properly understood the nature of the earnestness with which he professed to be in love. His notions of religion went little beyond decently attending to its ordinances on the Sunday, and being honest and industrious during the week. He classed himself among good Christians, but in that matter he was not more partial than many of his friends and family connections who thought him to be one also.

Such a man would not have taken the trouble to disapprove in any way of his daughter's change of views and actions if there had come no inconvenience to himself. He took it for granted a girl like his Mary would certainly not only marry, but would marry well; and he made the mistake of conceiving that he would seek a suitable husband for her rather than allow her to have too much liberty in that choice herself. Then he was one of those hard, domineering natures who could put up with no opposition.

Among the visitors to the parish, and even to Mr. Lockwood's house, was one, James Lemare, a man of decided Christian principles, and one whose family history was a somewhat remarkable one. His ancestors had come over from France in those terrible days of the seventeenth century when Louis XIV. seemed bent on driving the best of the people out of the country. Then from that day the family had retained the evangelical faith of their ancestors as well as the art of silk-weaving, which they had brought with them from France.

When James Lemare asked the hand and heart of Mary Lockwood, he asked what Mary's inclination would have made it easy for her to give; but Mr. Lockwood had other and more ambitious designs for his daughter. Though the silk trade in England was not what it had been, James's business outlook was not an unpromising one, the further decline which followed the remission of duties on imported goods not being foreseen.

When Mr. Lockwood saw in what direction things were tending, he behaved with more coldness to James, but thought he would be able to win over Mary to his views by kindly persuasion.

"Mary, my dear," he said one day in his most cheery manner, "I have always been proud of you, and on one of these days we shall hope to see you uphold the dignity of the family by marrying well."

"Father, dear, I hope I shall certainly marry well if I ever marry at all," replied the maiden.

"But what I want to say, my dear, is that you can hardly be expected to understand these things so well as those who are older and have had more experience," continued the lawyer; "by marrying well I mean that you should not think of having any one who could not maintain you as a lady."

"Father, I hope that no action of mine will ever disgrace the family," replied Mary, "but still I believe what our Lord said about a man's life not consisting in his possessions."

"Yes, yes, child, that is all very well," Mr. Lockwood continued, "but these things have to be considered in a lawful way. Now to come to the point at once, I do not consider that James Lemare is at all suitable for you, and I have told him so plainly. I should like to see your choice fall upon William Ascot, who spoke to me on the subject a few days ago."

"William Ascot, father?" exclaimed Mary, turning pale.

"Yes, my dear," went on the lawyer; "William is a young man of fine taste, liberal education, and if this union were arranged I have reason to believe a substantial sum would be offered for him to be received into partnership."

"Father, I can never marry him; we are not agreed," said Mary, in accents broken by the agitation she suffered. "You know he would not care to give up the world," she added, "and I could never give up what is to me even dearer."

"Think well of it, my dear; you will see the matter differently when you are cooler," said Mr. Lockwood, and then he hastily left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT CAME OF NOT MARRYING WILLIAM ASCOT—SOME THINGS WHICH FOLLOWED.



That interview with her father just narrated, was the most serious crisis in Mary Lockwood's life, and the consequences of her decision were destined to be more far-reaching than at first appeared. How ardently she prayed for divine direction, and then and there became strong in her decision.

Business matters between Mr. Lockwood and the Ascots stood thus: the law business of the former was so valuable that, if young Ascot paid down £10,000 on being accepted as a partner on equal terms, the advantage on his side would still be so great as to be equal to a handsome marriage settlement. This was naturally preferred by the lawyer as a man of the world to having nothing added to the family wealth.

When he discovered that, do what he would, or say what he could, his daughter could not be drawn aside from her purpose, not to act contrary to the dictates of Scripture in regard to her marriage, Mr. Lockwood seemed to become more angry every day. The subject seemed to prey upon his mind until everything that was said upon it one way or the other seemed only to make him more uncompromising and violent. It was thought afterwards that he regretted this, but that he was too proud to acknowledge his error. How necessary is the caution not to act hastily when we are excited or out of temper.

The case was the harder for Mary because she was virtually engaged to James Lemare, and up to a certain point her father, by silence about the affair, had seemed to give his consent. The design of marrying his daughter to William Ascot was quite an afterthought on the part of Mr. Lockwood.

What was to be done? As a trained lawyer, and one who boasted of his love of fair play, the solicitor shrank from the idea of forcing a girl into anything against her own will; and thus he planned his tactics so as to seem to allow liberty of action on the one hand, while on the other hand the penalties of acting as she might desire were thought to be too great to be incurred.

This is how it fell out. On a certain morning when he had been thinking more than usual about this matter, Mr. Lockwood sought his daughter so that, if possible, he might come to a settlement. Poor girl, her cheeks were paler than usual, while her eyes were red as though they had recently known something of sleeplessness and tears. When her father called her into his presence she was feeding her birds and attending to her plants.

"Mary, my dear," began the lawyer, "this business we have spoken together about of late presses for settlement. I trust that if William Ascot tells you his mind, you will think well before you refuse so good an offer."

"Father, if it were only a matter of sacrificing myself it would be different, but I cannot act contrary to conscience," replied Mary.

The lawyer thought that his last opportunity had come, and anger for the moment mastered him.

"I give you your choice once and for all," he cried. "Do as I and your mother desire, and have all done for you that our resources can do, or take yourself off to this beggarly family and let them equip you for your battle with the world. I give you your free choice and make but one condition; if you go, never let me see you or hear from you again."

That was a harsh speech, and hardly had the shrewd solicitor spoken the words before he regretted having made it; but having committed himself, he was too proud to draw back. The die was cast.

As regarded Mary herself, she saw plainly, as she thought, that the only way of getting out of the difficulty was to cease fighting the battle by taking her irate father at his word. The parents of James Lemare possessed a cottage not very far from Sundown, to which they sometimes came down from London for change of air. They happened to be staying there when Mr. Lockwood spoke to his daughter as described. Thither, therefore, the poor girl made her way, and was of course affectionately received. Mary took nothing from the house but what she wore, and she wrote a note to say whither she had gone. No reply was returned, and no one came after her.

A short time afterwards Mary Lockwood was married to James Lemare, and perhaps a happier Christian couple could not have been found. The family regarded the fact with satisfaction that they were of Huguenot descent, and also that they had for centuries preserved in its purity the Evangelical faith, while they also continued to live by the art of silk-weaving.

While this was all so far satisfactory, however, certain trials had to be taken account of which pressed somewhat heavily upon the otherwise happy home. Silk-weaving itself declined until it was by no means so remunerative as it had been, and James Lemare's health gave cause for concern. Eventually, when his two daughters were in the bloom of youth, the fond father passed away; but not, as he thought, without making some provision for those who had been dependent upon him.

As things turned out, however, the widow and her two daughters found that after all debts were paid there was really very little left for them. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Lemare were not in a position to render any material assistance, so that like many others the widow had to cast about to find out the most effective method of helping herself.

The reader will now understand the situation without difficulty. What seemed to be one promising opening after another closed, and at last Mary was reduced to that often-times last resource of poor struggling women—the needle. She was thought to have been peculiarly fortunate, when, after a time, she obtained openings for her two girls in Lester's factory. Others, such as Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, who knew more about the family, did not look upon the arrangement with much admiration; but the young widow herself was accustomed to look upon the brightest side of things, while she was thankful for what she had.



CHAPTER V.

ANNIE'S FATAL ILLNESS—OTHER CHANGES.

THE winter to which we have referred was a long trying time to the Lemare family, and long before its close Annie's health showed signs of giving way. Though they were poor and had to work hard, the Lemare family were never reduced to that pinching want which many have suffered under similar circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were their steadfast friends, and would not have allowed them to suffer from any pressing need.

But, meanwhile, Annie's strength was failing, and a more serious crisis was not far off, although the heroic young creature, who was ever thinking more of others than of herself, was still light-hearted and greeted everyone with a smile. The fact was, that Annie was a well-taught Christian girl whose faith in Christ had taught her that whatever happened in her case must be well.

One night she came home looking more weary than usual, but at the same time with more light in her eye. The anxious mother, with quick perception, saw that her dear child was not so well; but Annie sought to reassure her by smiling away her fears. At the same time even the young invalid may have thought that maybe God had some other purposes in store for her than staying on earth; for in saying good-night on that memorable evening, she kissed her mother more fondly than usual, and Mary noticed that directly afterwards she wiped a tear from her eye.

Before morning Annie woke up with severe pains which betokened congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Lemare and Mary spent the rest of the night in endeavouring to relieve the sufferer, and soon after daylight had come Mary hastened to her ever steadfast friend, Mrs. Josiah Smith. The Smiths were constant in their attention; they procured the best of medical advice, and took care that no comfort or even luxury was wanting which might help to bring about the restoration of the invalid. Annie's work on earth was done, however, and no one realised that more intensely than herself.

"Mother, you have been very good to me, and I am overjoyed to think that we shall be reunited in the better country where Jesus reigns, and where many of our friends have found their rest," she said on the last day of her short, bright life.

"The Lord above knows what it is to part with you, my dear," replied the mother, "but I can resign you into the Saviour's hands knowing that that too must be well. You have been a great comfort both to Mary and to me."

"What I feel towards you both I could not express in words even if I had the strength," said the dying girl; "but it becomes easier to part with you when I feel that you are coming after me."

Soon afterwards the happy spirit of Annie Lemare had passed away to dwell forever with her Lord in the eternal country where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

How much her form was missed in the humble home of the Lemares we need not attempt to describe; but at the same time every thought of what Annie had been and of what she was, inspired nothing but comfort. Among those who shed tears when they heard of her departure were one or two girls at Lester's factory who had behaved unkindly to Annie, and who now would gladly have given a week or two's earnings if they could have repaired the wrong.

Soon after all this occurred Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith became more than commonly anxious about Mrs. Lemare. What she had lately passed through, added to the long hours of work of each succeeding day, seemed to tell upon her health in a disheartening way. All this was duly noticed by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, who perceived that to avert a serious illness the widow would need to be sent away for rest and change. They advised that their rooms should be locked up for a time, that the widow should be sent for some weeks to a seaside home, and that, meanwhile, Mary Lemare should be lodged with them. In doing this the ultimate design of these good friends was to withdraw Mary from the factory, and to find something better for the young widow than the exhausting toil at which she had earned but a poor pittance. The young widow and her daughter of course gladly fell in with such generous proposals, and all things were arranged as the Smiths suggested.

In the meantime, there were many at the factory who regretted the absence of Mary; there was at least one who was determined not to lose sight of her; but of that we will tell in another chapter.



CHAPTER VI.

MR. HENRY LESTER FALLS IN LOVE.

"THERE is no doubt she is a good Christian girl, and unfortunately, as it has turned out for us, she is very pretty; but looking at the affair all round I think I never heard of anything more absurd in connection with a young man of Henry's position and expectations."

The speaker was no other than Mrs. Henry Lester, wife of the great manufacturer



CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES IN HOLLAND. [*By permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

at whose factory Mary and Annie Lemare had found employment. The person addressed was Mrs. Lester's confidential friend, Mrs. Bunk, who was making her customary daily call. The two ladies had not much to do in the world apart from talking over their personal affairs, and they devoted considerable time to that object.

"You must exercise patience, my dear; it is no doubt only one of those youthful freaks for which no one can account," remarked the visitor, and then assuming her most sympathetic expression she added, "these things commonly come right in time."

"You don't at all grasp the situation, my dear friend," replied Mrs. Lester, who in point of fact was not so distressed at the outlook as her visitor supposed. "We are quite as well stocked with patience as our neighbours. Then if you understood our son you would know that it is no freak but a settled determination. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that Henry will marry Mary Lemare."

"Marry a mere factory girl? How dreadful to think of!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunk opening her eyes and raising her hands. "I feel for you keenly, much as your motherly instinct moves you to excuse your son as much as possible."

"Still you do not quite understand," went on Mrs. Lester; "much as I regret things having fallen out so, it is only right for me to say that though Mary is poor she is not low, and this is Henry's strongest point when he refers to the matter. She does superior work, and the place is not quite what we call a factory. There is some mystery associated with these people I cannot fathom; but any one can see with half an eye that Mrs Lemare is no common woman."

"But her daughter has associated with those dreadful creatures at the factory and got into their ways," said Mrs. Bunk.

"Well, we must make the best of it," replied the other, who explained, however, that matters were not quite so advanced as Mrs. Bunk appeared to imagine. Though Henry Lester had expressed his liking for Mary Lemare to his parents, there was no engagement, nor had a word been spoken to Mary herself about the business. On hearing all this Mrs. Bunk seemed to regain her self-possession, and took her leave, assuring her friend that all would come to nothing.

Mr. Henry Lester, junior, to whom the above conversation referred, had just come of age, and he was the only living child of his parents. Having been well brought up in a Christian home his conduct, so far, had been such as gave much quiet satisfaction to his parents. He had never shown any wild tendencies; and he was now not only of great use in assisting to manage the factory, he was a communicant at the church where his parents attended. In ordinary business matters he showed a shrewd judgment; and both his father and mother had accustomed themselves to place such confidence in him in this respect that when his liking for Mary Lemare had been discovered, they thought twice before offering the uncompromising opposition which numbers in a similar situation would have offered without thinking at all. He was not a young man who talked much about his affairs; and his preference had been only discovered, as it were, in an accidental manner.

"Henry, my lad, you will be thinking of setting up a home of your own one of these days, and then I shall have to make you equal partner in the business," Mr. Lester one day remarked.

"Thank you, father, that would be a very pleasant arrangement so far as I am concerned," replied Henry.

"Would it not be pleasant all round?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Well, you see, I am very happy with you and mother at home; but if I married I am not sure that my choice of a wife might altogether please you," added Henry.

"You would not find your mother and me so very hard to please," replied Mr. Lester; "we should like your wife to be a Christian girl and not low either in herself or her connections; but beyond that we should not put on any restrictions."

"I know only of one girl whom I should really care to marry, and she works at the factory," said Henry.

"A girl who works at the factory?" cried the father, as though the confession had come to him as a thunderbolt.

"Yes, father, but she knows nothing about it," replied Henry. "I mean Mary Lemare; she is a genuine Christian; and no one can say that she is low either in herself or in her connections."

"Well, now, that is an extraordinary thing," said the manufacturer; "I have often been struck by that girl's modesty and industry, as well as by her good looks; but though I have admired her as a young woman who adorned her proper station, I cannot say that I should have selected her for your wife."

"But as you may know, she is not in the factory now; I never thought she would remain there for long," said Henry. "Mary used to come with her sister who has lately died. I do not know what has become of Mary, and may possibly never see her again," added the young man.

Little more was said; for from the last remark the father may have concluded that, after all, nothing was likely ever to come of the affair.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY LEMARE ENTERS ON A NEW SITUATION.



"MARY, my dear, I have an application this morning for a governess for two boys in Wiltshire which I think might possibly do for you." The speaker was Mrs. Josiah Smith, who with her husband and Mary Lemare was sitting at breakfast in her own home.

"It looks like a promising opening," said Mary, handing back the letter across the table which her friend had asked her to read.

"Who are the people, do I know them?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh dear no; we have never heard of them before in our lives; their name is Lockwood, and they live at an out-of-the-way place called Sundown in Wiltshire," said Mrs. Smith.

"I have heard mother say that her maiden name was Lockwood; but she never tells anything about her family, because she thinks that she is severed from them for ever," said Mary.

"The name is, of course, only a coincidence; there are hundreds of Lockwoods in the country."

Though she undertook nothing like an agency, Mrs. Smith still befriended many poor girls of various classes by procuring for them, through advertisements, suitable situations, and the application for Mary's services had come in the ordinary way from the Lockwoods who were entire strangers to her. When Mrs. Lemare went to reside for a time in the seaside home, Mary had only consented to take up her abode with the Smiths on condition that she should accept a situation as soon as a suitable one could be found. The opening which now offered itself seemed to be a peculiarly eligible one. The pay offered was good, the references were satisfactory; and all that was required of the teacher was that she should give attention to two little boys who had been adopted by the family, who appeared to have no other dependents of their own.

Mary was well qualified to take such a situation as the one described, and in due course, and without thinking it to be necessary to consult with her mother, she left London for Wiltshire on the understanding that she should give the situation a few weeks' trial. Perhaps in one sense it was a singular thing, but at the same time it was neither more nor less than might have been expected, when neither the young governess nor her employers were struck by the names of Lockwood and Lemare. In a world of coincidences why should anyone be moved by a single coincidence? Nevertheless, how novel was the situation. Without knowing it herself, and without her employers having the slightest suspicion of the fact, a young girl was actually serving as governess in the household of her grandparents!

In the meantime, Mr. Henry Lester, junior was not content altogether to lose sight of one who had struck him as being a phenomenon in the workroom; and one whose qualities had seemed to come out in a more commanding manner through her being thrown among associates inferior to herself. The young man had made the discovery that Mary had been stopping in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, and being partially acquainted with that hard-working Christian couple he determined to call upon them.

Young Mr. Lester carried out this resolve on a certain morning about a fortnight after Mary Lemare had gone into her situation. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were hard at work in their morning-room; and though somewhat surprised to find a young man of such expectations showing so much interest in their friend, they told him what he wanted to know without affecting any restraint. Then there came a pause—rather an embarrassing one for all concerned; until at last, in a somewhat tremulous voice, the visitor summoned sufficient courage to ask another question.

"My dear friends, you have been very kind, and you have sufficient confidence in me to know that I should not come thus if I was merely moved by idle curiosity," he said.

"Certainly," said both Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

"Well, now, then tell me this one thing more," he added. "Have you not been forcibly struck with this young girl's moral courage in coming to our factory in the hour of need, when nothing better for the moment offered, and in the nobility of her Christian character altogether?"

"My dear friend, we have been so impressed by this family that we have been doing what lay in our power to restore them to their former position," answered Mr. Smith.

Mr. Lester seemed to be so well satisfied with that explanation that he retired with a much happier countenance than that with which he entered.

"A surprising thing in one sense, and yet there is nothing to be surprised at in another sense," said Mrs. Smith after the young visitor had gone.

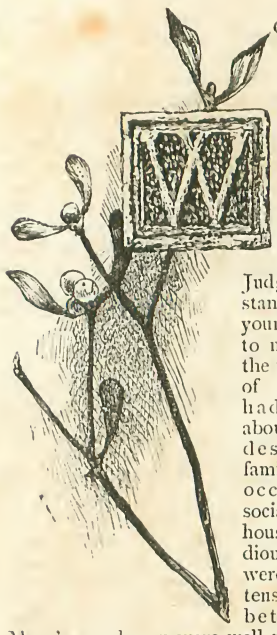
"What shall I say to such a casuist as you are?" said Mr. Smith, smiling and looking up at his wife. "Shall I say with Goldsmith 'She stoops to conquer,' or with Shakespeare 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin'; or shall I not rather say of Mary what Boaz said of Ruth—'My people know thou art a virtuous woman'?"

"That is it, and she will have her reward,"

said Mrs. Smith. "Talk about romance in books," she added, "you have to come out into every-day life as it is in Greater London if you would really unearth the romantic."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY LEMARE'S NEW FRIENDS.



WHEN she entered upon the duties of her new situation Mary Lemare very soon adapted herself to circumstances. Judged of from the standpoint of the young lady who had to make her way in the world, the home of the Lockwoods had many things about it that were desirable. The family was one which occupied a good social position, the house was commodious, the grounds were pleasant and extensive. What was better was, that Mary's employers were well-pleased with her, while the two children she had to teach became very much attached to her.

Mary liked Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood well enough, but she could not quite understand them. With all things about them to make life desirable they still seemed to be like people who were disappointed with the world. The two little boys they had adopted were fatherless and motherless; but it looked very much as though the old people had taken charge of them because they were in want of something on which to centre their affection. They became increasingly fond of the children, and also of Mary because she looked so well after them, teaching them to love and respect those who had become their benefactors.

There was one other member of the household who should be mentioned, Mr. William Ascot, Mr. Lockwood's partner, and his junior by about thirty years. An observer of human nature would probably have said that he also looked like a man who had met with some disappointment in the world. He had never married, and country rumour said that he was one who long years ago had been crossed in love. The family of three had thus lived in harmony; but a chilling quietness had reigned in the house which was found to be sometimes oppressive.

The addition to the family of the two little boys and then of Mary Lemare had brought about quite a genial change however. The house resounded with the pattering of little feet, with merry voices and with laughter. Mr. Ascot would sufficiently unbend to play with the children in the garden or in their play-room, and he always had a kind word for Mary. Even Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood were sometimes seen to watch the children with admiration, and even to join in the merriment which their gambols excited. If that did not make them young again it seemed to bring back memories of other and happier days. There were people, indeed, who said that Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood had something on their mind connected with the departure from home of their only daughter. On one occasion, when overtaken by illness, Mr. Lockwood had called repeatedly for Mary during delirium, and then he had added, "She is coming back, and we shall all be as happy again as ever." Then the illness passed away; Mary did not come back, and her absence still weighed upon the old man's mind.

"How be you this morning, master?" the old gardener, John Dale, would say as Mr. Lockwood passed of a morning through the garden on the way to his office. "I sometimes think that more sun and air and less work at the law would do you good."

"Yes, John, I dare say you are right, but business must be attended to," Mr. Lockwood would reply, and then he would add, "I should get on better if I did not have such sleepless nights."

"People would have fewer sleepless nights if they did not make them for themselves," John Dale would say to himself when his master was out of hearing. "There is only one medicine that will do master any good," the old Christian gardener would add as he looked after the bent form of the old lawyer, "and that is the coming back again of the young mistress."

And then the honest gardener would turn to the work which always yielded him pleasure, relieving labour by an occasional soliloquy. "What a fine young creature she was, and how many a kind word I've received from her. To think of putting the light out in one's home by hard words. She went because she could not stay, poor thing. But of course she will come back some day; I said she would at first, and I say so still."

Then Mary Lemare would pass along the gravel walk, holding the hands of her two little pupils, Benjamin and Philip, who were to take the surname of their adopters. Mary taught the boys to behave with great respect to the old gardener, and told them that he had worked for Mr. Lockwood for so many years that he was thought a great deal of. They were not to trample upon the beds, to spoil the grass or pick the flowers, else Mr. Dale would be angry, and that would never do.

"Yes, Miss Lemare, we'll do all that you tell us because we love you," the children would say, and then away down the path would go the merry trio, to be lost sight of amid the foliage of the farther end of the garden.

"Dear heart, can I be dreaming or what has come to me?" exclaimed John Dale one morning as he wiped the perspiration from his brow and looked after the retreating forms of the governess and her pupils. "The girl is so like to another that used to walk up and down here twenty years ago, that I could almost think the old times had come back."

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE FOR MR. AND MRS. SMITH.

MR. and Mrs. Josiah Smith were again at breakfast and looking over their morning letters, when Mr. Smith showed considerable astonishment while reading one which had just arrived from Mrs. Lemare.

"My dear," he said, addressing his wife, "here is a note from our friend, Mrs. Lemare, and she says that she nearly fainted away when she found out to whom we had sent her daughter."

"Is there anything amiss with the people, then?" asked the lady. "It appeared to me to be an exceptionally nice household for such a girl as Mary to find employment in. Besides, both sides seemed to be so well suited."

"She says we have sent the girl to her own grandparents, otherwise to Mrs. Lemare's own parents, from whom she was severed under such peculiar circumstances eighteen years ago."

"Does she really say so?" said Mrs. Smith. "Then there was something more than mere coincidence in the names after all."

"What is to be done? She says that while leaving the matter in our hands, trusting to our discretion, she thinks that Mary ought to be fetched away."

"We must be careful what we do, for I trust that good may come out of it," said Mrs. Smith. "It looks almost like a special providence to bring a family difference to an end," added the lady; "but I think that one of us will have to go down into Wiltshire to make some arrangements."

It should be understood that Mrs. Lemare did not really know of the place of her daughter's destination until some time after her settlement with the Lockwoods. She trusted in her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, to make all the arrangements which she did not feel equal to making herself, and she did not trust in vain. The error made, if error it can be called, was not one which a person ignorant of the circumstances could have guarded against.

One result of the misadventure was that Mr. and Mrs. Smith arrived at a knowledge of Mrs. Lemare's peculiar circumstances and situation which might not have been the case if things had not fallen out as they had done. At first the widow had felt quite overcome by the thought that Mary had really, unconsciously to herself, become a resident in the old home. Then, when the first surprise was over, she found relief in writing out a full account of her own history, which was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, asking in conclusion what was to be done.

"Well, what do you make of it, my dear?" asked Mr. Smith.

"A truly extraordinary affair, and the only thing to be done, so far as I can see, is for one or both of us to go down into Wiltshire," replied the lady.

"In that case," added Mr. Smith, "I think you should try to heal all differences and not merely bring Mary away."

"That would be my endeavour," replied Mrs. Smith, and arrangements were made on that understanding.

On the day fixed for her journey to Sundown, Mrs. Josiah Smith did not feel quite like herself; if not exactly unwell, she was evidently very nervous, wondering what kind of people they might prove to be to whom she was about to introduce herself, and what might be the final result of the day's adventure.

The fast train from London soon accomplished the journey, and on arriving at the station of the Wiltshire town, the traveller was chiefly struck with the extreme beauty of the landscape. Then, on coming to the residence of the Lockwoods, she was still more impressed with the prettiness of the house and its ample grounds.

As the house stood some distance back from the road, visitors had to pass through the garden, and while doing this Mrs. Smith all at once came upon Mary and her pupils, who were just exchanging more kindly words with John Dale the gardener. Mary's surprise and delight at seeing her friend were great; but she could not understand what had occasioned her sudden appearance.

"My dear, we have been pleased to hear of your being comfortable, and of your services being so much valued," said Mrs. Smith, just for the sake of reassuring her friend. "I have come now to have a word with Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, and will explain to you afterwards," she added, "and *I shall be glad* if you will introduce me."

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood both being at home the introduction soon took place, and the lawyer and his wife were not quite what their visitor had imagined them to be. They were both a little above the middle height,

they were not stout, and they were both well educated, having an almost aristocratic bearing. In the case of the lady especially, even a stranger might have seen that she carried some hidden sorrow; but her husband would have struck one as being of a harder nature who had been accustomed as much as possible to make all things bend to his will.

The visitor was not only cordially received, the lawyer and his wife both declared how delighted they were to see a friend, of whose good work in London they had often heard. Then they went on to say how extremely indebted they were to one who had sent them such a girl as Miss Lemare, who not only did all that could be expected of her, but in other ways had become quite an acquisition to the household. There had not been so much sunshine in the house since——

Mrs. Smith's eye quickly caught that of the lawyer, who checked himself and seemed to be a little confused. The idea in the old man's mind was associated with other days, and had he completed the sentence he would have said, "Not since our Mary went away."

Being now so well informed, Mrs. Smith perceived all this; and it was not to be wondered at if she was somewhat fluttered with excitement.

"It is extremely pleasant for me to hear all this," she said; "but that may only serve to make my mission the more unwelcome. Mary's mother wishes her daughter to give up her present charge, and unless I can arrange matters she will have to come away."

The lady and gentleman looked incredulous, and as though some further explanation would be acceptable. Arrange matters? What was there to arrange? So far Mary had appeared to be quite as satisfied with her employers as they were with her. Surely Miss Lemare herself would be appealed to before any hasty decision was made.

"The fact is that Miss Lemare herself is not aware of the circumstances of the case; otherwise she would probably not have consented to leave London," said Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood asked their visitor kindly to favour them with further explanations.

"It is a very peculiar case, and one that it is painful for me to have to do with," remarked Mrs. Smith; and then, after a pause, she added significantly, "Mary Lemare is an only daughter; once, my dear friends, you had an only daughter of your own."

Both the lawyer and his wife seemed to change colour, and Mr. Lockwood was evidently much agitated.

"Yes, you seem to know all about us," he said. "I'm afraid we did her a wrong," he went on, "but how hard it is for pride to retrace its steps, and confess to a mistake."

"Pride makes many a rod for our own chastisement," said Mrs. Smith.

"I am afraid it is so, and regrets often come too late."

"They need not be too late in your case," replied the visitor.

"Do you not think so?" said the lawyer.

"Now let me explain," went on Mrs. Smith. "Miss Lemare is your own grand-daughter; but she is not aware of the fact herself, and through all the arrangements being carried out by myself, her mother did not know to what house her daughter had come until a few days ago."

Though almost choked with emotion the old lawyer could still stammer out, "The child must not go away; but her mother must come back." Then turning to his wife he added, "My dear, must it not be so?"

"Certainly, my dear; it seems to be a special providence; the light of our home will then come back too." And so saying the old lady wiped tears from her eyes, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER X.

SOME THINGS WHICH FOLLOWED.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood were like new creatures; but perhaps still happier was Mrs. Josiah Smith, who, having so far succeeded in her mission, was impatient to be back again in London, and to take the news of how her parents felt towards her to Mrs. Lemare. Before that could be, however, she had to break the news to Mary.

The young governess was soon found in the garden with her two boys, Philip and Benjamin, to whom she seemed to become more attached day by day. John Dale, the gardener, still looked on the three with admiration, and had not yet ceased to wonder how it happened that Miss Lemare was so much like the young mistress of twenty years before.

"Mary, my dear, have you never thought any more of what you said was a strange coincidence—of Lockwood being the same as your mother's maiden name?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, sometimes it has entered my head, but what of that?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood are your grandparents."

"What, mother's father and mother?"

"Even so, and they want your mother to come back, and be their daughter again."

The news was almost too much for Mary; she let go her hold of the two boys, and earnestly asked her friend what would come of it. "Is it likely that mother will come again after so many years of separation, or shall I have to go away?" asked the perplexed girl.

"It is one of those unhappy differences which should never have occurred, and now I trust will be made up for good," said Mrs. Smith, who soon after took her departure for London.

If Mary had entertained any doubts about the genuineness of the change which had come over Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, they would now have been dispelled by the bearing of her grand-parents towards her. They talked about her to one another, they noticed the likeness she bore to her mother, and did all that lay in their power to make Mary feel that where she was, was really her home.

When Mrs. Lemare heard of all that had happened and received her parents' message through Mrs. Smith, she allowed no feelings of false pride to hinder her giving a fitting response. From the first the separation had not been of her seeking. She had never ceased to pray for her parents, and in the drift in which things were now tending, the widow thought she saw the hand of God.

Mrs. Lemare left her temporary lodging at the seaside and returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith in the pleasant road near Victoria Park. The joy of her friends in having effected a reconciliation was both great and unrestrained; and it was this which reassured the widow if she ever had any temptation to fear that all things might not fall out as desired.

"Do you really think that they wish to have me back, or that it is only pity for my situation in the world?" asked Mrs. Lemare on the day before that on which it was arranged she should go down to Sundown.

"My dear friend, they are counting the minutes until they see you," said Mrs. Smith. "They would never really get over the sorrow if you were to refuse to go back to them."

That such a representation of the case was neither more nor less than the truth, was fully proved by what afterwards took place at Sundown. Many years had passed since Mary Lockwood left the parental roof, but the place itself seemed to be hardly changed. Of course it was far otherwise with the inmates, though if they had altered, the change was certainly for the better. The lawyer and his wife appeared to be quite twenty years older than they did when the unhappy separation between them and Mary had occurred, and Old Time had dealt with them after his own manner. For a while they had assumed what might have been described as a defiant attitude, such as naturally arises from pride in the heart or from the assumption, "I am right, and those who differ from me are wrong." Mary had chosen her own lot and must abide by it; she had made her own bed—she must lie in it. Very specious-looking reasoning to such as hatch it when seeking to excuse themselves, but not the teaching of the New Testament.

For a time the old couple had seemed to get harder, and this had been duly noticed by the Christian gardener. Then old John thought that he detected a melting process that had set in, but he was not quite sure, because neither master nor mistress ever said much to him. John judged favourably of them, however, because, as he imagined, their features seemed to soften somewhat, and they seemed to be glad and to answer more graciously than of old when he said anything to them.

Then something very peculiar happened, something which proved even startling to Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood. In the dining-room of the lawyer's pretty villa at Sundown there was what all visitors declared to be a most accomplished parrot which very readily caught up a sentence or joined in a laugh. The bird had become quite a companion to its master and mistress, while Mary the housemaid had also taken a strong liking for Poll and had taught the bird to pronounce her name.

On a certain rough winter night some months before, when the snow lay thick and crisp on the ground, and when the freezing wind seemed to reach to the very bones of those who had to be out in it, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood sat alone in their comfortable dining-room, thinking of the past and the future. Now and then the driving wind would send some particles of snow against the closely-curtained window, and then by contrast of what it was without, the luxuriously furnished dining-room appeared still more cosy and comfortable.

"A dreadfully trying night for those who are obliged to be out in it," Mr. Lockwood at length remarked.

"The winter altogether is exceptionally trying to the poor and to those of weakly constitution," replied Mrs. Lockwood, adding, "At least, I find that that is the opinion of *The Times*."

"Poor Mary!"

The voice seemed to come from the clouds, and for the moment the lawyer and his wife were uncomfortably startled.

"Poor Mary!"

They were startled again, but both were presently reassured, and Mrs. Lockwood said, "It's only the bird."

Yes, it was quite true, that it was "only the bird," and that the parrot had only said over in its own fashion what Mary the housemaid had taught it; but the utterance had awakened strange feelings or emotions in the minds of the old lawyer and his wife. Why should the bird say "Poor Mary" in that way and just at that time?

"We had a Mary once, but we did not think her poor then; she was for *long our* best treasure," Mrs. Lockwood ventured to remark.

The lawyer showed signs of uneasiness; he attended to the fire; he went to the window, drew aside the blind, and looked out into the

winter night, and then returned to the sofa. At length leaning back, and placing his hand over his eyes he said, "I wish no one had ever fallen in love with Mary, but that she could have lived with us unmarried all these years."

Though neither the lawyer nor his wife said so, it was evident that they thought they would both have been happier if they had acted less hastily. Time had gone on, year after year had passed rapidly by, and the now elderly couple seemed to be committed to a procedure from which they could not recede. To do them justice, they would no doubt have sent supplies if they had known all the facts of their daughter's surroundings; but though they may have been aware of her being a widow, they never suspected the straits to which she was reduced. It afterwards turned out that at the time the parrot startled its master and mistress by calling out "Poor Mary," was just about the period that the overshadowing of Annie Lemare's last illness was coming on.

But now the clouds were promising to pass away and to allow of the sunshine of happiness entering two households once more—that light of joy and peace without which life is one long trial. But though one trial had passed, another seemed to promise to draw on; even joy has its trials, as the lawyer and his wife and Mary their daughter now experienced.

There was really no cause for uneasiness however; all things were being made plain, and Mrs. Lemare experienced that satisfaction which arises from the realisation that one is following in the path of duty. At the same time the widow felt some regret at severing to some extent her London connections. While some hardships had been endured, while sorrow also had come, certain victories had been won which would be profitable in the end.

When, therefore, Mrs. Lemare left London for ever as a resident, she did so with very mingled feelings; she was leaving behind much that was parted from with regret, but on before, as it were in the country, there was that to be taken possession of which could not be refused without departing from the path of duty. When the time came for the still comparatively young widow to return to her early home and the scenes of youth, a supreme moment seemed to have come.

What emotions they stirred up when Sundown, with all of its familiar surroundings was reached. Of course many old faces had finally disappeared from the earthly scene, but otherwise there was little alteration in the place itself. Before reaching her old home, Mrs. Lemare found some to welcome her, however, and chief among them was John Dale, the gardener, who from the first had always believed that the family difference would be made up or healed.

The welcome accorded her by her parents was generously affectionate; and on the part of the daughter there was nothing to show that she assumed any of those superior airs which one might be tempted to assume whose conduct has proved itself to be right. Nevertheless, Mrs. Lemare was well aware that a change had actually taken place in her parents, a change which enabled them to understand as well as to respect, the motives from which their daughter had acted. Formerly there had been much of hardness in the lawyer's nature, but that seemed to have gone.

It was indeed so far gone that Mr. Lockwood was disposed to be magnanimous. "Mary, my dear, it was very good of you to come back to us, for the light of the home seems to have come back with you," the lawyer one day remarked. "We all are apt to make mistakes, and I am sorry if I seemed to be hard or unfeeling when I am sure you were acting conscientiously," he added. "I rejoice to say that I do not look at things in the world as I did at one time; God has taught me better."

"We all have our ups and downs in the world as well as our sorrows, but if we follow the leadings of Providence, all things commonly seem to have a happy ending," replied Mrs. Lemare. "Even sorrows are turned to profit when they hinder us from falling into deeper pitfalls, or when they draw us nearer to God."

It is quite true that light and happiness seemed to have come back to the lawyer's home with the coming back of the daughter of the house. The story of that daughter's adventures, troubles and heart-discipline since she had last seen Sundown was now listened to with remarkable interest. The full story was told of how Mr. Lemare's health gave way just at or about the time when business reverses came, and how at length he passed away in his prime, but not before both the girls had secured the advantages of a tolerably good education.

"But if they were so well schooled, why did the girls accept employment at a common factory?" asked Mr. Lockwood.

"That needs some explanation, or it may be quite misunderstood," replied the daughter. "Girls' and women's work at the best is not over well paid; but in this instance, as skilled sewing machinists, they did good service, and in time would have earned good wages. It was their own preference as well as mine, or they might have begun as governesses. Lester's factory is a very respectable place, though of course the overseer cannot guarantee that the behaviour of all the girls shall at times be without reproach. There was some difficulty for a time in making both ends meet, and Annie was too fragile to hold on in this world at all; but, when she left us, we parted with her in the sure and certain hope of her having a place among the Lord's redeemed ones. The battle may have been a hard one, but it has been fought and won. On the whole our discipline was good, and kind friends were given to us, such as we might not have known if we had not had the trouble."

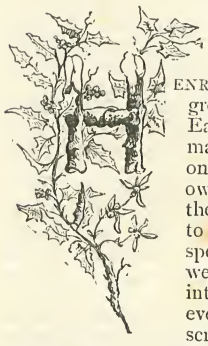
It has been already intimated that Mr. Lockwood's junior partner was a member of the household at Sundown. It might have been expected that the presence of William Ascot in the same house with her whom he had known as Mary Lockwood, and whom he would have married as such, would have occasioned some embarrassment, but it was not so. As being still comparatively young and of or about the same age as Mr. Ascot, Mrs. Lemare might still have been an attraction to such a man as her father's partner; but the die was cast, and all well understood the situation. Mrs. Lemare would never marry again; but she was one of those genial natures who allowed bygones to be bygones. The events of other days seemed hardly to enter the minds of the happy members of the household. If the young widow had cared to marry a second time, all objection, such as formerly existed to William Ascot, would have been found to be removed. At all events the quondam lover had greatly improved for the better in common with some others; but he had too much respect for himself and his friend ever to attempt to reopen a suit which he well knew could never be a successful one. Mr. Ascot had taken as great an interest in the adopted boys as the old lawyer himself, and he had even arranged that one of these should be reckoned as his own *protégé*, and should take his own name of Ascot.

Meanwhile, the enjoyment and satisfaction which Mrs. Lemare now found in being again united with her parents and daughter were greater than can be described. The roses returned to the widow's cheeks, and the light to her eye, until she and her daughter were sometimes thought to be sisters. What a pleasant thing to look upon is a home to which happiness has been restored. Any one acquainted with the circumstances might have applied to this happy reunion Leighton's lines:—

"She came, as comes the morning light
After a dark and troublous night;
And hearts that long had swooned in pain,
When she appeared revived again.

She came, as comes the joyous spring,
With light and glory on her wing,
And all who saw her bent to praise
Her beauty, loveliness and grace.

She came, as come the beauteous flowers,
Opening unseen in summer hours,
And spread around that silent spell,
Which made all spirits love her well.'



CHAPTER XI.

HENRY LESTER SPEAKS OUT.

HENRY LESTER, son of the great factory-owner in East London, was a young man who prided himself on having a mind of his own, and also in having the tact which knows when to be silent and when to speak. Of all those who were directly or indirectly interested in the train of events which have been described in connection with the Lemares, probably no one was more completely satisfied than Henry Lester. If he had himself planned everything to his own individual liking, all could hardly have fallen out more completely as he would have desired. Then, from his sanguine, youthful standpoint, there was enough of actual romance in the whole affair to give zest to any one's interest.

"What do you think of Mary Lemare now, mother?" one day asked the young man, with some air of triumph, a few weeks after the family reunion at Sundown, and with the facts of which he supposed all were as fully acquainted as himself. "Of course you have heard all about what has happened," he added. "I think I may be pardoned for trusting my judgment when a young woman's character has to be estimated."

"I have not heard the news, my boy, what is it?" asked Mrs. Lester. Not very long before the matron had been congratulated by one of her sympathetic friends on all things having turned out so satisfactorily. It seemed as if the Lemares, who as a family were likely to give some trouble to the Lesters, had now conveniently gone quite out of the way.

Henry Lester was surprised that others were not as well-informed as himself.

"You have not heard the news, mother?" he said. "Well, then, I will tell you that Mary Lemare is what I always believed her to be—a lady and the daughter of a good family. You see, it was a very remarkable case altogether. Through some family difference years ago about her mother's marriage, the separation of parents and daughter was prolonged; the daughter would not ask for any favours, and the old man did not make any advances such as might show that he was coming down from his dignity. That explains how Mary and her sister Annie, who afterwards died, came among our workpeople. But then, as you are aware, they did not do common work; and I knew from the first that no girls could turn out things with such taste and skill as they possessed if they had not been well taught or had benefited by cultivated surroundings."

"Yes, you have an eye for seeing through things somewhat beyond your age, I do believe," said Mrs. Lester.

With a glow of satisfaction on his face Henry Lester then went on to explain the most peculiar circumstances of the case. As a country solicitor, Mrs. Lemare's father lived at a delightful place down at Sundown, in Wiltshire, and there, after all differences had been healed, both mother and daughter had settled, greatly to the delight of the old people, who now, no doubt, regretted their too hasty action in former years. In a word the whole affair was nothing less than a kind of romance in real life.

The lady again admitted that her son was right, but although she still inwardly commended his shrewdness, she did not say any more under that head. Mr. Lester had entered the room in the meantime, and his wife was anxious to learn what he might have to say upon the subject.

"I heard something of what you have been saying, my boy, what do you propose to do?" asked the father.

The young man replied by asking another question.

"What would you and mother wish me to do?"

"Just to follow your own inclination; is it not so, my dear?" said the father turning to his wife.

"Well, that would be in accordance with our principles, even if all had not turned out quite so well as it has," answered the lady, with a smile almost more meaning than her words.

"You are both very kind and considerate, and you will have no cause to repent of the liberty you allow me," replied Henry. "The proverb says that all's well that ends well, but I believe that this business has not quite ended yet," he added. "What I undertake is, not to do anything to lower the prestige of the family by doing or saying anything unbecoming the dignity of a gentleman."

There was thus straightforwardness and outspokenness on both sides. There seemed to be no cause for hurry when Mary Lemare was so young, and when Henry Lester was not very much older. But as yet nothing definite had been arranged, and it was even doubtful if Mary Lemare even suspected that the son of her quondam employer harboured any partiality for her. Henry's feelings were that if he ever married at all, he should not wish any other than the first object of his love to be the woman of his choice. He asked himself again and again how he should proceed. It would not be wise to act too hastily; but on the other hand, it might incur some hazard to defer a settlement too long. Why should not Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith be taken into confidence and be asked for their counsel?

This really seemed to be the most reasonable thing to do, and when Henry Lester called upon his friends to take them into confidence, as he had suggested to himself, he found them quite ready to fall in with his designs, for the business seemed to be so well calculated to advance the interests of both sides that they felt they could not do better than advance it by all proper means. It seemed to be a matter for regret that Mary Lemare was so far off and thus not easily accessible; but when difficulties are faced by youth and determination, how soon they commonly disappear.

Sometimes, under such circumstances, we may be tempted to think that all things are against us, when, in point of fact, all things are working in our favour. Thus, soon after he had called on his friends at Victoria Park, Henry Lester learned the welcome news that Mary Lemare would soon be a guest in the house. What were called her pupils' holidays were coming on, and when asked whether she would prefer a few weeks' sojourn by the sea or a change elsewhere, she chose a trip to London, for her friends there desired her to come.

In due time Mary was once more an inmate in the Smiths' home at Victoria Park. It was a very joyful meeting, and all in the house seemed to be in the happiest of moods; but all the while Mary appeared to be innocently unaware of the fact that she herself was the chief attraction. If she had thought about the matter at all, she might have found herself unable to account for the oft-repeated visits of Henry Lester by putting him down as one of the most particular friends of her host and hostess. That might all be very well, but what was to be said concerning the attentions which Henry Lester paid to her? Mary did not attempt to account for these at all, interesting as the matter might be for such as closely studied human nature. Perhaps the affair may have seemed to wear a more serious face when Mrs. Smith, while quietly speaking with Mary on a certain evening, ventured to hint at possibilities which might come to pass. Mary actually blushed once or twice when her eyes met those of her friend; but while she did not think the outlook altogether incredible, she did not fully realise it. Mary was full of the joy of life and of innocence, and seemed to live like one to whom it never occurred that any change might ever come over the scene. It was not so very long ago that any suggestion that Henry Lester harboured a preference for her would have been incredible; but now that the outlook had changed it could not be said to be so any longer. When they now met they would feel to be on an equality. Indeed, if one family ranked higher than the other's it was that of Mary.

Circumstances seemed to favour Henry Lester in carrying out his designs. Being so frequent a visitor at the Smiths', his aspirations were now pretty well understood all round. The time seemed to have come for the matter to be decided once and for all, and Henry resolved that this should be done. On a certain lovely evening when everybody seemed to be drawn out of doors, Henry Lester was again a visitor at the Smiths', and being ushered into the dining-room, which overlooked his friend's beautiful garden, where he descried Mary in the distance alone, he at once left the house and walked towards her. Mary was reading, and at first did not notice her friend's approach; but when she raised her eyes the young girl extended her hand, while the light in her eye showed that she extended to him a cordial welcome.

"Pray excuse my intrusion, Miss Lemare," said Henry; "I saw you from the dining-room window, and could not resist the temptation to join you in the open air, though I am afraid I have interfered with your reading."

"I was looking again at the letters of my old favourite, Cowper, and the more I read the greater my admiration seems to grow for the poet who did so much to revive in English readers a love of nature."

"My father has always been very fond of Cowper, and gave me a copy of his works when I came of age," said Henry. "I am sure I shall like him all the better for your recommendation."

Mary blushed a little at the compliment paid to her, but this may not have been noticed by her companion. They walked on in silence until they arrived at the far end of the garden where there was an arbour, now overgrown with various creeping flowering plants. This seemed to be a convenient rendezvous.

"Miss Lemare, may we sit here for a few minutes; if you will allow me, I have something I should like to say to you."

Some slight trepidation caused Mary to blush again, but she sat down in the shaded arbour without making any remark. She opened her book, but seemed to do so somewhat mechanically, and while thus engaged remarked that she had been reading a piece with which it was likely that Mr. Lester would be pleased.

"I am pleased with anything that pleases you, my dear friend," he replied, "for I am sure that nothing would be capable of winning your esteem if it was not pure and ennobling. I have learned many things from you that I trust will benefit me for life."

"I could not have thought it if you had not said so," replied Mary; "you are too genuine to trifle with any one by speaking lightly."

"Thank you for that," said Henry, who, after a few moments' silence, came to the main business of the evening. "Miss Lemare, I have for long regarded you as a dear friend; do you think that you could grant me the great desire of my life by allowing me to have you in a yet closer relationship? I was never more honestly outspoken, or more earnest in my life. Shall the desire of my heart be granted?"

Mary had closed her book and sat with her head turned away from her companion, so that she was looking up the garden. She was not blushing now; her face was calm and composed, but somewhat paler than usual. When she spoke she did not attempt to play at word-fencing.

"You do me what I feel to be an undeserved honour in giving expression to this preference for me, Mr. Lester," she said. "Are you sure that you have not allowed yourself to be carried away so as to form an over-estimate? I am sure that you are worthy of the regard of a better woman than I am."

"I would not have you say that, but my heart is gladdened so long as you do not raise any objection to my great request."

"Do not misunderstand me; I do not give you any answer either one way or the other at this time, Mr. Lester," said Mary, who after a few moments' silence added, "In so serious a matter there must be calm deliberation on both sides, and nothing which looks like haste. Do not let us say any more about this to-day."

When she had spoken Mary rose to leave the arbour, and by her expression or bearing, Henry Lester saw that it would be the best policy to literally obey the injunction not to press his suit any further on that occasion. Presently, as they neared the house, the entire change in the conversation would not have allowed anyone to suppose that anything more than usually momentous had occurred.

"Cowper is an author that grows upon you; that is to say, you grow in love with him the more you read his letters and poems," said Mary.

"My old schoolmaster used to say that Cowper's style was a model for all time; but he seems to have been one of those quiet-living men, who, while he was dependent on relatives, scarcely realised his own powers," said Henry.

Some other conversation in this strain followed; but presently the two arrived at the dining-room window, Mr. and Mrs. Smith being in the room. The party was soon enlivened by cheerful conversation and some innocent merriment. It was a happy home, and congenial visitors added to its enjoyments.

About a week later Mary and Henry met again, when the matter uppermost in the mind of each was arranged without any further embarrassment on either side. It was plainly understood that the heads of both families fully approved of the betrothal, all believing that the marriage would result in much happiness.

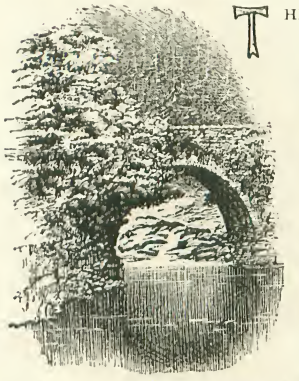
Henry told the story over again of how from the first he had been struck by Mary's appearance when she and Annie were together in his father's workroom, and felt sure that they were no common kind of girls. The taste they showed in their work was also a further evidence in their favour.

"You were very kind from the first, and led us all not to look on our place of work as a mere factory altogether, it was quite superior to what commonly goes by that name," said Mary. "Then, on the whole," she added "the girls who we found there were quite superior to the average who earn their livelihood by going out to work."

Thus an understanding was arrived at; all things seemed to be arranged, and two kindred hearts, having so much in common were about as happy as this world could make them. To look upon such a pair is like getting a glimpse of Eden before the fall, or of the Eden that will be when earth is restored to its original condition.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WEDDING AT SUNDOWN.



THE morning is one of the most beautiful that one expects ever to see break over a village in this fitful English climate when a wedding is to be the event of the day. The season is late spring, and the fresh many-shaded green of the landscape, the tonic-like freshness of the air, and the joyous voices of the birds, all contributed to the gladsomeness of the outlook. Spring needs to have young eyes, or at all events, the young in heart to appreciate all its beauties.

This then is the wedding-day of Mary Lemare and Henry Lester; and one acquainted with all of the circumstances of the case who had taken notice of the preparations, might have been tempted to accept it as a verification of the proverb, that all things come to those who wait. How often have such scenes been described, and how often will they be described again with ever-increasing interest.

A wedding at a country house, when the event contributes to the happiness of everyone all round, is certainly one of the sunniest occurrences of life. It was all this on the occasion we have to describe, and perhaps those who were present thought it to be even something more. All of the servants seemed to take the liveliest interest in what was going on; especially was this the case with the old gardener, who seemed to think that his best wishes were realised. The prophecy about the home-coming had been fulfilled.

The dining-room which opened on to the little garden, and which was the largest room in the house, was utilised for the wedding breakfast. Soon after sunrise servants were about giving the finishing touches to the tables and the decorations. The cheerful rays of the sun, which seemed to come from the garden, had the effect of making everything look cheerful and of inspiriting those who were making the preparations.

Some time before the family were out of their bedrooms, old John, the gardener, happened to be passing outside, and he just stepped into the dining-room to take a view of the tables and the decorations, and all that he saw seemed to yield him some satisfaction.

"Yes, that be all very pretty, and I'm glad to see it, because it is just as it should be," said the veteran who had accustomed himself to look at all things from a Christian standpoint. At the same time, though his hands were hard with the toil of fifty years, he had admirable taste in arranging colours. The flower-beds in the garden had for long been a source of pride to the household.

"Miss Mary is worth the best you can do for her, and so is her mother, who ought to have been married here just like this years and years ago," said old John. "I always thought that something like this would come to pass," he added, taking his stand at the head of the table in order to have a fuller view so that he might suggest improvements.

"Well, John, is everything to your mind—right and straight like?" asked Mary the housemaid, who put the fullest confidence in the old gardener's judgment.

"Those who do right and have faith in God are sure to have their reward in time," continued old John without seeming for the moment to heed the housemaid's question.

"Will it do, John?" repeated the girl.

"All very pretty," replied the gardener; "but now that you ask me I may tell you that the flowers might be arranged better; you have too much red at the further end, and hardly enough roses in the middle."

"Will that do better, John?" asked the girl after making the arrangements as suggested,

"The table looks better, no doubt," answered old John, who, however, proceeded to take exception to the effect produced by a certain portrait of great-grandfather Lockwood on the wall at the end of the table.

"The eyes are too staring like, leastways they would be to me if I was a-sitting here," said old John, who then gave expression to sentiments which proved him to be as much awry in regard to the fine arts as he was abreast of his times in regard to horticulture.

"I never envy gentlefolks their fine pictures, especially the portraits of their ancestors, and I'm glad that they can't speak," he said; "they always seems to me to want to find fault with us who are on earth, because of our different ways and different sort of clothes."

To remove, or change the position of the pictures was outside of Mary's province, however, so that notwithstanding its objectionable features, the portrait had to remain.

As the morning advanced it seemed as though the villagers were, to a great extent, keeping the day as a holiday. In the roadway not far from the church, there was a pretty green and floral arch, while the children who attended the village school were allowed the privilege of a holiday. In honour of the occasion many of these were dressed in their best clothes, and thus from every point all things seemed to wear a cheerful face.

By general consent Mary Lemare was one of the prettiest of brides, and to look upon her was to realise that her good looks were of a character that did not need setting off. In accordance with Mrs. Lemare's express desire the wedding was made as free as possible from mere show to dazzle without leaving any good or lasting effect. It was felt that the money might be spent in other and better ways.

The preparations of the morning went on apace, and both Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood seemed to show uncommon interest in what was being done. The old lawyer evidently felt more than he cared to confess. At the same time he had become a happier man than of old. He had passed through the fire and had come out refined, though there might have been more of disaster if God had not overruled all things, and out of evil, as it were, evolved the good. The old lawyer was continually seeking his wife to have a word with her as to the completion of the arrangements, and to know whether she was quite satisfied with what had been done.

"What do you think, my dear?" said Mr. Lockwood, when he met his wife for the twentieth time in the dining-room, where she was doing her part in helping to finish the preparations. "What do you think; that bird has been calling out 'Poor Mary' again."

"Well, the parrot must be allowed to express its sympathies in its own way," replied Mrs. Lockwood smiling at the oddity of the thing. "I do not think, however, that she really pities our grandchild on her wedding-day," she added.

"No, the outlook is not what it was when she first startled us," replied the lawyer, and he went on his way to pace round the garden.

The guests had at last all arrived, and all things seemed to be ready. Henry Lester might certainly have been put down as the happiest of men; he would have pronounced himself to be such had he been questioned on the matter; and though her heart seemed to be too full to speak, Mary was conscious of that gratitude which, under all circumstances, is a well-spring of joy.

Marriage may be a stock subject for joking about, but a well-assorted marriage is one of the happiest sights this poor world affords. Wedlock is the most enviable condition when all things are favourable.

When the party arrived at the village church the building was found to be quite full, such was the interest of the people in that out-of-the-way corner of the world in the wedding of the two young people. The Rev. William Eames, the rector, did his best to make the service interesting, and so, according to his wont, to seize the opportunity of saying a word in season to the people assembled. Particular reference was made to the marriage at Cana in Galilee, an entertainment at which the Lord Himself was a guest. After the manner of an old writer it was then pointed out, that Christ came to a feast when He was invited, but it was necessary to send for Him by the messenger of prayer.

The party which afterwards assembled at the Lockwoods' house was a very large one, and as was quite natural, the speeches which were made were congratulatory, because the bride and the bridegroom seemed to be so well suited for each other. It seemed to be one of those unions or marriages which were made in heaven.

In its way, the most striking statement was that which was made by the old lawyer himself. Mr. Lockwood spoke with much emotion, and while confessing that it was one of the happiest days of his life, he said some things which those present interpreted as being a confession of having missed doing the right thing. He made some reference to lost opportunities, and to the blessed fact that there was an over-ruling providence in human affairs which seemed to educe good out of evil, and so to bring things right in the end. Mr. Lockwood thus confessed that that wedding-day of his grand-daughter was one of the happiest of his life. He had joy in himself and he was glad to witness the joy of other people.

Later in the day, when the bride and bridegroom had gone off on their wedding tour there was a family meeting of three—Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood and their daughter—and some things were said then which showed what lasting joy had followed in the wake of the family reconciliation. The parrot continued to say "Poor Mary!" but Mrs. Lemare declared that the expression did not refer to her in the sense which might seem to be intended by the bird.

Henry Lester and his wife settled down in a pleasant villa not very far from the works, in which the young wife never ceased to feel the liveliest interest. She *therefore lived* not only to be the light of her own and her husband's home, she did her part in promoting the welfare of the young women, who needed a friend just as she had done herself in the old days of her own maidenhood.

[THE END.]

CINDERELLA.

ARRANGED IN SIX TABLEAUX.

By G. D. LYNCH.

[Each Tableau should be arranged while the following story is read in front of the Curtain by the Reader.]

There lived a Baron who'd three daughters fair,
But 'twas ap*parent* that he, tho' a *père*,
Cared for naught else save gain of gold and pelf,
With one exception that he loved—himself.
The girls grew up with no one for them caring,
The elder two became quite overbearing;
And tho' they were considered very beautiful
Their manner was exceedingly undutiful.
They to their father oft said "Bosh" and "Fudge,"
And made the youngest work like any drudge.
Their names were Angelina and Belinda,
The youngest Ella whom they christened "Cinder."
The Baron's name, I think you all will tickle
When you have heard it, it was Pimpernickle.
It happened that Prince Charming gave a ball,
And in due course of time at "Tangle Hall,"
An invitation came, all were invited,
At which they were enraptured and delighted
But Cinderella was in great distress
Because the poor girl had not got a dress.
And tho' she begged for any cast-off clothes
With tearful *eyes* she was repulsed with *noes*.
In Tableau number one you'll see them all,
About to set out for the Prince's ball.

Tableau I.—*Preparing for the Ball.*

[*R.* Angelina *wearing cloak; looking-glass in left hand, powder-puff in right, smirking at herself. R.C.* Cinderella *in rags; putting flower in* Belinda's *waist with right hand, guarding face with left, head thrown back. L.C.* Belinda *wearing cloak; fan in right hand, about to strike* Cinderella *with left, and frowning at her. L. The* Baron *wearing hat, cloak on left arm, twirling moustache with right hand, left leg forward, haughty expression.*]

Poor Cinderella then was left alone
To weep, and sigh, and sob, and cry, and moan,
When on a sudden in a dazzling light
Appeared a Fairy all arrayed in white.
She slowly waved her wand and in a trice,
Into white ponies changed six little mice,
Two lizards into footmen, and a rat
Into a coachman very stout and fat;
A pumpkin next she turned into a coach,
Then said to Cinderella, "Dear, approach,
I am your godmother and well I know
That to the Prince's ball you wish to go;
And so you shall, but now attention pray,
Leave before twelve, don't be induced to stay;
I'll wave my wand again and with its touch,
You'll have a costume that won't *cost you much.*"
In Tableau number two, it will be strange,
If you do not perceive *a little change.*

Tableau II.—*In the Kitchen.*

[*R.* Cinderella *in rags, half asleep seated on chair, holding broom. Limelight (magnesium wire). Start up. Left foot forward, hands up in surprise, broom against chair. Rags off. Looking down, hands spread out. C. Fairy. Wand in right hand. Pointing to clock with wand. Glass slipper in left hand.*]

She arrived at the ball and astonished them all,
Her beauty it was so entrancing,
And the men all declared that no other compared
With our Cinderella in dancing.
Said Angy to Belle, "It's all very well,
But that Prince is a stupid young fellah,
That new girl, I vow, reminds me somehow
Of our own sister young Cinderella."
Belinda said "Fudge, you owe her a grudge,
Because the Prince will not look at you."
Said Angy, "I think you've had too much drink,
You spiteful and nasty old cat you."
Their style of conversation you will see,
Was not precisely what it ought to be.
A minuet behold in Tableau three.

Tableau III.—*The Minuet.*

[*R. up stage* Belinda *taking glass from Page who is handing tray. R.C. at back* Baron *holding* Angelina *with left hand, left foot pointed, hat under right arm. L.C.* Angelina *with fan spread out in right hand holding* Baron's *hand with left. R. in front* Cinderella *curtseying to* Prince *who is bowing L., with right hand on sword. Clock with hands at* 10.30.]

But Cinderella with the dance delighted,
And by the Prince's compliments excited,
Forgot her fairy godmother's advice.
The clock struck twelve, her ponies changed to mice,
The footmen lizards, and the coachman fat
Became once more a lean and hungry rat;
Her gorgeous coach turned to a pumpkin green,
And Cinderella flying from the scene
Was horrified to find her lovely gown
Was turning into her old dress of brown.
The Prince sped after her, and as she flew
She dropped by chance a dainty little shoe
He stooped to pick it up, and this delay
Proved fatal to him, for she got away,
And when the others reached home she was there,
Quite fast asleep upon the kitchen chair.
In Tableau four you will observe the flight
Of Cinderella on that fateful night.

Tableau IV.—*The flight.*

[*R. at back.* Belinda *pulling Page's ear with right hand.* Page *stooping to pick up tray on floor. R.* Cinderella *in rags half off, shoe off left foot. C. at back.* Baron *supporting* Angelina *with left arm, fanning her with right hand.* Angelina *fainting, eyes shut. R.C.* Prince *stooping to pick up shoe. L.* Fairy *pointing to clock, with wand in right hand, threatening with forefinger of left hand. Clock with hands at twelve.*]

Next day the Prince sent out a proclamation
Which said that "Anyone of any nation,
The young, the old, the high, or low in station,
The dark, the fair, the tall, the short and stumpy,
Good-tempered, ugly, beautiful or grumpy——"
In *short* it was a very *long* oration,
With "whereas, wherefore, if" and botheration!
It merely stated that the maiden who,
On her left foot could fit the crystal shoe
Dropped by some lady in a silken gown,
Should have his hand, his heart, and *half a crown.*
Old maids and young maids came from far and wide,
But vainly to fit on the shoe they tried;
They pinched their heels, and they squeezed their toes,
They broke their shoe-horns, and tore their hose,
Till at last they all gave it up in despair
For the crystal shoe they could none of them wear;
Angy and Belle met with great disaster,
And had to borrow their pa's corn-plaster.
In Tableau five you are about to view
The rightful owner of the crystal shoe.

TABLEAU V.—*The Shoe Fits.*

R. The PRINCE *kneeling on right knee, hands up, surprised. At back* PAGE *carrying veil and wreath on cushion. C.* CINDERELLA *in rags seated, left shoe on, pulling right shoe with right hand out of pocket, right shoe off, smiling. L.* BARON *behind chair holding up bottle of corn cure. L.C.* ANGELINA *glancing over right shoulder, shoehorn in right hand. L.* BELINDA *seated, clasping foot with both hands, expression of anguish.*

Now merrily were the church bells ringing,
And all the dicky birds gaily singing,
Bang went the cannons, up went the flags,
When Cinderella no more in rags,
But in bridal attire with wreath and veil,
Looking remarkably pretty but pale,
For she found her new position alarming,
Drove off to marry the young Prince Charming.
The sun looked down with a smiling face,
And all the folk all over the place
In holiday dresses with shoes and rice,
Uncommonly happy, and clean, and nice,
Met bride and bridegroom at the church door
With three hearty cheers and one cheer more.
I need not say as a matter of course,
They shouted until everyone was hoarse,
And did nothing else for the rest of the day
But eat, drink, and make merry with dance and play
(For which they had nothing whatever to pay).
The fairy to bridal and breakfast came,
When the Baron drank to the bride's new name
And called the Princess his "favourite child,"
At which all the company present smiled.
Belinda remained still proud and haughty,
But Angy owned that she had been naughty.
Cinderella's wedding we shall show
In the next which is the last tableau.

[*R. at back,* PAGE *holding* PRINCE'S *train, cap in right hand.* BELINDA, *right elbow supported by left hand, fan in right hand screening left cheek, scornful expression. R.C.* PRINCE, *ring in right hand, holding* CINDERELLA *with left. L. C.* CINDERELLA *in wedding-dress and veil, right hand in* PRINCE'S *left. C. at back* FAIRY *with wand. L. at back* BARON *blessing* CINDERELLA *with right hand, handkerchief in left covering face. L. in front,* ANGELINA *kneeling, hands spread out appealingly.*]

Curtain.

For the change in Tableau II. Cinderella should wear her ball-dress under her rags, which latter should be made in one piece with a tape fastened at the back to pull it off.

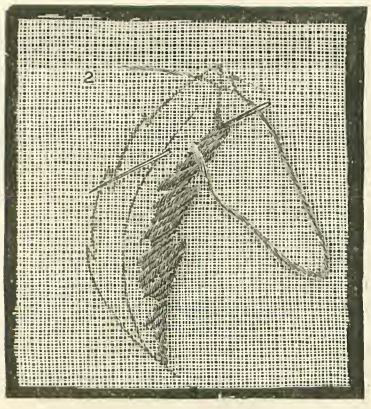
R. means right, facing audience; C. means centre; R.C. and L.C. right and left centre respectively; L. left.

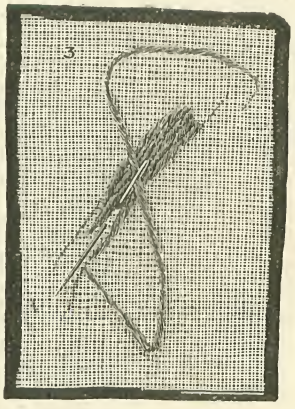
The use of coloured fires is not recommended; to light up the tableaux in which the fairy appears use magnesium wire, which can be purchased from any chemist, price 6d. per yard. Twist a length round an old pair of scissors and burn in a candle.

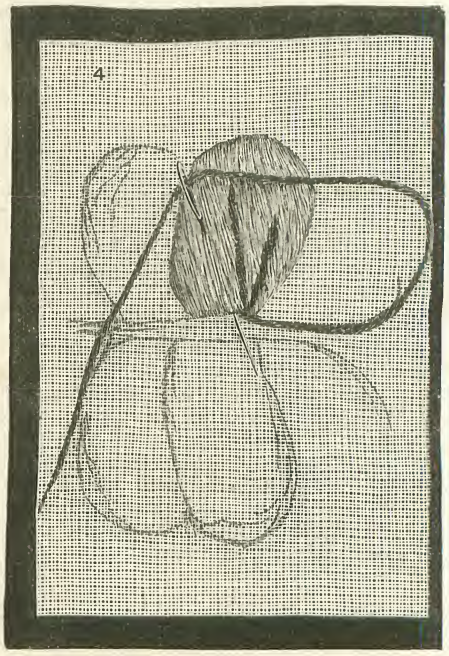
A FOLDING SCREEN AND LAMP-SHADE.

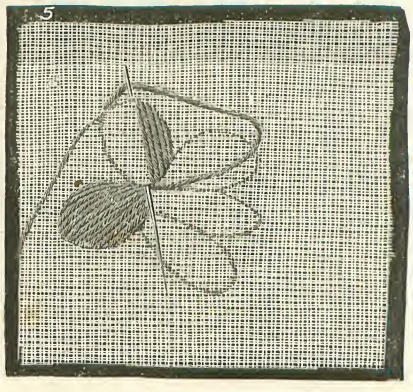
A FOLDING SCREEN.

ALTHOUGH conventional designs obtain very much at present for all kinds of fancy work, yet there are many who still adhere to the fashion of trying to reproduce nature with their needle, and literally try and paint with that implement. In many cases they are successful, in others they are not; the latter resulting from ignorance of some very simple rules which are easily mastered and acted upon.









That is why conventional designs are safer as a rule for those who have not studied form and colouring, for their mistakes are likely to be less numerous than those of the tyro who plunges recklessly into a natural design with very little idea of how to carry it out.

But the fact that natural designs are in consequence more difficult than conventional, far from acting as a deterrent will only spur on some worker to make the attempt. The difference by the way between natural and conventional designs is that the former tries to copy nature in exact form and colouring, the latter to give such patterns as will suggest the flower, etc., and not attempt literally to reproduce it.

A most excellent design for a folding screen is seen in Fig. 1. The branches of apple blossom are continued from one section to the other and are so placed very effective.

An examination of the design will show that the under or back leaves are always darker than those in front. Why is this? Well, because the leaves in front naturally cast a shade on those behind them.

Why, in a piece of work of this kind is it necessary to keep the upper part of your design lighter than the lower? Because the upper leaves of a plant or tree being the younger are lighter than the lower or older leaves.

Why should you shade your leaves from light edges to dark centres? Because in nature it is usually so.

Why should the veins in a leaf be made always of a contrasting shade? Again nature answers because that is the way she paints, and if you copy her you must do the same.

If you are going to do this screen in Roman satin, which is an excellent material for the purpose, choose old gold as a good foundation for this blossom.

Place your pattern on the satin the way of the stuff, not across it. For the sake of economy some workers do the latter, for the material is wide and often allows of this being done, but it is a great mistake. The work never looks so well. If the design is painted on after being pounced, cover all but the part at which you are actually working with tissue paper or the paint will rub off.

As for colouring, your safest plan, if you are working in early spring when the trees are in blossom, is to take a branch and try and match your silks by it. This you will be able to do fairly well—not perfectly, for no silk ever invented can come up to the exquisitely delicate texture of a flower petal, and though your skill as an embroideress may be very great indeed, and you may be a past-mistress in the way of choosing correct colouring, still you may never hope to rival nature, though you may do work which will be at least a pretty reminder of her.

If you do not happen to catch the fleeting blossom-time for matching your silks, then try and get a good picture of apple blossom and choose your silks by it.

If you cannot do either, then you must trust to your memory, and get the pale tints for the blossoms and greens for leaves and browns for stalk and stem.

The colouring for birds and butterfly is also best copied from good pictures.

Now for the manner of working.

Filoselle is the best silk to use, for you can graduate your shading better than with any other. The number of threads you use must depend upon the size of the design. For large patterns you can work with three, making the inner shading of leaves and petals with two and then one thread so as to get delicate touches of shading.

Never jump from a light to a dark shade, but use your colours in their consecutive shades. Of course you can do this or other designs in crewel wool with the high lights only done in silks, but the latter are preferable.

In Fig. 2 you will see how the leaves are done. Be careful to keep the serrated edges clearly defined, and to work your stitches of irregular lengths. When you have gone round a leaf in the way seen in the illustration, take the next shade, and so work that your stitches dovetail into those already done.

The stem is done as seen in Fig. 2. Stem-stitch is so well known as to need no illustration, and some people do their stems by placing one row of it after another until the required width is attained. I prefer, however, the way seen in Fig. 3; there the stem is worked downwards on the principle of long and short stitch. There is no shading in a stem of this kind, as it looks best all of one colour unless you introduce a little of the darker shade just at the bottom.

If butterflies are very small they may be worked in satin stitch, otherwise they look best done in long and short stitch. Shade from light to dark, and then put long stitches as you see in the illustration. The body and antennæ of a butterfly are always done in brown.

In Fig. 5 you will see a way of doing the petals of flowers in satin stitch which answers well if only one shade is to be used.

A very good screen can be often obtained

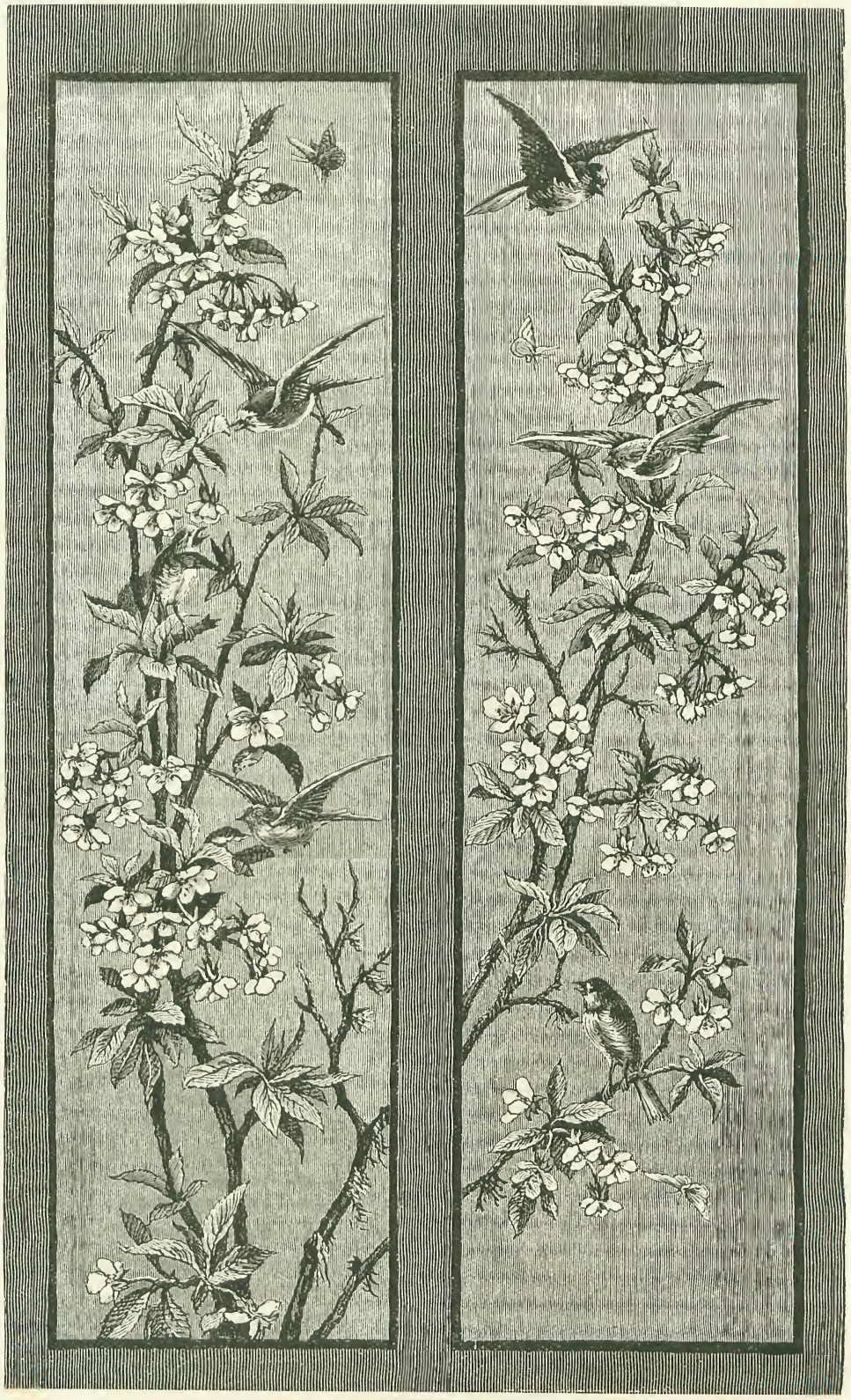


FIG. I.



FIG. 6.

cheaply at sales on which the paper covering is torn or injured. This can be removed and the embroidered satin tightly nailed on.

A Lamp-Shade.

The lamp-shade seen in Fig. 6 is embroidered on linen or silk and is worked in the same way as the screen. When placed over the wire foundation the light will show the pattern very clearly. It must, however, be remembered that as this is the case, no silk should be carried from one part of the design to another, as these lines would show and considerably mar the beauty of the work. Finish off each flower, etc., at the back. Do not make knots in any of this embroidery, but begin by running a stitch or two on the stuff where the work will cover your having done so. If you want really to paint with your needle you should study the colours, etc., of flowers, and learn as you can do a great deal from them as how best to arrange your shades when you are copying them.

FIFTY-FOUR QUOTATIONS.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls."
Longfellow.

"Those things alone
Are to be fear'd, whence evil may proceed,
None else, for none are terrible beside."
Dante.

"He used to say, in his own forcible way of expressing himself, that he owed the salvation of his soul to the resolute self-denial which he exercised, in following the dictates of conscience in a point which in itself seemed one only of small importance."—*Hall.*

"If thou can'st plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on, true soul;
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal."—*C. Mackay.*

"A great deal of the unhappiness, and much of the vice of the world is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words to lack of courage."—*Smiles.*

"It is in the length of patience, and endurance, and forbearance, that much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown."
Arthur Helps.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
Longfellow.

"Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ and can comprehend its dark enigma."
Longfellow.

"There is no fault nor folly of my life," says Ruskin, "that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision."—*Ruskin*

"Books first, clothes afterwards."
Erasmus.

"The very substance of ambition is merely the shadow of a dream."—*Shakspeare.*

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

"Perseverance, dear my lord, keeps honour bright."—*Shakspeare.*

"My inheritance how wide and fair,
Time is my estate, to time I'm heir."
Schiller.

"Time and eternity—linked together by a single moment."—*Schiller.*

"When sorrow is highest
Relief is nighest."

"There is no wound Christ cannot heal."
Longfellow.

"Great souls endure in silence."—*Schiller.*

"Example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words."—*Smiles*

"More godlike is forgiveness, than victory."
Schiller.

"Even power itself hath not one-tenth the might of gentleness."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—*Emerson.*

"True courtesy is kind."—*Smiles.*

"Whoever strives to do his duty faithfully is fulfilling the purpose for which he was created, and building up in himself the principles of a manly character."—*Smiles.*

"Art," says Ruskin, "declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, and subjection to that. It is the expression of man's rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part."—*Ruskin.*

"Ah! if we knew it all, we should surely understand
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with an even hand,
That the scale of success or loss shall never overflow,
And that compensation is twined with the lot of high and low."—*Havergal.*

"I say that he who brings himself to be content with poverty must live much with God. Is not this the very solution of that constantly present, often harassing problem of ways and means, a solution so complete, so unexpected, that we stand amazed and almost abashed by it."

"How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend,
Have each their own divinely purposed end!
He traineth so!"—*Havergal.*

"Perseverance, working in the right direction grows with time, and when steadily practised, even by the most humble, will rarely fail in its reward. Trusting in the help of others is of comparatively little use."—*Smiles.*

"He that cannot withal keep his mind to himself cannot practise any considerable thing whatsoever."—*Carlyle.*

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."
Daniel.

"Are not the mass of men so marred and stinted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking. Whoever gives himself to this, soon becomes indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, spiteful towards his equals; and

the true genuine indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption."—*Goethe.*

"For don't you see, we are made so that we love,
First, when we see them painted, things that we have seen
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted, better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."—*Browning.*

"Be silent or something better than silence."

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty."

"A man must have courage to be himself, and not the shadow or the echo of another. He must exercise his own powers, think his own thoughts, and speak his own sentiments. He must elaborate his own opinions, and form his own convictions. It has been said that he who dare not form an opinion, must be a coward: he who will not must be an idler, and he who cannot, must be a fool."—*Smiles.*

WORK.

"Work as if thou hadst to live for aye,
Worship as if thou wert to die to-day."
Tuscan Proverb.

"Blest work! if ever thou wert curse of God,
What must his blessing be!"
J. B. Selkirk.

"I begin to understand that the promises of the world are for the most part vain phantoms, and that to confide in one's self, and become something of worth and value, is the best and safest course."—*Michael Angelo.*

"Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he had done his best."—*Sydney Smith.*

"Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature . . . Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."—*Emerson.*

"Examples preach to th' eye—care, then, mine says,
Not how *you end*, but how you spend your days."

"Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavour to create something perfect, for God is perfection, and whatever strives for it, strives for something godlike. True painting is only an image of God's perfection, a shadow of the pencil with which He paints, a melody, a striving after harmony."—*Michael Angelo.*

"To be weak is the only misery."—*Milton.*

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"O woman, in whose feeble hands
This mighty power doth dwell,
To make or mar a happy home,
See that you do it well."—*A. L.*

"Truthfulness is the foundation of all personal excellence. It exhibits itself in conduct. It is rectitude—truth in action, and shines through every word and deed."—*Smiles.*

"Oh, hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows what thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the fairest lot;
Knows the wise exemption from many an unseen share,
Knows what will keep the nearest, knows what thou could'st not bear."
Havergal.

"Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright-weather of the heart. It gives harmony of soul, and is a perpetual song without words."—*Smiles.*

"Self-control is only courage under another name."—*Smiles.*

"It may be a glorious thing to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then,
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."
James Russell Lowell.

"To have lived but for one spring in the very heart of spring, is to have had a joy that might be desired by the angels. No poem, no picture could give you for an instant the sense of universal benediction that comes down with the full, sudden bursting of springtide over the land. There is always a suddenness, always one morning when the tidings are flashed in glad, thrilling notes from bough to bough; when the sunshine is sweeter and milder, the air fuller of quiet promise of blessing. There is always one day when the valleys laugh and sing more gloriously, and when the hills are more joyful together before the Lord. To every flower o' the spring there is a season, from the first snowdrop that peeps from under the dry, dead leaves at the bottom of the wood to the last hawthorn-bud that bursts on the top of the late white hedgerow. And yet there is always as it were a meeting of seasons—a time when the flowers come up that they may be together for awhile."—*Linskill.*

AN UNAPPRECIATED PHILANTHROPIST.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

THEY were having afternoon tea.

"Come, what are you laughing at?" she asked, as the young man broke into a sudden chuckle. "Was I funnier than I knew?"

"I was thinking of something," he said; and he lay back and laughed again.

"Tell me what it is," said she; "there is nothing so greedy as keeping a joke all to yourself."

"It was a man just back from the Cape," he said, brokenly; "and he had never heard of afternoon tea. He had made money fast, and he bought an Irish castle."

"That did not require a great effort of wealth," she observed.

"No; I daresay he could have afforded a dozen. Well, when he returned Lord Kildimo's call, they gave him tea—the usual smallish cup and tiny bits of bread and butter.

"It was observed that for a long time he kept an expectant eye upon the door, reserving his diminutive slice, and furtively drying it now and again as it softened in his saucer. Nothing intervening, he ate it, delicately and lingeringly. When the plate was passed to him he refused a second slice, buttoning up his coat with ostentation, and declaring that he had 'done very 'earty.' But his face was long and his manner abstracted; evidently there was something on his mind. His good-bye was subdued and almost tender, and he tip-toed away as though he were leaving church—before the collection. At length, it seemed, he got the chance that he wanted. As the footman was showing him out, he drew the man aside and slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"'Tell me,' he said: 'is that all his lordship usually has for tea?'

"'It is, your honour,' the footman answered. 'He never do have nothing but what you're after seeing.'

"'You don't say so,' gasped Crœsus. 'I've heard a deal about the straits of the Irish landlords; but there, that brings it home. Tchuk, tchuk, tchuk! his unfortunate lordship. Sad—oh, very sad.' And he stepped into his carriage with a head that went on wagging till he was out of sight.

"Hitherto, as it appears, he had not been accustomed to say grace. That evening, however, when a fine sirloin appeared, he was observed to close his eyes for a few seconds. And when he had tucked his napkin under his chin, he turned to the butler and said, 'Yes, we ought to be thankful indeed, us as has a tight weskut every day.'"

"Really," she remarked, "your language leaves much to be desired."

"Not," he said, "by those who appreciate delicacy and reserve. Perhaps you refer to the language of Mr. Jonathan Gawby?"

"Oh," she said, "Gawby was his name. Get on, please."

"Get on," he answered. "Who made me get off?

"A fortnight later some of Kildimo's people called at Gawby's castle. Tea was brought in, and when certain round covers were lifted, there appeared four large chump-chops, one for each of the callers."

"No, no," she broke in.

"Yes, yes," he insisted. "Excuses were vain; they had to eat them."

"Dear me," she observed, "are excuses nourishing?"

"No," he answered; "but interruptions are rude. Gawby followed his visitors to the door. 'There, John,' he whispered to the Kildimo footman (John was himself visibly enlarged after his reception in the kitchen), 'they've got a bit of fresh meat to-day, anyhow.'

"And just before the carriage drove off something was slipped under the ladies' feet—a red-stained parcel, following the contour of a leg of mutton.

"It was the same all through. Come when they might to the Castle, the Kildimo people found themselves set down to a good feed of meat. And twice every week there arrived at the Chase a sirloin or a fry, or at worst a nourishing pig's head.

"And whenever his lordship's party appeared—at tennis-ground, church, or links—Gawby's stage-whisper would rise behind his hand. 'A little improvement, don't you think? Yes, yes, poor things; getting quite a colour—quite a colour. Ah, we'll put double chins on 'em before Christmas.'"

"And what was the end?" she asked.

"The end of a thick stick," said he. "Lord Kildimo is a very explosive man."

"DORIS FAIRBURN."

By JEAN A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.



HE sat in a quiet corner of the grand old church of St. John the Baptist in an old German town, and watched the brightly-attired bridal-party enter in happy-looking couples and take their places for the ceremony. They were all well known to Doris, for she and her widowed mother, Mrs. Fairburn, had spent two years in this town, a favourite resort of cultivated English people. In its society these were welcomed by the better class of Germans.

The bride was Olga von Epstein, the groom Harry Armstrong, a young French-Canadian scientist who had been studying for some time under a noted professor living in this town. He had inherited a considerable fortune, being an only son, so he could afford to linger along the high road of science, so hard and so hilly a way to those less fortunately placed than himself. Not only could he linger along it, but he could step aside and dally awhile in some flowery vale that might open out as he pursued, in leisurely fashion, the deviating tenour of his way.

He had, to quote from Robert Browning, "What shall I say? A heart too soon made glad."

Doris Fairburn's refined, intellectual face and graceful figure had caught his wandering fancy the first day they had met at an evening party at Dr. von Epstein's, just nine months before this marriage ceremony was performed.

To do Harry Armstrong justice, he was not only impressed by Doris's outer appearance; her steadfast, earnest character had also won his respect. Here was a woman, he said to himself, who could hold a man's love, who would strengthen him for his work, and rouse him out of the *laisser aller*, half-hearted way, in which he felt his temperament, as well as his easy position in life, allowed him to pursue his studies. He was already thirty-one years of age, and those with whom he had graduated at Yale were most of them now far ahead of him in their various careers.

So he had gladly availed himself of Mrs. Fairburn's proffered hospitality, and for three months her pleasant dwelling had been almost a home to him in this German town. He had brought an introduction to her, on his first arrival, from an old friend of her husband's, and when the mother began to notice signs of a growing attachment between Doris and himself, she was rather glad than otherwise, as she thought she saw in this a prospect of happiness for her daughter; and in the future a happy home for her, when she might no longer be there to watch over her child. She had married late in life, Doris was her only daughter, and she could not, in the nature of things, expect to be spared to her for many years longer.

One other child she had, a son named Sydney, who was two years older than his sister. In his boyhood both mother and sister had combined—as these so often will—to spoil him, until all true manliness seemed killed in the growing lad, and he became a selfish, pleasure-loving youth. He had a good billet in a large shipping-office before he was twenty, with the prospect of an early partnership; but evil companions and his own weak inclinations led him to gamble, and the day came when he was hopelessly entangled in dishonourable debts. The man who had had the strongest hold over him, and to whom he owed most, was a handsome, unscrupulous fellow named Delorme, an old school-mate of his own.

A few days before Mrs. Fairburn and Doris left London for Germany, Sydney came home very late, as was his wont, and, as usual, he found poor Doris, looking white and miserable, sitting up for him. He bade her get to bed, threw himself into an arm-chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Sydney," cried Doris, "what is the matter? Do tell me! I have seen that something was wrong for the last few weeks, and I cannot go to bed without knowing what it is."

She took a little chair beside her brother and tried to draw away his hands from his face; but Sydney only repulsed her, until, seeing that she would not leave him, he broke out into irritable words of impatience about the wretched contrariety of things in general and his own bad luck in particular.

Doris listened for a while, filled with emotions that were a mixture of shame on account of what she knew to be her brother's weakness, and a pitying affection that no selfishness or wrong-doing on his side had been able to crush out of her loving, sister's heart.

"Now tell me," she said, as he grew quieter, "what is the fresh trouble to-night, Sydney. I will not go to bed until I know it."

Her stronger nature mastered his.

"The trouble is, I am ruined—ruined! I promised old Wilson that I would never touch cards again—he has helped me out of one mess—and I have been at it again. I owe a man over a hundred and fifty pounds, and I am in debt with the tailors, and others too. If old Wilson hears of it, I am done for. Unless I settle with Delorme he will know soon. Delorme's cousin is in our office, and he has always been down on me."

Doris gasped. "Oh, Sydney, how could you? How could you? And mother has only her annuity, it will break her heart."

"There, for goodness sake, Doris, don't make a row;" she was sobbing now with her head on her hands at the dining-room table. "That won't help a fellow," he added bitterly, too full of himself and his difficulties to feel, as yet, any compunction about the pain he was inflicting on his sister.

* * * *

There were only four days before they were to leave Kensington for Germany. Sydney's rooms in town were engaged, and the following day Doris was to go and take a few little articles, such as women love to brighten the comfortless walls and mantel of an ordinary lodging with, to the house in which her brother was to live.

At breakfast he was morose and silent. Fortunately, Mrs. Fairburn was having her meal upstairs, being weary after a long day's shopping.

Doris looked sad as she sat at the table, but there was a resolute expression on her face when she bid Sydney good-bye that struck him. He had seen the same look many a time before when she had helped him out of one or other of his boyish scrapes. He turned back from the door.

"What is in your head now, Doris? I tell you there is no way out of this, and if I had been worth more, I should have kept all the wretched thing from you. The only thing for me to do now is to clear out before I am turned out. Nay, I won't do it to-day, old girl, I must have time to think. Mother shall not know anything if I can help it. Delorme will wait a week."

He went out, and Doris rushed up to her room, and threw herself face downwards on her bed for a while. Then she roused herself, went into her mother's room, and after that, down to the kitchen to give the day's orders, and then she hurriedly dressed to go out. The little knick-knacks were left behind, however, and an hour later she was in the office of a well-known publisher, an old friend of her mother's.

She told him she needed money; she even allowed him to draw the inference that she had been carelessly extravagant, and that, whilst she had been housekeeper, during her mother's failing health, she had got into debt.

"I must have some money," said Doris, in a tone that grieved and touched the man who had once loved her mother. "I must make some, will you help me to do it? You know you once said I had the pen of a ready writer," and she looked pleadingly at their old friend in a way that went to his heart.

"Ah, that was when you wrote those pleasant letters from Switzerland, child, when I wanted an article on the Engadine. You never followed it up, though."

"No, I ought to have done so, I am sorry now. But try me with a few stories, do, dear Mr. Gray."

He saw that she was in earnest, he knew her mother's income was limited, and he had heard rumours of the little comfort they had from her brother.

"Try, then, child," he said, "I will give you every chance, but, even for your sake, and your dear mother's, I cannot promise to use your work, if it is not up to the mark."

The next day, much against his will, Sydney made an appointment with Delorme to meet his sister and himself in a quiet room in the National Gallery. Doris chose that place, as her mother knew that she liked often to go there, and this, she told her, was a last visit she was making to it. She had told her brother that she should go to Delorme's office if he did not arrange a meeting. She knew him slightly; and Sydney knew Doris well enough to be somewhat afraid of her when any real emergency called for action. To do him justice, he thought she was only going to plead with Delorme to give him time, and, although he hated the idea of her interference, he thought it prudent to humour his sister; though he told her it was a most unreasonable thing to expect two city fellows to drag out west, so far, during their short luncheon hour.

When the three met, much against his will, Sydney had to go to another part of the Gallery, leaving his sister and Delorme alone. The latter insisted on this, as Doris wished it, she said.

The result of their interview was that Doris, having told him that she could earn the money—if only he would give her time—he had promised to wait indefinitely, and Sydney did not know how he had been appeased.

"You are a beastly cad," were Delorme's words, on parting with him that day. "You are unworthy of that noble sister of yours. For her sake I will never help you into mischief again."

He played nowhere that evening, and before he fell asleep at night, he vowed that



"SHE SAT FEELING HEART-BROKEN IN THE CHURCH WHERE HER FRIENDS WERE BEING MARRIED."

Doris Fairburn was a trump, a jewel of a girl, and he would win her for himself, long before she had paid up what the fellow owed him. He had always admired her and had agreed to meet her for that reason.

If Doris had only had the courage to confide in her mother's friend, the affair might have been arranged with more common sense.

* * * *

A year had elapsed and Doris had actually been able to repay half the sum—mainly owing to the liberality of their family friend.

Sydney was careless, as ever, but he had kept to his promise not to gamble in any shape or way, and with Harry Armstrong's visits and the growing sympathy between them, Doris was very happy. It was a drawback that her writing had to be done during those hours when her mother was resting, at early dawn and late evening—also that all communications from the publisher and the notes acknowledging receipts of money from Delorme had to be addressed to a friendly shopwoman near. There was a feeling of deceit about it that fretted Doris, who had always been most open with her mother.

Then came a visit from Delorme, only a formal call, but Mrs. Fairburn wondered at it.

"That is a young man I never liked," she said, "I wonder that Sydney should have given him our address."

And Harry Armstrong happened to come in just as he was bidding Doris good-bye at their outer door. He noted the admiration in this stranger's eyes, he disliked his appearance, and was irritated because Doris evidently avoided talking about him. One day, too, he met her coming out of the fancy work shop with two letters in her hand. One contained printers' proofs, the other was from Delorme.

Harry could not resist glancing at them and he noticed that Doris's face flushed as he did so. Bidding her an abrupt good-morning, he walked about for an hour or so, in order to think over matters. The result was that he called that afternoon when Mrs. Fairburn, he knew, would be invisible.

"I love you, Doris," he said, "and I had begun to hope that you cared for me."

A happy light flickered for a moment over Doris's face, and Harry took her unresisting hand in his. Soon, however, she remembered her self-registered vow; she had yet to finish clearing her brother and she might not even speak of this, or let Harry know of her work, The hand that lay in her lover's grew cold and her features set-looking and white. She drew her hand away.

"You must not talk to me like this," she said, "I may not think of anyone in the way you wish—not yet," she added after a troubled pause.

Harry thought of the letters and his face grew stern. She was not so candid and true as he believed.

"Have you nothing more to say to me, Doris? Can you not confide in me? Have I been mistaken?" His words were abrupt and Doris shrank from him.

Suddenly he took up his hat. "Good-bye," he said, "I am going to Berlin to-morrow, and I do not know how long I may be away."

Still Doris was silent; in her misery she could find no words. The door closed on Harry, and she fled to her own room.

* * * *

It was only three months later when she sat, feeling heart-broken, in the church where Harry Armstrong and her friend Olga von Epstein were being married.

* * * *

It was well for Doris that she had her mother to think of and to care for. Well, too, that she had to work still, during her lonelier hours.

Soon a formal offer of marriage came from Delorme which was, of course, declined.

In his disappointment and anger, Delorme broke his word and told all to Sydney Fairburn. He did not know how the money had been obtained, but Sydney, who had wondered at Delorme's never urging payment and had been kept in ignorance till then, told Mr. Gray's eldest son—who happened just then to have been made a partner in the publishing house—the whole story, and, to do him justice, he was full of remorse.

Young Gray was able to enlighten him; he had read all Doris's work in their magazine; some of it was unsigned, lest the *nom de guerre* she had taken should appear too often in the same publication; and he had got to watch for them, and then to love the writer, with whom he had often played as a child. When he had mentioned her to his father, the latter had told him not to say she was writing for them; so he had not spoken of it to the brother.

Then John Gray told his father everything, and very soon he went to the town where the mother and daughter still were.

Two love stories would be rather much in so short a space. I can only tell you here that Doris is now Mrs. John Gray, a happier woman than she would ever have been as the wife of her brilliant, but erratic, first lover.

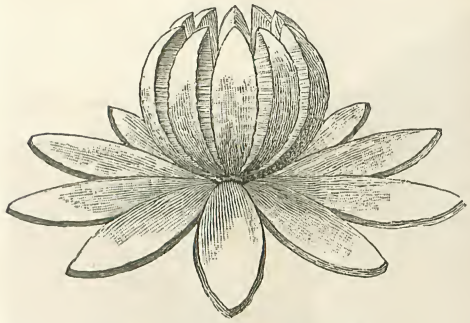
NOTE.—Do not, my dear girl readers, infer from my little story that it is an easy matter to write stories and to earn a great sum thereby. Unless you have a special gift for it, and, also what some one has defined genius to be, an infinite capacity for taking pains, you had much better make gowns or become a milliner if you need to work for pay.

ORANGES: "THE POOR MAN'S FRUIT."

By LINA ORMAN COOPER.

WHEN golden-skinned, ripe juicy oranges can be bought for three or four a penny, I think they well merit the name of "Poor Man's Fruit." In Crete the very sheep are fed on the yellow globes, when other herbs fail; and they thrive amazingly!

We do not make half enough of oranges.



"MOTHER'S WATER LILY."

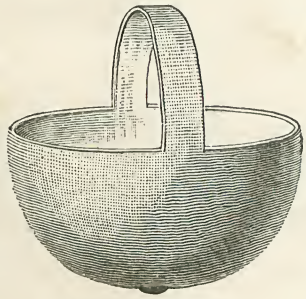
Yet we get this delicious fruit so easily now, that it is a pity not to take advantage of the many ways in which it may be served.

Every part of the orange can be utilised, skin, pulp and pips. For medicine. As a perfume. In sickness and in health. It possesses great anti-scorbutic properties, and its free consumption is of great benefit to health.

The peel of an orange, to many of us, is but fit for the dustbin or fire. We are satisfied if our children suck the pulp and throw away its rind. If we always took care to remove the outer skin and preserve it, we should have an excellent flavourer for bread and butter, suet, and other puddings. Stewed rhubarb, when flavourless and old, is the nicer for an addition of grated orange rind. Then for custards, simmered in the milk, it is even nicer than lemon skin—of course all white pith should be avoided, and it should be peeled as finely as its more delicate-faced cousin. Orangeade—made exactly like lemonade—can be evolved from it too.

We must remember that dried orange peel is used medicinally as a tonic; so that its use in the kitchen is to be recommended. In olden days a dried Seville orange stuffed with cloves was a fashionable preservative against infection, and is often seen in old portraits. Cardinal Wolsey always carried one as a pomander when he had to frequent crowded assemblies. He is described as "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with part of a sponge dipped in vinegar and other confections." Though we do not think as much of the orange nowadays, yet the germ of the old fashion was a true one. Its free use is a preventive against many diseases.

The difficuly of eating this fruit daintily is a heavy weight on its popularity. In the days of Cœur de Lion when the first crusaders brought over this species of Citrus Aurantium no one thought of its disabilities in this way; but it is a real difficulty, only to be overcome by a house-mother's ingenuity. In preparing a dish of this favourite fruit for a children's party, for instance, it should be scored at



BASKET FOR SWEETS.

intervals, then with a spoon each "leaf" can be detached and laid flat, every quarter partly separated and the whole made to look like "Mother's waterlily." A child should never be allowed to smear its palms and fingers. The skin is so readily and easily detached by using a spoon, that there is no excuse for such a thing.

Again, baskets of orange rind laid along a

supper table, filled with jelly or goodies are much appreciated by young folk. The basket must be cut after the following diagram, and the pulp extracted carefully. If enough of a handle is left this basket is very strong. Each guest should be allowed to carry one home, and I warrant it will be as much appreciated as was the one stuck with cloves, which history recordeth was one of Harry the Eighth's new year's gifts. He thought it would preserve wine from mouldiness. We know it will keep a fragrant memory of a childish delight.

"Orange snow" is a pretty dish for a "party." Peel carefully, clear from white pith and divide into sections as many sweet oranges as will pile up into a goodly-sized pyramid. Sprinkle freely with white sugar, then, entirely bury the whole in grated cocoa-nut! Oh! those Mont Blancs of childhood! Was anything equal to them with their golden bases and glittering apexes and delicious blending of flavours?

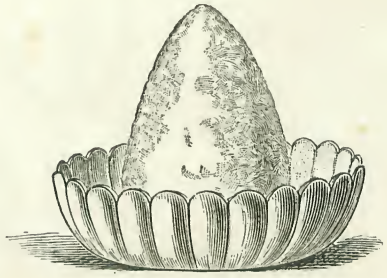
Of course marmalade is the chief preserve made from the poor man's fruit. In a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, a good many recipes for making this delicious conserve were given. They averaged about five-pence halfpenny a pound. As I am treating the fruit from a poor man's point of view, I give a method for making marmalade for about a penny farthing a pound. Do not let its cheapness hinder the most fastidious housewife making it. Properly and carefully prepared it is equal to the most expensive preparation.

Slice Seville oranges very thin, cutting through rind and pith and pulp alike. Put into a large pan, and to every pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold spring water. Having removed the pips, put them in a jam jar and cover with cold water too. For twenty-four hours the fruit must lie in the water, and the pips by themselves in the crock. At the end of that time, strain the pips from the jelly they will be in, and put jelly, water and fruit into a preserving pan. Boil all together for two hours.

During this time no attention is needed, no sugar being in the mixture it will not burn.

When the peel is quite soft, to each pound of the now reduced mass, put one pound and a quarter of sugar. Return to pan and boil until the marmalade becomes rich and clear in colour. Of course stirring must be carefully attended to during these last fifty minutes or so. When of reddish amber, and just before "setting," add the juice of two lemons, and their peel finely shred.

You ought to have about twelve pounds of preserve for every dozen oranges, and as the poor man's fruit can be bought in February for from fourpence to eightpence a dozen, and



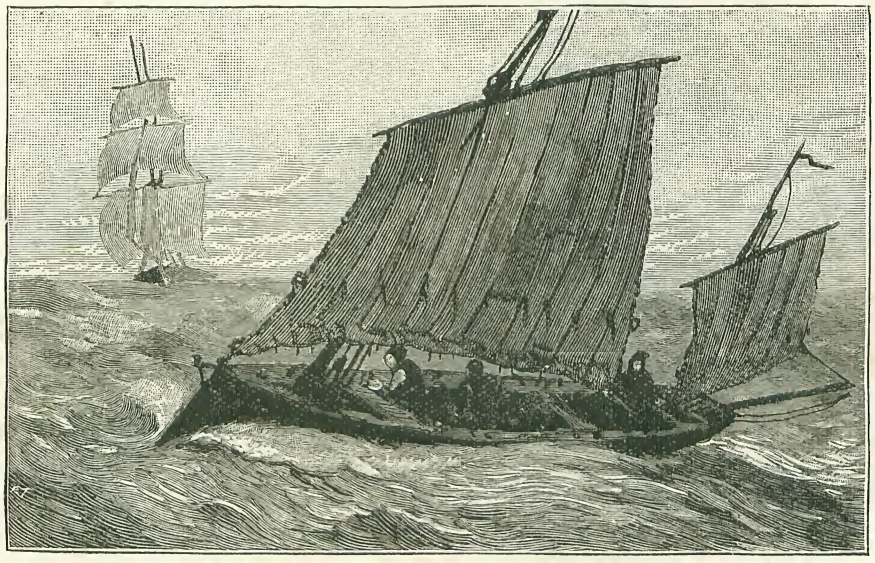
ORANGE SNOW IN DISH.

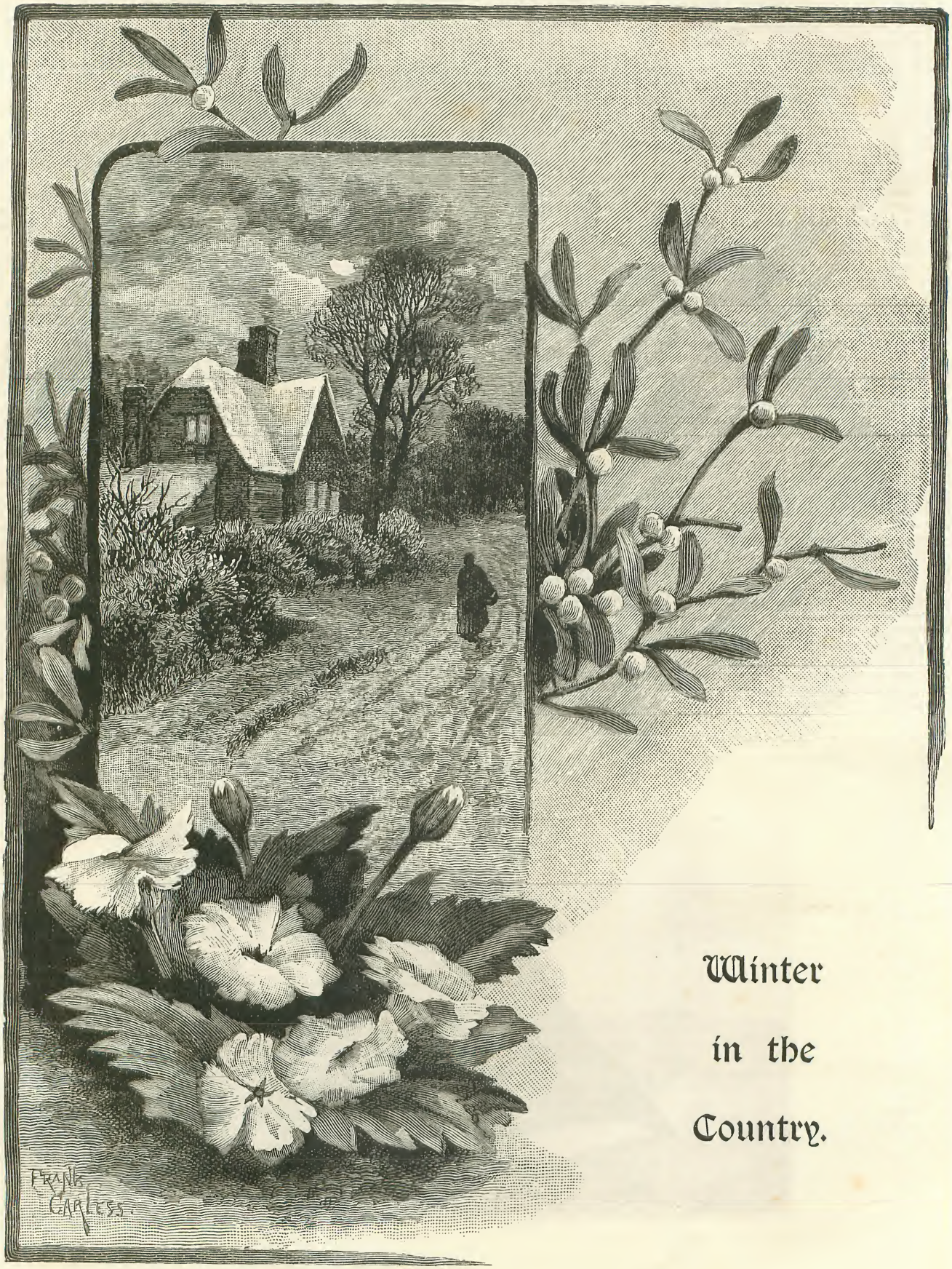
sugar for a penny farthing a pound, you will see that the confection will tot up to about penny farthing a pound. The only trouble-some part in making this marmalade is the preliminary cutting up of the fruit. The more carefully this is done the more refined will be the result. For rough every day schoolboy use, or the servant's hall, the whole may be passed through any mincing machine. Of course appearance is sacrificed, but the marmalade will taste quite as good.

I must close this article by copying a recipe from my grandmother's note book. Incidentally I may observe that her orange jelly is something extra superfine. Dissolve two ounces of isinglass in one pint of water. Take the juice of eight sweet and two Seville oranges and two lemons. Boil this juice with three pounds and a half of lump sugar and the rinds of two oranges. When a clear syrup, remove rinds and add the dissolved isinglass. Boil altogether until it looks as transparent as a topaz. Remove from range and, when nearly cold, pour into shapes.

There are hundreds of other ways of using the poor man's fruit. They may be found in any cookery book. The recipes I have given will not be read elsewhere.

The natural history of the orange is interesting. It is closely allied to the citron, lemon and lime. The tree originally hailed from India, where it still grows wild in jungles of Nilghiri Hills. It grows freely and produces fruit abundantly wherever heat and moisture can be supplied to its roots. It is propagated by grafting. A good orange tree will be fruitful for nearly 100 years, each crop averaging 400 to 1000 of the bright balls. There are no less than 80 varieties. The *Citrus Aurantium* is cultivated most largely in California and Florida. In the latter, floors are often scrubbed with its fruit. The acid therein (it abounds in citric acid) keeps the boards beautifully white. Its own wood is of a fine yellow tint, so hard and close in texture that it is much sought after by turners and cabinet-makers. The fruit has to be gathered long before it is ripe when intended for exportation. Thus we find the orange a veritable poor man's friend. Every part of it is useful. The rind, however, is much appreciated by the rich man too; for to it curaçoa, that favourite liqueur, owes its flavour. The wealthy woman too owes a debt to the orange. Its leaves, flowers, pulp, oil and rind are used in nearly every perfume that she affects. Its skin, in a transparent candied state, ornaments most of her puddings, and all of her cakes. This being the case, all classes of society might be painted, like "Goldsmith's Seven Hamboroughs," with a golden orange in our hands—symbolic of how much we use and owe to it.

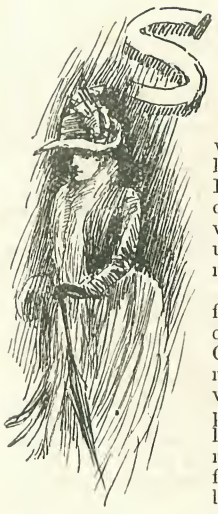




Winter in the Country.

BIRDIE; OR, A HOUSEFUL OF GIRLS.

By C. N. CARVALHO, Author of "Cousin Essie's Love Story."



"So here you are at last," were the words that greeted me as I stepped on to the platform at Woodleigh Station. "I vowed I wouldn't believe it till I saw you. However, you have hit on a very good time—we are in great force up at the house just now."

It was Philip Rutherford who spoke—my old chum at Rugby and Oxford. I had promised many times to visit him at his father's place, but something had always prevented me. It was my own fault, probably. I dislike a houseful of girls, and Rutherford had an alarming number of sisters.

"Yes, here I am," I replied curtly. "I have been obliged to knock off work for a bit—been running it rather too fine for the last few months, as I told you. So when your letter came, I——"

"You hadn't a decent excuse for refusing my invitation," interrupted Phil. And had we been standing in the Palace of Truth, I fear the sentence would have been concluded somewhat in that fashion.

But Phil knew me of old and took no offence. I was turning towards the station-door, when he called out—

"Just wait a moment, will you, Lancaster. Some of our girls may be here. They went up to town this morning."

In fact three young ladies were then getting out of a carriage at the further end of the train. I had seen them on the platform at Charing Cross, but had had no notion who they were. Two buxom damsels in tailor-made costumes (I hope that is the correct term) and a slighter figure in blue serge, carrying a huge 'cello case and a portfolio, whom at a glance I had taken to be their maid. Encumbered by these packages, she lingered in the background now, while her sisters cam forward quickly.

"This is my friend Lancaster," Phil told them as soon as they were within speaking distance. "Lancaster—my sisters, Victoria, Elizabeth, and Birdie. Why, bless my soul, child," he added as he took the 'cello case into his hand, "you look for all the world like the parcel postman. Why do you let the girls make a packhorse of you?"

Birdie laughed, but she blushed too—she had divined what had been my first thought. She shook hands with me in the friendliest fashion, whereas her sisters only made me a stiff bow.

After stowing the 'cello case and other trifles into the dog-cart, Phil asked if one of the girls would drive up, but the elder ones assured him they would prefer to walk, and they carried off their younger sister without consulting her wishes.

I was not sorry to be left alone with my friend, being much too weary to make myself agreeable just then. As he pushed the portfolio out of my way, I asked him casually if his sisters were taking music lessons.

"Lessons, my dear fellow," Phil returned with a satirical smile. "Nay, it is quite the other way round. We don't take lessons—we teach. Victoria has a class where people come to her. But Lizzie must have been shopping, I fancy, for the studios are closed now. She goes in for high art."

I looked at him incredulously, for Mr. Rutherford was well to do, and his daughters had no need to work for a living.

"Oh, don't ask me why," he went on, seeing the question on my lips. "Ask the girls themselves—no one else knows. They like it, I suppose. It is not profitable—so the governor tells me. In fact he has had to put a stop to some of their undertakings, finding them a little too expensive."

"And are they all so independent?" I inquired.

"Except the little one—yes. Birdie has not taken to a profession yet, but her sisters have her in tow. She is to be a singer, they say. It is wicked to let one's talents lie idle."

"Poor child," I could not help saying, for her dreamy eyes and shy smile had already told me she had no taste for publicity. "She has a voice then."

"Very sweet and fresh. I daresay something might be done with it, if she cared to try. The governor is very glad she does not, and so am I. And we maintain she has as good a right to her own way as her sisters have."

Twenty minutes' drive brought us to the house. There was only Phil's mother at home then, but an hour later, when I went into the drawing-room, I was introduced to a couple more of the Miss Rutherfords, one a nursing-sister, the other a lawyer in embryo. These two were younger than Phil, who was twenty-five; those I had seen at the station were older, with the exception of Birdie, who, as I learned later, was about nineteen, though she looked a good deal less.

As I listened to these young women discussing their various occupations, I fell to wondering how it came about that Philip Rutherford, the laziest, most easy-going young fellow in the world, should come of such an energetic stock. That he would be plucked for his degree, I, in company with all the men at Trinity, had taken for a foregone conclusion, but he had managed to scramble through. Was it in consequence of his sisters' untiring efforts that he had attained that small amount of glory? Had Victoria coached him in mathematics, and Elizabeth written his Latin verses? Had Adelaide crammed him with historical data and Penelope supplied his French themes? On the whole I thought it not unlikely. But what had little Birdie done for him?

She sat very silent while the talk went on, and after dinner, when the others rambled about the garden, ensconced herself on a low stool at her father's feet. But not till she had found Mr. Rutherford's newspaper, had supplied the flower-vases with fresh water, and re-arranged her mother's knitting, which seemed in a chronic state of dismemberment. She was tired, apparently, for though she had a book in her hand, her eyes closed very often, and at last it fell to the ground unheeded.

Fearing to disturb her, I stepped through the open window into the garden and proceeded to light a cigar. The night was clear; the moon, newly risen, sent a silvery beam into the darkened room I had just quitted. A curtain hid Mr. Rutherford's form from view, but his daughter's face, illumined by the moonlight, looked holy and peaceful as a saint of old. Or was it a "sleeping beauty" all unconscious of the awakening so near at hand. But I was not permitted to indulge in such romantic thoughts for long. The nursing sister was outside and took a common sense—or, may I say, a commonplace—view of the situation.

"How can Birdie be so silly as to sleep in the moonlight?" she said irritably as I came up. "Papa ought not to allow it. I shall just go in and rouse her. If she can't keep awake, she had better go to bed."

"It will not matter for a few minutes," I urged. "It is not like tropical moonlight—that really is dangerous. Let Miss Elizabeth see her. At dinner she was lamenting the dearth of subjects for her pencil."

Elizabeth and her brother were coming along the gravel walk as I spoke. I held up my hand to impose silence and pointed to the group in the bay window. The moon, a little higher now, had touched the sleeper's hair and turned it into threads of palest gold. Her white dress looked like snow as it lay against her father's coat.

"By Jove," broke from Phil, in almost involuntary admiration. But the artist passed on unheeding, and laid her hand on her sister's shoulder. In a moment the vision had vanished.

The evening closed with some duets between Mrs. Rutherford and her eldest daughter, very well played. I should have liked to hear the youngest girl sing, but she seemed so tired I would not make the request.

But while I was waiting for my shaving water the next morning, certain tones fell on my ear that told me her brother might, without exaggeration, have bestowed on her voice much higher praise. Half asleep as I was, I took it at first for the birds outside, who indeed, had been holding high carnival for some hours. To make sure who the singer was, I put the question to the servant when he answered my bell, and lingered a while to draw up the blind.

"That will be Miss Bertha, sir," he said in a tone that showed me he was proud of his young mistress's talent. "She is often at the piano at this hour. Does it disturb you, sir? She will give over directly if I tell her so."

"On no account," I cried. "It is charming. Let her sing as long as she will. I could listen all day."

"The child dislikes singing before strangers," the old man went on with all the familiarity of long service. "She cries when Miss Rutherford talks of bringing her out in London. Lord bless you—one might as well talk of bringing out a thrush or a blackbird."

The breakfast-room was empty when I went down at ten o'clock. My friends knew I was out of sorts and had begged me not to hurry. Naturally such a hive of working bees had risen long ago. Certainly this was vacation time, but, therefore, as I had been informed, a good opportunity for pursuing such points as had to be neglected during a press of work. So Victoria began the day with counterpoint exercises, a branch she considered of much importance; and Elizabeth was making studies for an historical picture. Penelope was deep in Blackstone, and Adelaide was preparing to start for the village infirmary.

This I learned from Birdie, who came in presently to pour out my coffee. Her father, she added, was engaged with his steward; her mother was still in her room. Phil had gone to the stables, to look out a horse for my use, but he would be in directly.

Warned by old Barker's remarks, I refrained from telling the girl how much her singing had pleased me. When Phil came in we agreed to go for a ride together, and as soon as I had finished my breakfast, he bore me off to see the mount he had chosen for me; a beautiful Arabian mare that Mr. Rutherford had recently purchased as a birthday present for his eldest daughter. But Victoria never used it now, prefering a bicycle, Phil said, so it was quite at my disposal. I was not sorry she did not care for horse exercise. It would be pleasanter, I thought, to take my own time to explore the neighbourhood.

In the afternoon, however, I deemed it my duty to join the ladies, and prepared to do so with some trepidation. Horsemanship, as it happened, was my sole accomplishment then, though I had been an ardent cricketer in my college days, and I knew my lack of skill in the active exercises now in vogue, would be speedily discovered. I fear I went down several degrees in Miss Rutherford's estimation when I confessed to an utter ignorance of golf, a positive hatred of cycling, and to only the most rudimentary knowledge of lawn tennis. It was well I had a profession, or they would have given me up altogether. Incidentally I gathered they had a very poor opinion of any man who chanced to be without one, and indeed I heard such sharp things said of the recipients of unearned increment, or, as they put it, of idlers waiting for dead men's shoes, that I wondered my friend Phil did not feel uncomfortable. But perhaps he was used to it.

Doubtless it was hard on the Rutherford girls to have thrown on their hands a man so devoid of interest in the pastimes of the day, but it was no fault of mine. Had I not, short of rudeness, done my utmost to avoid inflicting my society upon them? At another time I would have devoted some hours to my books, but these by the doctor's orders, had now to be laid aside in favour of an open-air life. So as a beginning I volunteered to learn lawn-tennis, and Miss Birdie, as the idler of the family, was told off to give me lessons.

"You will soon pick it up, Mr. Lancaster," Victoria informed me with great condescension, "and then, if you care to take the trouble, you can take part in our tournament next month. We are much in want of another player."

With this delightful prospect in view, I worked hard—that is, if spending a couple of hours each morning in the tennis-field can be so described. We used to go down in full force directly after breakfast, Mr. Rutherford taking his turn with the rest, and his wife looking on from the shelter of the tent. But we had rarely played for long, before some fault would be found with the way I handled my racquet, and I was sent to a side court to practise the proper method under Birdie's tuition, while the others continued their game unencumbered by my awkward movements.

By degrees my little teacher became less shy, and our tennis-lessons, concluding as they usually did with a stroll through the adjoining meadows, grew to be very pleasant. So pleasant indeed, that one morning I actually forgot an engagement I had made to go out with Phil at eleven o'clock, and after the horses had been waiting a quarter of an hour he came down to look for me.

Birdie and I chanced to be alone that morning. Mrs. Rutherford had one of her bad headaches, and her daughters were busy arranging the details of a concert they were getting up in aid of the voluntary school. We two had been talking most of the time, and to say the truth, it was only when we heard Phil's whistle, that we took down our racquets from the shelf.

"It is a splendid morning for a scamper over the down," Phil said as we were making our way to the house. "Birdie, dear child, why not come with us? you have not had a ride for an age. Come, the Sylphide does not get half exercise enough; nor do you, you little ghost, or your cheeks would not be so white as they are."

"I should like it very much, Phil," she said wistfully as she glanced up shyly at me; "only you see I have to play Victoria's accompaniments this morning and I am late already. And when she can spare me I must sit with mamma; she will want someone when she wakes."

"Let Addie do that. Is is just in her line.

"Oh, no, she says there is nothing to be learned from watching such a simple case. She is going to the cottage hospital to see some child who has broken its leg."

"And who has Briggs and the whole hospital staff to look after it," growled Phil. "Why doesn't she mind her own business? And what is Vic doing that she wants you to help her?"

"She is getting up a sonata for the concert. And—" Here Birdie hesitated and looked troubled, "and—she wants to choose something for me to sing at it, but I—I——"

"Would much rather not," interrupted her brother. "Then you shan't do it, Birdie. I won't have you bullied. Though it would be the one thing to make the concert tolerable," he added below his breath. "I hate Victoria's long drawn rhapsodies on the 'cello. I am glad you've given me a hint."

"Oh, do you think you can manage it?"

"Of course. Then you'll come, and I will speak to Addie while you are putting on your habit. And Vic must wait. Tell her there must be no row in the house while the mother is sleeping. But make haste, there's a good child, for the sooner we are off the better."

"You see the girls may bowl me over if I give them time," he explained as Birdie ran away to do his bidding. "We'll go round by the stables, Lancaster. I must tell them to saddle the Sylphide. That's the little white mare you were admiring the other day. Birdie always rides her."

We had a charming ride through country lanes bordered with flower-laden hedges and stately trees; finishing with the scamper over the downs Phil had recommended at starting. On our way back there was some debate as to whether we should take the bridle-path through the fields, or go round by the village, and the matter having been referred to me, I, unfortunately, chose the latter. As we were entering the market-place, and I was in the midst of some remark on its picturesque appearance, our progress was stopped by a lady cyclist, who, without the smallest note of warning, dashed in among the horses, scattering them right and left. The Arabian I was riding reared up on its haunches directly, and I had much ado to prevent her from falling backwards. When I had leisure to look about me, I saw the Sylphide galloping off with half a dozen village boys in pursuit, and poor Birdie lying on the grass with one arm doubled under her. Phil was bending over her: his face full of anxiety.

"You've done it this time," I heard him say roughly to a girl who was standing beside him. "Why do you never look where you are going? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

As I threw myself out of the saddle, I saw the young lady was Adelaide Rutherford, whom we had deemed in close attendance on her mother. A woman now brought her a glass of water, and wetting her handkerchief she began to bathe her sister's face, but Birdie gave no sign of consciousness.

"She is not hurt," Miss Adelaide hastened to say, in answer to my eager inquiry. "Only Birdie never has any self-control. She could open her eyes if she chose. Don't be so silly, Phil. One would think I had killed her to hear you talk."

She took the child's hand in hers, and the movement must have roused the sufferer, for a faint moan broke from her.

"Ride home, Lancaster," Phil cried, after assuring himself I had escaped injury; "ride home, there's a good fellow, and tell them to send the carriage here. Or, if you meet one, stop it, never mind whose it is. Oh, what luck, there's the doctor's gig. Hold hard, Williamson, we have had an accident, and you are the very man we want."

"There is nothing wrong, Mr. Williamson," Adelaide assured him, as the doctor came to Birdie's side. "Do please tell Phil so—he does not mind me in the least."

The doctor vouchsafed no reply, but proceeded to make an examination of his patient. His look was anything but reassuring.

"H'm," I heard him mutter after a while, "I am by no means so sure of that, Miss Rutherford," he added aloud; "I rather think your sister's shoulder is dislocated."

"Oh, that is easily set," said Addie confidently, "and the sooner the better, Mr. Williamson. Shall I loosen her dress for you? I can render first aid, you know."

"You shan't touch her," roared Phil, as he saw poor Birdie shrink from her sister's handling. "Let Williamson alone, Addie. First aid, indeed! You shouldn't come near me if there wasn't a doctor within a hundred miles."

This was hard on the girl, for no surgeon, however skilful he may be, can set a limb without giving the patient pain; but a man seldom picks his words when he is vexed with his sister. To get her out of the way seemed advisable, so when the doctor begged me to take a message to his house, I pleaded ignorance of its whereabouts, and suggested the young lady should be the messenger.

"Good," came from Mr. Williamson's lips in a much too audible aside. Addie heard it of course, but had the sense to take no notice. She mounted her bicycle and rode off at once, while I turned my horse's head towards Woodleigh Hall. Not to order the carriage, for that the doctor said was unnecessary—he would drive the girl home himself, but to break the news to the family and have sundry preparations made for her comfort.

In a few minutes Addie came up behind me. "I've given the message," she cried, as she flew by, "and I'll be at home long before you on that old-fashioned thing."

The contempt in her tone was comical. Nevertheless, it seemed likely her words would prove true, for the "old-fashioned thing," one of the most valuable animals in her father's stables, had sustained a slight injury that, for the moment, rendered its progress slow. But it was speedily avenged. The next turn of the road showed me Miss Adelaide proceeding on foot, pushing before her that latest triumph of art, her imperial Rover. A screw had come out of the pedal or something of that kind, but I know little of the technicalities of bicycle machinery.

"It looks as if I should win the race after all," I said, in my turn a little contemptuously. I saw she was unhurt, so made no offer of assistance. What she said I did not hear; perhaps she did not condescend to answer.

As soon as I had told my story all was confusion. Mr. Rutherford was out, and his daughters being unable to give the necessary orders, had to go up-stairs to rouse their mother. The servants ran hither and thither, but till Mrs. Rutherford came down, nothing was done towards carrying out the doctor's directions.

Some days passed before I saw the invalid. The dislocation was unimportant, the doctor said, but the girl's nerves had sustained a severe shock and needed rest. "And if I let her come downstairs," he added, with a

knowing shake of the head, "there will be no chance of that. The child does everything, it seems to me."

With so many servants in the house, that could scarcely be, and yet I was fain to agree with Mr. Williamson. Without Birdie's influence, things seemed as it were out of joint. To begin with, I sorely missed my morning carol, which I had learned to look forward to as one of the pleasantest incidents of the day. So did other people, apparently, else why was the conversation at breakfast so full of angry repartee. Mr. Rutherford was always out of temper now, especially with his daughter Adelaide, and no one save myself got a decent word from him. Certainly the young ladies took little thought for his comfort, and had he not been allowed to pour out his woes to Birdie there must have been an explosion of some kind.

When she reappeared amongst us things went a little better, but the poor child, confined to the sofa by the doctor's orders, had a sad time of it. Why a nurse was not provided for her I never could understand—possibly Adelaide thought it unnecessary—for no one but her mother and brother found leisure to attend to her wants, and Mrs. Rutherford could not do much, being something of an invalid herself. Adelaide hardly ever came near her. A guilty conscience may have kept her away, but privately I am of opinion she did not care to waste her time on a case presenting so few complications, and naturally the other girls had more important things to do.

But no one word of complaint ever passed Birdie's lips. Only sundry shy suggestions to Phil revealed the pain she suffered when she saw her father weary himself with seeking things that should have been put ready to hand or heard him complain that his papers lay about in dusty disorder, his letters were uncopied, his newspapers lost. Gradually it fell to me to supply her place in Mr. Rutherford's study—for Phil had quite as much on his hands as he could manage—and after a long morning spent with the old gentleman, I used to find myself watering flowers under Birdie's directions, writing out Mudie lists, and feeding pet canaries. Cheering an invalid was an occupation new to me, but one I found very sweet. Now and then I spent a long afternoon beside her couch, for Mrs. Rutherford was not permitted to forego her daily drive lest her health should suffer, and it would have been cruel to leave the patient child entirely alone.

Phil did, I knew, make more than one attempt to induce his sister, Victoria, the most reasonable of the lot he was wont to say, to pay some attention to those trifles, but his efforts were wholly unsuccessful.

"My dear boy," she would say loftily, "it is the greatest mistake to let the servants expect you to do their work for them. I am always telling Birdie so. You may rely on it, if mamma sees anything neglected she will give her orders."

Still, after his lectures, she did condescend occasionally to bring her violoncello into the drawing-room and play to the invalid. And Birdie, lying back among her cushions, would have thoroughly enjoyed those long-drawn rhapsodies Phil hated so cordially, had not her sister always seized on the opportunity for dilating on the grand career that was in store for the girl if only she would exert herself.

It gave me quite a curious sensation when first it dawned on me that Birdie's soft eyes always grew brighter as I entered the drawing-room. However sad and dispirited I might find her, she speedily became cheerful when she saw me push aside the ponderous treatises on art Elizabeth kept her supplied with, carry Victoria's prize essay on counterpoint out of her reach, and settle myself for a chat. What we talked of I really cannot say, but we laughed so much that Mrs. Rutherford, busy over her books or work, would look up and wonder placidly what we could possibly find to be so merry about.

Dearly did I learn to prize those quiet hours, and was only sad when I remembered how soon they must come to an end. For the law sittings were about to commence, and I could no longer urge my ill-health as an excuse for prolonged idleness.

The concert, of which mention has been already made, had been put off once or twice, but now that Victoria was convinced Birdie would not be able to appear, it was announced to take place in ten days' time. A full dress rehearsal was to be held first, at which we all, except the invalid, had promised to be present; but the evening proving wet, Mrs. Rutherford was afraid to venture out, Phil made an excuse, and I—— Well, it was strange that I should have an important brief sent down to me by that afternoon's post, but so it was.

Phil thoughtfully made over his father's study to me that I might read in quiet, but after running my eyes hastily through the brief, I saw that nothing could be done away from town, so I rolled the papers together and prepared to join my friends.

As I opened the study door the sounds that issued from the further side of the hall told me master Phil was enjoying a concert more to his taste than the high class music then being performed at the town-hall. Having concluded the "Soldier's Chorus" from *Faust*, Mrs. Rutherford commenced a dreamy prelude, and with an intuition of what was to follow, I stood listening.

I was not disappointed. Birdie's clear tones soon rose above the accompaniment and held me enchained. It was the first time she had essayed to sing since her accident. At dinner I had made known to the family that I must quit them the following day, but she had not been present—she was not yet strong enough to sit long at table. But that someone had told her I was going, I felt sure, for her usually joyous tones were sad to-night, and her song, somebody's "Farewell"—I am ashamed to say I forgot the author's name—was so touchingly rendered as almost to bring tears to my eyes.

The last bar was being played as I went in, and the girl was on her way back to the sofa. But I pleaded for more music. It was such a long time, I reminded her, since I had heard her sing.

She consented readily. "Only," she added archly, "you must not tell Victoria, or she will scold me for my laziness. At any rate, say nothing till the concert is over."

As I listened, I no longer wondered Miss Rutherford should desire to make her sister's gifts known to the world, for a sweeter voice it would be hard to find, or one more skilfully trained. And yet I felt a selfish longing to thwart her plans. Nothing had been further from my intention than to speak on the subject to-night, but suddenly I changed my mind. When a man is in love such resolves are not to be depended upon.

When the song was over, Mrs. Rutherford retired to her favourite seat in the bay-window—that never-ending piece of knitting in her hand that her son had named Penelope's web. Phil drew to the table and brought out his blotting-book. He had one or two business letters to write, and he had thought I should be in possession of the study for the whole evening. As soon as Birdie was comfortably settled among her cushions—which it was my privilege to arrange—I challenged her to a game of chess. Neither of us were good players, nor had we much desire to improve ourselves; but a great deal can be said behind a chess-board, and I for one had a great deal to say.

I began by alluding to my approaching departure, of which, as I had divined, she had already been apprised. Then a good many platitudes followed—how I hoped to come down again soon—how I should never forget the pleasant time I had passed at Woodleigh, and the like. And all the while we kept moving the pieces about as if vitally interested in their welfare.

Will it be believed that I actually took Birdie's king with one of my pawns and neither of us found it out? But by that time we had ceased to talk of conventional matters, and in whispered words I was telling my darling how dearly I loved her, and watching the heightened colour on her cheek, and the tender light in her dear eyes that showed me I did not plead in vain.

At last Phil, his letters finished, came and stood behind us, and burst into a roar of laughter at the sight of our kingless chess-board. The sound roused his mother from her nap, and she took him to task.

"Phil, my dear," she said innocently, "how noisy you are this evening. What has Mr. Lancaster done that amuses you so much?"

Phil's reply nearly took away my breath.

"Well, as far as I can make out, mother," he said deliberately, "he is asking Birdie to marry him."

Birdie gave a little scream, but when the first shock was over, she saw, as I did, that he had done us a good service. For how should I ever have got my story told?

A moment later the musician and her escort came in, radiant with delight at the success of their undertaking. But their raptures were cut short by the news that awaited them.

* * * *

"If I had had any idea what you were after, Lancaster," Phil said to me that same night, as we sat together in the smoking-room, "I would never have asked you down here. The house won't be habitable without Birdie. And yet the child looks so absurdly happy, I can almost find it in my heart to forgive you. But what shall we ever do without her?"

To this I had no answer ready. Luckily Mr. Rutherford, taken by surprise, had already given his consent and could not recall it.

Still it was a good while before I was permitted to take my wife home. Birdie and I are very happy, and no one is inclined to regret that she has had to forego the grand career her sister Victoria had designed for her.





THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

WEINSBERG town beleaguered lay,
Famine stalked the street.
Hungry eyes in search of prey
Scanned the garbage by the way,
Hungry fingers raked it o'er,
Seeking, seeking evermore
Scraps of broken meat.
Sure the fiercest foe of all
Held the Weinsberg folk in thrall!
Yet no, for there, without the gate,
Vowing vengeance, breathing hate,
A foeman fiercer still was seen—
The thrice accursed Ghibelline!

God help the folk of Weinsberg town
(None else can help them now);
God help the Guelph that wears the crown;
God help the humble country clown
That drives the peaceful plough.
God help the old whose staff supplies
The service of his sightless eyes;
God help the maid whose beauty glows
Rare as the newly-opened rose,
The widow, weeping and forlorn—
Aye, and the very babe unborn,
In such an evil day!
Good bishop, pray the Lord once more
As never mortal prayed before—
Bid all the folk to pray.
Speed, father priest, upon your way,
Prepare your flock while yet you may,
For short will be their shrift, I ween,
When once the dreaded Ghibelline
Batters the crazy rampart down
And looses Havoc on the town!

Through the long-drawn hours of woe
Famine works her will.
Steps that once were swift, fall slow
As they totter to and fro,
And the gaunt ghosts of Weinsberg grow
Gaunter, and gaunter still.
Courage that flashed in fearless eyes
Grows dimmer day by day, and dies,
And in its stead comes the dull stare
Of broken-hearted, blank despair!

The gallant heart will leap at sight
Of flashing sword and spear.
The joy, the fury of the fight
Will fill it with a fierce delight,
And bid the very coward smite,
Forgetful of his fear!
But who can bear the gnawing pang
Of ruthless Hunger's savage fang?
Who, when senses faint and reel,
Can show the world a breast of steel?
Of all the labours ever set
Since first the ages ran,
The most gigantic task is yet
To starve and be a man.

And ever at the city gate
The watchful foeman lay,
Inexorable in his hate,
And biding but the hour of fate
To pounce upon his prey!
No hope! no hope! The self-same thought
O'ershadows all. The prey is caught!
A brief suspense—a moment's pause—
The tiger rends it in his jaws!

Oh! for the weary, weary hours
Of sleepless watch and strain!
The sentry, high upon the towers,
Draws tighter still his belt, and cowers
In agonising pain!
A comrade comes—the pang is keen—
Eye meets despairing eye,
A shrug, a nod—not hard to glean
What those famished sentries mean!
And plainer still, when from the street
Rings a despairing cry—
"Ah, mother! bread that I may eat—
Bread, or I must die!"

Surrender? Through the city lanes
The murmur swiftly flew.
Surrender? Aye, our bitter pains
Have wrung the word—what else remains?
What other can we do?
Surrender? Little Guelph can hope
From Ghibelline but axe or rope,
Yet even that were well;
Whate'er his savage wrath may try,
More than once we cannot die;
While now, to be is agony,
Existence one long hell!

Surrender? Weary Weinsberg heard
And raised her sinking head.
Surrender? Court and cottage stirred
To action as they caught the word
That through the city sped.
Surrender? Mortals never bore
What we have borne—we can no more—
Our strength, our hope is dead.
Surrender? Well, then, even so,
'Tis written in the fates.
Surrender? Not a man says "No!
Ho! Call a trumpet there! What ho!
Fling open wide the gates;
Get you a flag, good trumpet! Go,
Speed to the camp, and tell the foe
The Guelph capitulates!

The fairest sight to lovers' eyes
Is she he loves the best;
The sailor loves to see arise
The cliffs where, snugly cradled, lies
All smiling under sunny skies
The haven of his rest.
But sweeter sight was never seen
Than that white flag by Ghibelline.

A shout of triumph filled the field—
"A Ghibelline! They yield! they yield!
Their sands are run! The siege is done!
A Ghibelline! The town is won!"

The Trumpet passed through grinning groups
Of sleek and lusty well-fed troops.
They laughed to see his caverned jaws,
His fingers, like an eagle's claws;
They mocked, with jests uncouth and grim,
The knees that trembled under him,
And asked in heartless scorn,
What! Had the Weinsberg girls a taste
For such a slim and waspish waist?
Sure this could be no living wight
Of mortal woman born?
'Twas some old scarecrow, made to fright
The sparrows from the corn!

Bemocked, derided thus he went,
Until they brought him to the tent,
Where, floating o'er the field, was seen
The banner of the Ghibelline.
The Ghibelline his words were few—
He scorned to talk, he loved to do.
"So, so, you rats are starved!" he cried.
"You yield?" "On terms," the man replied.
"Ho! terms, quotha! and thinks the rat
To make conditions with the cat?
Hark ye, you Weinsberg folk shall pay
For all this tedious delay.
Go, go, sir! Tell the Guelph from me
That he shall grace the gallows tree,
And every man in Weinsberg town
That raised a hand against my crown,
Or ere this very sun go down,
Shall dangle high as he.

Nay, nay, Sir Trumpet, words are vain.
Have I not made my meaning plain?
What more—hey? What?—your women?—Why,
The Bad One take them all, say I!
I will not have the hussies tramp
In tawdry rags about my camp.
I will not have the saucy jades
Fooling my men with masquerades,
Making them dream, instead of blows,
Of petticoats and furbelows.
None of your womenfolk for me!
Go, tell them, Trumpet, they are free
To leave the town before the sack,
And take such goods as each can pack
And carry with her on her back."

With heavy heart and head bowed down
The Trumpet took his way.
Cold comfort this for Weinsberg town,
From the great Guelph that wears the crown,
Down to the poorest country clown
That dons the hodden grey.
Worse tidings trumpet never bore—
There will be tears in ample store,
And breaking hearts and sorrow sore
In Weinsberg town to-day.

The Trumpet passed. The sieging troops,
Gathered about in idle groups,
Cudgelled their brains to find a jest
Wherewith to pelt the parting guest.
Still laughing at his figure lean
They watched him cross the space between,
They marked him reach the city wall,
They heard him blow a bugle-call;
They saw the gates flung open wide,
Caught glimpses of a crowd inside,
An eager rush, and then no more—
The curtain fell, the act was o'er.

The troopers, since they needs must wait,
Flung pike and halberd down,
And all expectant eyed the gate,
The while they passed in light debate
The terms of treaty and the fate
Of hapless Weinsberg town.

"So, so," quoth one, "we soon shall see
What women really prize.
What think you they will save?" asked *he.*
"Some piece of rare embroidery?
Some dainty shawl, some fairy lace
Wherewith to frame a witching face?
Or gems that glint and gleam, and catch
A thousand lights, yet scarcely match
The sparkle of their eyes?"
"Aye," quoth the next, "be sure we'll find
Little worth taking left behind.
We'll see the wenches trooping by
In all their gems." A third laughed, "Aye,
Those that have got them. Those who've not
Will cling to rouge and powder pot.
But hark! I hear a bugle blast—
The choice is made, the die is cast.
Now, comrades, for the test!
To-day the wenches, high and low,
Gentle and simple, all must show
Their naked hearts, and let us know
What women love the best."

Ten thousand eager eyes were trained
Upon the city gate.
Tall troopers stood a-tip-toe, craned
To top the ranks in front, and strained
To see the women's freight.
With creaking hinge and groaning bar
The great gate slowly swung ajar—
A moment's pause, and then—— Why, what,
By all that's holy, have they got!
That stately dame, that gallant queen
That leads them forth with such a mien
Is sure the Duchess, and the pack
She bears so bravely on her back,
It is, it is the Duke himself—
Her wedded spouse—the royal Guelph!

The Weinsberg women ever yet
Followed the modes the Duchess set,
And every wench that left the place
Bore such a burden as Her Grace.
My lords upon my ladies rode,
Their lovers were the lasses' load;
Each toddling chit that left the gate
Staggered beneath a brother's weight;
Nay, the bent dame, one foot in grave,
Forgot her palsied fears,
Felt her old heart grow young and brave,
As hope in a triumphant wave
Swept through her veins and bade her save
The partner of her years.

The troopers, on the sight intent,
Gazed in a blank bewilderment.
Some laughed, some said, "Well done! well done!
The game is played, the girls have won."
Others, "A scurvy trick to play!
Shall we be cheated of our prey—
Robbed of our just revenge?" they cried.
"Was it for this we fought and died—
Dared the assault, and stormed the trenches,
Just to be gulled by grinning wenches?"

There was a murmur in the ranks;
Hands gripped at swords that hung on flanks;
Eyes watched the women winding down
The rugged road from Weinsberg town.
The Ghibelline he swiftly spied
Their itching fingers. "Halt!" he cried.
"I gave my pledge. Who ever heard
Of Ghibelline that broke his word?
They're free, and shall not be detained,
The girls deserve the prize they've gained!
I put them fairly to the test;
They stood it well—what then?
Were I less cynic, I'd have guessed,
That were the truth but once confessed,
What women really love the best
Will always be their men."

WHITE *VERSUS* BLACK.

The Congo Training Institute For Native African Missionaries, Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

There are no words in our language which so appeal to and fascinate vigorous earnest Christians of both sexes as, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Under their influence they leave home and relations and go into strange lands and among strange peoples of whose habits and speech they are ignorant, and think no sacrifice too great if only they may convey the Gospel message to the heathen. The pity of it is that they go to these far-off lands with physical powers unsuited to the climate, and in utter ignorance of the language or dialect of the district in which they are to work; and before they have had time to learn to express even their most simple needs, they fall victims to the poisonous malaria.

Even supposing them to get beyond the A B C, it is very difficult to preach and pray in public in a newly-acquired or partly-acquired language. I was speaking with a missionary a short time since who had been some years in Central Africa, and he said, "Even now after all these years I find it difficult to preach and pray in a language not my own."

It is not surprising that many experienced and earnest missionaries, who know the difficulties of climate and language and the obstacles they form to successful work, should have come to the conclusion that if the conversion of the heathen in Africa is to be effected it must in a great measure be the work of the Africans themselves.

This subject of foreign missions is one that calls for immediate action, seeing that at the present time there are 200,000,000 more heathen and Mahomedans in the world than there were a hundred years ago, while the Christian converts of all the Protestant Missions are not reckoned at more than 3,000,000. It is strange that the special mission work of which I am about to speak was not put into practice long years ago as a supplement to the white missionaries' labours. It is so obviously the means of saving valuable lives and still more an effectual way of saving the souls of the heathen, that all who have mission work at heart should hail with delight and deep thankfulness the plan adopted at Colwyn Bay for training earnest-minded, religious native youths to be missionaries to their own people.

The founder and pioneer, the Reverend W. Hughes, is a Welshman, who was for many years a missionary in the Congo, and who, during his residence there had many opportunities of seeing the utter inadequacy of the number of workers to touch even the fringe of heathenism. Nor was it the inadequacy of numbers only that forced itself upon his attention; it was the insuperable difficulty of learning the many languages and dialects of the country, of which there are 600 in the Congo; and in Sierra Leone alone there are 60 spoken every day by the descendants of the old slaves who went there to be freed, and he emphatically declares that it would be a greater miracle for a white man to learn the 600 dialects required in the Congo than any that were worked in the old days. In addition to this difficulty there is the evil effect of the water and atmosphere upon the health and spirits of the white missionary.

At length Mr. Hughes was himself ordered home; a sea voyage being his only chance of life, and having given much prayer and thought to a scheme for remedying the evils which beset the white man in his mission work, he determined to put it into practice.

He therefore brought with him from the Congo two coloured students whom he knew as good earnest Christians, and began his work of training them in April 1889 in Colwyn Bay, at his own expense, and in a quiet unostentatious way, trusting as the work became known to the public, to get its support and recognition, and so increase gradually the number of students.

The idea consists in bringing over to this country African youths who have given evidence of real conversion to Christianity, and who know their own language or dialect thoroughly and a little English as well, and to give them a high moral, religious and industrial training, and at the end of four or five years to send them back to their native land to work with and under the superintendence of the white missionaries or native pastors.

The work has steadily developed from the day it was started. It began with two students, there are now thirty. It has the approval and co-operation of good and well-known men such as the King of the Belgians, the late Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Stanley. It is approved of and assisted by the people in whose midst the African Colony is settled; it is governed by a committee of good practical men, and directed by its founder, the Rev. W. Hughes, whose life is devoted to the work. A matron and tutor are attached to the Institute. A report of income and expenditure, properly examined and audited, is issued every year. The first year's income was a little over £80, it has gradually risen to £1504, and it is worth noting that £278 of this sum is contributed by the town of Colwyn Bay, which is a proof, if one were needed, of the high estimation in which the Institute is held in its own neighbourhood.

Most of the students have been sent from the Congo and Cameroon districts, the American and German missions, and lately a Zulu chief is very anxious for his sons to come.

Never before has a work been established which is more in harmony with the wishes and aspirations of the Africans than this. For the first time we hear of natives of their own accord taking deep interest in a missionary enterprise; the most prominent and educated of the natives all along the West Coast have formed organisations for the purpose of co-operation and collection of funds towards its support; the Sierra Leone committee have sent as a first instalment a collection of £15, and Lagos has contributed in the course of one year £100 to the Institute, in fact the scheme seems really to have touched the black man's heart.

The Congo is not rich, and as a rule the boys bring no money with them. One brought £40, and another £20 towards their support, these are the only ones able to do so.

It is satisfactory to know that these young Africans stand our climate and way of living exceedingly well, indeed they enjoy better health here than in their own country; on the whole the sacrifice to them is but small compared with that of the white missionaries who go out to Africa.

In the matter of cost also the Africans have the advantage. A white missionary spends on his outfit from £60 to £100 before he leaves this country; his passage to some parts of the west coast is £30, and the cost of his keep and work when he reaches the scene of his labours is often £500 a year.

Now look at the other side. To keep a student here for five years' training costs £125, or £25 a year. Of course, the expense would be much larger were it not for the great generosity of good friends, such as Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co.—the African Steamship Co. They bring the students over and take them back free of charge because of their strong belief that the work of this institution is the very thing under God's blessing to civilise and evangelise Africa.

Another Company, the Tudno, shows its appreciation of the work by bringing the students from Liverpool to Llandudno without charging a penny, and a Welsh cab proprietor, no whit behind, adds his help by bringing them from the Llandudno landing-stage to the very door of the Institution also without charge. Thus every expense of the journey is saved. Again, as every student is apprenticed to some trade, the cost of fees would be enormous, but that in no instance have the masters taken a fee; they give the young men a thorough knowledge of the various businesses as their contribution to what they believe to be a most excellent work.

Thus, side by side with secular and religious training, the business is learned by which each hopes to earn his living while carrying on the work of teaching and preaching among his people, much as St. Paul did in the early days of Christianity. The students are allowed to choose their trades when they start work here, and the favourites are those of carpenters, wheelwrights, masons, printers, tailors, chemists and photographers. There are four printers among the present students.*

They all learn ambulance work, and the report given by Dr. Lees of Chester is very good. He says to the director: "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the high state of efficiency shown by your pupils at the recent First Aid Ambulance Examination held in your Institute under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance Association. The quality of the work done by each of the candidates was of a very high order . . . I purposely made the examination to bear as much as possible on the accidents and injuries likely to be met with in their distant homes, that is bleeding, fractures, personal wounds and snake-bites. I trust that this work will always occupy a prominent position in the college syllabus."

The reports of the various masters are exceedingly good; they speak of their African apprentices as "attentive, eager to learn, willing, diligent."

The reports of the several professors are equally satisfactory; they speak of the papers as of a high order, evidencing thorough knowledge of the subject, whether it be Biblical knowledge, English composition, music or arithmetic. Nothing could be more practical, and at the same time elevating, than the treatment of these African students; their training is entirely with a view to an African career. They are brought under gentle and elevating influences, and mentally equipped with all that will enable them to be teachers among their own people; they are removed from old habits, superstitions and temptations, and they come under the influence of a Christian country.

Beside this, the trades they have learned will enable them on their return to build a house, mend a boat, sew a garment, print a book, take a likeness, and by means of these to earn their living and help to raise and civilise their country. Not only so, but as each student returns to his own land an endeavour is made to place in his hands such

* When they return to Africa they are equipped with suitable tools to the value of £10.

books as the works of Spurgeon, Moody, John Bunyan, Matthew Henry's commentary, and such-like, that they may read them in English, and so be able to tell their contents in their own language to their own people, for there are no instruments so effectual and natural for translating as the natives themselves.

There are no books to be found in their language; all that exist at present is the New Testament, published in the Dualla, and a few imperfect portions of the Scriptures in the Congo.

Two of the students in their spare moments have translated hymns into the Dualla or common language of the Cameroons, the result being that 2000 copies have been forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Dibundu for the native converts in connection with his work. This native pastor, who has had two sons in the Congo Training Institute, in acknowledging their receipt, says, "they are a source of joy to all Christian people in the Cameroons, and are the best books ever published in the Dualla tongue."

I ought to mention that there are two girls now in the Institute; they are both half-castes —their fathers being Dutchmen and their mothers Congo women. One pays £20 and the other £30 for the training, which consists of practical lessons in addition to those which will eventually fit them to go back to the Congo as missionaries to the women.

The director has hundreds of applications from young Africans who are desirous of training, and as he is able, he will gladly receive them.

Up to this point we have spoken only of the training of these young Africans to be missionaries, and if that has been found satisfactory, the results will, I am sure, be equally so.

About eighteen of the students trained in Colwyn Bay have returned to their own lands and commenced their careers as missionaries, and are doing well. It is a great advantage that they can begin work the moment they arrive. They know and speak the language; they are well acquainted with the habits and customs of the people, for they are their own; the climate, which is so deadly to the European, does not affect them; they were born and brought up in it, and they carry life, light and interest to the people to whom they have returned.

From most of them come very encouraging reports. Several are working in connection with the American missionaries on the Congo, others are in Liberia and the Cameroons.

I have taken the deepest interest in this work from the commencement, and it was in no wise lessened when I visited the Institute a week or two ago and saw the progress made, and how the plan was more than fulfilling the great things anticipated from it. For the sake of Africa, no branch of work is ever lost sight of by the committee, who have that country's welfare thoroughly at heart. Successful as the work is, however, there must be no resting on the oars, for the needs are pressing and immense.

One of the returned students writes: "I am thankful that I acquired a trade, because, owing to the state I met our church in, I have found it necessary for me to imitate the greatest of all missionaries and work with my hands for my support, and help on the cause of my Master voluntarily."

Alfred Dibundu, together with another student, returned to Africa two years ago, and on his arrival he wrote :—

"Akwa Town, Cameroon River,
"November 29th, 1895.

"DEAR MR. HUGHES,—I am exceedingly glad to inform you of my safe arrival at home last week, together with Joseph, for the steamer did not call at Victoria, so he was obliged to land and stay with me for five days. He preached last Sunday at our chapel and had a very crowded audience . . . Joseph's address seemed to give spirit to the people. Owing to the great extension of the work, I doubt whether the people will be able to support me, so I beg of you to see about a camera and the rest of the photographing apparatus, so that I may be able to support myself. Thousands have been to me already wishing me to take their photos, but returned with regret when they learned that I had not yet got my camera.

"I cannot express to you how thankful I am for all you have done for me and my country-people. I will write to you fully after visiting the various stations."

This lad went back to assist his father, and he has a mission station at Ndonga. He is a good scholar and, like his father, an eloquent speaker. By his knowledge of photography he will be able to give his services free of expense. His travelling companion of whom he speaks has learnt the tailoring business thoroughly, and has been a most successful student. He has returned to his home at Victoria, Amba Bay. Both these young men will be able to preach to and pray with their people in their own tongue, as well as interest them in all they themselves have seen and heard in the white man's country.

Last year four students left the Institute to labour in their native land, and very encouraging news has been received from them and from agents all along the coast.

On my last visit I spoke with the student, Kwesi Quainoo, in whom the late Lord Coleridge took so deep an interest. His history and the way in which he arrived in England is so marvellous, that I feel sure everyone would like to hear it.

He is a native of the Gold Coast (a British colony) on the West Coast of Africa; his parents were Christians, and when quite a little boy he was sent to a mission school, in which he learned of God's great love. He was so impressed by it that he longed to study as much as possible, so that when he grew up he might be able to tell his people of this great love. His father was, however, too poor to keep him at school, and, after a long sickness, he induced his father to send him to one of his brothers at Accra, in the hope that when there he might be able to prosecute his studies in the higher grade school. This brother, who was a telegraph clerk, was too poor to pay the school fees and keep him too, and he obtained work for him in the Custom office to scrub, clean and go errands. But while so employed he did not forget his longing to study in order to be able to preach the gospel to his people, and he prayed to God every day to show him some way by which he might get an education which would enable him to be useful to his people and to tell them "the old, old story."

In the meantime he had heard people say that there were good men and women in England, and he thought they might like to do something for a boy who wanted to do good to his own people, and he made up his mind to write a letter to England to someone to send for him and train him there for the work of God.

He spoke of this to his brother, who laughed at him and pointed out that the passage alone to England would cost £25, beside getting warm clothes and thick boots, for England was a cold country, and all this meant money, and they had none.

The boy was not discouraged, for as he said money as well as everything else in the world belonged to God, and as he was God's child he would pray to Him for money, and he went on praying.

One day he saw on an old almanac on the office wall the names of English statesmen and noblemen, and he made up his mind to write to some of them. From the number he picked out two—one was the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and the other Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England. He begged the clerks in the office to give him some paper, and as they were not allowed to use that belonging to the Government, they gave him a couple of sheets partly spoiled.

He cut off the parts that were not good, and after all the clerks had gone home and he had finished his work, he closed the windows and doors and knelt down and prayed to God to show him how to write the letters. He then wrote two, one to Mr. Gladstone and the other to the late Lord Coleridge. There was still another difficulty, he had no money with which to pay the postage; each would cost twopence-halfpenny, so again he had recourse to prayer. The next morning one of the supervisors of customs called him and gave him twopence-halfpenny in coppers, the change he had brought from the post-office.

The boy was thankful and full of joy at the answer to his prayer; he at once bought a stamp and fixed it on the letter to the late Lord Coleridge and put it into the letter-box. In due time a steamer brought him a reply, it was from Lord Coleridge's secretary. "His lordship could not do what he wanted as he had many claims upon him." Kwesi was very sorry but not discouraged; he determined to try again. He made first a special prayer, and then wrote a second letter to his lordship; an answer came in about two months, telling him that inquiries were being made to see what could be done. Several questions were put to him which he answered and sent off in a third letter; this was forwarded by Lord Coleridge to the Principal of the Congo Training Institute in Colwyn Bay. The next letter was to say that the Committee had agreed to accept him as a student, and that he would be able to come to England without paying any money, and that the British and African Steamship Company (Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co.) were going to arrange it all for him.

As he was an office boy in the employ of the Government he had to give thirty days' notice, and he had only twelve days before the steamer would leave by which he was to come. He prayed again in this dilemma and then wrote his resignation giving twelve days' notice, and in the morning placed it on the table of the Comptroller of Customs. He was busy and did not notice it; it was placed before him again in the afternoon and again it was overlooked.

Kwesi wrote a fresh one next day and at length the Comptroller saw it and called out, "What do you mean by giving twelve days' notice instead of thirty?" The lad could not speak for he knew he had broken the laws; he stood there trembling and was bid to sit down.

At length one of the clerks spoke to him and asked what he could mean by making the Chief so vexed.

"Sir," he said, "I am going to England."

"Is your father going to pay for you?" questioned the clerk.

"No, sir," was the answer, "he has not money enough, but there is a gentleman in England who is taking me free of charge to be trained, so that I may be able to preach to my people."

The clerk did not believe it until Kwesi gave him one of his letters to read, and then he said, "I see, so you are the boy." He then went to the Comptroller, who sent for him, and after reading one of his letters said, as the clerk had done, "I see! you are the boy!"

Kwesi could not understand then, but a few days later he heard that the chaplain had

been searching for some boy who had written to one of the great men in England, but he did not find him and had gone back without him. Thus it came about that Kwesi was allowed to leave without giving the full notice.

The Comptroller was very kind, and when he wished him good-bye he said he hoped God would bless him and make him useful to his people.

At length the steamer came, and he went to the agent to get his note for the passage accompanied by his brother; a boat was waiting on the shore to take him to the steamer free of charge, otherwise he would have had to pay 2s. 6d. He went on board without a penny in his pocket, for his brother confessed almost with tears that he could not give him any. He went to the captain as he was ordered to do, and was passed from one officer to another until he found himself before the pantry man who said, "Do you know what I am going to make you do here?"

"No, sir," said Kwesi.

"I am going to make you sweep and scrub the floor, wash the plates and dishes, clean the knives, and anything else I may require."

He answered: "I shall be only too glad to do anything, sir." So he took off his coat and shoes and started at once to make himself useful in the ship.

On the voyage he received four shillings from friends.

The vessel reached Liverpool on Sunday. Everyone went on shore except Kwesi—he remained until Monday—when the cook came to him and said—

"You were very good on the way here; here is a shilling for you, and I am going to take you to the office of the company for nothing."

Another of the officers gave him a shilling, so that he now had six shillings in his pocket.

On arriving at the office the gentleman in charge telegraphed to his lordship in London that he had arrived, and he telegraphed back to send him to Colwyn Bay. He himself wrote to Lord Coleridge immediately after his arrival at the institute, and he, Lord Coleridge, wrote to him in his own handwriting, calling him "My dear boy." "Fancy," says Kwesi, "one of the best gentlemen in England calling me his 'dear boy,' and a black one too."

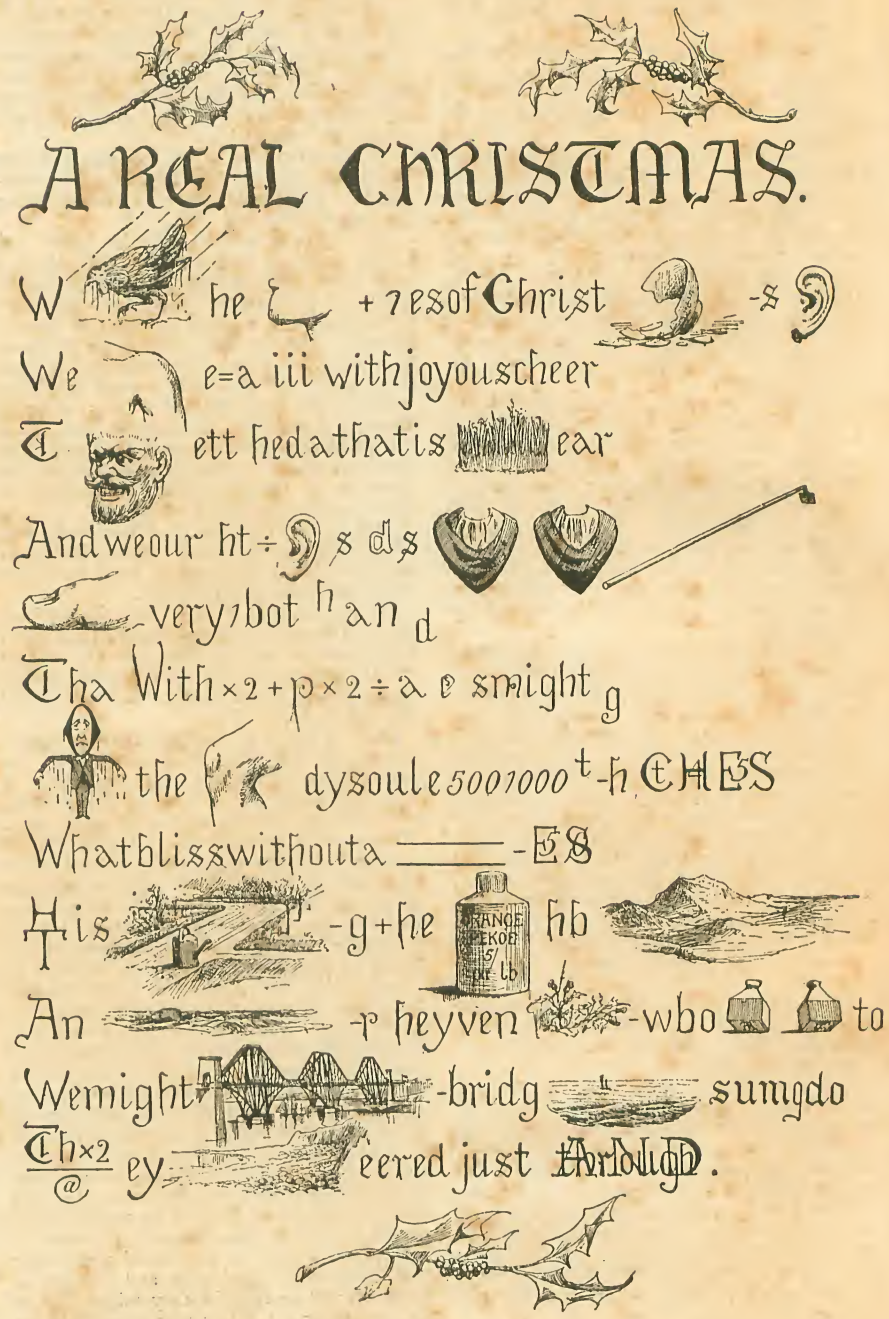
He sent him some pocket-money and invited him to spend Christmas, 1893, with him and Lady Coleridge at Ottery St. Mary's in Devonshire. Lady Coleridge gave him a watch. The young man, in referring to this visit, said, "See how God cares for me and how grand it is to trust in Him as your own personal Heavenly Father." The morning he left Ottery St. Mary's, his lordship went to the boy's room, and, putting his hands on his shoulders said—

"I am sorry you are going away, my dear boy. I hope you will come and see me again, but if I do not see you again, may God bless you and make you useful to your people in Africa."

His lordship is dead now, but Kwesi says he shall always thank God for putting it into Lord Coleridge's heart to be the means of helping him, and he begs all his friends to pray that, while he is being trained over here to be a doctor, he may do everything to God's glory, so that He may use him to do His work.

There is still very much I should like to tell you of this grand work, but I hope I have said enough to give you an interest in it and to induce you to go and see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, all that is being done in the little Welsh town. Both the director and matron would afford every opportunity for doing so.

OUR NEW PUZZLE.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from any part of the world is February 15, 1898.

N.B.—This competition is open to all, without any restriction as to sex or age.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.